

The World's Story

U.S. History - 1900s, Germany

Volume Ten

Eva March Tappan

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 10
U.S. History – 1900s, Germany

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

The World's Story
A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 10
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THE UNITED STATES
I
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE history of the first part of the twentieth century is almost startling in the rapid progress which it records. The numbers of discoveries and inventions which have reached their highest development and have come into general use within the twentieth century are countless. Comfort, convenience, and the extension of trade have been sought in numerous ways. Irrigation has enlarged the amount of arable land in the United States; pure food laws have made this country a more desirable place to live in and have given promise to its people of longer and more healthy lives; facilities for transportation of things and people have greatly increased; the parcel post has at last been introduced; the functions of the Red Cross have broadened until it is looked to as the first friend in any kind of public calamity; aviation has made amazing progress; the Panama Canal has been built; the various applications of electricity — electric cars, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, etc. — have become necessities of everyday life; and by no means should the little conveniences be forgotten, tiny, but most valuable aids to comfort and safety. Younger folk take all these things as a matter of course; older ones look at them half wonderingly, and peer forward in imagination to the twenty-first century, thinking of the power, the resources, and the problems of the country; but confident that a solution of the problems will be found, and that the power and resources will work for the happiness and the best good of those who will then be "the people of the United States," and citizens of "the blessed land of room enough."

THE ROMANCE OF THE REINDEER

[1905]

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS

[SOMETHING was known of the Alaskan coast in the sixteenth century, and during the eighteenth it was visited by explorers of Russian, English, and other nationalities. Russian colonies developed the fur trade, but as furs decreased, the country was looked upon as of small value; and when the United States, in 1867, bought Russian America, as it was then called, and paid $7,200,000, it was regarded by many as an exceedingly foolish purchase.

The Russians knew that both gold and copper existed in the land, but they made no attempt to develop the minerals, and even after the country came into the hands of the United States, there was for many years only a very moderate amount of mining done. In 1896, gold was found in the Canadian Klondike and soon after in several different parts of Alaska; and in a few months the lonely Northern country was full of eager miners. In 1898, there were more than forty thousand persons in the Klondike region alone, and in a single year the gold mines of this "worthless land of ice and snow" yielded more than double its purchase price.

In order that the agricultural possibilities of Alaska might be developed and the vast mineral wealth made accessible, Congress, in 1914, at the recommendation of President Wilson appropriated $40,000,000 for the construction of a railroad into the interior.

The Editor.]

A MISTRESS went to Castle Garden, when that was a port of entry, for a maid. She found a demure little Swede.

"Can you cook?" the mistress asked. "No, mem."

"Can you sweep and make beds?" "No, mem." "What, then, can you do?" she asked in desperation. "I can milk reindeer, mem."

In that day, to come to this country to milk reindeer was like going to Tahiti to cut ice. Now you can cut ice in Tahiti, and there are thousands of reindeer in this country waiting to be milked, and prepared to furnish butter and cheese and perform duties which they alone can perform. The civilization of Alaska by reindeer is one of the prettiest tales ever told of imagination justified by experience; one of the most convincing stories of the glance of the prophetic eye fully and speedily realized. It is also the story of discouragement, ridicule, persistence against overwhelming odds, and, what is more difficult, of the combat with skepticism, against which only the most enlivening faith, undaunted hope, and unconquerable energy can make way.

Until gold was found in Alaska, it was the neglected stepchild of the country. Except to the missionary and the seal-hunters of the coast, the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle had not even a place in the census.

The missionary is a curious person. He sees things through the eye of faith, as others see through knowledge. To this trait is due, as so many other vital but unrecognized acts are due, that machinery of the new civilization in Alaska now so successfully under way. Of this the reindeer is the motive power. It was the missionary that supplied it.

In 1890, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, making his inspecting tour among the Alaskan missions, became aware of an impending dangerous situation. The greed of the white men was devastating both land and sea. The whalers

had driven the whales to other seas. The walrus was nearly exterminated by steam and rapid-firing guns. The hunted seals no longer played about the coast-line. To find them the native had to go far out to sea. This meant that the inhabitants of northern Alaska were being deprived of their food, their clothing, light, implements, and their industries. Famine was depopulating them, and it was inevitable that the Government would soon have thousands of helpless persons dependent on its bounty for food.

Across the thirty miles of water we know as Bering's Straits was Siberia, with a people comfortably prosperous and living under almost the same natural conditions. The contrast was too striking not to excite attention and inquiry. To Dr. Jackson the answer seemed to lie in the possession of the Siberians of the domestic reindeer. To the Siberian the reindeer was food, clothing, beast of burden, and article of commerce. The reindeer is prolific. It costs nothing for its keep. Under the vast snow-fields of the frozen North lies the reindeer moss on which it feeds. Why, then, should the reindeer not be to the Alaskan what it is to his neighbor across Bering's Straits?

The proposition was so convincing that Dr. Jackson hastened to Washington to lay it before Congress and ask for a small appropriation to buy a few Siberian reindeer for the present emergency, and in the belief that they would secure Alaska against future catastrophes.

To Congress this was only one of those rainbow schemes for which it is so often called upon to provide. Senator Teller, indeed, urged the appropriation, but his voice was lost in this handsome opportunity for

oratorical satire and senatorial puns. Dr. Jackson did not get his appropriation; but a sufficient number of outside people were interested in the project to subscribe two thousand dollars as a venture, and the Government did allow the revenue cutter Thetis to take Dr. Jackson to Siberia to make his purchases.

But the Siberians did not want to sell. The Thetis sailed fifteen hundred miles before an owner could be found willing to part with his deer. Money he refused. What were bits of metal to him! At last he consented to barter for American goods. Thus sixteen deer only were secured. This was in 1891, a beginning so insignificant that it attracted no attention. Meanwhile Senator Teller continued to press the matter on the Senate, and at last senatorial courtesy prevailed.

"Teller has this at heart. He only asks six thousand dollars. It is a small sum. Let him have it."

So the Senators argued, and the first appropriation was made in 1894. In 1897, this was increased to twelve thousand dollars. In 1900, it was changed to twenty-five thousand dollars, and has since continued at this figure. In all, the Government has given one hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars for the propagation and purchase of reindeer for Alaska, with the following results. To-day there are eight thousand reindeer in Arctic and sub-Arctic Alaska. Of these the Government owns four thousand and the natives own four thousand. Any one of these is worth for the butcher alone fifty dollars. This is to say that for food merely the Government and the native have each two hundred thousand dollars in reindeer out of the original investment of one hundred eighty-three thousand dollars. It

would be interesting to know how many of the investments of the Government pay as well.

Satisfactory as the reindeer have been from a financial point of view, that is the least important result. The reindeer is so prolific that this modest beginning soon entailed a system of distribution, which has since been successfully followed. At first Siberian herders were brought over to care for the herd. To these Eskimos were apprenticed in order to learn the care of the deer, to train and break them to harness. They served five years, receiving food and clothes from the Government. They were also to have the loan of two female deer a year, and to regard these and their fawns as the nucleus of a future herd. After five years, if the apprentice was satisfactory, he was to receive a loan of enough deer to bring the number up to fifty. As a herder he was now obliged to support himself and family and could take apprentices himself. For twenty years the Government exercises supervision over these herders. If a herder should drink, or not take proper care of his herd, he can be dispossessed and his herd loaned to another person. On his part he agrees not to sell any female deer to any purchaser except the Government.

Deer were also loaned to the mission station, with the same provisions as to apprentices and sale, they agreeing to return to the Government, when called upon, the original number of deer loaned. One instance alone illustrates the value of these loans to the missions. In 1894 one hundred deer were loaned to the Congregational mission at Cape Prince of Wales. Since then the mission has repaid the loan, and now owns one thousand

head of deer. Such ownership means to the mission a permanence it could not otherwise have, since the natives, not being required to go afar for food, escape the demoralization of the mining camps. It also affords an opportunity of encouraging and rewarding worthy native families and promoting their material interests. It affords, moreover, a source of revenue in selling male deer to the miners for food and for transportation. A sledge deer is valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, and is superseding dogs for this purpose. A couple of deer in harness will haul seven hundred and fifty pounds, and find their own food in the reindeer moss beneath the snow. As food the deer afford a constant supply of fresh meat, which means much to people condemned to live on canned goods the greater part of the year.

Of the sixty owners of herds, two thirds are Eskimos who have secured their deer through apprenticeship, and have been trusted to become owners. Two are women, and one of these, with the exception of the mission at Cape Prince of Wales, is the foremost of what will yet come to be the reindeer aristocracy of Alaska — a class corresponding to the great cattle ranchers of the Plains. Mary Antisarlook, now Andrewuk, owns three hundred and fifty-eight deer and fawns. A woman who can neither read nor write, she speaks seven languages, and has been of great service to the Government as interpreter. If to her natural abilities as a linguist, woman of affairs, and executive ability, she had had the advantages of education, and been placed outside of the Arctic regions, she would have been "one of the women of our times." As it is, she is the "Reindeer Queen of Alaska."

This is what the reindeer has done in a few years for the material prosperity of the natives of Alaska. It is but the beginning of the future of the reindeer over a pasturage which will easily accommodate ten million head — a pasturage of perpetual snow, over which no other animal can graze. The reindeer is a timid animal. A sudden movement will put him to flight. Being timid, he is gregarious, and a herder can easily care for one thousand head. He is so gentle that, being domesticated he will eat out of hand and follow like a dog. He is so speedy that Paul du Chaillu tells of traveling one hundred and fifty miles in a day in a reindeer sledge. A pair can haul seven hundred and fifty pounds and can make thirty-five miles a day through the unbroken snow, finding their own food, and this for weeks at a time. The colder it is the better they thrive.

It is the reindeer that has transformed the postal facilities of Alaska. There are now semimonthly mails to the Yukon and Nome during the winter, where before there were none. The longest route is that to Point Barrow — the most northern post-office on the globe. Here are a whaling station and a mission that formerly received but one mail a year, and that sometimes failed. Now reindeer carry a winter mail over thirteen hundred miles without road or trail, the thermometer from twenty to sixty degrees below zero, to that faraway post on the Arctic Ocean.

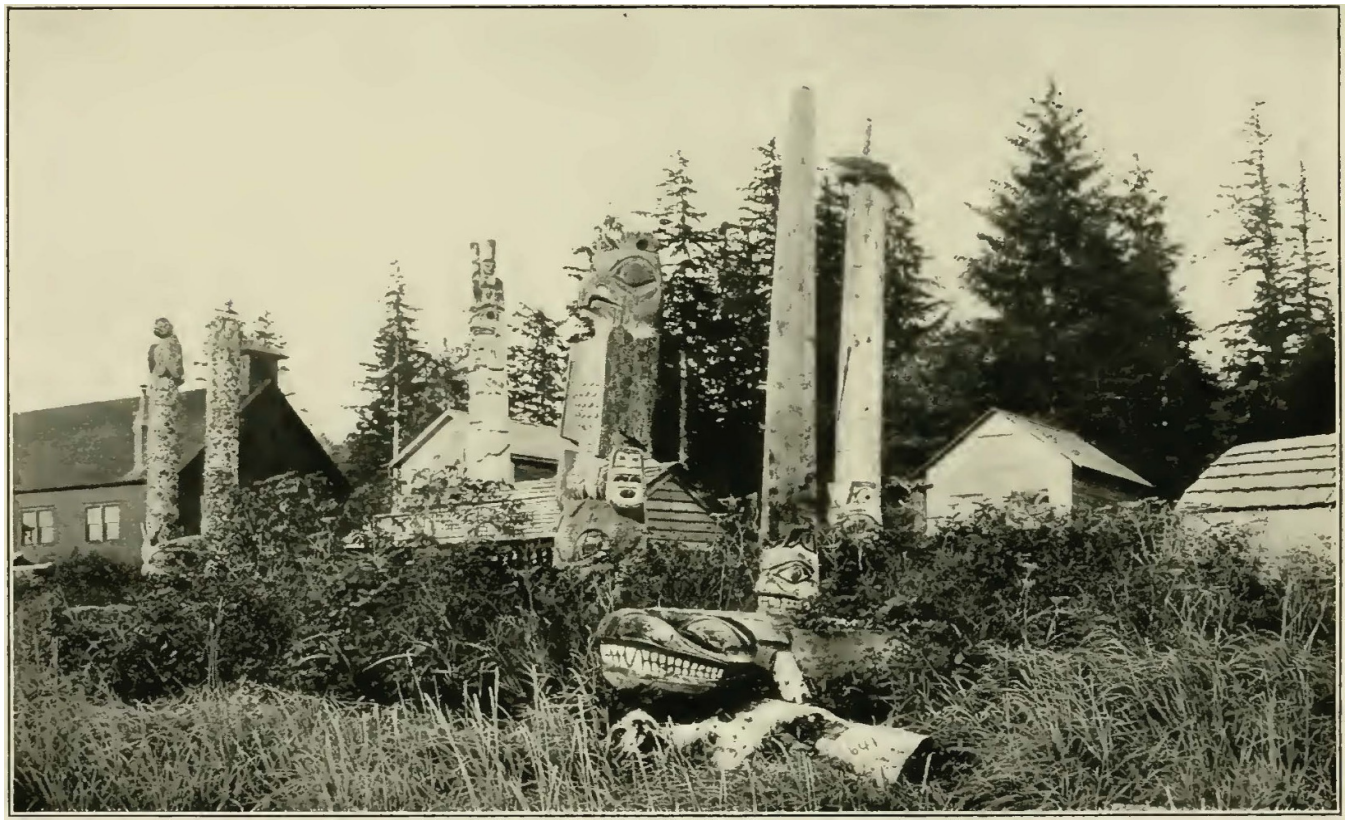
There have been acts of beneficence accomplished through prolonged peril that deserve a place among the records of heroic deeds, which only the presence of the reindeer have made possible. In the autumn of 1897 eight whalers and two hundred and seventy-five men

were caught in the ice near Point Barrow, with only three months' provision. It would be at least a year before the ice released them, and starvation awaited them. No vessel with food could get within two thousand miles of them, nor was there any method of transporting food overland. But there were herds of deer at Cape Nome. Responding to a call for volunteers, Lieutenants Jarvis and Berthold and Surgeon Call, of the navy, made their way by dog-sleds to Cape Nome, to the Congregational mission. Here they secured five hundred deer, and aided by W. T. Lopp, the missionary in charge, and Eskimo herders, made their way over the unbeaten snow seven hundred and fifty miles in an Arctic winter, arriving at Point Barrow, after a journey of three months, just in time to save the starving men. Of the reindeer, two hundred and forty-six were used for food, and the remainder kept to form the nucleus of a herd at Point Barrow to provide against future emergencies. Five years before this, rescue could not possibly have been effected, and in this case it was due entirely to the prophetic eye which saw what reindeer might be to the frozen North.

In 1900, the soldiers employed in building the government telegraph on the Yukon were imprisoned by the winter storms. The rations were failing, and the mules had given out, when word reached a mission station. Dr. Gambrill and an assistant started immediately with deer, and the troops, with their camp equipage, were brought out in safety. Thereafter the deer were kept with them, meanwhile hauling telegraph poles until the work was done.

The discovery of gold and the influx of miners has

given a new impetus to the reindeer industry. The miner must be fed, and he must be carried long distances prospecting. A dog team required to go a long distance can carry only its own supplies. With a reindeer team the miner can haul his own outfit and supplies, and the reindeer feeds himself. The mining interest alone, which in the beginning was not a factor to be considered, has opened an immense field to the reindeer industry, and helped to insure a livelihood for the Alaskan natives, who bade fair so short a time ago to be a national charge. The increase of the deer, and the ease with which the fawns are cared for — the herds doubling every three years — warrant the conservative estimate that in three decades there will be ten million reindeer in Alaska. There are also those who believe that within that time reindeer hams and tongues will be shipped to the United States, helping to feed our population.



TOTEM POLES, ALASKA

AMONG many savage nations there is a belief that certain groups of persons within the tribe are descended from certain animals. There is, then, the tribe of the wolf, the bear, or the turtle, for instance. The animal from which one thinks himself descended is sacred in his eyes, and he treats it with the utmost respect. He will not kill or eat it unless compelled by grievous necessity, and not then without expressing sincere sorrow at having to take the life of one of his friends. The totem is expected to return this allegiance, and even if it is a dangerous animal, it is believed to be harmless to its devoted friends, and even to aid them by every means in its power. Not only are there clan totems, but individuals have their own special totem, to which they must be faithful.

In Alaska, the totem is carved upon a great post, which is often brilliantly painted. This post is then set up in front of the house or in the burial-place. Sometimes a post is a genealogical record, exhibiting the totems of several generations.

LEARNING COAL-MINING

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

[WITH a view to learning the "operating end" of soft-coal mining, the author of this article on the dangers of the mines, ten days after graduating from Harvard, took his place in a mine as an unskilled workman.

The Editor.]

To the ear accustomed to the constant sound of a living world, the stillness of a coal-mine, where the miles of cross-cuts and entries and the unyielding walls swallow up all sounds and echo, is a silence that is complete; but, as one becomes accustomed to the silence through long hours of solitary work, sounds become audible that would escape an ear less trained. The trickling murmur of the gas; the spattering fall of a lump of coal, loosened by some mysterious force from a cranny in the wall; the sudden knocking and breaking of a stratum far up in the rock above; or the scurry of a rat off somewhere in the darkness — strike on the ear loud and startlingly. The eye, too, becomes trained to penetrate the darkness; but the darkness is so complete that there is a limit, the limit of the rays cast by the pit-lamp.

There is a curious thing that I have noticed, and as I have never heard it mentioned by any of the other men, perhaps it is an idea peculiar to myself; but on days when I entered the mine with the strong yellow sunlight and the blue sky as a last memory of the world above, I carried with me a condition of fair weather that

seemed to penetrate down into the blackness of the entries and make my pit-lamp burn a little more brightly. On days when we entered the mine with a gray sky above, or with a cold rain beating in our faces, there was a depression of spirits that made the blackness more dense and unyielding, and the lights from the lamps seemed less cheerful.

Sometimes the roof was bad in the rooms, and I soon learned from the older miners to enter my room each morning testing gingerly with my pit-lamp for the presence of gas and reaching far up with my pick, tapping on the smooth stone roof to test its strength. If the steel rang clean against the stone, the roof was good; but if it sounded dull and drummy, it might be dangerous. Sometimes, when the roof was weak, we would call for the section boss and prop up the loosened stone; but more often, the men ran their risk. We worked so many days in safety that it seemed strange that death could come; and when it did come, it came so suddenly that there was a surprise, and the next day we began to forget.

I had heard much of the dangers that the miner is exposed to, but little has been said of the risks to which the men through carelessness subject themselves. Death comes frequently to the coal-miners from a "blown-out shot." When the blast is inserted in the drill-hole, several dummy cartridges are packed in for tamping. If these are properly made and tamped, the force of the explosion will tear down the coal properly, but if the man has been careless in his work, the tamps will blow out like shot from a gun-barrel, and igniting such gas or coal-dust as may be present, kill or badly burn the shot-firers. The proper tamping is wet clay, but it is impos-

sible to convince the men of it, and nine out of ten will tamp their holes with dummies filled with coal-dust (itself a dangerous explosive) scooped up from the side of the track. Again, powder-kegs are sometimes opened in a manner which seems almost the act of an insane man. Rather than take the trouble to unscrew the cap in the head of the tin powder-keg and pour out the powder through its natural opening, the miner will drive his pick through the head of the keg and pour the powder from the jagged square hole he has punched. And these are but two of the many voluntary dangers which a little care on the part of the men themselves would obviate.

A mine always seems more or less populated when the day-shift is down, for during the hours of the working day, in every far corner, at the head of every entry and room, there are men drilling, loading, and ever pushing forward its boundaries. At five o'clock the long line of blackened miners which is formed at the foot of the hoisting-shaft, begins to leave the mine; and by six o'clock, with the exception of a few inspectors and fire-bosses, the mine is deserted.

The night-shift began at eight, and it was as though night had suddenly been hastened forward, to step from the soft evening twilight on the hoist, and, in a brief second, leave behind the world and the day and plunge back into the darkness of the mine.

We were walking up the track from the mine-bottom toward Six West South, — Billy Wild, Pat Davis, two track-repairers, and I. As we turned the corner by the run-around, there came suddenly from far off in the thick stillness a faint tremor and a strong current of air. The "shooters" were at work. For a quarter of a mile

we walked on, stopping every once in a while to listen to the far-off "boom" of the blasts that came through the long tunnels, faint and distant, as though muffled by many folds of heavy cloth. We pushed open the big trappers' door just beyond where First and Second Right turn off from the main entry, and came into the faint yellow glow of a single electric lamp that hung from the low beamed roof.

Beside the track in a black niche cut in the wall of coal, two men were working. A safe twenty feet from them their lighted pit-lamps flared where they were hung by the hooks from one of the props. Round, black cans of powder tumbled together in the back of the alcove, a pile of empty paper tubes, and great spools of thick, white fuse lay beside them. We sat down on the track at a safe distance from the open powder, and watched them as they blew open the long, white tubes and with a battered funnel poured in the coarse grains of powder until the smooth, round cartridge was filled, a yard or two of white fuse hanging from its end. In fifteen minutes they had finished, and one of the men gathered in his arms the pile of completed cartridges and joined us in the main entry.

A few minutes later, as we neared the heading, a sudden singing "boom" came down strongly against the air-current and bent back the flames in our pit-lamps. Far off in the blackness ahead, a point of light marked the direction of the tunnel; another appeared. Suddenly from the thick silence, came the shrill whine of the air-drills. A couple of lamps, like yellow tongues of flame, shone dimly in the head of the tunnel and the air grew thick with a flurry of fine coal-dust. Then below the

bobbing lights appeared the bodies of two men, stripped to the waist, the black coating of dust that covered them moist with gleaming streaks of sweat.

"How many holes have you drilled?" yelled Wild, his voice drowned by the scream of the long air-drill as the writhing bit tore into the coal.

There was a final convulsive grind as the last inch of the six-foot drill sank home, then the sudden familiar absence of sound save for the hiss of escaping air.

"All done here."

Slowly the two men pulled the long screw blade from the black breast of the coal, the air-hose writhing like a wounded snake about their ankles. The driller who had spoken wiped his sweaty face with his hands, his eyes blinking with the dust. He picked up his greasy coat from beside the track and wrapped it around his wet shoulders.

"Look out for the gas," he shouted. "There is a bit here, up high."

He raised his lamp slowly to the jagged roof. A quick blue flame suddenly expanded from the lamp and puffed down at him as he took away his hand.

In the black end of the tunnel six small holes, each an inch and a half in diameter and six feet deep, invisible in the darkness and against the blackness of the coal, marked where the blasts were to be placed. On the level floor, stretching from one wall of the entry to the other, the undercut had been ground out with the chain-machines by the machine-men during the afternoon, and as soon as the blasts were in and the fuses lighted, the sudden wrench of these charges would tear down a solid block of coal six feet deep by the height and depth

of the entry, to fall crushed and broken into the sump-cut, ready for the loaders on the following morning.

Selecting and examining each cartridge, the shooters charged the drill-holes. Two cartridges of black powder, tamped in with a long copper-headed rod, then dummies of clay for wads, leaving hanging like a great white cord from each charged drill-hole a yard of the long, white fuse.

We turned and tramped down the tunnel and squatted on the track a safe fifty yards away. Down at the end of the tunnel we had just deserted bobbed the tiny flames of the lights in the shooters' pitcaps. There was a faint glow of sparks. "Coming!" they yelled out through the darkness, and we heard them running as we saw their lights grow larger. For a minute we silently waited. Then from the far end of the tunnel, muffled and booming like the breaking of a great wave in some vast cave, came a singing roar, now like the screech of metal hurled through the air, and the black end of the tunnel flamed suddenly defiant; a solid square of crimson flames, like the window of a burning house; and a roar of flying air drove past us, putting out our lights and throwing us back against the rails.

"It's a windy one," yelled Wild. "Look out for the rib-shots."

Like a final curtain in a darkened theater, a slow pall of heavy smoke sank down from the roof, and as it touched the floor, a second burst of flame tore it suddenly upward, and far down the entry, the trappers' door banged noisily in the darkness. Then we crept back slowly, breathing hard in an air thick with dust and the smell of the burnt black powder, to the end of

the tunnel, where the whole face had been torn loose — a great pile of broken coal against the end of the entry.

Often, bits of paper from the cartridges, lighted by the blast, will start a fire in the piles of coal-dust left by the machine-men; and before the shooters leave a room that has been blasted, an examination must be made in order to prevent the possibility of fire.

All night long we moved from one entry to another, blasting down in each six feet more of the tunnel, which would be loaded out on the following day; and it was four in the morning before the work was finished.

It was usually between four and five in the morning when we left the mine. As we stepped from the hoist and left behind us the confining darkness, the smoky air, and the sense of oppression and silence of the mine below, the soft, fresh morning air in the early dawn, or sometimes the cool rain, seemed never more refreshing. One does not notice the silence of a mine so much upon leaving the noise of the outer world and entering the maze of tunnels on the day's work, as when stepping off the hoist in the early morning hours when the world is almost still: the sudden sense of sound and of living things emphasizes, by contrast, the silence of the underworld. There is a noise of life, and the very motion of the air seems to carry sounds. A dog barking half a mile away in the sleeping town sounds loud and friendly, and there seems to be a sudden clamor that is almost bewildering.

We were walking down the north entry one early morning, and had just passed through the last brattice door when Joe Brass, one of the shot-firers, stopped,

suddenly alert and silent, and held up his hand. Sound means but little in a mine, and eyes can but rarely detect danger.

"Do you smell anything?" he asked.

We sniffed the cool air as it fanned past us through the door that we still held open. Almost imperceptible, a curious, foreign odor seemed to hang in the moving current.

"Wood-smoke," said one of the men.

We turned and walked back and closed the door behind us. The smell of the smoke defined itself as we walked forward. Through the next door it hung strong in the air, and with it the oily smell of burning coal. Then a light appeared down the entry, and from its jerky motion, we knew that the man was running before we heard his feet clumping over the rough ties.

"There's a fire in Room 26," he yelled, before we could see him. The word had already reached bottom and as we paused at the turning of the entry, trying to see whether to turn to the right or the left, there was a sudden roar behind us, and the glow of a locomotive headlight. As we waited, the locomotive came rattling down the tunnel, half a dozen men crouched low on its black frame, and behind it, on a single flat car, the great steel water-tank that was reserved for such emergencies. Shouting questions, we swung on behind. The motor followed the switch and turned sharply down to the right. Through the next door the smoke became suddenly thick. A strong smell, almost as of burning oil; the heavy, pungent smell of soft coal on fire. In the dead air of the entry it hung still and motionless, like yellow fog, and as we jumped off the truck and ran down

the entry behind the locomotive, we crouched low to keep our eyes clear, for there were still a couple of feet of clean air along the bottom of the tunnel. From ahead of us came the sound of voices and then, through the smoke, we saw the lights of the men, like yellow tongues of flame, detached from their bodies, which were hidden in the thick blanket of smoke. The coal in one of the rooms off the main entry which the shooters had blasted earlier in the night was on fire, and the heat and smoke were too intense to allow the men to reach it with the water. Shouting at each other in the blinding smoke and darkness, with the dull, steady heat of the invisible fire bringing the sweat in streams from our bodies, we worked to cut off the room from the rest of the mine by building across its broad mouth, where it joined the main entry, a solid stopping of wood and plaster. A dozen men, in minute relays, held a long strip of canvas against the roof, while the rest of us pushed and wedged into place between the floor and the low roof, a string of props or posts across the room mouth. As the smoke thickened and the heat grew more intense, the relays became shorter and we suddenly dived from the dense, choking air above, to lie flat along the floor, sucking in the cool, clean air that lay above the water beside the tracks. In half an hour we had erected a long line of posts, with the canvas nailed against it; and a temporary stopping was effected. By that time a dozen of the timbermen had arrived, and motors had dragged up from the mine-bottom piles of matched boards and sacks of wood-fiber plaster. An hour more and the stopping was reinforced with a solid fence of boards and then, mixing the plaster in the water beside the track and using our hands as

trowels, we caulked the seams, the plaster drying quickly against the hot boards. Three hours later the work was done, and the air-current moving steadily down the entry had blown away the last shreds of the thick and choking smoke. In the light of our lamps and lanterns, we again examined the long, white wall that we had erected across the room-mouth. A few more handfuls of plaster on cracks through which a thin trickle of smoke still puffed outward; and the work was done. Two months later, when the fire, cut off from the air of the mine, had smothered itself to extinction, the wall was torn down, the gas blown out, and work once more resumed.

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE TELEPHONE IN THE UNITED STATES

BY HERBERT N. CASSON

WHAT we might call the "telephonization" of city life, for lack of a simpler word, has remarkably altered our manner of living from what it was in the days of Abraham Lincoln. It has enabled us to be more social and coöperative. It has literally abolished the isolation of the separate family. It has become so truly an organ of the social body that we now enter into contracts by telephone, give evidence, try lawsuits, make speeches, propose marriage, confer degrees, appeal to voters, and do almost everything else that is a matter of speech.

In stores and hotels this wire traffic has grown to an almost bewildering extent. The one hundred largest hotels in New York City have twenty-one thousand telephones — nearly as many as the continent of Africa and more than the kingdom of Spain. In an average year they send six million messages. The Waldorf-Astoria alone tops all residential buildings with one thousand one hundred and twenty telephones and five hundred thousand calls a year; while merely the Christmas Eve orders that flash into Marshall Field's store, or John Wanamaker's, have risen as high as three thousand.

Whether the telephone concentrates population or scatters it is a question that has not yet been examined. It is certainly true that it has made the skyscraper possible, and thus helped to create an absolutely new

type of city, that was never imagined even in the fairy tales of ancient nations. The sky-scraper is ten years younger than the telephone. It is now generally admitted to be the ideal building for business offices. It is one of the few types of architecture that may fairly be called American. And its efficiency is largely, if not mainly, due to the fact that its inhabitants may run errands by telephone as well as by elevator.

There seems to be no activity which is not being made more convenient by the telephone. It is used to call the duck-shooters in western Canada when a flock of birds has arrived, and to direct the movements of the Dragon in Wagner's grand opera "Siegfried." At the last Yale-Harvard football game it conveyed the almost instantaneous news to fifty thousand people in various parts of New England. At the Vanderbilt Cup race its wires girdled the track and reported every gain or mishap of the racing autos. And at such extensive pageants as that of the Quebec Tercentenary, in 1908, where four thousand actors came and went upon a ten-acre stage, every order was given by a telephone.

Public officials, even in the United States, have been slow to change from the old-fashioned and more dignified use of written documents and uniformed messengers; but in the last ten years there has been a sweeping revolution in this respect. Government by telephone! This is the new idea that has already arrived in the more efficient departments of the federal service. And as for the present Congress, that body has gone so far as to plan for a special system of its own, in both houses, so that all official announcements may be heard by wire.

Garfield was the first among American Presidents to

possess a telephone. An exhibition instrument was placed in his house, without cost, in 1878, while he was still a member of Congress. Neither Cleveland nor Harrison, for temperamental reasons, used the magic wire very often. In their time, there was one lonely, idle telephone in the White House, used by the servants several times a week. But with McKinley came a new order of things. To him a telephone was more than a necessity. It was a pastime — an exhilarating sport. He was the one President who really reveled in the comforts of telephony. In 1895 he had sat in his Canton home and heard the cheers of the Chicago Convention. Later he sat there and ran the first presidential telephone campaign — talked to his managers in thirty-eight States. Thus he came to regard the telephone with a higher degree of appreciation than any of his predecessors, and eulogized it on many public occasions. "It is bringing us all closer together," was his favorite phrase.

To Roosevelt the telephone was mainly for emergencies. He used it to the full during the Chicago Convention of 1907 and the Peace Conference at Portsmouth. But with Taft the telephone became again the common avenue of conversation. He introduced at least one new telephonic custom — a long-distance talk with his family every evening when he is away from home. Instead of the solitary telephone of Cleveland-Harrison days, the White House has now a branch exchange of its own — "Main 6," — with a sheaf of wires that branch out into every room as well as to the nearest central.

Next to public officials bankers were perhaps the last to accept the facilities of the telephone. They were slow

to abandon the old fallacy that no business can be done without a written record. James Stillman, of New York, was first among bankers to foresee the telephone era. As early as 1875, while Bell was teaching his infant telephone to talk, Stillman risked two thousand dollars in a scheme to establish a crude dial system of wire communication, which later grew into New York's first telephone exchange. At the present time the banker who works closest to his telephone is probably George W. Perkins, of the J. P. Morgan group of bankers. "He is the only man," says Morgan, "who can raise twenty millions in twenty minutes." The Perkins plan of rapid transit telephony is to prepare a list of names, from ten to thirty, and to flash from one to another as fast as the operator can ring them up. Recently one of the other members of the Morgan bank proposed to enlarge its telephone equipment. "What will we gain by more wires?" asked the operator. "If we were to put in a six hundred-pair cable, Mr. Perkins would keep it busy."

The most brilliant feat of the telephone in the financial world was done during the panic of 1907. At the height of the storm, on a Saturday evening, the New York bankers met in an almost desperate conference. They decided, as an emergency measure of self-protection, not to ship to Western banks. At midnight they telephoned this decision to the bankers of Chicago and St. Louis. These men, in turn, conferred by telephone, and on Sunday afternoon called up the bankers of neighboring States. And so the news went from 'phone to 'phone, until by Monday morning all bankers and chief depositors were aware of the situation, and prepared for the team play that prevented any general disaster.

As for stock-brokers of the Wall Street species, they transact practically all of their business by telephone. In their Stock Exchange stand six hundred and forty-one booths, each one the terminus of a private wire. A firm of brokers will count it an ordinary year's talking to send fifty thousand messages, and there is one firm which last year sent twice as many. Of all brokers, the one who finally accomplished most by telephony was unquestionably E. H. Harriman. In the mansion that he built at Arden there were a hundred telephones, with sixty of them linked to the long-distance lines. What the brush is to the artist, what the chisel is to the sculptor, the telephone was to Harriman. He built his fortune with it. It was in his library — his bathroom — his private car — his camp in the Oregon wilderness. No transaction was too large or too involved to be settled over its wires. He saved the credit of the Erie by telephone — lent it five million dollars as he lay at home on a sick bed. "He is a slave to the telephone," wrote a magazine editor. "Nonsense," replied Harriman, "it is a slave to me."

The telephone arrived in time to prevent big corporations from being unwieldy and aristocratic. The foreman of a Pittsburg coal company may now stand in his subterranean office and talk to the president of the Steel Trust, who sits on the twenty-first floor of a New York sky-scraper. The long-distance talks, especially, have grown to be indispensable to the corporations whose plants are scattered and geographically misplaced — to the mills of New England, for instance, that use the cotton of the South and sell so much of their product to the Middle West. To the companies that sell perish-

able commodities, an instantaneous conversation with a buyer in a distant city has often saved a carload or a cargo. Such caterers as the meat-packers, who were among the first to realize what Bell had made possible, have greatly accelerated the wheels of their business by inter-city conversations. For ten years or longer the Cudahys have talked every business morning between Omaha and Boston, via one thousand five hundred and seventy miles of wire.

In the refining of oil, the Standard Oil Company alone, at its New York office, sends two hundred and thirty thousand messages a year. In the making of steel, a chemical analysis is made of each cauldron of molten pig iron when it starts on its way to be refined, and this analysis is sent by telephone to the steelmaker, so that he will know exactly how each potful is to be handled. In the floating of logs down river, instead of having relays of shouters to prevent the logs from jamming, there is now a wire along the bank, with a telephone linked on at every point of danger. In the rearing of sky-scrapers it is now usual to have a temporary wire strung vertically, so that the architect may stand on the ground and confer with a foreman who sits astride of a naked girder three hundred feet up in the air.

The first steamship line to use the telephone was the Clyde, which had a wire from their dock to the office in 1877; and the first railway was the Pennsylvania, which two years later was persuaded by Professor Bell himself to give it a trial in Altoona. Since then this railroad has become the chief beneficiary of the art of telephony. It has one hundred and seventy-five exchanges, four hundred operators, thirteen thousand telephones, and twenty

thousand miles of wire — a more ample system than the city of New York had in 1896.

In the operation of trains the railroads have waited thirty years before they dared to trust the telephone, just as they waited fifteen years before they dared to trust the telegraph. In 1883 a few railways used the telephone in a small way, but in 1907, when a law was passed that made telegraphers highly expensive, there was a general swing to the telephone. Several dozen roads have now put it in use, some employing it as an associate of the Morse method, and others as a complete substitute. It has always been found to be the quickest way of dispatching trains. It will do in five minutes what the telegraph did in ten. And it has enabled railroads to hire more suitable men for the smaller offices.

In news gathering, too, much more than in railroading, the day of the telephone has arrived. The Boston "Globe" was the first paper to receive news by telephone. Later came the Washington "Star," which had a wire strung to the Capitol, and thereby gained an hour over its competitors. To-day the evening papers receive most of their news over the wire. This has resulted in a specialization of reporters — one man runs for the news and another man writes it. Some of the runners never come to the office. They receive their assignments by telephone, and their salary by mail. There are even a few who are allowed to telephone their news directly to a swift linotype operator, who clicks it into type on his machine without the scratch of pencil. This, of course, is the ideal method of newsgathering, which is rarely possible.

A paper of the first class, such as the New York

"World," had now an outfit of twenty trunk lines and eighty telephones. Its outgoing calls are two hundred thousand a year and its incoming calls three hundred thousand, which means that for every morning, evening and Sunday edition there has been an average of seven hundred and fifty messages. The ordinary newspaper in a small town cannot afford such a service, but recently the United Press has originated a coöperative method. It telephones the news over one wire to ten or twelve papers at the same time. In ten minutes a thousand words can in this way be flung out to a dozen towns, as quickly as by telegraph and much more cheaply.

But it is in a dangerous crisis, when safety seems to hang upon a second, that the telephone is at its best. It is the instrument of emergencies — a sort of ubiquitous watchman. When a girl operator in the exchange hears a cry for help — "Quick! The hospital!" "The fire department!" "The police!" she seldom waits to hear the number. She knows it. She is trained to save half-seconds. And it is at such moments, if ever, that the users of a telephone can appreciate its insurance value. No doubt, if a King Richard III were worsted on a modern battlefield, his instinctive cry would be — "My kindgom for a telephone!"

When instant action is needed in the city of New York, a general alarm can in five minutes be sent by the police wire over its whole vast area of three hundred square miles. When, recently, a gas main broke in Brooklyn, sixty girls were at once called to the centrals in that part of the city to warn the ten thousand families who had been placed in danger. When the ill-fated General Slocum caught fire, a mechanic in a factory on

the water-front saw the blaze and had the presence of mind to telephone the newspapers, the hospitals, and the police. When a small child is lost, or a convict has escaped from prison, or the forest is on fire, or some menace from the weather is at hand, the telephone gives the news. In one tragic case, the operator in Folsom, New Mexico, refused to quit her post until she had warned her people of a flood that had broken loose in the hills above the village. Because of her courage nearly all were saved, though she herself was drowned at the switchboard.

If the disaster cannot be prevented, it is the telephone, usually, that brings first aid to the injured. After the destruction of San Francisco, Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, sent an appeal for the stricken city to the three hundred and fifty-four mayors of his State, and by the courtesy of the Bell Company, which carried the messages free, they were delivered to the last and furthermost mayors in less than five hours. After the destruction of Messina, an order for enough lumber to build ten thousand houses was cabled to New York and telephoned to Western lumbermen. So quickly was this order filled that on the twelfth day after the arrival of the cablegram, the ships were on their way to Messina with the lumber. After the Kansas City flood of 1903, when the drenched city was without railways or street-cars or electric lights, it was the telephone that held the city together and brought help to the danger spots. And after the Baltimore fire, the telephone exchange was the last to quit and the first to recover. Its girls sat on their stools at the switchboard until the window panes were broken by the heat. Then they pulled the covers over

the board and walked out. Two hours later the building was in ashes. Three hours later another building was rented on the unburned rim of the city and the wire chiefs were at work. In one day there was a system of wires for the use of the city officials. In two days these were linked to long-distance wires; and in eleven days a two-thousand-line switchboard was in full working trim. This feat still stands as the record in rebuilding.

In the supreme emergency of war, the telephone is as indispensable, very nearly, as the cannon. This, at least, is the belief of the Japanese, who handled their armies by telephone when they drove back the Russians. Each body of Japanese troops moved forward like a silkworm, leaving behind it a glistening strand of red copper wire. At the decisive battle of Mukden, the silkworm army, with a million legs, crept against the Russian hosts in a vast crescent, a hundred miles from end to end. By means of this glistening red wire, the various batteries and regiments were organized into fifteen divisions. Each group of three divisions was wired to a general, and the five generals were wired to the great Oyama himself, who sat ten miles back of the firing line and sent his orders. Whenever a regiment lunged forward, one of the soldiers carried a telephone set. If they held their position, two other soldiers ran up with a spool of wire. In this way and under fire of the Russian cannon, one hundred and fifty miles of wire were strung across the battle-field. As the Japanese said, it was this "flying telephone" that enabled Oyama to manipulate his forces as handily as though he were playing a game of chess. It was in this war, too, that the Mikado's soldiers strung the costliest of all telephone

wires, at 203 Metre Hill. When the wire had been basted up this hill to the summit, the fortress of Port Arthur lay at their mercy. But the climb had cost them twenty-four thousand lives.

Of the seven million telephones in the United States, about two million are in farmhouses. Every fourth American farmer is in telephonic touch with his neighbors and the market. Iowa leads among the farming States. Not to have a telephone, in Iowa, is to belong to what a Londoner would call the "submerged tenth" of the population. Second in line comes Illinois, with Kansas, Nebraska, and Indiana following closely behind; and at the foot of the list, in the matter of farm telephones, are Connecticut and Louisiana.

The first farmer who discovered the value of the telephone was the market gardener. Next came the bonanza farmer of the Red River Valley — such a man, for instance, as Olive Dalrymple, of North Dakota, who found that by the aid of the telephone he could plant and harvest thirty thousand acres of wheat in a single season. Then, not more than half a dozen years ago, there arose a veritable telephone crusade among the farmers of the Middle West. Cheap telephones, that were fairly good, had by this time been made possible by the improvements of the Bell engineers; and stories of what could be done by telephone became the favorite gossip of the day. One farmer had kept his barn from being burned down by telephoning for his neighbors. Another had cleared six hundred dollars of extra profit on the sale of his cattle by telephoning to the best market. A third had rescued a flock of sheep by sending quick news of an approaching blizzard. A fourth had

saved his son's life by getting an instantaneous message to the doctor, and so on.

How the telephone saved a three million dollar fruit crop in Colorado, in 1909, is the story that is oftenest told in the West. Until that year, the frosts in the spring nipped the buds. No farmer could be sure of his harvest. But in 1909 the fruit-growers bought smudge-pots, three hundred thousand or more. These were placed in the orchards, ready to be lit at a moment's notice. Next, an alliance was made with the United States Weather Bureau, so that whenever the Frost King came down from the north, a warning could be telephoned to the farmers. Just when Colorado was pink with apple blossoms, the first warning came: "Get ready to light up your smudge-pots in half an hour." Then the farmers telephoned to the nearest towns: "Frost is coming; come and help us in the orchards." Hundreds of men rushed out into the country on horseback and in wagons. In half an hour the last warning came: "Light up; the thermometer registers 29." The smudge-pot artillery was set ablaze and kept blazing until the news came that the icy forces had retreated. And in this way every Colorado farmer who had a telephone saved his fruit.

HOW THE PANAMA RAILROAD WAS BUILT

[1849–1855]

BY HUGH C. WEIR

[THE Panama Railroad was commenced in 1849, and in 1855 the first train passed over its rails. Its probable cost was estimated at $5,000,000; but the necessity of bringing all things needed from the United States and the increase in the price of labor resulting from the discovery of gold in California brought the amount up to $7,500,000. The following article gives some idea of the difficulties and dangers which had to be met.

The Editor.]

THE section boss thrust his head beyond his tent-flap and instantly drew back with a hoarse gasp of terror. Half-dressed and half-stunned, he took a cautious step outside the door, and then another, and another, until he came into full view of the half-moon of twisted, bloated horrors, swung on the palm trees before him.

One hundred and twenty-five coolies from the Chinese camp were suspended by their cues from the swaying branches! Driven mad by the gloom of the jungle they had sought wholesale suicide in the night.

For years the section boss had rubbed elbows with death. He had come to look upon grim things with a grin. But as he digested the scene before him, his knees gave way and he toppled forward in a sprawling faint.

The incident was but one link in the chain of the horrors of the Panama Railroad. Those were red years

for the construction gang of the first line of rails to span the American continent.

On a roadbed of blood the ties were laid which were to mark an industrial epoch. If it was the narrowest point of the continent, it was also the wildest. Forty-seven miles linked the Atlantic and the Pacific at this land-ribbon of the Caribbean, but they were forty-seven miles of tragedies.

With the exception of a wandering adventurer, the engineers were the first white men to force a way through the jungle since the dare-devil days of the Spanish Main. And it was the Devil's Own Cauldron, in very truth, into which they plunged.

There are those who say the road cost a life for every tie. Exaggerated? Possibly — but grim facts show that more than six thousand men went to their deaths in the tangled underbrush before the last rail was laid! Every mile of progress cost over one hundred and twenty-seven lives.

The history of those forty-seven miles of track is one of the most tingling, red-blooded chapters in all the records of American railroad building. It is more. It is a monument to the undaunted, unrivaled heroism of American engineers, which no section of the globe can surpass.

It is something over half a century ago — to be exact, in the autumn of 1849 — that the first construction gang, bunking at night on board a cramped sailing-vessel in the Colon Harbor, plunged into the red mud of the Panama swamps. Waist-deep in the slimy depths, forced to chop every foot of the way through the heavy, interlacing foliage, the men entered resolutely into the

task which was to stretch over a period of more than six years.

In that first year over one hundred died from snake-bites alone. The victims of the tarantula and the scorpion numbered as many more.

Buzzing swarms of mosquitoes from the pestilent pools and streams inland settled like a heavy gray cloud over their shoulders, bringing typhoid, malaria, yellow fever. Men died by scores and hundreds, and their comrades, with the sickly yellow of disease stamping their brows, gave them a hasty grave and a hastier prayer, and plunged again into the conquest of the wilderness.

Nature conspired to make the picture yet blacker. Sudden stretches of quicksands were found, whose boundaries were marked by the despairing shrieks of stumbling victims. The swamp grew thicker and blacker and marshier. Engineering statistics report that often bottom was not found at a distance of one hundred and eighty feet! Thousands of cords of wood and stone were dumped into the mysterious morasses in a desperate effort to construct causeways for the roadbed.

Even to this day, in the gloomy shadows of the Black Swamp, — a scant five miles from the Atlantic terminal of Colon, — the slimy earth sinks into a yawning cavern, and rails, ties, and men drop forever from sight. Once a freight car was dumped into the hungry morass in an effort to make a solid surface. Within six hours the car had disappeared from view, and the black slime seemed to clamor for more!

It was at Bas Obispo that the wholesale suicide pact of the coolies climaxed the terrors of the road-builders. In the early fifties, a consignment of one thousand

Chinese had been imported to recruit the shattered ranks of laborers. For six depressing weeks, the coolies struggled under the lash of the jungle.

When the swaying burden of the palm trees, in the soft light of the early morning, showed the ghastly fate their companions had sought, it was as a spark of gunpowder. The Americans endeavored in vain to check the mill-race of the panic.

Before the day was over, three hundred more had been added to the suicide-roll. Scores rushed to the shores of the Atlantic, and squatting stoically in the sands, waited for the white crest of the tide to sweep them away.

It was from Reynolds, civil engineer, and Brewster, mining prospector, that I heard the story as we sipped English "Cola" on the veranda of the Cristobal Y.M.C.A. Building, just above the blue Atlantic. Reynolds nodded to the group of railroad men who lounged out of the reading-room as he rose to his feet.

"Yes, it's a black-bordered story," he said slowly. "The history of the Panama Railroad isn't made up of ice-cream adjectives!"

"But the men who gave their lives for it did n't die in vain," added Brewster gravely, and we all stared out at the gray line of the surf in silence.

Afterward, I verified the date I had in mind. It was on the 27th day of January, 1855, that the first locomotive crossed the American continent from ocean to ocean — by way of the Panama Railroad.

Coupled with the heroism of the builders, the greed of the promoters has been the outstanding quality in the history of the Panama Railroad. In the course of fifty

years it is estimated that the line — less than fifty miles in length — has made a net profit of more than $75,000,000! In proportion to its size, it has probably produced the greatest earnings of any railroad in the history of the world.

It was in 1848, at the beginning of the California gold craze, that William Henry Aspinwall, John Lloyd Stephens, and Henry Chauncey, of New York, incorporated the Panama Railroad Company. From the outset, the most amazing hold-up schemes in railroad history were instituted. The original cost of the line amounted, roughly, to $8,000,000. Often the profits totaled $2,000,000 annually!

For years a passenger rate of sixteen cents a mile was demanded. Realizing how thoroughly the line dominated the transcontinental shipping situation, the company announced the most colossal freight rate ever known.

A toll was established, amounting to fifty per cent of the transportation charge for the entire distance between New York and Valparaiso, 4630 miles. In other words, the shipping expense for the forty-seven miles of the land route was as great as the charge for the 4583 miles of the water route!

Enormous quantities of coffee from the Central and South American plantations were shipped to European markets via the Panama Railroad. The total transportation charge was thirty dollars a ton. Of this amount the railroad company coolly demanded one half — fifteen dollars for forty-seven miles!

The shipper was helpless. The railroad could carry his goods from ocean to ocean in five hours. On the

other hand, if he followed the water route and sent his products down around Cape Horn, often five months were required to make the same distance.

In the fall of 1879, when De Lesseps undertook the construction of the Panama Canal for the French, the railroad was offered to him for $14,000,000 — a rate of $200 a share. De Lesseps haughtily informed the company that it was a hold-up price.

"Very well," was the calm rejoinder. "The price will advance $25 a share every six months."

De Lesseps shrugged his shoulders and went to work. The railroad officials grinned and also went to work. The shipments of the French supplies began to be delayed.

Machinery which reached Colon in September did not arrive at Culebra fifteen miles away, until October. Cars, filled with French goods, were mysteriously sidetracked and allowed to stand for days in the jungle. Gradually De Lesseps realized that the railroad had the upper hand.

"How much for the stock now?" he asked in desperation.

"It is twelve months since our first offer," was the reply. "You will have to pay $250."

And De Lesseps paid it. Instead of $14,000,000, the road cost the French $17,500,000.

For twelve years the Panama Railroad remained under French ownership. It was in 1902, when France shook herself free forever from the shadow of De Lesseps's historic failure in the Panama jungles, that the American Government secured the railroad, together with the entire canal property and equipment, for

$40,000,000 — less than half of the value placed upon it by a conservative receiver!

Although both the Panama Railroad and Panama Canal are government institutions, a broad line separates the two. The former handles the dirt trains of the canal entirely in the relation of a lessee.

Nearly three million cubic yards of dirt are excavated by the canal-diggers every thirty days. Were it not for the Panama Railroad, the question of its disposal would make the task of the Isthmian Canal Commission an impossibility.

THE STEAM SHOVEL AT PANAMA

BY HUGH C. WEIR

[THE idea of cutting the Isthmus of Panama by a canal is an old one, discussed as early as 1528. As time passed, it was brought forward by numerous persons, and many surveys were made. In 1878, a French company attempted to cut through the Isthmus, spent a large amount of money, and failed. A second attempt was also given up for lack of money. At length, the United States determined to undertake the work. Colombia refused to assent to a proposed treaty for the construction of the canal; and thereupon the province of Panama promptly seceded, and the United States with equal promptness recognized the new republic. A treaty was made at once, granting the right to make the canal. The French company was paid $40,000,000 for its property, and the canal was dug. The sanitary conditions of the Isthmus had been one of the worst obstacles which the French had had to encounter; but the United States paved the streets, drained the swamps, installed waterworks, and built sewers, and was so successful in its attempts to shut out yellow fever, malaria, and kindred diseases that Panama may almost be looked upon as a health resort.

The Editor.]

"ALL in?" called Peterson curtly over his shoulder. Bending forward, he switched the starting-gear into place, the car darted swiftly down the rails, and we were off.

We swung past the Culebra station, every moment adding to our speed. The morning air was whipping our faces with a pleasant, invigorating thrill, and the spirit of the swift dash was beginning to take firm hold of us.

Peterson slackened his pace as we neared the switch beyond and hurriedly crossed his hands out over the side of the car — the silent signal to the workmen ahead that he wished to change into the adjoining line. On his side Jim was duplicating the caution, which was soon to grow familiar to us.

It was at Whitehouse, a small dot of a station between Culebra and the neighboring point of Empire, that we again swerved our course, and Peterson cried, "We are entering the big cut now. Keep your eyes open, Jim!"

The need of the warning was soon apparent. Within the space of the next eight miles over one hundred locomotives were backing and switching, often barely grazing each other as they darted to and fro in the swirling mist of their own steam. A collision might come at any moment even with the experienced hand of Peterson guiding us.

Attached to scores of the engines were long rows of dirt cars, partially filled, every moment adding to their great loads of clay and rocks.

"There are more men killed on the Panama Railroad dodging dirt trains than from any other cause," Peterson grimly informed us. Which was pleasant intelligence, as we darted down past the bumping rows of swaying cars and they darted down past us, the motor and the trains really playing an exciting game of "hide-and-seek" or "prisoner's base."

The towering walls of Culebra Cut were now rising above us, their great rugged faces seeming to scowl in baffled rage at the army of sweating men below, who day by day were ploughing deeper and farther into their sides.

For centuries these great, swollen mountains had defied the assaults of men, laughing at their efforts to bore a passage through their rocky ridges. And now the men, in their turn, were laughing at the efforts of the bullying mountains to check their advance.

Have you ever studied the picture of a noted battlefield? Do you recall the thick clouds of smoke, the spurting cannon, the stacks of rifles, the heaps of dead and wounded men?

Change the field of battle to Culebra Cut. You will see the same thick, black clouds of smoke. Instead of the belching cannon, you will find a hundred times more deadly instrument in the giant dynamite blasts. The monster steam shovels, the great levelers and air-drillers, are the weapons of warfare, and the opposing forces are the armies of man and nature. It is not one battle, but a series of deadly battles, and they are all to the death.

Hundreds of men, thousands of men are before and behind and around us — black men, white men, yellow men, red men — men with their coats and shirts and collars off, with grimy hands and perspiring faces and straining shoulders — men to whom a dozen different languages might be addressed without finding their native tongues.

Over all tower the great, scowling cliffs, before you is the constant swirl of brown smoke, and on every side the screech of shrill locomotive whistles, the hoarse shouts of toiling men, the grinding crunch of the steam shovels.

Peterson turned suddenly as we worked our way in between the overhanging cliff walls—our speed was but

little more than a bare, zigzagging crawl — and cried crisply, "We 're coming to one of the largest steam shovels on the Isthmus. Do you want to stop?"

In answer to my nod, the motor paused, and I sprang out on to the ground, at close quarters with my first steam shovel.

If you can imagine pounds magnified to tons and can conceive of a monster iron scoop that can handle these tons as easily as you can handle an ordinary baseball, if you can picture such a gigantic machine so cleverly constructed that it is possible for one man to swing the great dipper where and when he pleases, you will have a dim framework of the American steam shovel as it is operating at the "Big Ditch." Can you go a step farther and imagine the man placed in such a position that he is hidden from view, the monster scoop seeming to work of its own accord — a great, rough creature of iron and steel suddenly given the power of life?

If you can, you will have an even better idea of what the steam shovel really is.

I clambered across onto the half-filled dirt train beside the motor that I might get a closer view. As I did so, the iron dipper struck a mammoth boulder half buried in the red clay below.

Deeper and deeper, its four iron teeth worked their way into the sticky mud at the base of the great stone. The boulder suddenly leaned over under the weight of the scoop and then, as I gasped, it was lifted bodily from the ground — wedged tightly between the gaping iron jaws. The shovel gave a terrific upward jerk, and almost before I realized it, the huge stone was being suspended in the air above my head.

"Jump!" shouted Peterson from the motor. "Great Scott, man, that boulder weighs twenty tons!"

I did n't wait for additional explanation. With the most rapid step I think I have ever made, I sprang to the ground, and none too soon.

The next moment the flap of the dipper opened, and the boulder dropped into the flat-car with a dull thud.

But it did n't stay. Hardly had it settled on the clay when it turned on its side, rolling ponderously toward the ground.

The steam shovel was n't idle, however. With a slow, awkward movement it again swung around, its iron edge striking the rock with a force that caromed it sharply over in the other direction. And then, as though the boulder were suddenly fired with electric energy, it plunged off toward the opposite end of the car, every instant gathering new force. Again the steam shovel worked around, and this time with a resounding jar dealt the giant slab of granite another blow.

The boulder's course was abruptly checked, but only momentarily. A third time it commenced to roll, plunging toward the ground with even greater velocity than before.

It was a thrilling crisis for the layman.

With a jerk as though it had gathered all of its energies for a final spurt, the great shovel pivoted about, hesitated as if measuring the most effective spot at which to strike, and literally grappled with its granite opponent.

The boulder's massive strength drew a ringing crash from the iron dipper, but it had brought up against an obstacle it could not move. It was vanquished. Slowly

the steam shovel withdrew, hovering in the neighborhood a moment, ready for another attack. But the stone was firmly lodged this time. The dipper had done its work well.

"How many miles of track would you guess have been laid on the Isthmus?" queried Peterson as our car threaded its way beyond a more than usually active row of dirt trains.

"Possibly a hundred," I suggested.

He laughed as he shook his head.

"You will have to multiply that number by four — and then add some," he rejoined. "There are four hundred and forty-eight miles of rails in Panama — in a distance of just forty-seven miles. In other words, we often have twelve and fifteen tracks in a row. There are fully this many before us now."

During a lull in the activity around me, I glanced at the cliff above. Its scarred, jagged surface showed nearly every color of the rainbow. Here was a surface of gray, there a bright scarlet hue, yonder a line of tan, to the left a dark slate color, below a flaming yellow — the blending outlines of the different strata of dirt uncovered in the ever-deepening excavations.

"There is the famous Gold Hill to our left," explained Peterson.

"Gold Hill?" I repeated.

"The point from which Balboa discovered the Pacific," the chauffeur added. "The ocean is twelve miles from here," he continued. "You can see it easily on a clear day — but I would n't care to have had Balboa's trip to reach it, eh?"

I wondered curiously what the explorer's feelings

would have been could he have pictured the present scene in Culebra Cut. Assuredly he would have termed the steam shovel a fabled giant lurking in the Panama wilderness like the dragons of old.

It was easy to see now that we were approaching the end of the great cut. The cliffs had broken off sharply, and the number of workmen had abruptly lessened. Peterson brought the car to a sudden halt, the turntable was again brought into play, and we were switched off at right angles to begin our circling way back to Culebra through the dark undergrowth of the jungle.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WIRELESS

[1909]

BY CAPTAIN J. B. RANSON, R.N.R.

On the morning of the disaster we had already made the Nantucket lightship by the submarine bell. The Baltic was inward bound for New York from Liverpool, and we were going at a reduced speed in a very heavy fog. We had located the lightship about midnight, and had proceeded about eighty miles to the westward. At 7.15 on that Saturday morning the wireless operator came rushing up to me on the bridge — he did not take time to write the message on the usual printed form, but had put it down on the first slip of paper he could lay his hands on — and handed me this message: "The Republic dangerously. Latitude 40.17 north; longitude 70 west." You can see from the wording of the message, from which some such word as "injured" is apparently omitted after the word "dangerously," in what urgent haste it was sent. It came from the wireless station at Siasconset, on the island of Nantucket. My first move was to throw the helm hard a-starboard and make for the position of the Republic with all possible speed. We knew her latitude and longitude, and our job was to find her in the thickest kind of a fog. At that time we were sixty-four miles from the position given us in the first message from the Republic, but of course she was drifting all the time, and during our twelve hours' search I estimate we traveled two hundred miles in our

zigzag course before we found her, and all within a sea area of ten square miles.

But before I go on with the story I might explain the three scientific methods which we employed in our hunt for the drifting Republic. These were wireless telegraphy, the submarine bell and telephone system, and Sir William Thompson's apparatus for sounding. Wireless telegraphy you are doubtless familiar with. Almost all passenger vessels, as well as naval ships, are supplied with it, and can communicate with each other or with the stations on land within a radius of two hundred miles. A wireless message cannot convey to you the definite position of a moving vessel. The electric waves from a wireless instrument move in a circle. It is like throwing a stone into the water, and the stronger you throw the stone the farther the wavelets go; so, if you get a distress call, the vessel sending it may be anywhere in any direction within a circle of two hundred miles, of which the sending vessel is the center. Of course a vessel in trouble can send her latitude and longitude, and that helps to locate her. But if you are in a fog and have lost your reckoning, wireless will not help you much in regard to the position of the land. But a submarine bell will. The Nantucket lightship, like all modern lightships in this country, Great Britain, and the Continent of Europe, has a submarine bell which is kept constantly ringing — by compressed air, I believe. The sound waves go out below the surface of the water and can be heard for a distance of seventeen miles by passing ships with the proper instruments installed. On my ship, for example, there are two apertures on either side of the bow which you might call submarine ears. They are connected by

wires with a telephone receiver on the bridge. By listening at this telephone and switching the instrument from the starboard "ear" to the port "ear" and back again, you can hear the faint tones of the lightship's submarine bell when you get in range of it. If the tone is louder through the starboard "ear" than through the port "ear," you know the lightship is on your starboard side. If the tone is exactly the same through both "ears," you know the lightship is dead ahead. This apparatus helped me greatly, as I shall explain later, in finding the Republic.

The third method I employed, in connection with the wireless telegraph and submarine bell, was Sir William Thompson's sounding apparatus. The Baltic was equipped with this appliance, and we could take soundings to the depth of one hundred fathoms while going at full speed. Employing the ordinary method of a sounding lead attached to a rope, you have to stop your ship dead to take a sounding. The modern sounding appliance is attached to a wire like a piano string, and it goes to the bottom, records the depth, and is hoisted to the deck again without the ship's speed being retarded a second. Moreover, the weight at the end of the wire is filled with a substance — often just common brown soap — to which some of the soil or sand or mud of the bottom of the sea sticks. An examination of this material, which is frequently described on the charts or is known from previous experience, helps to locate your position.

This explanation will enable you to understand a little better, perhaps, how we pursued the Republic all day long, like a hound on the scent, and finally found her, at about half-past six in the evening, after steering

and zigzagging about all day. The Republic's position, as I have already said, kept constantly changing in the fog, and as fast as I could get to a point of latitude and longitude noted in the last wireless message received, Captain Sealby on the Republic would have moved, involuntarily, of course, to another. I was getting wireless messages thick and fast all the time from Captain Sealby on the Republic, from the company's office in New York, via Siasconset, and from the other ships which had joined in the search for the Republic in response to the "C.Q.D." distress call, of which we have heard so much during the past few days. This is a general danger signal to all ships equipped with wireless apparatus within range, and warns them to be on the alert to render help if necessary. The initials "C.Q.D." may naturally be supposed to stand for "Come Quick! Danger!" The message I received was as follows: —

Hear general call and message repeated. Republic fifteen miles south of Nantucket light vessel. Requires immediate assistance. Do utmost to reach her.

SIASCONSET.

Among the ships responding to the "C.Q.D." message were the Lucania, La Lorraine, the Furnessia, the New York, the Gresham, and the Seneca, the latter two being United States Government vessels. You can easily imagine that our operator was kept pretty busy receiving these messages and sending them to the bridge, and that on the bridge we were kept busy, not merely responding to them by wireless replies, but changing the course of our ship in response to the directions or instructions which they gave. As a matter of fact, it may

literally be said that my ship, the Baltic, was steered some of the time by Captain Sealby on the Republic. For example, read these messages from Captain Sealby:

[Here Captain Ransom selected from a pile of a hundred or more telegrams written on the thin paper blanks of the Marconi Company the following despatches, apologizing for their somewhat bedraggled appearance, which he explained was due to the fog and rain that enveloped the Baltic's bridge, where they had been received and read. — *The Outlook Editors.*]

You are getting louder. Keep steering east-southeast. Listen for our ship's bell.

SEALBY.

Steer southeast now.

SEALBY.

But it was not only these direct instructions that helped me, which were received, of course, after we were near enough to the Republic so that she could hear our whistle and the bombs we were firing. Some of Captain Sealby's telegrams helped me by inference. For example, quite early in the day I received this wireless: —

Have picked up Nantucket by submarine bell bearing north-northeast. Sounding thirty-five fathoms.

SEALBY.

Now this gave me very important and useful information. I knew that the Nantucket lightship's bell could be heard by the submarine telephone not over seventeen miles, and that therefore the Republic must be within a radius of seventeen miles from the lightship. Consequently when I could not hear the submarine myself, I knew that I was outside of the Republic's position. In

the second place, I knew the Republic was in thirty-five fathoms of water. So we kept sounding continually, and as soon as we struck forty fathoms we changed our course to strike thirty-five fathoms, for I knew there was no use of our being in forty fathoms when they were in thirty-five; and so it was when we got near enough to the Republic for them to hear our whistle. When I received a message from Captain Sealby saying, "We heard your whistle, but it has gone out of range now," we immediately changed our course to get within range again. Here are some of the messages received during the day that indicate the kind of wireless conversation that was continually going on: —

Lucania says please listen for his four blasts.

Republic says we can hear a bomb to the west of us. Is it you?

La Lorraine says he hears Republic's bell, and is steering straight towards him.

La Lorraine says tell Captain Ransom we are blowing a *whistle*, not a horn. Please make as much noise as possible.

Have not heard Lucania, but she is still around. Am in touch with Lorraine.

SEALBY.

La Lorraine and Baltic ask Republic if he hears bell, bomb, or whistle. He replies he hears steamer's whistle, and thinks we both must be close to him.

BALTIC OPERATOR.

Republic operator says, "We are sinking rapidly." We are keeping everything clear and standing by for Republic's signals.

BALTIC OPERATOR.

CAPTAIN BALTIC: Am cruising round trying to locate you.

CAPTAIN LUCANIA.

CAPTAIN BALTIC: There is a bomb bearing northwest from me. Keep firing.

SEALBY.

Siasconset says hear from Republic; says to Baltic to hurry; they are sinking fast.

BALTIC OPERATOR.

Tell Captain Ransom steer northeast at once.

SEALBY.

Furnessia [which had turned round to render assistance] now thirty-five miles west Nantucket. Will take three hours to get back.

SIASCONSET.

CAPTAIN RANSOM: Can we be of any assistance? If not, will proceed to New York, as we have hardly enough coal to reach port.

You are very close now. Right a-beam. Come carefully. You are on your port side. Have just seen your rocket. You are very close to us.

SEALBY.

These messages, taken at random from scores of others, may seem somewhat matter-of-fact to you, but I can assure you they meant a good deal to us on the

bridge of the Baltic, and they indicate how we had to feel our way. After twelve hours' search, zigzagging and circling in the fog, changing our course as each new bit of information came by wireless, we at last found the Republic. We came within a hundred feet of the ship before we could see anything, and then we saw only the faint glare of a green light they were burning — like the illumination you burn on the Fourth of July. The ship's sidelights we could not distinguish, and that was why there was no real use in sending up rockets, although we did so constantly on the chance of their being seen. The passengers had already been taken aboard the Florida, so there was no anxiety about them. The Florida was still well afloat and there was no danger of her going down, so the first thing for us to do was to transfer the crew from the Republic to our ship. Later we steamed to the Florida and took off the passengers of both ships. As far as I could ascertain, the number taken from the Florida was 1516 people. There was quite a nasty sea running, and a thick fog. We went to leeward; we did not dare to go to windward of the Florida, as we should have been blown on top of her. The process of transfer was simple enough. We started at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and the crews of the three ships, the Republic, the Florida, and the Baltic, rowed back and forth in the Republic's lifeboats, and finished the next morning about eight o'clock. Both passengers and crews behaved remarkably well, but I am sure it seemed to them a perfectly simple and natural thing to do, although of course somewhat uncomfortable. The unusual thing about it was that the Republic's passengers were transferred twice for reasons

of safety within a comparatively few hours, on the open sea and in small boats. This has never occurred before in my experience.

You ask why Captain Sealby felt that he must stick by his ship even at great personal risk. It is true that he and his second officer were the only ones on board when the Republic foundered, and were thrown into the sea and rescued with some difficulty on account of the darkness. They ran this risk, not in the least to indulge in pyrotechnics, for Captain Sealby is not that kind of a man, but for two very good reasons. First, it is a tradition of the sea that a captain must stick to his ship until the last hope is gone, and that then he must be the last one to leave her. In the second place, if he should abandon his ship even with the conviction that she was hopelessly lost, and then some other vessel or seaman should come along and save her, his own judgment could very easily be questioned, and his reputation as a resourceful and trustworthy commander would be irretrievably ruined. As to the work involved, it was hard for everybody concerned, but that is a part of the trade. During the time of the search I was where I had to be, of course, on the bridge. I went up about six o'clock on Friday morning and stayed there until we docked at one o'clock on Monday afternoon — about eighty hours. Food? My food was brought up to me. Sleep? Why, no, I was there on the bridge walking around. I could n't have slept even had I gone below. However, that is nothing unusual; we often have two or three days on the bridge without rest in bad weather, and the effect of that is usually that one cannot sleep for some time afterward. For instance, on Monday night,

after I got ashore and was free from all responsibility, I could not sleep.

Yes, all these modern appliances which aided us in our search for the Republic add greatly to the safety of passengers. These modern devices for safety in navigation correspond to the block signal system in railroad travel, Of course we have our lookout up in the crow's-nest, who calls out "All's well," just as the lookout did before modern safeguards were thought of. We have had the submarine bell apparatus on all the White Star ships for about five years. It is a comparatively recent invention. American? Yes, an American invention — from Boston, I believe.

I see no reason to think that we have reached the climax of invention for safety devices in navigation. There is always something new. Who would have thought ten years ago of wireless messages to be used in saving life at sea? Nobody dreamed of it; and it is quite possible to conceive that other discoveries may be made of equal benefit to navigation.

THE NATIONAL RED CROSS AT WORK

BY CONSTANCE D. LEUPP

EARLY in the afternoon of Tuesday, March 25 [1913], the telephone bell rang in the office of the National Red Cross at the War Department in Washington.

"Miss Boardman," said a man's voice, "this is the office of the Associated Press. The Miami River is rising in Ohio, and the town of Dayton is partly under water. Other rivers are rising, and it looks as if there might be serious trouble."

Miss Mabel Boardman, Chairman of the National Relief Board of the American National Red Cross, ascertained the meager details, rang off, dictated a telegram to Governor Cox, of Ohio, asking if he needed help, and turned her attention back to the really serious situation in tornado-swept Omaha.

Governor Cox telegraphed back his thanks, but said the trouble was not serious. Then followed three telegrams in quick succession the same afternoon, saying that matters were getting worse, the water was still rising, there were already many deaths, and that the State would be glad to have the assistance of the National Red Cross.

The officers were not taken unawares; they never are, for their object in life is to lie in ambush awaiting the unexpected. And the machinery of the Red Cross is a very perfect, well-oiled piece of mechanism that can be set in motion by the pressing of one lever at headquarters.

To be sure, the Director-General, Mr. Ernest P. Bicknell, had started twenty-four hours before for Nebraska; it was problematical what he would do when he heard the "C.Q.D." from Ohio, and he was out of reach of the telegraph. To insure a director on the scene of action in both places, the ever-vigilant Miss Boardman telegraphed Mr. Lies, of Chicago, to proceed to Omaha, and Mr. Edmonds, of Cincinnati, to take charge in Dayton pending Mr. Bicknell's arrival.

So much, and a good deal more, was already accomplished before people of the country at large learned through the morning papers of Wednesday, the 26th, that a fearful calamity had overtaken Ohio.

By that time a rescue party had been detailed and was hurrying towards each threatened district along the rivers that were still rising with terrifying rapidity. These were no armies of well-meant, unskilled volunteers, but trained bands of emergency workers, doctors and nurses, each under a competent general who had dropped his regular work at the Red Cross call to arms. Whatever you do every day for your living, if you are on the Red Cross emergency roll — if, in other words, you are allowed to help in time of trouble — it means that you are among the elect of your kind.

On the afternoon of the 26th the office of the Red Cross in the War Department is a particularly peaceful-looking spot. A casual glance around would never lead the uninitiated to suspect that the greatest disaster this generation has known is in progress, and that the relief work is being directed from this little room.

At her desk sits Miss Boardman with her hat still on, alternately dictating telegrams and conversing on the

long-distance telephone all up and down the Atlantic seacoast. A secretary is ticking a typewriter, another is being interviewed by a reporter in a corner, and an army officer is calmly reading in the afternoon paper a highly colored and brilliantly imaginative account of the news from the front.

A messenger boy enters with a telegram and leans negligently against the desk with the vacuous expression that sits eternally on the face of the messenger boy. There are no floods, no wars for him; just an everlasting round of dodging in and out of elevators with despatches.

Miss Boardman tears the telegram open, glances it over hastily, calls up the Associated Press and gives over the telephone the news that brings forth an "extra" within an hour in cities all over the country. A message has actually come through from the beleaguered, burning city of Dayton — a cry for help has come at last over the one intact wire that spans the flood.

It is not much in the way of news; but the American people want everything there is; and the Red Cross is glad to give it to them, for where, but to the generosity of these same American people, does the Red Cross look for the money and provisions with which to carry on the work of relief?

Mr. Edmonds has telegraphed from Dayton that he needs cooked food, clothing, bedding, doctors, and nurses.

"No tents?" asks the reporter, and is informed that the Secretary of War has dispatched those long ago from the nearest posts.

From Akron Miss Gladwin, Chairman of the local Red Cross Nursing Association, has proceeded with a

staff of eighteen nurses to report at Columbus to Major Fauntleroy, who is the army medical officer in charge of the division hospital being assembled there. Major Fauntleroy has a staff of eight army surgeons besides the equipment, which, though consisting of tents and fittings which can be packed and carried to the battlefield, is as complete as that of any hospital.

Thirty nurses from the near-by towns are already at Dayton, and Cincinnati is to send ten more. Mr. James Jackson, of Cleveland, has taken charge at Piqua and Sidney.

Dr. Edward T. Devine, of New York, has telephoned that he is ready to report for duty anywhere he is wanted. Ordinarily the Red Cross makes requisitions on its near-by members; but Dr. Devine grew up near the scene of the present disaster, and, besides being at home there, he is particularly valuable because of his experience in San Francisco, at the sinking of the Slocum and the Titanic, and at the Triangle fire, so Miss Boardman asks him to go to Columbus and report to the Governor.

The Cincinnati and Cleveland Red Cross chapters are instructed to go ahead and raise funds and supplies.

Telegrams have been dispatched to the Governors of all the States, to the Red Cross State Boards and to local chapters, appealing to all for aid. In other words, the Red Cross is calling out all the reserves, which is a most unusual procedure even in very grave situations; this means an appeal for money and supplies published in every daily paper in the United States. On the morrow the money will come rolling in, and the little band of workers in the home office will have plenty of book-

keeping and receipt-writing, besides the work of holding themselves constantly responsive to the outside world by telephone and telegrams. Letter-writing has become a lost art; the typewriters are used only to write out dispatches.

At half-past four Miss Boardman rises and pulls down the roller top of her desk.

"Mr. McGee, will you get out the atlas and look up all the large towns near the flooded district where we have n't chapters, and wire the mayors for aid?" She waves a handful of telegrams. "Oh, and this telegraphing is going to be a big expense to us; better ask the companies for free service." There is a tradition that no soulless corporation has ever refused one of these requests from the Red Cross.

"Here are two checks that came in to-day from people in the city," she continues. "Will you please send them to Mr. Reeside, so that the district committee may have the credit for them on their books? And here," handing a slip of paper to her secretary, "is where I can be reached from eight until ten-thirty, and at this house from ten-thirty to twelve; before and after that at home."

And Miss Boardman draws on her gloves and pulls down her veil with the unruffled composure of one who has just completed a routine day's work. To-morrow will bring complications of a different kind, she knows, for, besides the bookkeeping and care of the money, there will be many blundering, well-meant offers of help — out-of-the-way towns which have collected supplies and do not know how to forward them; theatrical companies who will give their services if she will make

the arrangements, etc.; and these things must not be allowed to clog the smooth perfection of the machinery which is working to fill the greatest needs of the stricken communities in the shortest possible time.

Now a word about the machinery itself.

In 1905 the Red Cross was reorganized and put on its present basis. The President of the United States is always its President, and the executive officers make their headquarters in the capital. Miss Boardman is the Chairman of the National Relief Board, and Mr. Bicknell is the National Director, which means that he has charge in the field when the disaster is serious enough to require National aid.

Small disasters are handled by the local organizations. The Governor of each State is the President of the State Board, which consists of six or eight well-known business and professional men who have charge of raising funds and supplies locally. This board has nothing whatsoever to do with the relief work, which is in the charge of the institutional members. These institutional members are all of them charity organizations, and the best and most efficient of their kind. Less than twenty in the whole country qualify for membership, but these are geographically widely scattered. An officer, ordinarily the secretary, of the institutional member nearest the scene of the disaster is the first one to proceed thither. He takes charge of the relief work, but never has the task of raising money. Besides the staff of trained workers in his own society to call upon for aid, he is also chariman of a committee consisting of a member from each of the other active charity and social organizations within the city. In addition to the State

boards and the institutional members, there are the local chapters in smaller places.

All this sounds much more complicated than it really is, for when a call to arms comes each steps into his appointed place and does his prearranged task.

For instance, when the office in Washington first hears of a disaster, a telegram is sent at once to the Governor of the State where it occurs to find out if the State can handle it or if National help is wanted. At a request for National aid the President promptly issues a proclamation and appeal, and this is followed by the appeals of the Governors if deemed necessary. The money collected locally is sent to Washington, and from there to the Governor of the afflicted State.

Four thousand nurses, living and practicing all over the country, are at the service of the Red Cross. A register of these nurses is kept in every large city throughout the country, so that the chairman in charge has only to send for those nearest at hand. A nurse who is on a case when a summons comes is of course excused, but must hold herself in readiness for a summons as soon as she is off duty, if the crisis is not then passed.

Perhaps half of the graduate nurses of the country could not qualify for the Red Cross register. Besides requiring a degree from a good school, this stern taskmaster requires two years of active experience, personal integrity, very sound physique, and a devotion which will make the nurses willing to come for just half the regular fees, the Red Cross in this accepting the rate of pay in vogue for the army nurses.

Understudies are everywhere provided throughout this marvelous system, so that nothing is thrown out of

gear even when the National Director is lost. It is miraculously free from red tape. For years now it has in times of peace prepared for war; but it stands armed and vigilant against the elements rather than against a human foe.



GETTYSBURG FIFTY YEARS AFTER

For the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg a mighty reunion of Union and Confederate veterans was planned. Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, said: "Thousands and tens of thousands of former foes are here gathered together in brotherly union. You who first met upon this field to vie with each other in doing hurt, the one to the other, now meet here to outvie each other in deeds of kindness and friendship and love. History holds no parallel."

In the battle of 1863, at the "Bloody Angle," formed by a break in the stone wall, "the men of Pickett and Pettigrew were jammed together and enfiladed after they had charged across the valley from Seminary Ridge, which faces Cemetery Ridge. There, though smashed to pieces by Hancock's pitiless fire, the heroic rebels broke over the stone wall, and Armistead laid his hand on a Union cannon and fell dead. They call it 'the high-water mark of the rebellion.'"

At the reunion, "When it came to be three o'clock, the time when they made that other charge, Pickett's men again crowded their way through the thick underbrush and made their way up the hill. All along the stone wall eager hands bent down to help them up the wall. In every face that bent above them from the stone wall was an eager, welcoming smile, and over them, as they reached it, floated a great flag, the flag of the United States, with forty-eight stars in it. . . . Hancock's men pulled them over the wall, and instantly the formation was gone. The blue and the gray were huddled indiscriminately together in the Bloody Angle, clapping each other on the back and telling each other how thankful they were that they had lived to see this day."

"AMERICA FOR ME"

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

'T is fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and the cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles, and the statues of the kings; —
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

AMERICA FOR ME

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems
to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking
back.
But the glory of the Present, is to make the Future
free; —
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling
sea,
To the blesséd Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean
bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

GERMANY

I

IN PAGAN TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE chief account of the early Germans and their customs was written by the Latin historian Tacitus. He pictures them as a rude people, of course, but as brave and hospitable. After Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, several German tribes became allies of the Romans. They were in great degree under Roman rule, but, by the famous battle of the Teutoburger Forest, the German leader Herman overcame the Roman forces and so freed his people. Rome did not push her revenge to any great degree, and the Germans were left to manage their own affairs.

Between the third and the sixth centuries there was a general wandering about of the German tribes. Gradually they formed themselves into little groups or confederations. The most important of these groups was that of the Franks, and it was they who laid the foundations of Germany and France. Missionaries came to the land. Earnest teachers from Ireland and England, chief among whom was St. Boniface, tried their best to bring light to the country. They were so successful that ten years after the death of Boniface all Germany except Saxony was nominally Christian.

HOW THE EARLY GERMANS LIVED

BY CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS

THE Germans, it is well known, have no regular cities, nor do they allow a continuity of houses. They dwell in separated habitations, dispersed up and down, as a grove, a meadow, or a fountain happens to invite. They have villages, but not, in our fashion, with a series of connected buildings. Every tenement stands detached, with a vacant piece of ground round it, either to prevent accidents by fire, or for want of skill in the art of building. They neither know the use of mortar nor of tiles. They build with rude materials, regardless of beauty, order, and proportion. Particular parts are covered over with a kind of earth so smooth and shining, that the natural veins have some resemblance to the lights and shades of painting. Besides these habitations, they have a number of subterraneous caves, dug by their own labor: in winter their retreat from cold, and the repository of their corn. In those recesses they not only find a shelter from the rigor of the season, but in times of foreign invasion their effects are safely concealed. The enemy lays waste the open country, but the hidden treasure escapes the general ravage; safe in its obscurity, or because the search would be attended with too much trouble.

The clothing in use is a loose mantle, made fast with a clasp, or, when that cannot be had, with a thorn. Naked in other respects, they loiter away whole days by

the fireside. The rich wear a garment, not, indeed, displayed and flowing, like the Parthians or the people of Sarmatia, but drawn so tight that the form of the limbs is palpably expressed. The skins of wild animals are also much in use. Near the frontier, on the borders of the Rhine, the inhabitants wear them, but with an air of neglect that shows them altogether indifferent about the choice. The people who live more remote, near the northern seas, and have not acquired by commerce a taste for new-fashioned apparel, are more curious in the selection. They choose particular beasts, and having stripped off the furs, clothe themselves with the spoil, decorated with parti-colored spots, or fragments taken from the skins of fish, that swim the ocean as yet unexplored by the Romans. In point of dress there is no distinction between the sexes, except that the garment of the woman is frequently made of linen, adorned with purple stains, but without sleeves, leaving the arms and part of the bosom uncovered.

Hospitality and convivial pleasure are nowhere so liberally enjoyed. To refuse admittance to a guest were an outrage against humanity. The master of the house welcomes every stranger, and regales him to the best of his ability. If his stock falls short, he becomes a visitor to his neighbor, and conducts his new acquaintance to a more plentiful table. They do not wait to be invited, nor is it of any consequence, since a cordial reception is always certain. Between an intimate and an entire stranger no distinction is made. The departing guest receives as a present whatever he desires, and the host retaliates by asking with the same freedom. A German delights in the gifts which he receives; yet by bestowing

he imputes nothing to you as a favor, and for what he receives he acknowledges no obligation.

Their public spectacles boast of no variety. They have but one sort, and that they repeat at all their meetings. A band of young men make it their pastime to dance entirely naked amidst pointed swords and javelins. By constant exercise this kind of exhibition is become an art, and art has taught them to perform with grace and elegance. Their talents, however, are not let out for hire. Though some danger attends the practice, the pleasure of the spectator is their only recompense. In the character of a German, there is nothing so remarkable as his passion for play. Without the excuse of liquor (strange as it may seem!) in their cool and sober moments, they have recourse to dice, as to a serious and regular business, with the most desperate spirit committing their whole substance to chance, and when they have lost their all, putting their liberty and even their persons upon the last hazard of the die. The loser yields himself to slavery. Young, robust, and valiant, he submits to be chained, and even exposed to sale. Such is the effect of a ruinous and inveterate habit. They are victims to folly, and they call themselves men of honor. The winner is always in a hurry to barter away the slaves acquired by success at play; he is ashamed of his victory, and therefore puts away the remembrance of it as soon as possible.

In cultivating the soil they do not settle on one spot, but shift from place to place. The state or community takes possession of a certain tract proportioned to its number of hands; allotments are afterwards made to individuals according to their rank and dignity. In so

extensive a country, where there is no want of land, the partition is easily made. The ground tilled in one year lies fallow the next, and a sufficient quantity always remains, the labor of the people being by no means adequate to the extent or goodness of the soil. Nor have they the skill to make orchard-plantations, to inclose the meadow-grounds, or to lay out and water gardens. From the earth they demand nothing but corn. Hence their year is not, as with the Romans, divided into four seasons. They have distinct ideas of winter, spring, and summer, and their language has terms for each, but they neither know the blessings nor the name of autumn.

Their funerals have neither pomp nor vain ambition. When the bodies of illustrious men are to be burned, they choose a particular kind of wood for the purpose, and have no other attention. The funeral pile is neither strewed with garments, nor enriched with fragrant spices. The arms of the deceased are committed to the flames, and sometimes his horse. A mound of turf is raised to his memory, and this, in their opinion, is a better sepulcher than those structures of labored grandeur, which display the weakness of human vanity, and are, at best, a burden to the dead. Tears and lamentations are soon at an end, but their regret does not so easily wear away. To grieve for the departed is comely in the softer sex. The women weep for their friends; the men remember them.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR

[58 B.C.]

BY T. RICE HOLMES

[THE Helvetians of Switzerland left their homes for the wider and more fertile fields of Gaul; but were overcome and driven back by Julius Cæsar. Many of the Gallic chiefs came to congratulate the conqueror. Among them were certain leaders of the Æduans, who now appealed to him for aid. The Sequani, they said, had asked the German tribes called Suevi to come and help them against the Æduans. The Suevi, or Suebi, had come and had conquered both Æduans and Sequani. Ariovistus, the Suevi leader, was a bloodthirsty tyrant, and was treating them with the utmost cruelty. Would not the great commander Julius Cæsar free them from his abuse? Cæsar was more than ready to grant their request. The Æduans were allies of the Romans, and therefore he was bound to give help. Moreover, if the Germans should overrun Gaul, their next step would be into Italy. It was absolutely necessary for him to suppress Ariovistus.

The Editor.]

PEACEFUL methods, however, might be tried first. The Roman army was comparatively weak. Ariovistus was master of a formidable host; and it would be foolhardy to attack him without absolute need. He had been treated with distinction by the Senate; and there was just a chance that he might listen to reason. Besides, it would be impolitic for the pro-consul to levy war against the king and friend upon whom those titles had been conferred with his sanction, without preliminary diplo-

macy, which he must so conduct as to justify himself before his countrymen. Ariovistus was then probably in the plain of Upper Alsace; and Cæsar sent ambassadors to ask him to name some intermediate spot for a conference. He [Ariovistus] told them to say that if their master wanted anything from him, he must take the trouble to come to him in person. He could not risk his safety by moving outside his own territory without his army; and to move and feed his army would involve an amount of exertion which he did not care to undergo. Meanwhile he should like to know what business Cæsar had in a country which the Germans had won by their own swords.

Cæsar now assumed a more peremptory tone. Ariovistus had rejected his invitation. Very good! Then these were his terms. Not another man must set foot across the Rhine: the hostages of the Ædui must be restored, and Ariovistus must positively cease to molest that people or their allies. If he obeyed, Cæsar would be his friend. If not, he should know how to avenge the wrongs of the Ædui. The Senate had decreed, three years before, that the Governor of Gaul for the time being should protect the Ædui and the other allies of the Republic; and he intended to obey his instructions.

Ariovistus haughtily replied that he was a conqueror; and, as a conqueror, he had a right to treat his subjects as he pleased. The Romans invariably acted on the same principle. He did not interfere with them: what right, then, had they to interfere with him? He would not molest the Ædui so long as they paid their tribute: but most certainly he would not give up the hostages; and if the Ædui did not pay, much good would their

alliance with the Romans do them! For Cæsar's threats he cared nothing. No man had ever withstood Ariovistus and escaped destruction. Let Cæsar choose his own time for fighting. He would soon find out what mettle there was in the unbeaten warriors of Germany.

With this message came the alarming news that a host of Suebi had appeared on the eastern bank of the Rhine, and that the Harudes were actually harrying the lands of the Ædui. Cæsar, the most reticent of writers, has told us that he was seriously alarmed. The Gauls were waiting to see whether he or Ariovistus was to be master. If he suffered any reverse, they would probably rise in his rear; and between them and the Germans his army might perish. Not a moment was to be lost if the formidable Suebi were to be prevented from reinforcing the army of Ariovistus. With all possible speed Cæsar made arrangements with the Ædui, the Sequani, and the Lingones for the forwarding of supplies, and immediately put his army in motion. Three days later he heard that Ariovistus was hurrying to seize Vesontio, now Besançon, the chief town of the Sequani, a strong place well stored with all munitions of war. Marching night and day at his utmost speed to anticipate him, he encamped on the outskirts, and threw a strong garrison into the town.

Vesontio, which now became Cæsar's base, was an ideal Gallic stronghold. The town stood on a sloping peninsula, round which the Doubs swept in a curve that nearly formed a circle; while the isthmus, little more than five hundred yards wide, rose from either bank into a steep and lofty hill, girt by a wall, which gave it the strength of a citadel, and connected it with the town.

During the short time that Cæsar stayed there to collect supplies, his soldiers had plenty of opportunity for gossiping. The people of the place, and especially the traders, whose business had brought them into contact with the Germans, told marvelous stories of their great strength and superhuman valor: — one could not bear even to look them in the face, so terrible was the glare of their piercing eyes. The Roman soldiers were brave: but they remembered their desperate struggle with the Helvetii; they were liable to fits of panic; and they were very credulous. The idle chatter of their new acquaintances completely demoralized them. The mischief began with the tribunes, the officers of the auxiliary corps, and others who formed the personal following of the general. Many of them were soldiers only in name. Like every other Roman governor, Cæsar had been obliged, for political reasons, to find places in his army for fashionable idlers and disappointed professional men, who had had no experience of war, and simply wanted to mend their fortunes by looting. Now that there was a prospect of real stern fighting, they began to tremble. They whispered that the campaign was not authorized by the Senate, but undertaken simply to gratify Cæsar's ambition. Some invented excuses for asking leave of absence. Others felt bound, for very shame, to stay; but they could not command their countenances enough to look as if they were not afraid. Sometimes, indeed, in spite of themselves, they gave way to tears. Gradually even centurions and seasoned veterans were infected by the general alarm. Some of them indeed made an effort to disguise their fears. They told each other that it was not the enemy, but only the forests between them and

the enemy and the probable failure of supplies that they dreaded. All over the camp men were making their wills; and Cæsar was actually told that, when he gave the order to march, the men would refuse to obey.

He immediately sent for the tribunes and centurions, and gave them a severe lecture. What business had they to ask where he intended to march? It was most unlikely that Ariovistus would be mad enough to fight; but supposing that he did, what was there to be afraid of? Had they lost all confidence in themselves, all faith in their general? What had these terrible Germans ever really done? The crushing defeats which Marius had inflicted upon the Cimbri and Teutoni, the defeats which had been inflicted upon the gladiators, trained though they were in Roman discipline in the recent servile war, gave the real measure of their prowess. Even the Helvetii had often beaten them; and the Helvetii had gone down before the legions. No doubt Ariovistus had defeated the Gauls; but what of that? He had tired them out by avoiding a battle for months, and then attacked them when they had dispersed and were off their guard. This did not mean that Germans were braver than Gauls; and Ariovistus himself must know that Roman armies were not to be trapped by such transparent devices. To talk about the difficulty of the country or the difficulty of getting supplies was downright impertinence. It was as much as to assume that the general did not know his own business. Supplies were coming up to the front from the friendly tribes; and the croakers would soon see that their alarm about the forests was absurd. As for the story that the army was going to mutiny, he did not believe it. Armies did

not mutiny unless generals were incapable or dishonest. His integrity had never been called in question; and the late campaign proved that he could command. Anyhow on the very next night he intended to march; and if nobody else would follow him, he would go on with the Tenth Legion alone; for it, at all events, was faithful to its commander.

This vigorous little speech had a marvelous effect upon the troops. From despair their spirits bounded to the highest pitch of confidence; and they were only impatient to cross swords with the enemy. The men of the Tenth, flattered by Cæsar's trust in them, sent him a message of thanks through their officers; while the other legions asked theirs to tell him that they were sorry for what had occurred. At the hour which he had fixed, Cæsar struck his camp. He left a detachment to hold Vesontio. Before him all was unknown: but he had full faith in Diviciacus; and Diviciacus undertook to be his guide. To avoid the broken wooded country between Besançon and Montbéliard, he made a circuit northward and eastward, of about fifty miles, and then, threading the pass of Belfort, debouched into the plain of the Rhine, and pushed on rapidly past the eastern slopes of the Vosges till he reached a point within twenty-two miles of the German encampment. He has not told us where he formed his own camp: probably it was on the river Fecht, between Ostheim and Gemar. Ariovistus, who was on the north, sent messengers to say that, as Cæsar had come nearer, he had no objection to meeting him. Cæsar accepted his proposal; and the conference was fixed for the fifth day following.

Ariovistus, who knew that Cæsar's cavalry were

weak, pretended to be afraid of treachery from the legions, and insisted that they should each bring with them a cavalry escort only. Cæsar was unwilling to raise difficulties; but, as all his cavalry were Gauls, and he did not care to trust his safety to them, he mounted the Tenth on their horses. The place of meeting was a knoll, rising above the plain, nearly equidistant from the Roman and the German camp. Cæsar stationed the bulk of his escort about three hundred yards off: Ariovistus did likewise; and each rode up with ten horsemen to the knoll. Ariovistus had stipulated that they should hold the conference without dismounting. Cæsar began by reminding Ariovistus of the honors which the Senate had conferred upon him; and afterwards repeated the demands, which he had already made through his envoys, on behalf of the Ædui. Ariovistus replied that he had only crossed the Rhine in response to Gallic appeals. The country which he occupied in Gaul had been formally ceded to him by Gauls: it was not he who had attacked them, but they who had attacked him. He had overthrown their entire host in battle; and, if they cared to repeat the experiment, he was ready to fight them again. As for the friendship of the Romans, it was only fair that he should get some solid advantage out of it; and if he could only retain it by giving up the tribute which he received from his subjects, he would fling it aside as readily as he had asked for it. He had entered Gaul before the Romans. Cæsar was the first Roman governor who had ever passed beyond the frontier of the province. What did he mean by invading his dominions? That part of the country belonged to him just as much as the province belonged to Rome. Cæsar talked a great

deal of the titles which the Senate had bestowed upon the Ædui; but he knew too much of the world to be imposed upon by such shams. The Ædui had not helped the Romans in the war with the Allobroges; and the Romans had not stirred a finger to help their "Brethren" against himself. He had good grounds for suspecting that the friendship which Cæsar professed for him was another sham, — a mere blind under cover of which Cæsar was plotting his ruin. He happened to know what was going on in Rome; and there were prominent men there who would be glad to hear of Cæsar's death. If Cæsar did not withdraw from his country, he would expel him by force of arms; but if he would only go away and leave him in peace, he would show his gratitude. Cæsar quietly answered that it was impossible for him to go back from his word or to forsake the allies of his country; and, he added, if history were to be appealed to, the claim of the Romans to supremacy in Gaul was better founded than that of the Germans. He was still speaking when a soldier rode up and warned him that a number of Germans were edging up towards the knoll and stoning his escort. Riding back to his men, he withdrew them without attempting to retaliate; for, though he was confident that his splendid legion could easily beat the Germans, he was determined not to give them any pretext for accusing him of foul play.

Exasperated by this outrage, the Romans became more than ever impatient for battle. Two days later Ariovistus requested Cæsar to meet him again, or else send one of his generals. Cæsar saw no reason for further discussion, and did not care to expose his lieutenants to the tender mercies of a treacherous barba-

rian; but he sent his interpreter, Troucillus, and a man called Metius, whom, as he believed, Ariovistus could have no motive for injuring. They were instructed to hear what Ariovistus had to say, and bring back word. The moment he saw them, Ariovistus flew into a passion. "Why have you come here," he shouted: "to play the spy?" And when they attempted to explain, he cut them short and put them under arrest.

On the same day he made a long march southward, and halted about six miles north of Cæsar's camp, at the very foot of the Vosges. He had conceived a daring plan. Next morning his column ascended the lower slopes, marched securely along them past the Roman army, and took up a position two miles south of Cæsar's camp. As he looked up at the huge column winding leisurely by, Cæsar saw that he was being outmaneuvered: to send the legions up the hillside would be to court destruction, and he could only wait, a passive spectator, while Ariovistus was cutting his communications and barring up the road by which he expected his supplies.

Next day Cæsar formed up his army immediately in front of the camp, under the protection of his artillery. Ariovistus might attack if he liked: but if he attacked, it would be at his peril; if he declined the challenge, the legionaries would be assured that the Germans were not invincible. Ariovistus remained where he was. On each of the four following days Cæsar offered battle; but the enemy would not be provoked into leaving their camp. Cavalry skirmishes indeed took place daily, but without any decisive results. The Germans had light-armed active footmen, who accompanied the cavalry

into action, each one of them selected by the rider whom he attended: they were trained to run by the horses' sides, holding on to their manes; and if the troopers were forced to retreat, they supported them and protected the wounded. As the infantry remained obstinately in their camp, and it was necessary for Cæsar to win back communication with his convoys, he resolved to take the initiative. Forming his legions in three parallel columns, prepared, at a moment's notice, to face into line of battle, he marched back to a point about a thousand yards south of Ariovistus's position, and there marked out a site for a camp. One column fell to work with their spades, while the other two formed in two lines to protect them. Arovistus sent a detachment to stop the work; but it was too late: the fighting legions kept their assailants at bay, and the camp was made. Two legions with a corps of auxiliaries were left to hold it; and the other four returned to the larger camp. Next day Cæsar led his men into the open, but not far from his camp, and again offered battle. Ariovistus again declined the challenge; but, as soon as the legions had returned to their intrenchments, he made a determined effort to storm the smaller camp, and only drew off his forces at sunset. The Romans had suffered as heavily as the Germans; but Cæsar now learned from prisoners that the enemy had been warned by their wise women, whose divinations they accepted with superstitious awe, that they could not gain the victory unless they postponed the battle until after the new moon.

Cæsar saw his opportunity. He waited till the following morning; and then, leaving detachments to guard

his two camps, he formed his six legions, as usual, in three lines, and marched against the enemy. They had no choice but to defend themselves. Their wagons stood in a huge semicircle, closing their flanks and rear; and, as they tramped out, their women stretched out their hands and piteously begged them not to suffer their wives to be made slaves. The host was formed in seven distinct groups, each composed of the warriors of a single tribe. As the Romans were numerically weaker than their opponents, the auxiliaries were drawn up in front of the smaller camp, to make a show of strength. Each of the *legati* was placed at the head of a legion, in order that every one might feel that his courage in action would not be overlooked. Cæsar commanded the right wing in person, and, noticing that the enemy's left was comparatively weak, directed against it his principal attack, in the hope of overwhelming it speedily and thus disconcerting the rest of the force. But before the Romans in the front ranks could poise their javelins, the Germans were upon them; and they had barely a moment to draw their swords. Quickly stiffening into compact masses, the Germans locked their shields to receive the thrusts: but some of the Romans flung themselves right on to the phalanxes; they tore the shields from the grasp of their foes, and dug their swords down into them; and, after a close struggle, they broke the formation, and their weapons got freer play. The unwieldy masses, unable to maneuver or to deploy, reeled backward, dissolved, and fled. But the Roman left, overpowered by numbers, was giving ground. Young Publius Crassus, son of the celebrated triumvir, who was stationed in command of the cavalry, outside the battle,

saw the crisis, and promptly sent the third line to the rescue. The victory was won, and the whole beaten multitude fled towards the Rhine. But the Rhine was some fifteen miles away; the Ill had first to be crossed; and in that weary flight many fell under the lances of the cavalry. Only a few, among whom was Ariovistus, were lucky enough to swim the river or find boats. Cæsar, in the course of the pursuit, came upon his interpreter, who was being dragged along in chains by his captors, and had only escaped death by the accident that, on drawing lots, they had decided to postpone his execution. There is nothing in Cæsar's memoirs more full of human interest than the passage in which, breaking his habitual reserve, he tells us of the joy he felt on seeing this man, for whom he had the greatest respect and regard, alive and unhurt. It gave him, he tells us, a pleasure as great as he had felt in gaining the victory.

HERMAN, WHO FREED THE GERMANS FROM ROME

[9 A.D.]

BY KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER

[GAUL had become a province of Rome, and it began to look as if Germany would follow its example, for several German tribes had become allies of the Empire. This might have been the case had it not been for the unwise rule of Varus, commander-in-chief of the Roman forces in northwestern Germany.

The Editor.]

THIS Roman governor [Varus] introduced the whole hateful array of Roman law and Roman rates and taxes, together with Roman tax-gatherers, to the Germans, who, up to now, had known nothing of these things. All litigation was settled according to Roman laws and in a foreign tongue. Disobedience was punished by death, while, according to the old Germanic law, capital questions lay in the hands of the popular assemblies only. In dealing thus despotically, Varus thought to break the stubbornness of this people, whereas he simply exasperated them beyond endurance, and only strengthened that feeling of nationality which had been so marked a characteristic trait of the Germans from the earliest times. Determined to free themselves from the oppressor's yoke, all the tribes between the Rhine and the Weser now united under Herman, Prince of the Cherusci. In his youth Herman had learned Roman warfare

in Italy, but, far from having succumbed to the seductions of the Romans, he despised their indulgence and luxury; and, while daring and courageous, he was yet cool and wary.

The Roman army, under Varus, was at this time encamped on the banks of the Weser, when the general was called away to a distant revolt. This was the signal for the conspiracy, and succeeded in drawing Varus away to march against the insurgents, although he was warned not to do so. Varus, however, would not listen, and chose the nearest way through the Teutoburger Forest, which was destined to become his death-trap; for no sooner had he entered that region of forest, swamp, and mountain defile with his army, than he was attacked on all sides by the Germans, who harassed him unceasingly for three days and nights. At the end of that time the Romans, weakened by want of food and rest, succumbed, and Varus killed himself by falling on his sword — his example being followed by many of his officers. The entire Roman army was thus destroyed, and Germany freed from the hateful foreign yoke. When the Emperor Augustus heard of the disaster, he rent his garments and exclaimed, full of grief: "Oh, Varus, give back to me my legions!" Thus the might of the Romans in Germany was broken forever in the great battle of the Teutoburger Forest, although the chances of war still fluctuated for some time afterwards, when Germanicus, the son of Drusus, determined to conquer Germany anew, and to avenge the Teutoburger disaster. But, with the exception of some successful raids, and an encounter with Herman, which was left undecided, his final attempt to conquer Germany met with so desperate a resistance

that Germanicus had to give up all idea of doing so for the present. It was in one of his raids on the Chatti in 15 A.D. that Germanicus carried off Thusnelda, the wife of Herman, into captivity, where she gave birth to her son Thumelius. Nothing certain is known of their subsequent fate, except that the Cheruscan princess figured with her little son in the triumph given to Germanicus in honor of his prowess in Germany. We may imagine her led in the Roman procession, sad-eyed, her long, fair tresses flowing, and thinking of her husband and fatherland she was never to see again.

Before Germanicus could resume hostilities, he was sent by Tiberius, who was jealous of his nephew's great popularity, to Syria, where he suddenly died, it is believed of poison. Tiberius now declared that enough blood had been wasted, that Rome was sufficiently avenged, and that the stubborn German races might be safely left to their own dissensions. Unfortunately, this proved to be true enough, for no sooner had the danger subsided from without, than internal quarrels and broils arose. It was owing to such dissensions that Herman, whose high position was the cause of much envy, found his death at the hands of his relations. He died by treachery in the year 21 A.D., and Tacitus nobly says of him: "Undoubtedly he was the Liberator of Germany; for not like other kings and chieftains did he meet the Roman people in its infancy, but at the time of its greatest power. Not always victorious in battle, he remained unconquered in war."

Throughout the many sad and terrible centuries that followed, the memory of Herman, the Cheruscan, has faithfully remained with the German people, and in

1875, after the great Franco-German War, a monument was erected to him in the heart of his own Teutoburger Forest, in honor of Germany's patriot and liberator, and as a symbol of German unity. From the heights of the Grotenburg the colossal figure of Herman looks down on the waving forests and beautiful silent mountains which to-day are still very much what they were in the times of the Romans.

BONIFACE AND THE OAK OF THOR

[About 723]

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH

AMONG these efforts and conflicts [the struggle to teach Christianity on the Continent] the name of Boniface stands preëminent. He has won for himself the illustrious titles of "the Apostle of Germany" and "the Father of German Civilization." His original name was Winfrid; he belonged to a family of distinction, and was born at Kirton, in Devonshire, about the year A.D. 680. He was destined by his parents for a secular profession; but a visit paid by some of the clergy to his father's house, for the purpose (according to a good old English custom) of instructing the family in religious truth, fired the heart of the youth with a desire for the monastic life. His father was at first much opposed to the project; but, influenced partly by a reverse of fortune, and partly by a dangerous illness, he acceded to the boy's solicitations, and placed him under Abbot Wolfard at Exeter, and eventually at Nuteschelle, in Hampshire, where he received his clerical education.

He was early distinguished by his deep acquaintance with the Word of God, and by his skill in preaching. He was possessed moreover of such tact and prudence, and was of so practical a turn of mind, that he was frequently employed by the community to which he belonged in difficult negotiations, and was even favored with the confidence of his king. It seemed as if honor

and distinction awaited the young ecclesiastic in his native land. But loftier aspirations had taken hold of him, and the mantle of the missionary, rather than the miter of the prelate, became the one object of his desire.

It happened in this way. Willibrord, a Northumbrian, who had been educated in Ireland, had gone with twelve missionary companions to Friesland. His efforts there had been fiercely opposed by a powerful heathen prince named Radbod; but the tales of heroic endurance and patient faith on the part of the devoted band, which from time to time reached the Angle-Saxon monasteries, stirred many a heart to its profoundest depths, and amongst the rest that of the youthful Boniface. He communicated to his superior his ardent desire to go to the aid of the missionary party in Frisia. The abbot tried to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprise, but in vain. With three of the community whom he had inspired with his own missionary zeal he sailed for Friesland. The time of his arrival, however, was unpropitious. Radbod was engaged in war with Charles Martel; a fierce persecution against the Christians had ensued; and Boniface was reluctantly obliged to return to his cloister.

It was the winter of A.D. 716; and soon after his return the abbot, Winberct, died. The brethren unanimously wished him to take the vacant place; but his missionary ardor revived; he declined the proffered honor, and was soon on his way to Rome to obtain the sanction of the Pope for a repetition of his arduous enterprise. The following spring he was crossing the Alps with a commission from Gregory II to preach the Gospel in Germany, and when the summer approached, he com-

menced his labors in Thuringia. The death of Radbod and the victories of Charles Martel had opened a door for the wider preaching of the Gospel in Friesland, and for three years Boniface associated himself with Bishop Willibrord at Utrecht, and gained successes which surpassed their expectations. Christian churches rose on every side; heathen temples were destroyed; a vast multitude became "obedient to the faith."

And now honor and distinction came to tempt him in a new form. Willibrord, advanced in age, was anxious that Boniface should succeed him in the bishopric; but the ardent missionary, feeling himself impelled by an inward call, and strengthened in his resolutions by a remarkable dream, declined the honor, and plunged into the forests of Hesse. Here, amidst dangers and hardships, with wars resounding amongst the bordering Saxon tribes, and with the scantiest of supplies for himself and his companions, he pursued his labors, founded his first religious establishment, baptized two native princes, and with their protection and his own thorough knowledge of the native tongue, gained his way to the people's hearts, and won multitudes to the faith of Christ.

As an illustration of his boldness and success, we may notice his conduct at Geismar, in Upper Hesse. There stood there a gigantic and venerable oak, sacred to Thor, the god of thunder. It had been regarded from age to age with superstitious awe and veneration by the people, and beneath its gloomy shade their most solemn rites had for centuries been performed. In vain had Boniface declared against idolatry; the presence of that sacred tree counteracted, in the minds of his hearers, every impression that he made, and even drew back

some of his neophytes into heathenism. He determined to strike a blow at this superstition, and destroy one sensuous impression by another. With axe in hand, and accompanied by his clergy, he advanced, in presence of the multitude, towards the object of their awe and worship. The pagans looked on with mingled feelings of wonder, rage, and terror, expecting every moment that the sacrilegious assailants would be struck dead by the avenging deity, and the controversy between the old faith and the new settled forever in their favor. But as the stalwart missionary plied his axe, it was apparent that Thor could not protect his own. A crashing was soon heard in the topmost boughs; the helpless idol thundered to the ground, and lay rent and broken by its fall. Their faith in the dreaded deity had fallen with it; and, as on a like occasion long before, a cry resounded from the multitude — "The Lord, He is God." In order to make the impression lasting, Boniface gave directions that the timber should be used in constructing an oratory, wherein the true God might be worshipped.

[So the work of Boniface went on until he was nearly seventy years of age. He planned to leave his field in the hands of a successor and retire to the convent of Fulda, which he had founded, that his last days might be spent in peace and quiet.]

But once again the missionary fire blazed up in the old man's bosom. He must visit Friesland yet again, to revive the work (which, since the death of Willibrord, had been suffered to decay), and to redeem it from remaining paganism. He was now seventy and five years old, and from that missionary journey he felt that he

never would return. He gave his last solemn charge to his successor, Bishop Lull; and then directed that in the book-chest, which he invariably took with him on his journeys, there should be placed the famous treatise of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," and along with it a shroud, in which his body was to be carried back to Fulda. With a retinue of about fifty clergy and laymen he sailed down the Rhine, was joined by Eoban at Utrecht, and then proceeded toward the eastern part of Frisia.

By many the missionaries were received with joy; multitudes were baptized, and having received further instruction, were directed to meet Boniface upon the eve of Whitsuntide, in order to receive the rite of confirmation. The Whitsun morning dawned — it was the 5th of June, A.D. 755, — and on the banks of the Buda, not far from Dockingen, he went forth to meet his children in the faith. But the clash of arms and the shouts of an angry multitude soon told that the heathen were at hand. Maddened by the success of the missionaries, they had resolved to dedicate this day to slaughter, and to take vengeance on behalf of their gods. Some of the archbishop's retinue advised resistance, and would have defended him with their lives; but he stepped forward and commanded them to forbear, and to await with patience the crown of martyrdom. "The long-expected day," said he, "has come, and the time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen yourselves in the Lord, and he will redeem your souls. Fear not them that can kill the body; but cast the anchor of your hope on God, who will soon give you an everlasting reward, and admission to his heavenly kingdom."

It is said that he himself, as the pagans rushed upon him, took a volume of the Gospels, and placing it beneath his head for a pillow, calmly awaited the fatal blow which was to number him with those who sleep in the Lord. Eoban and many of his companions that day shared with him that blessed sleep; and for many a year might be seen, in his beloved home at Fulda, the shroud which he had carried with him to the scene of his first baffled labors, and "The Advantage of Death," which had been sprinkled with his victorious martyr-blood.

His spirit, indeed, lived after him in many of his disciples, who, like Gregory of Utrecht and Sturm of Fulda, carried on the peaceful work which he had loved; but sterner and less Christian characters were soon permitted to appear upon the scene, and terribly was the death of Boniface avenged.

It was only after many a bloody baptism, on many a fierce battle-field, at the hands of the resistless Charlemagne, that the ferocious Saxons were subdued. And after thirty years of strife, during which carnal rather than spiritual weapons were freely used, the Saxons were brought, at least nominally, within the pale of Christendom.

II

EMPERORS OF MEDIÆVAL GERMANY

HISTORICAL NOTE

UNDER the vigorous sway of Charlemagne, a mighty empire was formed which extended from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and from the Bay of Biscay to the coast of Illyria. When Charlemagne was crowned by the Pope in 800, he was regarded as the successor of the Roman Emperors, and this theory continued throughout the Middle Ages. Frederick Barbarossa added "Holy" to the title of "Roman Emperor," probably with the idea that the Emperor was the special protector of the Church.

Under Henry the Fowler (919–931), Germany was for the first time united under one rule. During the reign of his son, Otho I, Italy was conquered and added to the Empire. This union was for centuries a source of weakness to each nation, for two countries so unlike as Germany and Italy could not be controlled in those troubled times by one ruler, and the Emperors were perpetually neglecting one country at the expense of the other. The result was that, whereas, in other countries, the power of the nobles was gradually usurped by the Crown, the German Emperors could never quite accomplish this, but were forced to see both Germany and Italy divided into many small and practically independent states.

In 1138 the imperial crown passed to the House of Hohenstaufen. The most famous monarch of this dynasty was Frederick Barbarossa. He joined the Third Crusade, famous for the exploits of Richard the Lion-hearted of England, and even before reaching the field of warfare, he came to his death. With the reign of Frederick II (1215–1250) the splendor of the Holy Roman Empire came to an end. This prince was one of the most remarkable characters of the Middle Ages, but his splendid abilities were wasted in fruitless struggles with the Pope and with the wealthy and liberty-loving cities of northern Italy. His son was the last of the Hohenstaufen Emperors, and after his death Germany passed through a period of strife and confusion that was ended in 1273 by the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg to the imperial throne.

HOW CHARLEMAGNE OVERCAME THE SAXONS

BY DR. WILLIAM ZIMMERMANN

In all parts of Germany, the Saxons, in the time of Charles, were considered the "wild Saxons.". They passed for being more savage and cruel than any other foe, and as crafty and artful barbarians. From early time down to the late Middle Ages they bore a character of being not fit to be trusted; the sequel will show that oaths and treaties were held as nothing by the Saxons when Franks were concerned, and that they differ in this respect from the Suevi and Alemanni; a proof that their morals were less elevated than those of these German brethren. The Cherusci in the days of Charles were undeniably lower in the scale of morals than the old Cherusci of the days of Arminius [Herman]; they had become savages. So much the more had the time come to make them Christians, and thus instill moral principles.

But this was for various grounds a heavier task with the Saxons than with other Germans. The Saxons saw that wherever Charles and his father had carried Christianity, three things came into the country — a numerous priesthood, a Frank feudal nobility, a swarm of tax-gatherers. They regarded baptism as a mark of servitude. Under their old gods the Saxon, man or woman, was free, quite free; the power of the priest or of the noble was something unknown on Saxon soil. They had

hitherto paid no tithes or taxes, either to a priesthood or to a foreign or native court; the soldiers and tax-gatherers of no court had touched the house and home of the free Saxon. They had no priestly class. For a whole population, we find only one priest and two assistants; and usually each head of a household was the priest of his family and offered sacrifice. They had no temples, but only "Haine" or holy places cleared in the forest, with places for sacrifice, and thousand-year-old oaks, with seats placed around for solemn feasts, or popular festivities. Here they celebrated their cheerful feasts of nature to greet the spring and the winter; and other feasts between. For the feasts of the Saxons, like those of the heathen Germans in general, were of a cheerful character, with banquets, dances, and songs. The summer sacrifice was offered for the harvest, with fires kindled by night in the plains and on the hills; maidens adorned the altars with the fruits of the year, and hung wreaths on the trees that surrounded the "holy" space.

Here, too, their assemblies were held; the meetings of the canton or *gau*, the great national meetings at the consecrated meadow, where three or seven holy oaks stood together, and where a holy stream rushed by. The cantonal meetings consisted of the freemen of the several divisions; the great meeting of the nation, the *Landtag*, consisted of elected deputies from each canton; in it the Saxons discussed the affairs of the nation, and decided on peace or war. And when war was resolved on and the Saxon army had to march against the enemy, here they elected their dukes, or leaders for the campaign. The general was elected without any regard to

nobility; he could be chosen from any of the three classes. Valor and distinguished service in war decided the election. The judge of the canton, the alderman, was always chosen from the nobles, while the head of the *Mark* or district could be chosen as they liked, from any one of the three classes of freemen.

The weakness of the Saxon military power as compared with the Franks lay in the fact that in war as in peace they had no collective head, no supreme ruler for the whole of the nation. While the Franks had in the king or his lieutenant, a commander for the collective Franks, such an officer had not existed for centuries among the Saxons, but each tribe elected for the campaign its own separate leader. The Eastphalians had their own duke, so had the Westphalians, so the Engern and the others. There was a thorough want of unity in command, of a strong connection of military forces which in themselves were formidable. From this cause the Saxons on the whole, in spite of some victories, would have remained during the thirty-three years' war inferior to the Franks, and must necessarily be at a greater disadvantage when opposed to Charles, the powerful head of the Frank kingdom, especially as the Franks, who had long been Christians, had been excited by a fanatical priestly class against the Saxons, by priests who taught them that the "religion of the Saxons was a devil-worship, their deities were fiends of hell," and that war against them was a war against the "worshipers of evil spirits."

Charles took into the field with him the relics of the saints; a host of priests followed his army between the mounted men and the infantry; abbots, priests, clergy

of every rank, not as chaplains of the Frank army, but as missionaries; men who, settling on the territory of the Saxons, would convert them to Christianity, and found for themselves churches, abbeys, bishoprics. Before the Saxons expected it, Charles in person was on Saxon soil in the year 772, and as he found no Saxon army collected, he ravaged Westphalia with fire and sword. "By stratagem" —the Frank accounts allow this — he got possession of the Eresburg, the stronghold of the Saxons on the right bank of the Diemel, where now Stadtberge lies in the circle of Paderborn.

The Eresburg was named after Eor or Er, the god whose wisdom directs the battle. Another name for him among the Saxons was "Saxnot," that is, Odin's brother-in-arms, an indication that as in the religion of the Greeks, so among the old Germans, the gods were only personifications of qualities of the one god Odin or Wodan. The Saxons also called him Tiu, and after him the third day of the week is named, in German, *Dienstag*, in English, Tuesday. The Eresburg was, therefore, dedicated to the god who directed the battle; and not far from it, in the consecrated district in the Egge mountain range, was the great national sanctuary of the Saxons, in which stood the Irmensul, an ancient mighty tree, holy to all the Saxons. It is supposed that this tree was to the Saxons an emblem of the "Tree of life and time" of which their poets sang, whose roots penetrated the world, whose top overshadowed heaven, whose boughs extended over the universe, at whose feet the gods sat in judgment. That the Irmensul (*sul*, *säule*, in old German, a straight tree-trunk) was such an emblem is confirmed by their holding beneath the

Irmensul their national diet, their law proceedings, their popular festivities.

It may be that near the Irmensul was a memorial of the old Cheruscan prince Arminius; we read, indeed, that a statue of Arminius was found; the hero was in armor on a marble pillar eleven feet high, the base of the pillar was two ells thick and made of rough calcareous stone, rings of copper and in part of gold surrounded the pillar.

The size of the Saxon sanctuary was large. Beside the holy spring at the foot of the Irmensul, in whose sweet waters the weary army of Charles quenched its thirst in the hot days, much gold and silver was found stored up, and spoils of early and late date hung up as offerings.

The Franks took three days to destroy everything belonging to this sacred precinct in the Eggegebirg. Charles then laid waste with fire and sword the land up to the Weser. The Saxons had no forces collected; they durst not venture to meet the Franks in the open field. The latter easily penetrated deeper into the country; the foremost cantons promised submission on terms which Charles offered them. He demanded twelve hostages, children of important men. They gave them. Charles then withdrew to Thionville on the Moselle, taking with him the hostages and the gold and silver offerings found in the Saxon sanctuary. The progress of the Lombards in Italy, the appeal for aid made by the Pope, and Charles's hope that Christianity, as it had favored him elsewhere, would open among the Saxons a peaceful path to Frank dominion, and bring this race too into a union with the other German races,

under one God and one head — all these reasons induced Charles to conclude peace with the Saxons and cross the Alps.

Charles had stipulated, and the Saxons had admitted in the treaty, that the preaching of Christianity was to meet with no opposition. The Saxon chiefs who gave their children as hostages did not accept the treaty as implying that the children were to be made Christians at once. But the zeal of Charles to make everything Christian and his politic eye interpreted it otherwise; he placed the hostages, the children of free Saxons, in convents, and had them educated as Christians. These convents, it is true, were the educational establishments of the period, and Charles had his own son Lewis educated in one. The education was a careful one, and bore good fruit. But of course these Saxon youths, with their instruction in ancient Roman culture, received also instruction in Christianity, nay, were expressly prepared to propagate it in their native country — an evident breach of faith towards the heathen parents of the children.

Charles's zeal and policy worked successfully for the national and religious unity of all the Germans. The noble Saxon hostages contributed much in both respects. Afterwards many of them returned to the land of their birth to proclaim the religion of Christ. One of them was Ebbe, who became Archbishop of Rheims, and preached Christianity to the Danes.

This partial breach of faith on the part of Charles, this Christianizing of heathen youths by placing them in Christian convents, had the result of making the Saxons feel themselves less bound by such hostages.

They now had no cause for fear lest Charles might kill their children, if their fathers and kindred violated the treaty. As far as concerned Saxon interests, these noble youths, who were made into Frank Christians, were in the eyes of every good Saxon regarded as lost. Charles put none of these hostages to death when the Saxons again revolted.

[This was only the beginning of Charlemagne's wars with the Saxons. While he was in their country, they submitted; but as soon as he had left it, they revolted. A brave chief called Widukind became the leader. More than thirty years passed before these lovers of freedom were subdued. When this had once come to pass, however, and they had submitted to baptism, Charlemagne recognized their excellent qualities. They became an important part of the kingdom. Soon they were the strength of all the German races, and not long after the days of their conqueror had passed, a Saxon sovereign wore the crown of the Empire.

The Editor.]



THE MARGRAVE GERO AND THE VANDALS

BY THEODOR VON HEYDEN

(*German artist.* 1827)

THE death of Charlemagne was followed by some years of dissension and warfare. The vast kingdom was then divided among his grandsons; but it was more than a century after his death before a successor was found at all worthy of the title which he had borne as head of the Roman Empire. This was Otho I, who came to the throne in 936. His father, known as Henry the Fowler, had left a federated state, and he set to work to make it a strong and united kingdom. One of his chief troubles arose from the encroachments of the Slavs who lived between the Oder and the Elbe. The work of suppressing them was put into the hands of the Margrave Gero, a bold and loyal vassal. Gero's energy brought about the submission of the tribes north of Bohemia between the Oder and the Middle Elbe, and won him a place as a fabulous hero in the Nibelungenlied.

In the illustration, the conquered peoples are coming before the margrave, and, in accordance with the missionary enterprise of the day, he is offering them their choice between baptism and death.

THE ELECTION OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA (THE RED-BEARDED)

[1152]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

[EARLY in the tenth century, the ruler was elected by the great nobles. Gradually this right fell into the hands of the seven who were most powerful. These were known as "electors." In 1438, Albert, Duke of Austria, was made Emperor; and from that time, although the form of an election was kept up, it was understood that some member of the House of Austria, the Hapsburg family, should be chosen.

The Editor.]

THERE was a sudden tumult in the antechamber, confused noises, shouting, trampling of feet, and clattering of steel-clad men on the stone floor. The three knights in the room paused, listening.

"The election!" burst from the lips of the Saxon.

The three sword-points dropped as if stricken down. The hanging arras across the opening was torn violently aside. A man panting with excitement burst into the room.

"Long live the king! Long live the king!" he cried.

In an instant the chamber was filled with nobles and courtiers, knights and guards, crowding after him. From the doorway in the other end of the long apartment, the women of the castle, who had awaited the decision of the electors with scarcely less interest than the men, poured into the room, filling their end of the chamber

with beauty, to match the brave display of force on the other side. Foremost among them, like a star of the first magnitude in a nebula of lesser beauties, shone the Countess Matilda. Having stood nearest the door, she had heard the knights disputing for her person. She had taken a high resolve, and the color of it flushed her cheek and sparkled in her eyes.

"My lords," cried the messenger, sinking upon his knee before the two dukes, who happened to stand close together in the center of the room, while he extended a rolled parchment with dangling seals to them, "the session of the Diet is over. The election is completed, and the choice hath fallen upon —"

"Me, by Heaven!" the Saxon burst out impetuously.

"Nay, my lord; upon the Duke of Swabia."

"The Hohenstaufen? How!" cried the Saxon, his face red with anger and disappointment. "It cannot be!"

"My lord, His Princely Highness the Archbishop of Mainz hath declared that Frederick of Hohenstaufen hath carried the day."

"The traitorous dog!" cried the Saxon. "'T is not true! He's promised to me. Thou liest, sirrah!"

He made a step toward him, menacing him with his point. The messenger sprang to his feet.

"'T is so writ in this parchment," he cried, shaking open the scroll, "and look you, sir, 't is sealed with the archbishop's seal. Sire, my king," he added, turning to the newly elected Kaiser, "protect me from the wrath of thy man."

"Thou shalt be safe under our protection. And so shall all in Germany who seek it," returned the new king

promptly. "My Lord of Saxony, hold off your sword. We swear to deal justice, to dispense mercy, to all our subjects, high and low, great and small, and to protect and defend this ancient realm of Germany, aye, and the domains which will fall to us when we do put on the imperial crown, with our life's blood."

"Long live King Frederick!" cried the messenger.

"A shield! A shield, here!" shouted old Altenborn, the captain of Frederick's guard. "Let us do it in the ancient way, comrades. Up with the King of Germany."

In a moment one of the great war-shields was brought forth, and the noble figure of the king was lifted high above the crowd in the ancient hall by his sturdy men-at-arms.

"Out blades," cried Altenborn, as they raised the monarch, "and cry with me, 'Long live the king!'"

"Long live the king! Long live Frederick Barbarossa!" burst forth in a wild roar, which rang through the vaulted hall. "Long live the Kaiser!" again and again. The glad acclaim rose over a wilderness of shining, uptossed weapons, waved frantically by knights and soldiers. Even the women jcined in the shouting, and their voices swelled the chorus which rose and fell, echoing and reëchoing throughout the chamber.

"Homage and fealty, now, gentles," cried the captain of the guard, dropping to his knee, and lifting up the cross-like hilt of his sword above him. "Let us swear on the cross fidelity to our Kaiser!"

His example was followed by every one in the room save the Duke of Saxony and Count Hohenzollern. The former, standing sternly erect, drew his glove from his right hand, and when the tumult stilled, hurled it

crashing to the feet of the upbearers of the king, among the kneeling knights.

"I yield no homage," he cried furiously, "I swear no oath. I defy thee and all thy brood! There lies my glove, my gage of defiance! A traitor — his Lordship of Mainz was pledged to me — placed thee where thou art; an honest man, myself, shall hurl thee down! Beware our next meeting, Duke of Swabia!"

"Rise, gentles all, and let me descend," said Barbarossa calmly, ignoring both challenge and threat. "Nay, touch not the glove. 'T is not given to subject to defy his liege lord. Let it lie. We shall know how to enforce thy obedience in good time."

He spurned it contemptuously with his foot.

"Thou durst not lift it; thou art afraid, and well thou mayest be. Remember our next meeting marks the end of thy kingship!" cried the Saxon, turning and making his way swiftly toward the door.

"Seize him! Seize him!" cried one knight after another, rising and crowding threateningly toward the duke as he roughly forced his way through the throng.

"Nay," said the king promptly; "let him go free for the present. We would not stain this happy day by armed quarrel. We shall welcome the day we meet him again, too. Now, hath no one here a request for us?" His glance fell upon the frowning Hohenzollern. "Thou hast not knelt, Sir Count. Hast nothing to seek? We could forgive thee much — all. Hadst thou wit enough to abandon thy purpose, thou couldst ask anything — thy county, thy castles, those possessions which late were thine; thou shouldst be restored to our royal favor."

There was a note almost of eagerness in the king's words.

"Sire," said the count, stepping forward boldly, "these are nothing. There is but one thing I would have of thee. Hear me, gentles all. I love the Countess Matilda —"

"And hear me as well," cried the countess, stepping forward. "I love the count."

It was a frank declaration, suited to a free, bold age, but the woman had shrewdly determined upon the public avowal which would, in a measure, commit king and court to a suit which bade fair to encounter many difficulties.

" You hear, sire! Grant me this lady to my wife, and all thy honors are cheap beside."

The Kaiser's face clouded at the continued contumacy of the count, and at the frank avowal of the countess. It appeared that he was no more prosperous in his wooing as a king than he had been as a duke.

"We have other plans in view for the Lady Matilda, sir," he replied coldly. "We look higher for her than a simple count and —"

"Nay, sire; I desire to go no higher than the count's heart," broke out the maiden.

"Peace, lady," said the king, recovering himself with difficulty. "You know not what you say. You are too great a match for a landless and proscribed man. Nay, not another word!" he cried, turning toward the count. "Out of my sight, Hohenzollern! I have spared thy life twice. What was my Lord of Saxony's word? Beware the time I see thee again. Look to it, sir!"

The king hesitated as he turned to Matilda. Should

he declare his purpose? Why not? He was king, Kaiser. The monarch could do no wrong. The bold way was ever the way nearest his heart. Sweeping the room, therefore, with imperious glance, he delivered himself of these weighty words in the deep silence which had fallen upon the assemblage: —

"Lords and ladies, gentles all, the Duchess Adelheid goes to a nunnery. 'T is known to all of the court how ill we have accorded in our married life. If I am to have peace in Germany I must have it at home first. That lady and I cannot live together longer in wedlock, or in any other way. Eckhardt!"

A veteran captain stepped from the crowding circle and knelt before the king.

"The parchment that we had prepared last night. Our secretary will give it thee. Take it to His Holiness at Rome. Know all that in it we crave a writ of divorcement from Dame Adelheid, our duchess, and word of when we are to be invested by him with our imperial crown. Success attend thee, captain. Ride hard and fast. Spare nothing. Supplement our writing with thy cunning tongue. A barony await thee if thou bringest us the release. The hours drag till you return. You, madam," said the king, turning toward Matilda, "will retire at once to your castle at Vohburg and there await our royal pleasure."

Silencing the woman's protest with a wave of the hand, the king's glance swept the room, falling at last on the mutinous Hohenzollern, who had not stirred.

"What, Count! Still here?" he roared. "Hast thou not gone yet? A fool! Now, to thy sorrow, we do exercise the royal right of changing our mind. Hold him in

wardship, Altenborn, but with gentle usance, till our further pleasure be declared."

"Thy sword, sir!" cried the captain of the guard, advancing toward the young man; but Hohenzollern bent the blade across his knee, snapped it in two, and threw the pieces at the feet of the king.

"Thou beginnest thy reign badly, sire, with injustice and oppression. Look to the end. And mark this: thou canst prison me —" he cried.

"And send me to my castle an thou wilt," interrupted Matilda.

"— but thou canst not make me false to the love I bear this lady."

"And I, too, shall be faithful to his love, sire. I am resolved upon it. 'T is not within the power of man to enforce a woman's heart," exclaimed the countess.

"We shall see," said the king, smiling grimly, "what time, separation, absence, the king's sword for the count, and the king's crown for the countess, will do. Away with them, knights! We have parleyed too long already. I bid ye to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we will assume our royal crown. Cry with me all: 'Long live this, our ancient German State!'"

FREDERICK OF THE RED BEARD AND THE POPE

[1177]

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[In 1152, Frederick Barbarossa, or Frederick of the Red Beard, became King of the Germans. In order to be recognized as Emperor, he must be crowned by the Pope, and therefore he started for Rome. Before he was fairly within the city walls, the two men had a disagreement, and this had to be settled before the Pope would crown the independent young king.

Before long, this Pope died, and another, Alexander III, was chosen. Frederick refused to recognize him, and set up a Pope of his own.

The Editor.]

And he published an edict that none in Italy should receive Alexander on pain of death, or aid him with food or shelter, and the cities that received him he would destroy. Therefore, having no safe place in the rest of Italy, he [Alexander] passed from Apulia to Monte Gargano, and thence in a ship of Sclavonia to Zara, and from Dalmatia he came in disguise to Venice as the only refuge of liberty. Neither did he feel very secure here, for he had never made proof of the faith of the Venetians; therefore, concealing his dignity as he thought best for his safety, he hid himself in humble garments in the Church della Carita until he was discovered by one named Commodo, who had known him before. Some say that to hide himself better he worked as a cook, but

it is more credible that he concealed his dignity in the habit of a poor friar.

Then the Doge Ziani, knowing who he was, received him kindly and lodged him in the Church of San Pietro di Castello, hoping to make peace between him and Frederick, and reinstate him in his dignity. Therefore he sent ambassadors to Frederick to pray him to make peace with Alexander. It is said that the Pope, seeing him seal the letters with wax, gave command that henceforward the ducal letters should be sealed with lead, which custom is observed to this day.

Then the ambassadors, being come to Frederick, were received by him at first graciously, but when they made mention of peace with Alexander his wrath was kindled. "Go," he said, "and tell your prince and your people that Frederick the Roman Emperor demands from them his enemy and fugitive, and if they do not send him quickly bound in chains, let them know that the Venetians are the enemies of the Empire. Neither shall any treaty or law avail them, for to avenge himself for such an injury he is ready to overthrow all rights, human and Divine. And he will come against them by land and by sea, and he will plant his victorious eagles before the gates of St. Mark."

So the messengers were sent away to carry to Venice the fierce menaces of the Emperor. And the city was much moved, for the war that threatened them seemed to them more fraught with danger than any that had befallen them to that day. Therefore they made haste to prepare a fleet that should be able to keep the command of the sea, for they knew that if they ruled the sea they had little need to fear the enemy. And while

the fleet was making ready, and the city on the alert in expectation of war, came the tidings that Otho, the son of Frederick, was approaching with seventy-five galleys. Whereupon Ziani made ready to depart in the ships that were prepared and the holy Pontiff offered the sacrifice, praying that a prosperous voyage and victory might be given to the Doge and the Venetians. And he armed Ziani with a sword of gold and gave him gold trapping for his horse. So he, passing out of the harbor with thirty galleys, went in search of the enemy, and on the Istrian shores near Cape Salborio he found him and gave battle. And they fought together for many hours; but at length the enemy were put to flight, and forty-eight of his ships were taken, and the royal ship among them, and two were sunk. Thus they returned rulers of the sea to Venice, bringing with them Otho their prisoner. And the fame of so great a victory filled the city with astonishment, and they could scarce believe it for joy. Then when the ships came to land, great multitudes came out to see Otho, the son of Frederick, and the other great men led prisoners into the city. And the Pope came out to meet Ziani and to congratulate him on his victory, and he gave him a ring of gold, saying: "Take this, O Ziani! for by my authority I make the sea subject to thee with this token, and thou and thy successors shall henceforward observe this day, and all posterity may know that the sea is your possession, and as the wife is subject to her husband, so the sea is subject to your rule."

Then Otho prayed the Venetians to let him go to his father that he might make peace between him and Alexander, promising himself to return. And the Venetians letting him go, he came to his father, who received

him with great joy, having feared greatly for his safety. And having embraced him with tears, Otho recounted the story of his defeat in few words, referring it wholly to the Divine will, for that he had failed in none of the duties of a captain, and all had been favorable for victory, and it could not be by human strength that so powerful a fleet going boldly into battle should be overthrown by an enemy who was scarce half as many as they were. Therefore he prayed him to fight no more against Alexander, but laying aside his hatred to the Pope, to go to Venice to make his peace with him.

And the words of Otho prevailed with his father, and laying aside his arms he began to treat for peace with Alexander and the Venetians. So having a safe conduct from the Venetians, he came to their city, Pietro, Ziani's son, being sent to Ravenna with six galleys to meet him, and many little ships going to Chioggia to salute his coming. And the Pope, seated in great state before the church of St. Mark, awaited the coming of the Emperor. And he, when he was come near, taking off his purple cloak, prostrated himself on the ground and kissed the feet of Alexander; but the Pope, raising him from the ground, kissed him on the forehead. Then they went together to the altar of St. Mark, where was that table, ornamented with precious stones, which is still seen among the public treasures. There the people saw the two princes of Christendom talking together.

There are some who say that the Pontiff put his foot on the neck of the Emperor as he lay prostrate before him, saying in the words of David: "Thou shalt tread on the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." And Frederick, moved

to anger, answered: "I yield not to thee, but to Peter." And he, like a man in a passion, pressing his foot down harder, cried, "Both to me and to Peter." Some say that these things were done on Ascension Day, but others that that was the day when the victory was won, and in memory of it the Pontiff ordained that all who should confess in that church on that day, should have plenary indulgence.

After these things Frederick and Alexander, with the Doge Ziani, went to Ancona. And all the city having run to see them, there were brought in the public name two umbrellas, one for Pope Alexander, and the other for Emperor Frederick. But the Pope commanded that a third should be brought to the Doge of Venice, giving to him and to his successors forever the right to use it. And still in our times we see it borne with the other ensigns of authority in times of solemn pomp. And the Pope, having come to Rome, was received with great joy, and perceiving the silver trumpets whose blare resounded all around, he turned to those who bore them and commanded that eight of them should be given to the Doge of Venice in memory of the victory, to be used forever by the chief magistrate of Venice.

So the Doge Ziani, with the Pope's blessing, came again to Venice. And the sailors of Poveia, whose duty it was, received him in the Bucentoro. And the Bishop of Castello, and great part of the city, came out to receive him with honor. And he, with white tapers, which had been one of the first of Alexander's gifts, beneath the umbrella, with the trumpets and standards going before him, entered the city.



FREDERICK BARBAROSSA AT THE FEET OF THE POPE

BY ALBERT MAIGNAN

(*France.* 1844–1908)

THE long struggle between the popes and the mediæval emperors of Germany as to which should be supreme — the Church or the State — was at its height during the reign of Frederick Barbarossa. At the election that placed Alexander III upon the papal throne the Emperor supported a rival candidate, whom he later set up as Pope by force of arms. Alexander answered by excommunicating the Emperor and by throwing all his influence to the aid of the cities of northern Italy that had revolted against Frederick's authority. After a struggle of sixteen years, Frederick was completely defeated at the great battle of Legnano (1176) and was forced to acknowledge Alexander as Pope.

In 1177 took place his famous interview with Alexander. Frederick, Holy Roman Emperor, knelt at the feet of the Pope, and the Pope bestowed upon him the kiss of peace and reconciliation. At this, the Germans raised the shout, "Lord God, we praise thee!" Of this incident James Bryce, in his history of the Holy Roman Empire, says, "It was the renunciation by the mightiest prince of his time of the project to which his life had been devoted; it was the abandonment by the secular power of a contest in which it had twice been vanquished, and which it could not renew under more favorable conditions."

BARBAROSSA

BY FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

[In 1189, Barbarossa set out on the Third Crusade, but on the way he was drowned in crossing a river, and was buried in Antioch. His death was so sudden and so unexpected that his people could hardly believe that the report of it was true. A tradition arose that he was sleeping in a cavern of the Kyffhäuser Mountains, but that some day, after the ravens had ceased to fly around the summits, he would awaken, and that then Germany would become even greater than in the olden times.

The Editor.]

The ancient Barbarossa
  By magic spell is bound, —
Old Frederic the Kaiser,
  In castle underground.

The Kaiser hath not perished,
  He sleeps an iron sleep;
For, in the castle hidden,
  He 's sunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
  Of empire hath he ta'en,
Wherewith, in fitting season,
  He shall appear again.

The Kaiser he is sitting
  Upon an ivory throne;

BARBAROSSA

Of marble is the table
  His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen,
  Like living fire it shines,
And groweth through the table
  Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth,
  Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
And calls, with lifted finger,
  A stripling to his side.

"Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
  And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
  Are wheeling round the hill.

"For if the ancient ravens
  Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
  By magic spell I 'm bound."

III
STORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES

HISTORICAL NOTE

GERMAN literature of the Middle Ages is rich in the poetry of chivalry. Legends, too, have been handed down from every city and village and almost every cliff or castle on the famous rivers. Most interesting of all the literary productions of the times, however, are the epic poems. Of these the "Nibelungenlied," or "Song of the Nibelungs," an ancient race of Burgundy, is the noblest in design and most beautiful in execution. In its present form it dates from the first part of the thirteenth century, although the legends upon which it is based are much older. Its hero, the gallant Knight Siegfried, becomes owner of a vast hoard of gold which once belonged to a nation of dwarfs, called Nibelungs. After many adventures he is slain by treachery. His gentle, lovable wife, Kriemhild, becomes a very fury in her vengeance upon his enemies. The treasure is finally dropped into the Rhine.

In Germany the counterpart of the troubadour was the Minnesinger, who flourished at the feudal courts during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Usually of noble birth, the Minnesinger passed his life roving from court to court, chanting his songs of love and adventure and composing verses in honor of his lady.

HOW SIEGFRIED WON A BRIDE FOR KING GUNTHER

FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED

["ISENSTEIN" is supposed to be Iceland.
The Editor.]

So they parted merrily from out the Burgundian land. Siegfried quickly grasped an oar and from the shore the stalwart man gan push. Bold Gunther took the helm himself, and thus the worshipful and speedy knights set forth from land. With them they took rich food and eke good wine, the best that could be found along the Rhine. Their steeds stood fair; they had good easement. Their ship rode well; scant harm did hap them. Their stout sheet-rope was tightened by the breeze. Twenty leagues they sailed, or ever came the night, with a good wind, downward toward the sea. These hard toils brought later the high-mettled warriors pain.

Upon the twelfth-day morning, as we hear say, the winds had borne them far away to Isenstein in Brunhild's land. To none save Siegfried was this known; but when King Gunther spied so many castles and broad marches, too, how soon he spake! "Pray tell me, friend Siegfried, is it known to you whose are these castles and this lordly land?"

Siegfried answered: "I know it well. It is the land and folk of Brunhild and the fortress Isenstein, as ye heard me say. Fair ladies ye may still see there to-day. Methinketh good to advise you heroes that ye be of one

single mind, and that ye tell the selfsame tale. For if we go to-day before Brunhild, in much jeopardy must we stand before the queen. When we behold the lovely maiden with her train, then, ye far-famed heroes, must ye tell but this single tale: that Gunther be my master and I his man; then what he craveth will come to pass." Full ready they were for whatever he bade them vow, nor because of pride did any one abstain. They promised what he would; wherefrom they all fared well, when King Gunther saw fair Brunhild.

"Forsooth I vow it less for thy sake than for thy sister's, the comely maid, who is to me as mine own soul and body. Gladly will I bring it to pass, that she become my wife."

Meanwhile their bark had come so near the castle that the king saw many a comely maiden standing at the casements. Much it irked King Gunther that he knew them not. He asked his comrade Siegfried: "Hast thou no knowledge of these maidens, who yonder are gazing downward towards us on the flood? Whoever be their lord, they are of lofty mood."

At this Sir Siegfried spake: "I pray you, spy secretly among the high-born maids and tell me then whom ye would choose, an ye had the power."

"That will I," spake Gunther, the bold and valiant knight. "In yonder window do I see one stand in snow-white weeds. She is fashioned so fair that mine eyes would choose her for her comeliness. Had I power, she should become my wife."

"Right well thine eyes have chosen for thee. It is the noble Brunhild, the comely maid, for whom thy heart doth strive and eke thy mind and mood."

All her bearing seemed to Gunther good.

Then bade the queen her high-born maids go from the windows, for it behooved them not to be the mark of strangers' eyes. Each one obeyed. What next the ladies did, hath been told us since. They decked their persons out to meet the unknown knights, a way fair maids have ever had. To the narrow casements they came again, where they had seen the knights. Through love of gazing this was done.

But four there were that were come to land. Through the windows the stately women saw how Siegfried led a horse out on the sand, whereby King Gunther felt himself much honored. By the bridle he held the steed, so stately, good and fair, and large and strong, until King Gunther had sat him in the saddle. Thus Siegfried served him, the which he later quite forgot. Such service he had seldom done afore, that he should stand at any hero's stirrup. Then he led his own steed from the ship.

All of this the comely dames of noble birth saw through the casements. The steeds and garments, too, of the lusty knights, of snow-white hue, were right well matched and all alike; the bucklers, fashioned well, gleamed in the hands of the stately men. In lordly wise they rode to Brunhild's hall, their saddles set with precious stones, with narrow martingales, from which hung bells of bright and ruddy gold. So they came to the land, as well befit their prowess, with newly sharpened spears, with well-wrought swords, the which hung down to the spurs of these stately men. The swords the bold men bore were sharp and broad. All this Brunhild, the high-born maid, espied.

With the king came Dankwart and Hagen, too. We have heard tales told of how the knights wore costly raiment, raven black of hue. Fair were their bucklers, mickle, good and broad. Jewels they wore from the land of India, the which gleamed gloriously upon their weeds. By the flood they left their skiff without a guard. Thus the brave knights and good rode to the castle. Six and eighty towers they saw within, three broad palaces, and one hall well wrought of costly marble, green as grass, wherein Brunhild herself sate with her courtiers. The castle was unlocked and the gates flung wide. Then ran Brunhild's men to meet them and welcomed the strangers into their mistress's land. One bade relieve them of their steeds and shields.

Then spake a chamberlain: "Pray give us now your swords and your shining breastplates, too."

"That we may not grant you," said Hagen of Troneg; "we ourselves will bear them."

Then gan Siegfried tell aright the tale. "The usage of the castle, let me say, is such that no guests may here bear arms. Let them now be taken hence, then will all be well."

Unwillingly Hagen, Gunther's man, obeyed. For the strangers men bade pour out wine and make their lodgings ready. Many doughty knights were seen walking everywhere at court in lordly weeds. Mickle and oft were these heroes gazed upon.

Then the tidings were told to Lady Brunhild, that unknown warriors were come in lordly raiment, sailing on the flood. The fair and worthy maid gan ask concerning this. "Pray let me hear," spake the queen, "who be these unknown knights, who stand so lordly in

my castle, and for whose sake the heroes have journeyed hither?"

Then spake one of the courtiers: "My lady, I can well say that never have I set eyes on any of them, but one like Siegfried doth stand among them. Him ye should give fair greetings; that is my rede, in truth. The second of their fellowship is so worthy of praise that he were easily a mighty king over broad and princely lands, and he had the power and might possess them. One doth see him stand by the rest in such right lordly wise. The third of the fellowship is so fierce and yet withal so fair of body, most noble queen. By the fierce glances he so oft doth cast, I ween he be grim of thought and mood. The youngest among them is worshipful, indeed. I see the noble knight stand so charmingly, with courtly bearing, in almost maiden modesty. We might all have cause for fear, had any done him aught. However blithely he doth practice chivalry, and howso fair of body he be, yet might he well make many a comely woman weep, should he e'er grow angry. He is so fashioned that in all knightly virtues he must be a bold knight and a brave."

Then spake the queen: "Now bring me my attire. If the mighty Siegfried be come unto this land through love of mine, he doth risk his life. I fear him not so sore, that I should become his wife."

Brunhild, the fair, was soon well clad. Then went there with her many a comely maid, full hundred or more, decked out in gay attire. The stately dames would gaze upon the strangers. With them there walked good knights from Isenland, Brunhild's men-at-arms, five hundred or more, who bore swords in hand. This the

strangers rued. From their seats then the brave and lusty heroes rose. When that the queen spied Siegfried, now hear what the maid did speak.

"Be ye welcome, Siegfried, here in this our land! What doth your journey mean? That I fain would know."

"Gramercy, my Lady Brunhild, that ye have deigned to greet me, most generous queen, in the presence of this noble knight who standeth here before me, for he is my liege lord. This honor I must needs forswear. By birth he's from the Rhine; what more need I to say? For thy sake are we come hither. Fain would he woo thee, however he fare. Bethink thee now betimes, my lord will not let thee go. He is hight Gunther and is a lordly king. An' he win thy love, he doth crave naught more. Forsooth, this knight, so well beseen, did bid me journey hither. I would fain have given it over, could I have said him nay."

She spake: "Is he thy liege and thou his man, dare he assay the games which I mete out and gain the mastery, then I 'll become his wife; but should I win, 't will cost you all your lives."

Then up spake Hagen of Troneg: "My lady, let us see your mighty games. It must indeed go hard, or ever Gunther, my lord, give you the palm. He troweth well to win so fair a maid."

"He must hurl the stone and after spring and cast the spear with me. Be ye not too hasty. Ye are like to lose here your honor and your life as well. Bethink you therefore rightly," spake the lovely maid.

Siegfried, the bold, went to the king and bade him tell the queen all that he had in mind, he should have

no fear. "I'll guard you well against her with my arts."

Then spake King Gunther: "Most noble queen, now mete out whatso ye list, and were it more, that would I all endure for your sweet sake. I'll gladly lose my head, and ye become not my wife."

When the queen heard this speech, she begged them hasten to the games, as was but meet. She bade purvey her with good armor for the strife: a breastplate of ruddy gold and a right good shield. A silken surcoat, too, the maid put on, which sword had never cut in any fray, of silken cloth of Libya. Well was it wrought. Bright embroidered edging was seen to shine thereon.

Meanwhile the knights were threatened much with battle cries. Dankwart and Hagen stood ill at ease; their minds were troubled at the thought of how the king would speed. Thought they: "Our journey will not bring us warriors aught of good."

Meanwhile Siegfried, the stately man, or ever any marked it, had hied him to the ship, where he found his magic cloak [1] concealed. Into it he quickly slipped and so was seen of none. He hurried back and there he found a great press of knights, where the queen dealt out her lofty games. Thither he went in secret wise (by his arts it happed), nor was he seen of any that were there. The ring had been marked out, where the games should be, afore many valiant warriors, who were to view them there. More than seven hundred were seen bearing arms, who were to say who won the game.

Then was come Brunhild, armed as though she would battle for all royal lands. Above her silken coat she

[1] Which made invisible whoever wore it.

wore many a bar of gold; gloriously her lovely color shone beneath the armor. Then came her courtiers, who bare along a shield of ruddy gold with large broad strips as hard as steel, beneath the which the lovely maid would fight. As shield-thong there served a costly band upon which lay jewels green as grass. It shone and gleamed against the gold. He must needs be passing bold, to whom the maid would show her love. The shield the maid should bear was three spans thick beneath the studs, as we are told. Rich enow it was, of steel and eke of gold, the which four chamberlains could scarcely carry.

When the stalwart Hagen saw the shield borne forth, the Knight of Troneg spake full grim of mood: "How now, King Gunther? How we shall lose our lives! She you would make your love is the Devil's bride, in truth."

Hear now about her weeds; enow of these she had; she wore a surcoat of silk of Azagouc, noble and costly. Many a lordly stone shone in contrast to its color on the person of the queen.

Then was brought forth for the lady a spear, sharp, heavy, and large, the which she cast all time, stout and unwieldy, mickle and broad, which on its edges cut most fearfully. Of the spear's great weight hear wonders told. Three and one half weights of iron were wrought therein, the which scarce three of Brunhild's men could bear. The noble Gunther gan be sore afraid. Within his heart he thought: "What doth this mean? How could the Devil from hell himself escape alive? Were I safe and sound in Burgundy, long might she live here free of any love of mine."

Then spake Hagen's brother, the valiant Dankwart: "The journey to this court doth rue me sore. We who have ever borne the name of knights, how must we lose our lives! Shall we now perish at the hands of women in these lands? It doth irk me much, that ever I came unto this country. Had but my brother Hagen his sword in hand, and I mine, too, then should Brunhild's men go softly in their overweening pride. This know for sure, they'd guard against it well. And had I sworn a peace with a thousand oaths, before I'd see my dear lord die, the comely maid herself should lose her life."

"We might leave this land unscathed," spake then his brother Hagen, "had we the harness which we sorely need and our good swords as well; then would the pride of this strong dame become a deal more soft."

What the warrior spake the noble maid heard well. Over her shoulders she gazed with smiling mouth. "Now sith he thinketh himself so brave, bring them forth their coats-of-mail; put in the warrior's hands their sharp-edged swords."

When they received their weapons as the maiden bade, bold Dankwart blushed for very joy. "Now let them play whatso they list," spake the doughty man. "Gunther is unconquered, since now we have our arms."

Mightily now did Brunhild's strength appear. Into the ring men bare a heavy stone, huge and great, mickle and round. Twelve brave and valiant men-at-arms could scarcely bear it. This she threw at all times, when she had shot the spear. The Burgundians' fear now grew amain.

"Woe is me," cried Hagen. "Whom hath King Gunther chosen for a love? Certes she should be the foul fiend's bride in hell."

Upon her fair white arm the maid turned back her sleeves; with her hands she grasped the shield and poised the spear on high. Thus the strife began. Gunther and Siegfried feared Brunhild's hate, and had Siegfried not come to Gunther's aid, she would have bereft the king of life. Secretly Siegfried went and touched his hand; with great fear Gunther marked his wiles. "Who hath touched me?" thought the valiant man. Then he gazed around on every side, but saw none standing there.

"'T is I, Siegfried, the dear friend of thine. Thou must not fear the queen. Give me the shield from off thy hand and let me bear it and mark aright what thou dost hear me say. Make thou the motions, I will do the deeds."

When Gunther knew that it was Siegfried, he was overjoyed.

Quoth Siegfried: "Now hide thou my arts; tell them not to any man; then can the queen win from thee little fame, albeit she doth desire it. See how fearlessly the lady standeth now before thee."

Then with might and main the noble maiden hurled the spear at a shield, mickle, new, and broad, which the son of Siegelind bore upon his arm. The sparks sprang from the steel, as if the wind did blow. The edge of the mighty spear broke fully through the shield, so that men saw the fire flame forth from the armor rings. The stalwart men both staggered at the blow; but for the Cloak of Darkness they had lain there dead. From

the mouth of Siegfried, the brave, gushed forth the blood. Quickly the good knight sprang back again and snatched the spear that she had driven through his shield. Stout Siegfried's hand now sent it back again. He thought: "I will not pierce the comely maid." So he reversed the point and cast it at her armor with the butt, that it rang out loudly from his mighty hand. The sparks flew from the armor rings, as though driven by the wind. Siegmund's son had made the throw with might. With all her strength she could not stand before the blow. In faith King Gunther never could have done the deed.

Brunhild, the fair, how quickly up she sprang! "Gunther, noble knight, I cry you mercy for the shot." She weened that he had done it with his strength. To her had crept a far more powerful man. Then went she quickly, angry was her mood. The noble maid and good raised high the stone and hurled it mightily far from her hand. After the cast she sprang, that all her armor rang, in truth. The stone had fallen twelve fathoms hence, but with her leap the comely maid outsprang the throw. Then went Sir Siegfried to where lay the stone. Gunther poised it, while the hero made the throw. Siegfried was bold, strong, and tall; he threw the stone still farther and made a broader jump. Through his fair arts he had strength enow to bear King Gunther with him as he sprang. The leap was made, the stone lay on the ground; men saw none other save Gunther, the knight, alone. Siegfried had banished the fear of King Gunther's death. Brunhild, the fair, waxed red with wrath. To her courtiers she spake a deal too loud, when she spied the hero safe and sound

at the border of the ring: "Come nearer quickly, ye kinsmen and liegemen of mine, ye must now be subject to Gunther, the king."

Then the brave knights laid aside their arms and paid their homage at the feet of mighty Gunther from the Burgundian land.

BISHOP HATTO AND HIS MOUSE TOWER

[About 968]

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

[According to tradition, Hatto II, Duke of the Ostrofranks, was in 968 made Archbishop of Mentz. He was a learned and skillful man, but cruel and miserly. Even when a terrible famine prevailed, his only thought was to save the grain which he had stored up; and he lectured the poor people unmercifully, declaring that if they had not been lazy and wasteful, there would have been no famine. The story of his well deserved punishment is told in the following lines.

The Editor.]

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'T was a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near, —
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 't is an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returnèd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm,
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he.

BISHOP HATTO AND HIS MOUSE TOWER

"Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, —
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I 'll go to my tower in the Rhine," replied he,
"'T is the safest place in Germany —
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes, —
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only the cat:
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

GERMANY

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell,
As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

THE LORELEI

BY HEINRICH HEINE

[ACCORDING to ancient legend, the Lorelei is a witch who takes the form of a beautiful maiden. She often seats herself on the Lurleyberg Rock, which overhangs the Rhine, and sings so entrancingly that the boatmen forget their danger and are drawn into a neighboring whirlpool.

The Editor.]

I KNOW not whence it rises,
  This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
  Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
  And calmly flows the Rhine,
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
  In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
  The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
  And she combs her golden hair:

With a golden comb she combs it;
  And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
  And powerful melody.

GERMANY

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above.

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lorelei has done!

THE LITTLE FAUST TOWER OF MUNICH

BY FRANZ TRAUTMANN

ALOFT on the city wall, to the left of Sendling Gate, as one goes out, is a peculiar, little pointed tower with a fist (*Faust*), which seems to menace far and wide, on its top. Some people used to think a court fool was once walled in there, because he had delivered over the keys of the city to the enemy. They were right in the delivering over, but not in the court fool, for the tale about it is as follows.

About two hundred and sixty years ago, two dukes, Ernst and Wilhelm, ruled together in Munich. These two had a wild, restless cousin, by name Ludwig, who gave them much trouble and often; gradually, though, he began to behave more peacefully, letting it be rumored that most of the time he was ill, and by those and other means, he succeeded in making his princely cousins feel quite secure.

However, as soon as they were not on the lookout for any evil, he began to plan their entire ruin, intending to drive them wholly out of the city and seize Munich, and he was already discussing the matter with the burgomaster of the place. The latter, hoping for golden thanks, was treacherous enough to enter into the plot to betray his rightful lords, and when they had come to a final understanding, he began to play his part very cleverly. He selected a few bad fellows, who in a short time had sown the first seeds of discontent among the

people. They carried it further and further until the citizens of Munich really thought they were not so well off as they might be. In short, a wild, rebellious spirit awoke among them, and no one inquired any longer who had provoked it; soon, there was nothing but uproar and riot everywhere.

While all that was happening, the treacherous burgomaster behaved as if he were highly indignant, issued several proclamations of warning, and always quieted things down again, for which reason, the dukes placed still greater trust in him. But the uproars and riots always began afresh. Whatever the dukes did, even if it were for the best, was no longer of any account; here and there, it began to be said they were not even the rightful lords; and at last the taxes were disputed, and collected only with the greatest difficulty. Altogether, the prospect was not inviting, for the people were full of suspicion and defiance, and the dukes, of indignation and impatience, just as the burgomaster had foreseen.

So when the dukes consulted him as to what was to be done further, he said: "Your Highnesses dislike too great severity, but kindness is out of place here, that is sure and certain. So my sincere advice is this; as soon as any disturbance takes place again, leave this ungrateful city, so that the people may see what it is like when you are not here, and all the money of the princely household flows somewhere else. When they have gone through that experience for a time, you will soon see, they will humbly submit and implore your return, and never forget the example they have had. But if, on the contrary, they still rebel after that, I would not hesitate in your place, but would return home, in might and

power, and have their vile, obstinate heads cut off by the hangman's sword; a dozen more or less makes no difference!"

He decoyed the kind-hearted dukes by that speech into following his advice; at the next disturbance, they mounted their steeds and left the Burg with their whole princely suite, riding across the market-place and past St. Peter, through Sendlingergasse to the gate, and out toward Weilheim.

While that was happening, the people stood about in alleys and open squares palavering with each other. The burgomaster, who had escorted the dukes, to all appearances humbly, now mounted the city wall with his accomplices, and stepping to the little open watch-tower, looked after the departing dukes from thence, and called out as they disappeared in the distance: "Good riddance, noble lords! We did not do that badly! Shake your fists, if you like! If you attempt anything further, I will shake my fist at you! Huzza! Once outside and you will never get inside again!"

When the dukes were gone, the palavering went on, and grew into mockery; the dukes, it was said, had fled because they were afraid, partly of the people, partly of their princely cousin, who was in nowise ailing, but on the contrary, was drawing nearer at that moment to take possession of the city which was his by right.

During all that wild talk, the burgomaster's accomplices played their parts and simulated great fear of the cousin, if he were not allowed to enter the city freely and in peace; in short, the people turned away from their two rightful lords, and looked forward to a golden future when once the new lord was there. So when the

day was waning, and vespers had been rung, and the princely Cousin Ludwig was really nearing the city, outside the Anger Gate, with his suite, it was opened wide for him, although the burgomaster made a pretense of hesitation.

Thereupon, the new duke entered the city, looking around upon the crowd with a smiling and almost gracious countenance, and a man rode behind him throwing pennies around, as if they were as plenty as blackberries. At that, one shout of joy followed another, and so it went, until the cousin, now duke, dismounted at the Burg, taking possession of it, and the people of Munich firmly believed that good times were in store for them.

But they were very much mistaken, especially the burgomaster. For when he went to the duke the next day and said, "Your Highness, we have won the game!" the latter slapped him on the back and said, "There is no doubt about it, you are quite a man for treason! Only take care and don't try the same with me, for it might turn out badly for you, as I have much better eyes than my beloved cousins."

Any one can fancy the burgomaster's surprise, fright, and disappointment, especially because the princely cousin did not behave in the least as if he had ever mentioned a word about gratitude and a reward of money. He completely ignored the past, on the contrary, and ordered a tremendous tax to be imposed. When the burgomaster stammered that the whole city would rebel at such a demand, he jumped up from his seat, grasped his sword, and insisted upon immediate obedience. At that, all the burgomaster's good courage

forsook him; he was downstairs and in the courtyard before he knew how he got there, and he left the castle grounds, full of humiliation and anger; he went straight to the Rathhaus, where he called together all the citizens and made known what the new lord demanded. At that, there was a great uproar and each one blamed the other. But strife and quarreling were of no use, the tax had to be raised, and a week later, the princely cousin imposed another and much larger one.

Things went on like that from week to week and from moon to moon, and it looked as if the princely cousin would reduce entire Munich to beggary, for his demands were ever larger and more frequent; and when the least sign of rebellion appeared, he sent his soldiers to make short work of it with their swords. The people were on the verge of despair, for the more prosperous and plucky they had been before, they were just so much the poorer and more discouraged now, and each saw that such a state of things would soon bring them to starvation, because they were reduced to the last penny.

But the burgomaster was not prospering either, for in addition to his anger at the duke's ingratitude, he was in a sea of trouble over his own accomplices. They were tireless in their demands for reward, and no matter how often or how much he paid them, they always renewed their claims with an increase. They threatened, moreover, again and again, to let the people know who was responsible for all their suffering, and to tell the two dukes, Ernst and Wilhelm, what he had shouted out after them from the little tower on the city wall. In case the two lords should return to Munich, after all, some day, that would not be a very good

thing for him, the burgomaster. So he fell completely into the power of his accomplices and assistants, and after he had given them his all to satisfy them, he was obliged to resort to the money-bags of the city. And above all, they mocked him to such a degree that at last, he lost all control over himself and answered their threats by defying them.

Upon that, the scoundrels lost little time in keeping their word, and slandered the burgomaster in all parts of the town, repeating what he had, to their great astonishment, called out on the city wall; and that spread like wildfire. Before the day had passed, every one was in a ferment, and in two days more, there was a great riot, the burgomaster's house on the market-place was assaulted, and if he had been there, they would certainly have murdered him. He was not at home, though, but somewhere else not far from the Burg to which he escaped, and he implored the duke for help.

The duke's contemptuous answer was: "So long as I am here, I will protect you. But when I am gone, you will have to look out for yourself; that may be very soon, for my time is nearly up here. There is nothing more to pilfer from the city, because the people are poorer than poverty itself, and hungrier than church mice. So all I have still to do is to plunder the ducal castle and make off with what is valuable. What happens after that is all the same to me. The people have been rightly punished, as I hope you will be. Now you know my mind, and you may take that as your reward, you accursed traitor, to break faith with your rightful lords. My charity and leniency are of the first order, for if I wanted to be just, I should have your head cut off!"

When the duke said that in the presence of his marshal, the burgomaster was badly frightened and tried to stammer something, but the duke thundered out at him: "Make yourself off! Out of my princely sight!" Thereupon the burgomaster wheeled around to the left and out like a flash; the duke, however, sent a few soldiers after him. They brought him home and drove the crowd away and guarded his house all night so that no harm came to him.

Meanwhile the duke caused everything of gold or otherwise of value that could be found in the castle, to be heaped up in wagons. That went on all night until daylight, and just as the seven o'clock mass at St. Peter's was ended, the duke flung himself upon his horse in the Burg courtyard and rode off with all his counts, knights, and warriors, the soldiers from the burgomaster's house among them. In their midst were the wagons laden with booty, and in that fashion, they rode through Burggasse, past St. Peter's, and through Sendlingergasse toward the city gate.

The people flocked thither, murmuring and reviling, but the duke took no notice of them except to laugh as if amused at their helpless rage; but at Sendling Gate he stopped, and turning with his horse, he reached into his money-bag and threw a handful of pennies among the crowd, calling out: "There! Take my thanks! See what your hatred and anger are worth to me! You deserve no better! Many greetings to your burgomaster, who has served you this trick, otherwise I never should have gone so far. Sound a blast, trumpeters!" Thereupon he put about, and rode out through the gate, his retinue and the wagons following him, all

straight ahead, then to the right toward the Freising highroad.

In that fashion, the princely cousin left the city of Munich behind him again. The people, however, hurried back to the market-place to revenge themselves upon the burgomaster. He suspected what was in store for him, and tried to hide here and there, but no one would give him shelter. He turned from one place to another, but there was refuge nowhere, and everywhere was the cry, "Away with you, traitor!" Then he fled through the streets and alleys, with the people after him, led by his own accomplices, until he gained an open courtyard near Sendling Gate. There he climbed a wall, and found a quiet path, which led to the tower on the left. He slipped in, bolted the gates, and went toward the city wall, intending, if worse should come to worst, to climb or jump down, and gain either freedom or death thereby. He went up the stairs, intending to kill the sentinels, if they should bar him the way, but he thought he was safe for awhile from the rear.

That was not the case, however. The accomplices had discovered his path instantly, the crowd pushed on, the gates were broken in, the accomplices ran up the stairs, followed by as many as could crowd in, and they all shouted to the sentinels, "Seize the traitor!" Thereupon the wall-sentries rushed at him from in front, and the others from behind, so that the burgomaster did not know which way to turn, and was not able to get any farther than the little open tower, from which he had mocked the dukes. He tried to climb up there and jump over, but did not have time before they had hold of him.

So he pulled out his sword, shouting, "Not without

paying first!" and slashed and stabbed all around. When he recognized his assistants and accomplices, he called out: "You against me, you scoundrels, you who were my instruments! So you are trying to whitewash yourselves! Wait a minute, and I will color you red!" And he cut and hacked at them, in a rage, they returning it. He had better luck, though, than they, for he killed the first as well as the second, and he pushed the third over the parapet into the town below, where he fell with a shattered skull; then he turned to the others. They shouted and yelled and struck out at him, and he at them, front and back. Although he wounded many a man, he himself did not escape entirely, and at last he was quite exhausted, and saw his fate clearly before him. Thereupon he summoned his last strength, calling out: "You'll never get me alive!" and tried to follow his accomplice over the parapet, and shatter his own head. But the others pulled him back and knocked him down; even then he raged and struggled for a long time until he was bound and shackled. Then they led him away, back through the passage, down the stairs and scaffolding of the tower to Sendlingergasse, and along through the town to Falken Tower, where they threw him into the darkest dungeon.

On that same day, the people deliberated with the town counselor, who had been innocent in the whole affair, and a decision was reached, which pleased them all. Thereupon, three gentlemen of the council and six citizens mounted their horses. They rode away together to the two rightful lords, who were somewhere near Dachau. They confessed everything that had happened and implored forgiveness for the sorely tried city,

"because the people are good," they said, "and of the very best sort; but they were tempted and deceived with a devilish cunning. So if the gracious lords would keep that in mind and not lay it up against them, but return, they would be welcomed with repentance and great rejoicing."

Not two days passed before the dukes approached, and at vespers rode around the whole city, to the blast of trumpets, and each gate was opened to them. At last they made a triumphal entry through the Anger Gate; and when they were in the city, they halted a moment, and Ernst said to the people: "A severe and lasting punishment is what you deserve, for you have sinned deeply, and ignored a sacred duty, as if you were better off with some one else than with us, who have always meant well by you! Have you found that out now for yourselves? You deserved it all, our cousin was right when he said that! But you are pardoned and forgiven, and everything is forgotten. No sign of the misfortune must remain, except that you will have empty purses for a long time yet, although the real loss is ours, and that the Anger Gate yonder will be walled up. And that will be a sign forever!"

The people broke out into shouts of joy at such mild words. The dukes rode along the Anger, across the market-place, and so on, to the castle courtyard, where they dismounted. They discovered then that the Burg had been emptied of everything of value, and were not a little angry about it. They then inquired into all the particulars of the affair from the very beginning, and found out the burgomaster's part in it, and above all what he had called out after them.

The next day the people were summoned to the Rathhaus. The dukes rode hither also, and stopping at the door commanded that the burgomaster be taken out of the Falken Tower and brought there. He came accordingly in chains, and fell upon his knees before the dukes, begging for his life. But all the people cried out against him. At that the dukes made signs for silence, and Wilhelm, it is said, spoke thus in a loud voice: "You satanic fellow, you beg for your life? You may have it, but you would have done better to beg for death, I can tell you that of a truth. For you may live, traitor, but in such a way that death any day would be more welcome." Upon that he stopped speaking, and his brother Ernst took up the word, saying: "Do you remember the advice you gave us, and what you called after us from the little tower, when we were riding away, duped by your cunning? You shook your fist in mockery at us and called, 'You are outside, and will never get inside again.' Well, are we here again or not? Your word has turned out a lie. But the word we give you in return will remain true forever. And that word is as follows: You will be walled up in that little tower, from which you reviled and insulted us, two bricks' space will be left, through which your scanty fare will be given you, and there you will stay as a counter-play to your own word; you will be inside, and will never get outside! Just as you, who are to blame for the people's suffering and misery, shook your fist at us, in defiance of justice and duty, even so we shake ours forever at you and every traitor, in a symbol, from the top of your prison! It will carry your disgrace down to posterity. It may serve as a timely warning to him who used you

to drive us away, and lead our faithful people astray, that we intend to revenge ourselves upon him when the time comes!"

At that the burgomaster broke down in total despair, and the jailers pulled him on to his feet again and took him off to Sendling Gate and up through the passage to the little pointed tower. The masons were already there, the people surged down below on the city side, shouting up curses by the thousand, and before long, the burgomaster was walled in. That was his reward! And soon after, he heard hammering above him, the fist was being riveted to the little tower.

So that was how the dukes gained possession of their city again, and the burgomaster came to his narrow jail. He lived in it four half-years, and the wall sentries heard him raving and raging often enough; then in the course of time, that changed to plaints and sighs, and at last he did not take his food at all, and asked for a priest. The latter came accordingly. He confessed to him and entrusted him to beg forgiveness of the dukes and of the whole city, and to implore them to pray a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*, out of compassion for him because his time was drawing to a close.

The priest delivered the messages, and many prayed for the soul of the burgomaster. The next day one heard only a low whispering in the little tower, and the second following day, nothing more at all, which indicated that he in the little tower had died. Then they broke into the wall and found the dead burgomaster. His hands were folded reverently together, and, judging from that, he had met his end quietly and bravely. They carried him out and buried him in the churchyard of

Heiligen Geist. That graveyard has been destroyed in the course of time, so one does not know now where the burgomaster lies. The little tower, however, remained open for the future, and the fist up on its point. Even to-day, it speaks of the disgrace of traitors, just as the dukes said.

And the word of the two dukes concerning their princely cousin came to pass also. For later, when he heard that the good people of Munich had made some money again, the desire awoke once more in that wild lord to seize the city, this time by force as he had before succeeded in doing by cunning. He wanted to pull down that sign of warning, and make the people as poor as he had done the other time. Therefore he chose what he thought was the right moment, and marched forward with military forces, but very secretly. The dukes, however, had noticed his game, called every one to arms, and marched out against their cousin, meeting him somewhere near Blutenburg, which place received its name from all the blood which flowed then; and there they fought him and his followers, so furiously and fiercely that he suffered an ignominious defeat, and so barely escaped with his life, that he did not dream again of any designs against Munich, or of duping the true-hearted people again.

But Heaven punished him still more severely because of his crime against his cousins. For his own son rose up against him, he was taken prisoner by him and led from place to place, stripped of all power and possessions, and at last confined in a tower at Burghausen, where he stayed until his death.

IV
LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the Middle Ages Germany had even more than her share of strife and confusion. The country was divided among a host of lawless nobles and prelates — archbishops, bishops, abbots, dukes, margraves, landgraves, and counts — acknowledging no authority save the Emperor's, and even that only when the Emperor was strong enough to impose it by force. The lesser nobles, secure in their strong castles, grew rich by plundering helpless travelers and merchants, and the greater nobles carried on a constant warfare.

By the fifteenth century many of the cities of Germany had used the wealth brought them by the increase of commerce and manufacturing to free themselves by bribes or by force from their feudal lords. The "Imperial Cities," as these were called, had grown into turbulent little republics, governing themselves as they listed, and uniting in powerful leagues to defend their rights against the neighboring princes. These cities were a most important factor in the development of Europe. They were the centers not only of trade and industry, but of culture and art. They were rich and strong, and the freedom which they demanded and obtained was a long step toward the development of a free nation.

The most famous union of free cities was the Hanseatic League, which at one time numbered more than ninety cities among its members and was strong enough to carry on war against foreign countries. Before the sixteenth century was well begun, however, maritime discoveries had opened new routes of trade, stronger government had made travel safer, and about the middle of the seventeenth century the league was dissolved.

During the fifteenth century gunpowder was introduced and swiftly brought about a vast change in the structure of society, shifting the brunt of fighting from the shoulders of the armored knights to common soldiers, and leading to the introduction of mercenaries, or hired troops, and the establishment of standing armies.

THE GREAT HANSEATIC LEAGUE

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THERE was one trading company far greater and more famous than all the others. This was the Hanseatic League. "Hanse" or "hansa" is a word of several meanings. It seems to have signified in the first place a society; then the fee paid for entrance into a trading guild; then a company of merchants trading away from home. The Hanseatic League was a union of seventy or eighty cities in northern Germany. It aimed not only at commerce, but at making it safe to travel among these towns and also by sea. In those days piracy was looked upon as being disagreeable, indeed, for any vessel that was captured and robbed, but it was, nevertheless, a perfectly respectable calling. The German Ocean and the Baltic Sea were overrun by a gang of pirates, one of whose leaders was a nobleman named Stortebeker. The League sent out its vessels in pursuit, captured the leaders and one hundred and fifty men. Even if piracy was regarded as respectable, the pirate who was caught was adjudged to deserve death, and this nobleman was doomed to be hanged with his companions. "Let me go free," he said, "and I will give you a chain of pure gold long enough to go around the cathedral and the town." This request was refused; but his second wish was granted, namely, that he and his comrades might dress themselves in their best and march to the place of execution to the music of drum and fife.

The Hanseatic League aimed at monopolizing the trade of the greater part of Europe. It grew stronger and stronger. Sometimes the members bought trade privileges, and sometimes they fought for them. They established "factories," or trading stations, in as many countries as possible. Bergen in Norway was one of their chief stations. They paid no taxes, and obliged the people to send to Bergen all the productions of the land that were for sale. There the Hansards selected what was of most value before any sales could be made elsewhere. About three thousand members of the League lived in the factory at Bergen. They were forbidden to marry or to spend a single night out of bounds. The young men and boys were treated with the utmost severity. Every newcomer had to undergo tortures, one of the mildest of which was to be flogged till the blood came. If he survived, the possibility lay before him of rising to a high position and gaining great wealth. The trade of Denmark and Sweden was in the hands of the League. In Russia it was for many years so powerful that it was able to forbid the Russian merchants to trade on the sea. The members established themselves at Novgorod; and at length became strong enough to oblige the Russians to obey whatever laws they chose to make. For instance, if a Russian merchant failed, the League decreed that he must pay in full whatever he might owe the Germans before he was allowed to pay the smallest debt to his countrymen. In the Netherlands the Hansards founded a factory at Bruges. Here they obliged every passing vessel, save those going to England or the Baltic coast, to halt at the port of Bruges, pay toll, and allow them to select from the cargo whatever they chose

to buy. In France, Spain, Portugal, and Venice, they carried on trade; but not so widely as in the northern countries.

In England the power of the League was greatest. The English called its members Easterlings, because their land lay to the east of England. The German money was often spoken of as Easterling, or sterling money. It was with this sterling money that the Hansards bought their way to the favor of the English sovereigns. More than once, when an English king was in need of gold, the League helped him out of his difficulties, and in return graciously accepted trade privileges worth far more than the loans that they had made. The people of England were not always pleased to have these favors shown to foreigners, and during the Wat Tyler Rebellion, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, they made a fierce attack upon the Germans. "Say 'bread and cheese,'" they would command every one who was suspected of being a foreigner. If he pronounced the words with a trace of the German accent, he was struck down on the instant. It was easy, however, for the Hansards to get their revenge. All that they had to do was to tax the English heavily at Bruges or Bergen, or to refuse to allow their vessels to enter the Baltic Sea or to stop at any port of Iceland or Greenland. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, however, both Hansards and English had been playing pirate, and at length a treaty was actually made between them with as many formalities as if this trading company had been another nation.

The headquarters of the League in England was a settlement in London known as the Steelyard, probably

because here stood the great scales called by that name. This was a city within a city. Its buildings stretched up from the river front, so that the merchandise of the League could be unloaded at its own wharves. Here stood the great hall, a handsome stone building which was used for business meetings, and also for a dining-room. A strong tower protected the treasures of the company. Not far away was a garden with trees and vines. There were also tables and seats; for the garden became a favorite resort for both Hansards and Londoners, who went there summer evenings to drink Rhenish wine and eat the salmon, caviar, and neat's tongue for which it was famous.

Life in the Steelyard was far from being all play, however, for there was plenty of work for everybody and the rules of the place were exceedingly strict. No one was allowed to marry so long as he remained at the settlement. Playing at dice even in one's own room and entertaining any person not a member of the League were punished by heavy fines. If a man fenced or played tennis with an Englishman, he was fined twenty shillings. If two men indulged in a fight with either fists or knives, they needed to have long purses, for the fine was one hundred shillings. Every evening, promptly at nine o'clock, the door of each dwelling was shut and locked and the key given to one of the officers.

In Norway the Hansards behaved with a high hand, demanding whatever they desired and forcing the helpless folk of Bergen to do as they were bidden. In England the German merchants were no less bent upon having their own way; but as far as possible, they bought privileges rather than demanded them. They

made liberal gifts, but usually in directions where they would "do the most good." The Lord Mayor of London received from them a generous present each year. The English alderman whose business it was to settle any disputes that might arise between English and Germans was more than willing to accept from the League its annual gift of fifteen gold coins worth about one hundred shillings, wrapped in a pair of gloves. The Inspector of Customs fared even better, for once a year a friendly windfall of about four hundred shillings delighted his heart.

In spite of lavish gifts to those in power and of princely loans to English sovereigns, the Steelyard had to be prepared at all times to defend itself against a London mob, and as a safeguard a high stone wall was built to shut in the settlement from the rest of the city. Every merchant was required to keep in his room a suit of armor and a supply of arms in order to be prepared for any possible uprising.

As English merchants grew stronger, their jealousy of the League increased. The attacks of the mob upon the Steelyard became more frequent, and at length, near the end of the sixteenth century, its charter was taken away. The later history of the League in other countries was much the same. The Hanseatic merchants were so successful that the merchants of other lands sought earnestly for the same success; and as soon as the different cities and countries became rich and powerful enough to manage their own trade, the League weakened and came to its end. The free cities, Hamburg and Bremen, were the last to yield; but in 1888 these two gave up their independence and joined the German Empire.

If we judge the Hanseatic League by present standards, its methods seem cruel and despotic; but it is a long way from the thirteenth century to the twentieth; and many things are frowned upon now that were regarded as entirely right and proper seven hundred years ago. Remembering this, we can appreciate the fact that the record of the League should be looked upon as a noble one. It aided the development of industry, it spread civilization, it created the commerce of northern Europe, and it trained merchants and magistrates and sea-captains. In the cities of the League there was courage and independence, there was industry and enterprise; better still, there was an ever-increasing appreciation of order and of peace.

THE WALLED CITIES OF GERMANY

BY SABINE BARING-GOULD, WITH THE COLLABORATION OF ARTHUR GILMAN

It was only about the beginning of the fifteenth century that the cities of Germany rose to great importance, and became remarkable for their stately buildings, for their wealth and influence.

They were all inclosed within walls, with a moat surrounding the walls. At intervals in the ring were towers of various shapes. Indeed, the fancy was indulged of making all different, so as to add to the beauty of the appearance of the town. Very few of the great German towns remain walled in with their towers, but some have these ornaments intact. Ratisbon had fifteen towers, variously capped, making the distant view of the city a vision of beauty. All have been pulled down but one.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the houses were all built of wood and plaster, and thatched with straw. But such fires ensued, consuming large parts of the towns, that the inhabitants were driven to build of better material, and to use tile or slate instead of thatch. Nevertheless, a good many old timber and plaster houses remain. Indeed, even the castles were only partly built of stone, they were to a large extent composed of buildings of more perishable material. A little way up a tributary of the Moselle is an old castle, Schloss Elz. It is one of the few castles that have escaped being destroyed. It has its tower of stone and

walls of stone, but the principal buildings for the inmates, hall of banquet and bedrooms, are of black timber with plaster fillings.

At first, in the towns, only the churches and townhalls and other public buildings were of stone, but in the beginning of the fifteenth century the patricians — that is, the ruling families and merchants, who were very wealthy — began to build themselves handsome stone houses. Even in such an important place as Frankfort-on-the-Main nearly all the houses, down to the end of the fourteenth century, were of combustible materials, and were without chimneys, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. The streets of Paris were paved in 1185, but though some attempts at paving were made in Germany in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it was not till later that they were systematically paved. Passengers picked their way in the mud as best they might. In the life of St. Elizabeth, the Landgravine of Hungary, we read of how, as she was thus trying to get along a street in Eisenach, a rude woman pushed her off the stepping-stone on which she had lighted, and she fell down into the black slough and was splashed from head to foot.

There were not many windows filled with glass before the fifteenth century. Even at Zürich, where the townhall was built in 1402, the windows were filled with oiled linen strained to frames. In Zürich the first fountain was erected in 1430, and this is about the date of most of the fountains that decorate so many of the German towns. The houses in the towns were very different in plan from old English houses. Let me tell you what I saw one summer's day at Villingen, in the Black Forest.

This is a walled town, the walls nearly perfect, with all the towers standing, but with the water let out of the moat, which is turned into gardens. When I visited the place it was at the time of hay harvest, and wains laden with hay were coming into the town. The old houses have very steep roofs, and the gables are towards the street, with a large door in the attic, and a crane over it. The chain from this contrivance was run down and the bundles of hay were raised and piled up in the garret of the house, which served as a great hay-store. Later, the corn would be brought in, and the flax, and stored away in the same place. The roof of the house formed the barn. Then the cows and horses were driven into the ground-floor rooms — they were really stables, vaulted with stone, and to enter the house where the people lived one had to ascend steps. As the citizens of a small town were landowners and farmers they thus made their houses compact farm dwellings. That was how they managed in small towns. In large cities they used the roof for stores of merchandise and the basement for shops. When you ascend the stairs you find in these old houses that there is a great deal of room given up to passage, and that this passage is paved, and sometimes vaulted. It served as a place for the children to play in wet weather, and meals were also taken in it when the company was large. These corridors are called *Lauben*. The rooms open out of these corridors and are comparatively small. In old times, before fire-engines were invented, the only away by which fires could be extinguished was with pails. The first fire brigade was established at Frankfort in 1439, and the first fire-engine used at Augsburg in 1518.

We have many accounts from the fifteenth century of the social and architectural condition of the German towns. Nuremberg especially was regarded as the ideal of a beautiful mediæval town, and to the present day, with its stepped gables, solar windows, corner turrets, and rich sculpture, it retains more of its mediæval character than any other town. Italians, however, declared that a more beautiful city than Cologne could not be found, a verdict we in the present day should be far from endorsing. It is now a collection of hideous and vulgar houses surrounding more preciously beautiful churches. The illustrious Frenchman, Montaigne, declared that Augsburg was more lovely than Paris. Æneas Silvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pope Pius II) could not find terms in which to praise the wealth and splendor of the German cities. There is some exaggeration when he says, "Where is a German inn at which silver plate is not used? What citizen woman — not necessarily noble — does not adorn herself with gold ornaments?" Of Vienna he says: "The town lies in a crescent on the Danube; the city wall is 5000 paces long and has double fortifications. The town proper lies like a palace in the center of the suburbs, several of which rival it in beauty and size. Nearly every house has something to show, something remarkable in or about it. Each dwelling has its back court and front court, large halls and smaller, good winter apartments. The guest-rooms are beautifully paneled, richly furnished, and warmed with stoves. All windows are glazed; some have painted glass, and have ironwork guards against thieves. On the basement are large cellars and vaults, which are devoted to apothecaries, warehouses, shops, and lodgings for strangers.

In the halls many tame birds are kept, so that in passing through the streets one hears the sounds of a green pleasant forest. The market-places and streets teem with life. Without reckoning the children and those under age, there are 50,000 inhabitants and 7000 students. Enormous is the commerce of the traders, and enormous the sums of money here earned and spent. The whole district round Vienna is like one vast and beautiful garden covered with grapes and apples, and studded with the most charming country houses."

There is, however, another side to the picture. Æneas Silvius says: "By night and day there is fighting in the streets. Sometimes the artisans are assailing the students, sometimes the court people are quarreling with the citizens, and sometimes it is citizen who has sword drawn against citizen. A festival rarely concludes without bloodshed."

If the cities did not cultivate poetry they nursed music. They all had their master-singer guilds, and on Sunday afternoons the performers sang in the town-hall or the churches. Prizes were given for the best compositions. The highest prize was a representation of King David playing on the harp, stamped on a gold slate. The others consisted of wreaths of filigree wire of gold or silver. This performance was called "school singing." The last performance at Nuremberg was in 1770, and the very last of all was at Ulm in 1839.

GERMAN LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHANNES JANSSEN

[THE artists of four centuries ago always painted historical characters as if living at the same time as they themselves. A picture of the Virgin Mary, for instance, presented her wearing the same sort of clothes that a maiden of their own day would have worn; and a faithful likeness of a German house represented in most satisfactory fashion the abode of folk of any age and any country. As the artists made accurate copies of what they saw around them, we have only to study their pictures to learn what the people wore, how they lived, and how they amused themselves four centuries ago.

The Editor.]

THANKS to the number of these *genre* pictures, done by the best artists of the time, we are familiar with the manners of the day, and can contrast them with those of later times. A market scene is represented in a miniature or on glass in which women and young girls recommend their wares and offer them for sale — white bread and butter on a white plate, eggs in baskets, and milk in jugs. Pigeons and young chickens are tied in hampers, which are carried on the heads of the women, who wear dresses made of coarse stuff, the bodices high in the neck and crossed over the bosom, the skirts scant and of convenient length. An apron is tied by strings knotted in front. The hair, divided in the middle, is allowed to hang loose by the young girls, while by the older women it is hidden under a handkerchief, which hangs loosely down or is tied under the chin.

We also find the popular amusements of the day represented with the same precision and accuracy. For instance, one picture shows us children spinning tops, trundling hoops, playing blindman's buff, swinging and turning somersaults. Another shows us older people amusing themselves with chess, backgammon, and dice. May festivals and shooting parties are often represented. Dancing being the favorite, indeed the general, amusement of the people in the Middle Ages, it naturally formed a constant subject for art. The lower orders always preferred to dance in the open air. The inns never contained dancing-halls, and we see the gay crowds collected on the green, dancing to the music of the tambourine, the bagpipe, or the violin. The wealthier classes had their private dancing-saloons, and sometimes used the city halls for this, their favorite amusement. A copper engraving by Israel von Meckenen gives us a good idea of those dancing festivals which were so popular on the Rhine at the close of the fifteenth century. In the center the musicians are placed on a gallery supported by pillars. The dancing couples seem to be moving with great difficulty, on account of the tight-fitting jackets and pointed shoes of the men, and the cumbersome trains of the ladies; these trains completely cover the floor. Endless variety is displayed in the costumes. The head-dresses are shaped like sugar-loaves, high on the head, and with long veils falling to the ground, or flat coifs, ornamented with flowers or ribbons. The men wear loose jackets over their tight-fitting vests, fastened with buckles, and long cloaks reaching to the floor, or else short mantles. The women all wear low-necked dresses; the men's faces are shaved,

but their hair hangs in curls round the head. For headgear they wear a gaily embroidered band, a hat with feathers, or a turban-like cap.

From the stained glass, the miniature paintings, and even the altar pictures of the period, we can form an exact idea of the prevailing taste for rich materials and bright colors, for art in the Middle Ages copied exactly from nature. We see the dresses for state occasions made of thick brocade of the richest colors, and embroidered with gold and silver; the long sleeves slit open and trimmed with embroidery. Dresses enriched with precious stones and pearls often had six and seven rows of coral chains around the neck. Many finger-rings were worn.

A study of the inventories still extant of the wardrobes of well-to-do citizens will give us some idea of the luxury and variety of the dress of the Middle Ages. In the will of the wife of George Winter, of Nuremberg, dated 1485, there is mention, among other things, of four mantles of Malines silk, six long overskirts, three smock frocks, three under-dresses, six white aprons, one black, two white bath cloaks. Along with the other jewels we find thirty rings mentioned. A citizen of Breslau contributed to his daughter's trousseau (1490) a fur-lined mantle and dress, four dresses of different values, several caps, sashes, and armlets, a bodice embroidered with pearls, and a betrothal ring worth twenty-five florins. We read of another daughter receiving in 1470 from her guardians, as an inheritance from her mother, thirty-six gold rings, besides several chains, buckles, and cinctures.

The pictures of headgear both of men and women are

very diverse and extraordinary. Women wore pointed caps a yard high, or head-dresses formed of colored stuff pressed and ornamented with gold and precious stones. The headdress of the unmarried women of the *bourgeois* class in the city was particularly remarkable, consisting of a muslin handkerchief laid in folds on a wire frame, and having ribbon strings to tie under the chin. The shapes of men's hats and caps were quite as remarkable. On some of the illuminated parchments of the city regulations of Hamburg we find patterns of hats and caps, some high and some low; some with wide, and others with narrow brims, turned up behind, or *vice versa*. There were beaver, felt, or cloth hats of various colors and designs, trimmed with feathers, gold ornamentation, or ribbons that hung down to the ground.

Long curls were considered a great adjunct to manly beauty, and much time and care were bestowed on the arrangement of them. When the son of the wealthy patrician, Jerome Tscheckenburlin, of Basle, became disgusted with the vanities of the world and joined the Carthusian order at the age of twenty-six, he had his portrait painted in the court dress in which he entered the monastery. Long curls encircled his forehead and fell over his shoulders. In the portrait of the youthful Maximilian we always notice his beautiful wavy hair falling low over his neck. Even Albert Dürer, the son of the plain blacksmith, seemed to delight in his ringlets. Sometimes, even, we see men with their curls encircled by an enameled band, fastened by buckle and heron's plume, or even with a bunch of ivy or flowers.

Instead of flowing curls the women wore thick braids of hair behind the ears, which gave rise to the reproach

that "the women wear the hair of the dead." The young girls wore their plaits in gold or jeweled nets to which were attached gold aiglets. Dürer's well-known picture of the espousal of the Virgin gives us a good idea of the favorite dress of the young *fiancées* of the Middle Ages. Over a short velvet dress, which Mary holds in one hand, she wears a richly fur-trimmed robe with train and hanging sleeves. On her head is a small cap and veil. Amongst her companions is a Nuremberg woman of good position, who wears a full mantle and a piled-up linen cap.

Still more striking, though, than the shapes of clothes, even among the working classes, was the variety of their color. Stonecutters and carpenters worked in costumes consisting of red coats with blue trousers and caps, or in yellow coats with red trousers and caps; others, again, are represented in light blue and green mixed with yellow and red. The merchants behind their counters also wore the same bright colors. A peasant, bringing his pig to market, wears a red hat, green coat, and brown trousers. A truckman, wheeling a hogshead before him, appears in a red coat lined with green, red cap, blue hose, and bronze riding-boots. The village dandies seemed to delight in producing ridiculous effects by the multitude of colors they wore at the same time. One side of their costume would be of one color, while the other was composed of all the shades of the rainbow divided into different figures; others would appear in red from head to foot. Embroidery was also much used. In the year 1464, Bernhard Rohrbach, from Frankfort, had the sleeves of his coat so richly embroidered that they had eleven ounces of silver on them.

Art in those days was a faithful portrayal of life in all its varieties and absurdities, its virtues and its vices, the caprices and the tyranny of its fashions, its wealth and luxury, its misery and its squalor. Each class and condition of humanity is in turn presented to our vision. Take, for instance, the hideous rabble in Martin Schongauer's "Carrying of the Cross," who are driving the Saviour to his death. They are clad in the clothes which chance or charity has given them. One has an overcoat without sleeves, and his legs are naked; another has trousers, but his feet are bare, and his short, torn jacket discovers a tattered shirt. Another, with naked shoulders, wears a cap with tassels, from under which a long curl escapes and hangs down on his neck. A fourth has bound his head in a kind of cotton turban, and a fifth wears a shapeless felt on his close-cut hair, whilst his neighbor lets his unkempt locks float in the wind. Among the rabble we discover figures that look as if they had seen better days. One is dressed in a garment trimmed with fringe and ribbon loops, and his arms are bared to the elbow. Another, with laced shoes and naked legs, has wrapped a sheepskin round his shoulders as though it were a royal ermine. An old man is clothed in a hermit's frock. The effect produced by all these figures, and which one sees so often reproduced in the pictures of the time, is painfully repulsive, and gives a vivid idea of the masses who played so prominent a part in the politico-ecclesiastical strifes of the sixteenth century.

Amongst all this foppery and folly, however, the workmen, the burghers, the professional and the scientific men, stand out in more sober relief. Both in form and

coloring the dress of the artisans was very simple. It generally consisted of a short, convenient, blouselike garment, and tight or wide trousers, either coming down over or tucked into the boots or shoes. When at work they slipped on sleeveless jackets and tucked their shirtsleeves up to their shoulders. On their close-cropped heads they wore either caps or felt hats. The dress of the burghers was a short vest with an outer garment over it, either in the shape of a blouse closed in front and put on over the head, or else a coat open down the front. This outer garment was generally brown or black, and lined or bordered with fur. Scientific and professional men wore long, full robes, reaching to the feet, almost always of a dark color, but occasionally red. A simple biretta-like cap covered their close-cut hair. These distinct costumes for each rank and position are very characteristic of "the true, honest German citizen," and German domestic life, and are truthfully depicted by German art.

How homelike and comfortable, for instance, is the room in which Dürer depicts St. Jerome! It has two windows with small round panes; the ceiling is of dark timber; in the corner is an antique oak table, on which are the crucifix and an inkstand, and the furniture is ample and comfortable. In the background we see the large hourglass which is considered an indispensable accessory in all well-regulated households, the row of tapers ready lighted, the flasks of balsam, and the medicine case stocked with household remedies. There lies also the leather portfolio with writing materials and a large scissors. Beside the Rosary lies a brush; from the ceiling hangs a gourd; under the bench are thick-soled

sabots. Everything bespeaks German thrift and domestic comfort.

Anything that may be wanting to make this a complete picture of a German home is added by Dürer in the bedroom of St. Anna after the birth of the Virgin. A wide staircase with heavy balustrades leads from the end of the room to an upper story; near the door, whose massive locks attract attention, is a washstand with all its conveniences, the towels and brushes hanging near. On a shelf are seen a richly bound prayerbook, a handsome candlestick, spice and medicine boxes. In front of the window is drawn up one of those comfortable seats which are yet to be seen in old German houses. There are no chairs in the room, but instead several cushioned seats. The table is massive, and the national carved chest, the repository of the household linen, stands in the corner. St. Anna lies in a canopied bed, and is in the act of taking some soup or other refreshing beverage. Everything around her bespeaks the perfection of housekeeping. The sponsors and neighbors gathered together are also refreshing themselves with food and drink, and one stout housewife in full armor of side-pocket, bunch of keys, and châtelaine, seems particularly anxious for a drink. A maidservant is in the act of bringing in a cradle and a bath for the infant Mary.

One of the most beautiful pictures of German domestic life is Dürer's "Holy Family at Their Daily Duties." Mary sits outside the door with spindle in her hand, while the infant Jesus lies in his cradle, and Joseph is making a wooden trough. Little angels, in the shape of boys, are collecting the chips in a basket and at the same

time indulging in childish pranks; one of them brings a bunch of lilies of the valley to the young mother. It is a faithful representation of German life, where "everything is open and well regulated; where all is peace, and freedom, and joy."

THE CONTEST OF THE MASTER-SINGERS

BY AUGUST HAGEN

[IN the fourteenth century, gilds or societies were formed by some of the craftsmen of Germany for the cultivation of music. Almost every large city had its gild, but Nuremberg was especially rich in these associations of master-singers, as they were called. The most famous member was the shoemaker Hans Sachs, who appears as a character in Wagner's opera "Die Meistersinger." This versatile cobbler was born in 1494, and before his death in 1576 was able to boast that he had written no less than 4275 master-songs, 1558 stories and fables, 208 dramas, and 7 dialogues. Notwithstanding the prodigality of his muse his work has real merit and exercised a lasting influence on German literature.

The Editor.]

I WALKED up and down my room while waiting for my breakfast; and looking out of the window saw a rope, which extended from St. Sebaldus to the Town Hall, and from the middle of which hung a painted shield. All the pains which I took to make out the figures upon it were in vain; and I was just about to go down to the host to gain some information about it, when, at the same moment, Peter Vischer the younger, who was one of the members elect of the council, and was as amiable as he was accomplished, entered my room. He greeted me, and reminding me of what had been agreed upon between us, he informed me that to-day a festival of the Singing-School would be held in honor of the Emperor. I looked at him with surprise; but then I remembered that Peter

Vischer was devoted to the delightful art of the Master-Singers, and I was able to explain his words, and at the same time to understand what was meant by the suspension of the tablet. Peter related to me that, by this shield, all who took part in pious festivals were invited to the Singing-School.

In the mean time breakfast was brought in, and Vischer was pleased to share it with me. He told me much about the origin and nature of the art of the Master-Singers, to which I willingly lent an attentive ear. The unseasonable question which escaped me, whether handicraftsmen in other places also pursued the same recreation? did not make him angry; he rather felt himself incited to instruct me concerning the high meaning of their endeavors. "Good music and the lovely art of singing," he began, somewhat solemnly, "do not merely contribute to the delight and amusement of men, but are the noblest means of exciting in them a recollection of divine favors and the devotion of the heart; even as the holy Apostle Paul earnestly exhorts men to practice pious songs."

I purposely interrupted him in his discourse, and he then continued; "The High-School of the Master-Singers is Mainz, and the Branch-Schools are Nürnberg and Strasburg. But for a long time this charming art has been more cultivated in Nürnberg than elsewhere. As fifty years ago the illuminator Hans Rosenplüt, and the barber Hans Folz, were in high repute, so now the linen-weaver, Leonhard Nunnenbeck, and, before all, his pupil Hans Sachs, the cobbler." "What is the meaning of those figures on the tablet?" I asked. "On the tablet?" he answered. "You see above, an escutcheon

with a crown — those are the arms of the Master-Singers; and below are twelve men who are cultivating a garden, but whose labor is destroyed by a wild beast. The twelve men are the twelve celebrated singers who organized the first school; and the wild beast is Envy without and Discord within, that spoils their success. Penetrated with a sense of their holy calling, the twelve men sang songs which were pleasing to God and profitable to men. The Emperor, Otto the Great, of illustrious memory, ratified their union, and gave them an armorial bearing with a crown. But the monks, who at one time had everything their own way in the Church, were envious that they should thus publicly set forth the grace of God. They calumniated them to the Pope as heretics; and he summoned them in a body to Pavia, to give an account of their proceedings. They here frankly declared that God inspired their songs, and that they were therefore not only innocent but also holy. Whereat His Holiness was astonished, and in order to bring them to shame as liars, he gave them all a theme out of the Bible, on which they were to make a poem, and caused each to be separately locked up in a chamber. But the one who was put to shame was the Pope, when he compared all their poems with one another, and found that they agreed word for word. He dismissed them with rich presents, and called them all genuine Christians, although one did not deserve this name."

"Are the names of these wonderful men known?"

"Certainly they are known. Some were learned men, some knights, and some citizens. One was a smith, one a rope-maker, one a glass-burner. There is not much to

be told about them; but only so much the more about the knight, Wolfram Rohn (von Eschenbach), of Heinrich Frauenlob, Doctor of the Holy Scripture at Mainz, of Nicolaus Klingsor, Master of the Liberal Arts. Klingsor was a mighty astrologer and necromancer in Hungary, who lived at the time when there were at the court of the Landgrave Herrmann on the Wartburg, six masters of the art of singing, equally noble by birth and by soul. Five of them, of noble extraction, were knights, such as the territorial-lord Walther von der Vogelweide, and Wolfram Rohn; but one was a citizen of Eisenach, Heinrich von Ofterdingen. They celebrated in songs the glory of the Landgrave and the chastity of the Landgravine Sophia. Once upon a time they resolved to open a contest of song. They called it the 'War of the Wartburg'; and as in war it is a question of life and death, they agreed among themselves that he who came off worst should be hung. They contended in song, and Heinrich von Ofterdingen was vanquished. When the others would have taken his life, he sought shelter under the cloak of the Lady Sophia, and she screened him, and contrived that the vanquished one should obtain the assistance of a master in song, so as in the space of a year to offer himself again to the contest. He now traveled about, and went also into Hungary, where he saw the renowned Klingsor observing the stars. He laid the matter before him, and the necromancer promised to come at the end of a year, if he should by that time have observed all the stars, for before then he would not stir from his place. Heinrich had on this account suffered much sorrow and care. He waited one

moon after another. The year was nearly gone, and he learned that Klingsor was still counting the stars at home. But on the very day on which the contest of song was to take place in the Knights-House, Klingsor caused himself to be carried by his spirits to Thüringen, and proceeded towards the Wartburg in the guise of a bishop. The contest had commenced. First Wolfram began, and then Klingsor sang with great skill of the nature of the heavenly spheres, of the course of the stars, and of the movement of the planets. Wolfram knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Then he in his turn praised the glory of God, and proclaimed how the Word had become flesh, and how our Lord Jesus Christ had given his blood for Christendom, as a pledge and earnest of eternal blessedness. Klingsor knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Klingsor now summoned his servant, the devil Nasian, who appeared with four books in a bright glare of fire. Wolfram, when he saw his opponent lose courage, proceeded triumphantly, 'God is the highest being, and God is the Lord of all worlds.' 'Dost thou know all worlds?' asked Nasian; and Wolfram looked at him embarrassed. 'Schnipp, schnapp!' then cried Nasian; 'thou art a layman. How dost thou know that God is the Lord of all worlds, if thou dost not know how many worlds there are?' And he wrote on the wall with his finger, as with a glowing coal, 'Wolfram is vanquished!' The Landgrave then decided that neither had surpassed the other, and allowed Klingsor to leave the court laden with precious gifts. Thus were saved Wolfram's honor and Ofterdingen's life. That is the history of the Wartburg contest. — Another famous Master-Singer is Dr.

Frauenlob from Meissen. He extolled in immortal songs the beauty and virtue of women; and out of gratitude the women of Mainz bore him to the grave, since it was fit their virtue should display itself to him, not only during his life, but in his death. In the cathedral is his tombstone, which the women moistened with tears and with wine."

"Then the art of singing, with which you are now occupied, you derive from these twelve masters?"

"Yes, certainly. They instructed youths; and the scholars became masters in their turn; and so on down to our time. Whoever wishes to learn the art goes to a master who has once at least gained the prize in the Singing-School, and he instructs him without any fee. He teaches what it means to sing for the honor of Religion, and initiates him into the mysteries of the *Tabulature*, for so we call the laws of the art of poetry. When the scholar has mastered these, he petitions the society to be admitted a member, inasmuch as he is of commendable manners, and shows good will. On being received, he must ascend the singer's chair in the church, and give a proof of his skill. If he succeeds, his wish is granted. He takes a most solemn vow to be ever true to the art; to maintain the honor of the society; always to bear himself peaceably; and not to profane any master-song by singing it aloud in the street. He then pays the registering money, and gives two measures of wine as a treat. In the ordinary meetings of the Master-Singers, and when they are assembled together in the tavern, secular songs are indeed allowed, but never at the school-festivals. The festivals of the schools take place three times a year, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and at Christ-

mas, in St. Catherine's Church. Here only such poems are recited, the subjects of which are taken from the Bible, or the sacred legends. He who sings with the fewest faults is here decorated with a golden chain; and he who comes next best after him, with a wreath. He, on the contrary, who is convicted of gross faults, must atone for them by a fine. Thus the life of the Master-Singers glides away amidst edifying songs; and if one is called away from the happy band, his companions assemble round his grave, and sing a farewell song to him."

As the clock of the Town Hall now struck, Vischer broke off. I supposed he would have taken me with him to St. Catherine's Church; but he promised to return in the course of an hour, as he must first put on another dress. He kept his word, and soon appeared completely clad in black silk, with a graceful cap. There was no fear of going wrong, as one had only to follow the train of people who were streaming towards the festival of the school. At the entrance of the little church, the sacristan held out his cap for drink-money. This was to prevent all the rabble from pressing in, and depriving respectable people of their edification. The church was beautifully decorated within, and from the choir, which the Emperor was to occupy, hung down a rich purple canopy. Most impressive was the appearance of the company of Master-Singers, seated all around upon the benches, some of them long-bearded old men (all of whom, however, still appeared vigorous); some beardless youths, who were all, nevertheless, as quiet and serious as if they belonged to the Seven Wise Men of Greece. All appeared in silk garments, green, blue, or black, with neatly plaited lace collars. Among the splendidly

dressed masters was Hans Sachs, and his teacher Nunnenbeck. A greater stillness could not have reigned during High Mass. Vischer and I were the only talkers, as he had to explain everything to me. By the side of the pulpit was the singer's chair. This chair, which the masters had had built at their own expense, and which to-day was ornamented with a gay carpet, was like a pulpit, only smaller. In the forepart of the choir a low platform had been erected, upon which stood a table and a desk. This was called the *Gemerke* (from the German *merken*, to mark); for here was the place for those who had to mark the faults which the singers committed, — in form, against the laws of the *Tabulature* — and in subject, by deviating from the Bible narrative and the legends of the saints. These people were called *Merker*, and there were three of them. Although the *Gemerke* was inclosed with black curtains, yet from my seat I could observe everything that went on there, and I saw hanging on one side of the platform the golden chain, to which several medals were attached, which was called the *Davidsgewinner* (the David's winner), and the wreath, which was made of silken flowers.

The noise of wheels was now heard before the entrance, and the Emperor Maximilian appeared with his whole train, and bore himself very graciously as he looked benignantly down from the choir. But he did not tarry long; for the divine art of singing did not seem to give him particular pleasure. When the Emperor made his appearance, everything was at once in active motion. A venerable master ascended the singer's chair, and from the *Gemerke* resounded the word, "Begin." It was Conrad Nachtigall, a locksmith, whose song was so

yearning and plaintive, that he well deserved his name. Of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and of the founding of the New, he said much that was beautiful. I observed in the *Gemerke* how one of the masters followed him in the Bible, how another counted the syllables on his fingers, and the third wrote down what these two whispered to him from time to time. But the masters below were also attentive and quietly active. They were all engaged in a strange game with their fingers, in order to note accurately the measure of the verse. I perceived, by the shaking of their head, that here and there the reciter had gone wrong. After Master Nachtigall, the turn came to a youth named Fritz Kothner, a bell-founder, who had chosen the story of the creation as the subject of his poem. But here it could not be said, "And God saw that it was good." For the poor youth was embarrassed, and could not proceed, and a marker told him to leave the chair. "The master has sung wrong," whispered Vischer to me; and when I asked him why he was not allowed to continue his piece to the end, he explained to me that he had committed a grave fault. By this name they who possessed the science of the *Tabulature* designated an offense against the laws of rhyme. There were many strange names for faults; as *blind-meaning*, *clip-syllable*, *dock*, *mite*, *false flowers*. The terms for the various measures were indeed extraordinary; as the *black-ink* measure, the *departed glutton's* measure, the *Cupid's handbow* measure.

It was in the hedge-blossom measure that Leonhard Nunnenbeck, a venerable old man in a black garment, made his voice heard from the choir. His head was as smooth as the inside of my hand, and only his chin was

ornamented with a snow-white beard. All heard him with wonder, as, in the style of the Apocalypse, he described the Lord, at whose throne the lion, the ox, the eagle, and the angel gave praise, and honor, and thanksgiving to Him who sits thereon, and lives from everlasting to everlasting; how the four-and-twenty elders cast down their crowns before the throne, and gave praise, and honor, and thanksgiving to Him by whose will all things have their being and were created; and how they have made their garments bright in the blood of the Lamb; and how the angels, who stood around the throne, around the elders, and around the four animals, fell on their faces and worshiped God.

When Nunnenbeck had ended, all were completely enraptured; and in particular the face of Hans Sachs, who was his grateful pupil, beamed with joy. He was proud of his teacher, as his teacher was of him. I too was pleased with the poem, which, however, was more sublime than beautiful. Now came forward, as the fourth and last singer, another youth. What he said was completely to my taste. He belonged, moreover, to the company of weavers, and was called Michael Behaim, and had seen many countries. His father had given himself the name of Behaim (Böhme), because he had come out of Bohemia into Franconia. With indefatigable efforts our Behaim cultivated the art of singing, and rightly compared himself to a miner, who laboriously digs, and seeks to obtain precious gold. He had never before come forward at a school-festival, as he resolved not to mount the singer's chair except with glory. Michael Behaim would doubtless have obtained the first prize, had not Nunnenbeck sung before.

[The poem of Behaim, too long to quote, was one of those complicated analogies in which the good folk of the Middle Ages so delighted, but which seem vague and far-fetched to the readers of to-day.]

When Michael Behaim had recited his poem, the markers left their seats. The first marker went up to Nunnenbeck and, with a flattering congratulation, hung the David's-Prize round his neck, and the second marker decorated Behaim's head with the wreath, which became him well. These gifts, however, were not presents, but only marks of distinction for the celebration of the day. The festival in the church was now over, and all pressed forward with hearty sympathy to those who had received these marks of honor, in order to give them a joyful shake of the hand. I also could not deny myself the pleasure of offering my thanks aloud to the brave Behaim. Close by stood Hans Sachs, who accosted me in a friendly manner, and renewed the bond of friendship into which we had shortly before entered. I lamented that it had not been my luck to hear him; and that I must leave Nürnberg without having heard any other songs from his mouth than those which he had favored me with on the highway, when I was not exactly in a humor to hear them. "Dearest Herr Heller, come with us to the tavern, and you shall hear to your heart's content," he replied; and went with me arm-in-arm out of the church, which had gradually become vacant. It was the custom for the Master-Singers, particularly the younger ones, to betake themselves, after the school festival, to a neighboring tavern, where a joyous freedom prevailed, in the same degree that a religious seriousness had reigned in the church. The

wine here drunk was at the cost, on the one hand, of the master Kothner, who paid for it as a penalty, on the other, of the master Behaim, who gave it in honor of having received the prize for the first time. Five measures of wine were given this day for the latter part of the entertainment. The Master-Singers, about sixteen in number, crossed the street in pairs, one behind the other, from the church to the tavern: the crowned Behaim led the procession. It was his duty here to maintain order, and they were all obliged to submit to him as to a marker. When the masters joined in a song of the whole company, he had the arrangement of it. The gayly attired guests contrasted strangely enough with the tavern, which equally within and without looked black with smoke and ruinous. There was nothing in the long room but tables and benches, and these were of the description which one generally finds in country gardens. But gay spirits and a good glass of wine caused all deficiencies to be overlooked. As far as the space permitted, the tables were placed in a row close by one another, and the singers seated themselves on both sides. At the top was Behaim; his throne was an armchair, and a wooden hammer his scepter for commanding silence. I sat by Hans Sachs: from the pressure of my neighbors I was pushed hard against him, so as to remark that his sleeves were stiffened with rods of fish bones, and this induced me to examine particularly his strange dress. The jacket was of sea-green stuff, with many slits in the breast, through which the dazzling whiteness of his shirt appeared, the plaited collar of which surrounded his neck in the form of a circle. The sleeves were of black satin, in which pointed incisions were tastefully

made in regular lines, so that everywhere the white undergarment was seen through.

A small cask of wine was placed in the middle of the table, and one of the masters had the labor of drawing it, while the empty cups were reached to him incessantly. After much talking and laughing on various subjects, I reminded Nürnberg's most famous singer of the promise he had made me. He assented. Behaim knocked with his hammer, and then asked the assembled guests whether they would not attempt a contest in verse. No one made any objection. He asked again who was willing to sing, and three masters raised their hands — Behaim himself, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer. Hans Sachs was to propose a question for dispute; and, indeed, for my sake, as I had told him how constantly I had visited the workshops of the artists, and delighted myself with their productions, — he chose a subject alluding to this matter.

"My knowing friends, I pray you, say —
Whose art does highest skill display?"

[The carpenter Vischer speaks first and claims for his fellow workmen the glory of having built pleasure halls, mills, walls, the ark of Noah, the city of Jerusalem, the palace of Solomon, and even the labyrinthine house of Dædalus. Then comes Behaim, who claims the first place for the masons, the builders of town walls, forts, vaults, the leaning tower of Pisa, the temple of Jerusalem, the tower of Babel, the tomb of Mausolus, and, last of all, the pyramids. Finally Hans Sachs takes the stand and sings of the glorious work of the painter.]

"Let axe and chisel play their part,
They cannot vie with the Painter's art.
They only bring houses and towns to light,
Pile castles and watch-towers, dizzy in height.

But he — what our God, by his word of power,
Call'd forth at creation's natal hour —
By mimic art to all time doth bequeath;
Trees, herbage, and flowers, in field and on heath;
The birds, as through the air they soar,
The human face with its living power:
The elements — he wields them well,
The rage of fire, the ocean's swell;
The devil he paints, and hell, and death,
And heaven, and angels who wait on God's breath.
All this by colors, now deep and now clear,
By his magical art can he cause to appear;
Each part wrought out with the finest shading,
A beautiful sketch his purpose aiding.
All things he can bring to your very view,
Not words could describe them more full and true.
On these must he ponder by day and by night,
For even in dreams his spirit is bright.
The treasures of fancy await his control,
For he glows with the poet's creative soul.
The knowledge of all things is at his command,
For they grow into life in his formative hand.
Who can fashion all things under heaven,
To him the master-craft is given."

Thus sang the poet; and his opponents were silent. Full of inward delight, I tapped him on the shoulder, and gave him to understand that he had spoken to me as if out of my own soul. All loaded him with marks of approbation, and not least Michael Behaim. He took off his wreath, and placed it on the head of Hans Sachs, Nürnberg's accomplished shoemaker.

JOHN GUTENBERG, INVENTOR OF PRINTING

[Middle of the sixteenth century]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

A GERMAN named John Gutenberg had been working away for many years, trying to invent a better process of making books than the slow, tiresome method of copying them by hand, letter by letter. When Gutenberg was a boy, this was the way in which all books were made. Moreover, they were generally written on parchment, and this added to the expense. The result was that a book was a costly article, and few people could afford to own one. After Gutenberg became a young man, a way of making books was invented which people thought was a most wonderful improvement. For each page the printer took a block of fine-grained wood, drew upon it whatever picture he was to print, then cut the wood away, leaving the outlines of the picture. By inking this and pressing it upon the paper he could print a page. Only one side of the paper was used, and so every pair of leaves had to be pasted together. At first only pictures were printed, but after a while some lettering was also done. Such books were called block books. Many were printed in this way whose pictures illustrated Bible history; and these were known as poor men's Bibles.

Although the block books were much less expensive than the books written by hand, still they were by no means cheap. It was long, slow work to cut a block for

each page; and after as many books had been printed as were needed, the blocks were of no further use. Gutenberg wondered whether there was not some better way to print a book. He pondered and dreamed over the matter and made experiments. At last the idea which he sought came to him, an idea so simple that it seems strange no one had thought of it sooner. It was only to cut each letter on a separate piece of wood, form the letters into words, bind them together in the shape and size of a page, print as many copies as were desired, then separate the letters and use them in other books till they were worn out. Here was the great invention; but it was a long way from this beginning to a well-printed book.

Now people began to wonder what Gutenberg could be working at so secretly. In those days everything that was mysterious was explained as witchcraft; so the inventor, in order to avoid any such charge, made himself a workshop in a deserted monastery outside of the town. He had yet to learn how to make his types of metal, how to fasten them together firmly in forms, how to put on just enough ink, and how to make a press.

At length he carried through a great undertaking, — he printed a Latin Bible. This was completed in 1455, and was the first Bible ever printed. But Gutenberg was in trouble. He had not had the money needed to carry on this work without help, and he had been obliged to take a partner by the name of John Faust. Faust was disappointed in not making as much money as he had expected. The Bible had taken longer to complete and had cost more than Gutenberg had planned; and at length Faust brought a suit to recover what he had loaned. The judge decided in his favor, and every-

thing that the inventor owned went to him. Gutenberg was left to begin again. Nevertheless he went on bravely with his printing, trying all the time to print better and better. By and by the Elector Adolphus of Nassau gave him a pension. This is all that is known of the last few years of his life. He died in 1468; but the art of printing lived. Printing-presses could hardly be set up fast enough, for every country wanted them. England, France, Holland, Germany had presses within a few years after the death of Gutenberg. The Jews carried one to Constantinople, and a century later even Russia had one.

So it was that the knowledge of printing flashed over Europe. The old Greek manuscripts were printed and sent from country to country. A Venetian printer named Aldo Manuzio issued especially accurate and well-made copies, which became known as the Aldine editions. The crusades had aroused people and made them ready and eager to learn. Now they found in the ancient writings of the Greeks and Romans nobler poems, more dignified histories, and more brilliant orations than they had known before. By this "New Learning," as it was called, men were stimulated to think. They felt as if they were brighter and keener than they used to be, as if they were not their old slow, dull selves, but were becoming quick and clear-minded. They felt so much as if they had just been born into a new, fresh world that the name Renaissance, or new birth, has been given to this period.

V

FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE DEATH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

HISTORICAL NOTE

CHARLES V was Emperor of Germany when Luther raised the banner of spiritual revolt. He had little desire to embroil himself in a religious war with the Protestant states of Germany, and the new doctrines spread over the land with little hindrance, until the preponderance of power was in the hands of the Protestant princes. The religious war, so long delayed, broke out with terrible fury in 1618, and speedily resolved itself into a struggle for supremacy between the Protestant and the Catholic states of Germany. For thirty years armies marched back and forth through the land; agriculture and industry were neglected; villages and cities were burned; pestilence and famine swept over the country; lawlessness and cruelty were everywhere. At the close of the war, Germany was merely a group of states, each looking out for its own interests as best it might, and Austria came to be looked upon as a foreign country.

In 1701 Frederick, Elector of Brandenburg, was crowned as the first King of Prussia. He was succeeded by Frederick William I, who by the strictest economy was able to maintain a standing army of 83,000 men with a population of only 2,500,000, and who laid the foundation of Prussia's future greatness. His son Frederick II, afterwards known as Frederick the Great, came to the throne in 1740 at the age of twenty-eight. By the first Silesian War he won the province of Silesia from Austria. The desire of Maria Theresa, the Austrian queen, to regain her territory, led in 1756 to the Seven Years' War, wherein the great states of Russia, Austria, France, and Sweden united to crush the little Prussian monarchy. For seven years there was waged one of the most terrible wars of modern history, but the vigor and military genius of Frederick and the devotion of his people more than counterbalanced the power of his enemies, and in the end Austria was forced to conclude a peace that left matters unchanged. Before his death in 1786 Frederick had Prussia placed on an equal footing with the greatest powers of Europe.

MARTIN LUTHER AS A BOY

[About 1500]

BY MRS. ELIZABETH R. CHARLES

[MARTIN LUTHER was the son of a slate-cutter with little money to spare for the education of his son, and the boy student often won a meal by singing at the door of some hospitable house. At Eisenach, where he went to school, he lived with Frau Ursula Cotta, who appears in the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," the story from which the following selection is taken. He decided to become a monk, and entered the Augustine monastery. At the age of twenty-four he became a priest, then a professor of philosophy in the University of Wittenberg, and in 1512 he was made a doctor of theology. Before this he had become dissatisfied with the Church system of penance and indulgence, and in 1517 he nailed to the church door in Wittenberg ninety-five theses on this subject. Other publications to the same effect followed. Luther was excommunicated by the Pope and his writings were publicly burned. Thereupon he burned with equal publicity the Pope's bull of excommunication. On the appeal of the Pope, the Emperor Charles V, as protector of the Church, summoned Luther to a Diet, or meeting of German nobles, princes, and clergy, at the city of Worms. Here he explained and defended his views, ending with the famous declaration, "There I take my stand. I can do naught else. So help me, God. Amen." To save him from danger, his friend, the Elector of Saxony, seized him as he was passing through the Thuringian Forest, and carried him to the Castle of the Wartburg at Eisenach. Here he remained for ten months, translating the New Testament into German. He laid aside his cowl and married a nun who also had renounced her vows.

Every effort was made to suppress the teachings of Luther, but they spread rapidly and led to the establishment of the Protestant churches.

The Editor.]

THESE are nearly all the people I know well, except, indeed, Martin Luther, the miner's son, to whom Aunt Ursula Cotta has been so kind. He is dear to us all as one of our own family. He is about the same age as Fritz, who thinks there is no one like him. And he has such a voice, and is so religious, and yet so merry withal; at least at times. It was his voice and his devout ways which first drew Aunt Ursula's attention to him. She has seen him often at the daily prayers at church. He used to sing as a chorister with the boys of the Latin school of the parish of St. George, where Fritz and he studied. The ringing tones of his voice, so clear and true, often attracted Aunt Ursula's attention; and he always seemed so devout. But we knew little about him. He was very poor, and had a pinched, half-starved look when first we noticed him. Often I have seen him on the cold winter evenings singing about the streets for alms, and thankfully receive a few pieces of broken bread and meat at the doors of the citizens; for he was never a bold and impudent beggar as some of the scholars are. Our acquaintance with him, however, began one day which I remember well. I was at Aunt Ursula's house, which is in George Street, near the church and school. I had watched the choir of boys singing from door to door through the street. No one had given them anything: they looked disappointed and hungry. At last they stopped before the window where Aunt Ursula and I were sitting with her little boy. That clear, high, ringing

voice was there again. Aunt Ursula went to the door and called Martin in, and then she went herself to the kitchen, and after giving him a good meal himself, sent him away with his wallet full, and told him to come again very soon. After that, I suppose, she consulted with Cousin Conrad Cotta, and the result was that Martin Luther became an inmate of their house, and has lived among us familiarly since then like one of our own cousins.

He is wonderfully changed since that day. Scarcely any one would have thought then what a joyous nature his is. The only thing in which it seemed then to flow out was in his clear true voice. He was subdued and timid like a creature that had been brought up without love. Especially he used to be shy with young maidens, and seemed afraid to look into a woman's face. I think they must have been very severe with him at home. Indeed, he confessed to Fritz that he had often, as a child, been beaten till the blood came, for trifling offenses such as taking a nut, and that he was afraid to play in his parents' presence. And yet he would not bear a word reflecting on his parents. He says his mother is the most pious woman in Mansfeld, where his family live, and his father denied himself in every way to maintain and educate his children, especially Martin, who is to be the learned man of the family. His parents are inured to hardship themselves, and believe it to be the best early discipline for boys. Certainly poor Martin had enough of hardship here. But that may be the fault of his mother's relations at Eisenach, who, they hoped, would have been kind to him, but who do not seem to have cared for him at all. At one time he told

Fritz he was so pinched and discouraged by the extreme poverty he suffered, that he thought of giving up study in despair, and returning to Mansfeld to work with his father at the smelting furnaces, or in the mines under the mountains. Yet indignant tears start to his eyes if any one ventures to hint that his father might have done more for him. He was a poor digger in the mines, he told Fritz, and often he had seen his mother carrying firewood on her shoulders from the pine woods near Mansfeld.

But it was in the monastic schools, no doubt, that he learned to be so shy and grave. He had been taught to look on married life as a low and evil thing; and, of course, we all know it cannot be so high and pure as the life in the convent. I remember now his look of wonder when Aunt Ursula, who is not fond of monks, said to him one day, "There is nothing on earth more lovely than the love of husband and wife, when it is in the fear of God."

In the warmth of her bright and sunny heart, his whole nature seemed to open like the flowers in summer. And now there is none in our circle so popular and sociable as he is. He plays on the lute, and sings as we think no one else can. And our children all love him, he tells them such strange, beautiful stories about enchanted gardens and crusaders, and about his own childhood among the pine forests and the mines.

It is from Martin Luther, indeed, that I have heard more than from any one else, except from our grandmother, of the great world beyond Eisenach. He has lived already in three other towns, so that he is quite a traveler, and knows a great deal of the world, although

he is not yet twenty. Our father has certainly told us wonderful things about the great islands beyond the seas which the Admiral Columbus discovered, and which will one day, he is sure, be found to be only the other side of the Indies and Tokay and Arabia. Already the Spaniards have found gold in those islands, and our father has little doubt that they are the Ophir from which King Solomon's ships brought the gold for the Temple. Also, he has told us about the strange lands in the south, in Africa, where the dwarfs live, and the black giants, and the great hairy men who climb the trees and make nests there, and the dreadful men-eaters, and the people who have their heads between their shoulders. But we have not yet met with any one who has seen all these wonders, so that Martin Luther and our grandmother are the greatest travelers Fritz and I are acquainted with.

Martin was born at Eisleben. His mother's is a burgher family. Three of her brothers live here at Eisenach, and here she was married. But his father came of a peasant race. His grandfather had a little farm of his own at Mora, among the Thuringian pine forests; but Martin's father was the second son; their little property went to the eldest, and he became a miner, went to Eisleben, and then settled at Mansfeld, near the Hartz Mountains, where the silver and copper lie buried in the earth.

At Mansfeld, Martin Luther lived until he was nineteen. I should like to see the place. It must be so strange to watch the great furnaces where they fuse the copper and smelt the precious silver, gleaming through the pine woods, for they burn all through the night in

the clearings of the forest. When Martin was a little boy he may have watched by them with his father, who now has furnaces and a foundry of his own. Then there are the deep pits under the hills, out of which come from time to time troops of grim-looking miners. Martin is fond of the miners; they are such a brave and hearty race, and they have fine bold songs and choruses of their own which he can sing, and wild original pastimes. Chess is a favorite game with them. They are thoughtful, too, as men may well be who dive into the secrets of the earth. Martin, when a boy, had often gone into the dark, mysterious pits and winding caverns with them, and seen the veins of precious ore. He has also often seen foreigners of various nations. They come from all parts of the world to Mansfeld for silver, — from Bavaria and Switzerland, and even from the beautiful Venice, which is a city of palaces, where the streets are canals filled by the blue sea, and instead of wagons they use boats, from which people land on the marble steps of the palaces. All these things Martin has heard described by those who have really seen them, besides what he has seen himself. His father also frequently used to have the schoolmasters and learned men at his house, that his sons might profit by their wise conversation. But I doubt if he can have enjoyed this so much. It must have been difficult to forget the rod with which he was beaten fourteen times in one morning, so as to feel sufficiently at ease to enjoy their conversation. Old Count Gunther of Mansfeld thinks much of Martin's father, and often used to send for him to consult him about the mines.

Their house at Mansfeld stood at some distance from the schoolhouse, which was on the hill, so that, when he

was little, an older boy used to be kind to him, and carry him in his arms to school. I dare say that was in winter, when his little feet were swollen with chilblains, and his poor mother used to go up to the woods to gather fagots for the hearth.

His mother must be a very good and holy woman, but not, I fancy, quite like our mother; rather more like Aunt Agnes; I think I should have been rather afraid of her. Martin says she is very religious. He honors and loves her very much, although she was very strict with him, and once, he told Fritz, beat him, for taking a nut from their stores, until the blood came. She must be a brave, truthful woman, who would not spare herself or others; but I think I should have felt more at home with his father, who used so often to kneel beside Martin's bed at night, and pray God to make him a good and useful man. Martin's father, however, does not seem so fond of the monks and nuns, and is therefore, I suppose, not so religious as his mother is. He does not at all wish Martin to become a priest or a monk, but to be a great lawyer, or doctor, or professor at some university.

Mansfeld, however, is a very holy place. There are many monasteries and nunneries there, and in one of them two of the countesses were nuns. There is also a castle there, and our St. Elizabeth worked miracles there as well as here. The devil also is not idle at Mansfeld. A wicked old witch lived close to Martin's house, and used to frighten and distress his mother much, bewitching the children so they nearly cried themselves to death. Once, even, it is said, the Devil himself got up into the pulpit, and preached, of course in disguise. But in all the legends it is the same. The Devil never seems so busy as

where the saints are, which is another reason why I feel how difficult it would be to be religious.

Martin had a sweet voice, and loved music as a child, and he used often to sing at people's doors as he did here. Once, at Christmas time, he was singing carols from village to village among the woods with other boys, when a peasant came to the door of his hut, where they were singing and said in a loud gruff voice, "Where are you, boys?" The children were so frightened that they scampered away as fast as they could, and only found out afterwards that the man with a rough voice had a kind heart, and had brought them out some sausages. Poor Martin was used to blows in those days, and had good reason to dread them. It must have been pleasant, however, to hear the boys' voices caroling through the woods about Jesus born at Bethlehem. Voices echo so strangely among the silent pine forests.

When Martin was thirteen he left Mansfeld and went to Magdeburg, where the Archbishop Ernest lives, the brother of our elector, who has a beautiful palace, and twelve trumpeters to play to him always when he is at dinner. Magdeburg must be a magnificent city, very nearly, we think, as grand as Rome itself. There is a great cathedral there, and knights and princes and many soldiers, who prance about the streets; and tournaments and splendid festivals. But our Martin heard more than he saw of all this. He and John Reineck of Mansfeld (a boy older than himself, who is one of his greatest friends), went to the school of the Franciscan Cloister, and had to spend their time with the monks, or sing about the streets for bread, or in the churchyard when the Franciscans in their gray robes went there to fulfil

their office of burying the dead. But it was not for him, the miner's son, to complain, when, as he says, he used to see a Prince of Anhalt going about the streets in a cowl begging bread, with a sack on his shoulders like a beast of burden, insomuch that he was bowed to the ground. The poor prince, Martin said, had fasted and watched and mortified his flesh until he looked like an image of death, with only skin and bones. Indeed, shortly after he died.

At Magdeburg also, Martin saw the picture of which he has often told us. "A great ship was painted, meant to signify the Church, wherein there was no layman, not even a king or prince. There were none but the pope with his cardinals and bishops in the prow, with the Holy Ghost hovering over them, the priests and monks with their oars at the side; and thus they were sailing on heavenward. The laymen were swimming along in the water around the ship. Some of them were drowning; some were drawing themselves up to the ship by means of ropes, which the monks, moved with pity, and making over their own good works did cast out to them to keep them from drowning, and to enable them to cleave to the vessel and to go with the others to heaven. There was no pope, nor cardinal, nor bishop, nor priest, nor monk in the water, but laymen only."

It must have been a very dreadful picture, and enough to make any one afraid of not being religious, or else to make one feel how useless it is for any one, except the monks and nuns, to try to be religious at all. Because however little merit any one had acquired, some kind monk might still be found to throw a rope out of the ship and help him in; and however many good works any

layman might do, they would be of no avail to help him out of the flood, or even to keep him from drowning, unless he had some friend in a cloister.

I said Martin was merry; and so he is, with the children, or when he is cheered with music or singing. And yet, on the whole, I think he is rather grave, and often he looks very thoughtful, and even melancholy. His merriment does not seem to be so much from carelessness as from earnestness of heart, so that whether he is telling a story to the little ones, or singing a lively song, his whole heart is in it, — in his play as well as in his work.

In his studies Fritz says there is no one at Eisenach near him, whether in reciting, or writing prose or verse, or translating, or church music.

Master Trebonius, the head of St. George's school, is a very learned man and very polite. He takes off his hat, Fritz says, and bows to his scholars when he enters the school, for he says that "among these boys are burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magistrates." This must be very different from the masters at Mansfeld. Master Trebonius thinks very much of Martin. I wonder if he and Fritz will be burgomasters or doctors one day.

Martin is certainly very religious for a boy, and so is Fritz. They attend mass very regularly, and confession, and keep the fasts.

From what I have heard Martin say, however, I think he is as much afraid of God and Christ and the dreadful day of wrath and judgment as I am. Indeed I am sure he feels, as every one must, there would be no hope for us were it not for the Blessed Mother of God who may

remind her Son how she nursed and cared for him and move him to have some pity.

But Martin has been at the University of Erfurt nearly two years, and Fritz has now left us to study there with him, and we shall have no more music, and the children no more stories until no one knows when.

THE SACKING OF MAGDEBURG

[1631]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[In the earlier part of the Thirty Years' War, the Emperor had by far the best generals, and as a result the Protestant Union was beaten in almost every battle. The friends of the League long hoped that Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, would come to its aid; but his hands were full in guarding his own country. At length the Emperor became so strong that even in defense of Sweden it seemed necessary to oppose him, and Gustavus led his army into Germany. The German princes were not at all inclined to follow a foreign leader; but after all the horrors of Magdeburg they forgot everything except that their only hope was in union.

The Editor.]

On the 30th of March, 1631, Tilly returned, to push the siege with vigor. The outworks were soon carried, and Falkenburg, after withdrawing the garrisons from the points which he could no longer hold, destroyed the bridge over the Elbe. As his troops were barely sufficient to defend the extensive fortifications, the suburbs of Sudenburg and Neustadt were abandoned to the enemy, who immediately laid them in ashes. Pappenheim, now separated from Tilly, crossed the Elbe at Schonenbeck, and attacked the town from the opposite side.

The garrison, reduced by the defense of the outworks, scarcely exceeded two thousand infantry and a few hundred horse. To supply this deficiency, the citizens were armed — a desperate expedient, which produced more

evils than those it prevented. The citizens, at best but indifferent soldiers, by their disunion threw the town into confusion. The poor complained that they were exposed to every hardship and danger, while the rich, by hiring substitutes, remained at home in safety. These rumors broke out at last in an open mutiny; indifference succeeded to zeal. Weariness and negligence took the place of vigilance and foresight. Dissension, combined with growing scarcity, gradually produced a feeling of despondence, many began to tremble at the desperate nature of their undertaking, and the magnitude of the power to which they were opposed. But religious zeal, an ardent love of liberty, an invincible hatred to the Austrian yoke, and the expectation of speedy relief, banished as yet the idea of a surrender; and divided as they were in everything else, they were united in the resolve to defend themselves to the last extremity.

Their hopes of succor were apparently well founded. They knew that the confederacy of Leipzig was arming; they were aware of the near approach of Gustavus Adolphus. Both were alike interested in the preservation of Magdeburg; and a few days might bring the King of Sweden before its walls. All this was also known to Tilly, who, therefore, was anxious to make himself speedily master of the place. With this view, he had despatched a trumpeter with letters to the Administrator, the commandant, and the magistrates, offering terms of capitulation; but he received for answer, that they would rather die than surrender. A spirited sally of the citizens also convinced him that their courage was as earnest as their words, while the king's arrival at Pots-

dam with the incursions of the Swedes as far as Zerbst, filled him with uneasiness, but raised the hopes of the garrison. A second trumpeter was now dispatched; but the more moderate tone of his demands increased the confidence of the besieged, and unfortunately their negligence also.

The besiegers had now pushed their approaches as far as the ditch, and vigorously cannonaded the fortifications from the abandoned batteries. One tower was entirely overthrown, but this did not facilitate an assault, as it fell sidewise upon the wall, and not into the ditch. Notwithstanding the continual bombardment, the walls had not suffered much; and the fire balls, which were intended to set the town in flames, were prevented of their effect by the excellent precautions adopted against them. But the ammunition of the besieged was nearly expended, and the cannon of the town gradually ceased to answer the fire of the Imperialists. Before a new supply could be obtained, Magdeburg would be either relieved or taken. The hopes of the besieged were on the stretch, and all eyes anxiously directed toward the quarter in which the Swedish banners were expected to appear. Gustavus Adolphus was near enough to reach Magdeburg within three days; security grew with hope, which all things contributed to augment. On the 9th of May, the fire of the Imperialists was suddenly stopped, and the cannon withdrawn from several of the batteries. A death-like stillness reigned in the imperial camp. The besieged were convinced that deliverance was at hand. Both citizens and soldiers left their posts upon the ramparts early in the morning, to indulge themselves, after their long toils,

with the refreshment of sleep, but it was indeed a dear sleep and a frightful awakening.

Tilly had abandoned the hope of taking the town, before the arrival of the Swedes, by the means which he had hitherto adopted; he therefore determined to raise the siege, but first to hazard a general assault. This plan, however, was attended with great difficulties, as no breach had been effected, and the works were scarcely injured. But the council of war assembled on this occasion declared for an assault, citing the example of Maestricht, which had been taken early in the morning, while the citizens and soldiers were reposing themselves. The attack was to be made simultaneously on four points; the night betwixt the 9th and 10th of May was employed in the necessary preparations. Everything was ready and awaiting the signal, which was to be given by cannon at five o'clock in the morning. The signal, however, was not given for two hours later, during which Tilly, who was still doubtful of success, again consulted the council of war. Pappenheim was ordered to attack the works of the new town, where the attempt was favored by a sloping rampart, and a dry ditch of moderate depth. The citizens and soldiers had mostly left the walls, and the few who remained were overcome with sleep. This general, therefore, found little difficulty in mounting the wall at the head of his troops.

Falkenburg, roused by the report of musketry, hastened from the townhouse, where he was employed in dispatching Tilly's second trumpeter, and hurried with all the force he could hastily assemble towards the gate of the new town, which was already in the possession of the enemy. Beaten back, this intrepid general flew to

another quarter, where a second party of the enemy were preparing to scale the walls. After an ineffectual resistance he fell in the commencement of the action. The roaring of musketry, the pealing of the alarm-bells, and the growing tumult apprised the awakening citizens of their danger. Hastily arming themselves, they rushed in blind confusion against the enemy. Still some hope of repulsing the besiegers remained; but the governor being killed, their efforts were without plan and coöperation, and at last their ammunition began to fail them. In the mean while, two other gates, hitherto unattacked, were stripped of their defenders, to meet the urgent danger within the town. The enemy quickly availed themselves of this confusion to attack these posts. The resistance was nevertheless spirited and obstinate, until four imperial regiments, at length, masters of the ramparts, fell upon the garrison in the rear and completed their rout. Amidst the general tumult, a brave captain named Schmidt, who still headed a few of the more resolute against the enemy, succeeded in driving them to the gates; here he fell mortally wounded, and with him expired the hopes of Magdeburg. Before noon, all the works were carried, and the town was in the enemy's hands.

Two gates were now opened by the storming party for the main body, and Tilly marched in with part of his infantry. Immediately occupying the principal streets, he drove the citizens with pointed cannon into their dwellings there to await their destiny. They were not long held in suspense: a word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg.

Even a more humane general would in vain have

recommended mercy to such soldiers; but Tilly never made the attempt. Left by their general's silence masters of the lives of all the citizens, the soldiery broke into the houses to satiate their most brutal appetites. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the savage cruelty commenced, when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of the Croats, poured in upon the devoted inhabitants.

Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language — poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood, nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents; and the defenseless sex exposed to the double sacrifice of virtue and life. No situation, however obscure, or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. Some officers of the League, horror-struck at this dreadful scene, ventured to remind Tilly that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. "Return in an hour," was his answer; "I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils." These horrors lasted with unabated fury, till at last the smoke and flames proved a check to the plunderers. To augment the confusion and to divert the resistance of the inhabitants, the Imperialists had, in the commencement of the assault, fired the town in

several places. The wind rising rapidly, spread the flames, till the blaze became universal. Fearful, indeed, was the tumult amid clouds of smoke, heaps of dead bodies, the clash of swords, the crash of falling ruins, and streams of blood. The atmosphere glowed; and the intolerable heat forced at last even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous, and flourishing city, one of the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses. The administrator, Christian William, after receiving several wounds, was taken prisoner, with three of the burgomasters; most of the officers and magistrates had already met an enviable death. The avarice of the officers had saved four hundred of the richest citizens, in the hope of extorting from them an exorbitant ransom. But this humanity was confined to the officers of the League, whom the ruthless barbarity of the Imperialists caused to be regarded as guardian angels.

Scarcely had the fury of the flames abated, when the Imperialists returned to renew the pillage amid the ruins and ashes of the town. Many were suffocated by the smoke; many found rich booty in the cellars, where the citizens had concealed their more valuable effects. On the 13th of May, Tilly himself appeared in the town, after the streets had been cleared of ashes and dead bodies. Horrible and revolting to humanity was the scene that presented itself. The living crawling from under the dead, children wandering about with heart-rending cries, calling for their parents; and infants still sucking the breasts of their lifeless mothers. More than six thousand bodies were thrown into the Elbe to clear

the streets; a much greater number had been consumed by the flames. The whole number of the slain was reckoned at not less than thirty thousand.

The entrance of the general, which took place on the 14th, put a stop to the plunder, and saved the few who had hitherto contrived to escape. About a thousand people were taken out of the cathedral, where they had remained three days and two nights, without food, and in momentary fear of death. Tilly promised them quarter, and commanded bread to be distributed among them. The next day a solemn mass was performed in the cathedral, and the *Te Deum* sung amidst the discharge of artillery. The imperial general rode through the streets, that he might be able, as an eyewitness, to inform his master that no such conquest had been made since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem. Nor was this an exaggeration, whether we consider the greatness, importance, and prosperity of the city razed, or the fury of its ravagers.

THE GIANT REGIMENT OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I OF PRUSSIA

[Between 1713 and 1740]

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

TRULY they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment, and the shortest man of them rises, I think, toward seven feet; some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries; a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia — a very precious windfall; the rest have been collected, crimped, purchased out of every European country at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to His Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches, cost him £1200 before he could be got inveigled, shipped, and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence; and the Portrait of this Irish fellow citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed — all the privates of this distinguished Regiment are, if anybody cared to look at them. "Redivanoff from Moscow" seems of far better bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall, you could not, though you yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried, on one occasion, and could not. Before Hohmann turned up, there had been "Jonas; the Norwegian Blacksmith," also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant "Macdoll" — who was to be married, no consent asked on either side, to the tall young

woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit *old* woman (all Jest-Books know the myth)[1] — he also was an Irish Giant, his name probably M'Dowal. This Hohmann was now *Flügelmann* ("fugleman," as we have named it, leader of the file), the Tallest of the Regiment, a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone.

Tall men, not for this regiment only, had become a necessary of life to Friedrich Wilhelm — indispensable to him almost as his daily bread. To his heart there is no road so ready as that of presenting a tall man or two. Friedrich Wilhelm's regiments are now, by his exact new regulations, levied and recruited each in its own Canton or specific district: there all males, as soon as born, are enrolled, liable to serve when they have grown to years and strength. All grown men (under certain exceptions, as of a widow's eldest son, or of the like evidently ruinous cases) are liable to serve; Captain of the Regiment and *Amtmann* of the Canton settle between them which grown man it shall be. Better for you not to be tall! In fact, it is almost a kindness of Heaven to be gifted with some safe impediment of body, slightly crooked back or the like, if you much dislike the career of honor under Friedrich Wilhelm. A general shadow of unquiet apprehension we can well fancy hanging over those rural populations, and much unpleasant haggling now and then; nothing but the King's justice that can

[1] This refers to the story that the king ordered a very tall woman to carry a note to the colonel of the Guard. Tall folk had to look out for themselves in the days of Frederick William, and she shrewdly guessed what was in it, — namely, a command for the tallest unmarried guardsman to become her husband on the instant. She induced a tiny little old woman to deliver the note. The colonel was obedient, and the marriage took place; but the despotic sovereign was outwitted for once.

be appealed to — King's justice very great indeed, but heavily checked by the King's value for handsome soldiers. . . .

At any rate, enrollment in time of peace cannot fall on many: three or four recruits in the year, to replace vacancies, will carry the Canton through its crisis; for we are to note withal, the third part of every regiment can, and should by rule, consist of "foreigners" — men not born Prussians. These are generally men levied in the Imperial Free Towns — in "the *Reich*," or Empire, as they term it; that is to say, in the countries of Germany that are not Austrian or Prussian. For this foreign third part, too, the recruits must be got; excuses not admissible for Captain and Colonel (supporting their enterprise on frugal adequate "perquisites," hinted of above) have to be on the outlook, vigilantly, eagerly, and must contrive to have them. Nay, we can take supernumerary recruits, and have in fact, always on hand, attached to each regiment, a stock of such. Any number of recruits that stand well on their legs are welcome; and for a tall man there is joy in Potsdam, almost as if he were a wise man or a good man.

The consequence is, all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals — Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary. Better not to be too tall, in any country, at present! Irish Kirkman could not be protected by the ægis of the British Constitution itself. In general, however, the Prussian recruiter on British ground reports that the people are too well off; that there is little to be done in those parts. A tall British sailor, if we pick him up strolling about Memel

or the Baltic ports, is inexorably claimed by the Diplomatists; no business doable till after restoration of him; and he proves a mere loss to us. Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigor.

For example, in the town of Jülich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter. One day a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman ("Baron von Hompesch," the records name him) enters the shop; wants "a stout chest, with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point — in fact, it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann; what is the cost; when can it be ready?" Cost, time, and the rest are settled. "A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size; if too short, it will be of no use to me, mind!" "*Ja wohl! Gewiss!*" and the positive-looking, well-clad gentleman goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready; we hope, an unexceptionable article? "Too short, as I dreaded," says the positive gentleman. "Nay, your Honor," says the carpenter, "I am certain it is six feet six," and takes out his foot-rule. "Pshaw! it was to be longer than yourself." "Well, so it is." "No, it is n't." The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest, and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place, and find — horrible to relate, the poor carpenter dead; choked by want of air in this

frightful middle passage of his. Name of the town is given, Jülich as above; date not. And if the thing had been only a popular myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the tall carpenter lay dead, and Hompesch got "imprisoned for life" by the business.

Burgermeisters of small Towns have been carried off; in one case, "a rich merchant in Magdeburg," whom it cost a large sum to get free again. Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds, in Foreign Countries, and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them) will persuade him to desert — to make for the Country where soldier-merit is understood and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colors in no time.

But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador — tall Herr von Bentenrieder — tallest of Diplomatists; whom Fassman, till the Fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Bentenrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I, in those Congress of Cambrai times, serenely journeying on, when, near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes some time in mending; the tall Diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the Town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some Guard-house of the place, a Prussian Officer inquires, not too reverently of a nobleman without carriage, "Who are you?" "Well," answered he, smiling, "I am *Botschafter* (Message-bearer) from His Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?" "To the Guard-house with us!" whither he is marched accordingly. "Kaiser's messenger, why not?" Being a most tall, handsome man, this

Kaiser's *Botschafter*, striding along on foot here, the Guard-house Officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill exercise, and are thrown into a singular quandary when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him "Excellenz!"

THE CHILDHOOD OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

[About 1720]

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

ALREADY, a year before this time, there had been instituted for express behoof of little Fritz, a miniature Soldier Company above a hundred strong, which grew afterward to be near three hundred, and, indeed, rose to be a permanent Institution by degrees, called *Compagnie der Kronprinzlichen Kadetten* (Company of Crown-Prince Cadets). A hundred and ten boys about his own age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three Military Schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him, where, if he was by no means commander at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. Czar Peter, it is likely, took a glance at this tiny regiment just getting into rank and file there, which would remind the Czar of his own young days. An experienced Lieutenant-Colonel was appointed to command-in-chief. A certain handy and correct young fellow, Rentzel by name, about seventeen, who already knew his fugling to a hair's-breadth, was Drill-master, and exercised them all, Fritz especially, with due strictness, till, in the course of time and attainments, Fritz could himself take the head charge, which he did in a year or two; a little soldier thenceforth, properly strict, though of small dimensions, in tight blue bit of coat and cocked hat, miniature image of Papa (it is

fondly hoped and expected), resembling him as a sixpence does a half-crown. In 1721, the assiduous Papa set up a "little arsenal" for him "in the Orange Hall of the Palace"; there let him, with perhaps a chosen comrade or two, mount batteries, fire exceedingly small brass ordnance, his Engineer-Teacher, one Major von Senning, limping about (on cork leg), and superintending if needful.

Rentzel, it is known, proved an excellent Drill-sergeant; had good talents every way, and was a man of probity and sense. He played beautifully on the flute, too, and had a cheerful, conversible turn, which naturally commended him still farther to Fritz, and awoke or encouraged, among other faculties, the musical faculty in the little boy. Rentzel continued about him or in sight of him through life, advancing gradually, not too fast, according to real merit and service (Colonel in 1759), and never did discredit to the choice Friedrich Wilhelm had made of him. Of Senning, too, Engineer-Major von Senning, who gave Fritz his lessons in Mathematics, Fortification, and the kindred branches, the like or better can be said. He was of graver years; had lost a leg in the Marlborough Campaigns, poor gentleman, but had abundant sense, native worth, and cheery, rational talk in him so that he, too, could never be parted with by Friedrich, but was kept on hand to the last, a permanent and variously serviceable acquisition.

Thus, at least, is the military education of our Crown Prince cared for. And we are to fancy the little fellow, from his tenth year or earlier, going about in miniature soldier figure for most part — in strict Spartan-Bran-

denburg costume of body as of mind — costume little flattering to his own private taste for finery, yet by no means unwholesome to him, as he came afterward to know. In October, 1723, it is on record, when George I came to visit his Son-in-law and Daughter at Berlin, His Britannic Majesty looking out from his new quarters on the morrow, saw Fritzchen "drilling his Cadet Company," a very pretty little phenomenon — drilling, with clear voice, military sharpness, and the precision of clockwork, on the Esplanade (*Lustgarten*) there; and doubtless the Britannic Majesty gave some grunt of acquiescence, perhaps even a smile, rare on that square, heavy-laden countenance of his. That is the record, and truly it forms for us by far the liveliest little picture we have got from those dull old years of European History; years already sunk or sinking into lonesome, unpeopled Dusk for all men, and fast verging toward vacant Oblivion and Eternal Night, which (if some few articles were once saved out of them) is their just and inevitable portion from afflicted human nature.

Of riding-masters, fencing-masters, swimming-masters, much less of dancing-masters (celebrated Graun "on the organ," with Psalm-tunes), we cannot speak; but the reader may be satisfied they were all there, good of their kind, and pushing on at a fair rate. Nor is there lack anywhere of paternal supervision to our young Apprentice. From an early age Papa took the Crown Prince with him on his annual Reviews. From utmost Memel on the Russian border down to Wesel on the French, all Prussia, in every nook of it, garrison, marching-regiment, board of management, is rigorously reviewed by Majesty once a year. There travels little

military Fritz beside the military Majesty, amid the generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan manner, and learns to look into everything like a Rhadamanthine Argus, and how the eye of the master, more than all other appliances, fattens the cattle.

On his Hunts, too, Papa took him; for Papa was a famous hunter when at Wusterhausen in the season: hot Beagle-chase, hot Stag-hunt, your chief game deer; huge "Force-Hunt" (*Parforce-Jagd*, the woods all beaten, and your wild beasts driven into straits and Caudine Forks for you); Boar-hunting (*Sauhetze*, "sow-baiting," as the Germans call it), Partridge shooting, Fox-and-wolf hunting — on all grand expeditions of such sort little Fritz shall ride with Papa and party. Rough, furious riding; now on swift steed, now at places on *Wurstwagen* — *Wurstwagen*, "Sausage-car," so called, most Spartan of vehicles, a mere *stuffed pole* or "sausage" with wheels to it, on which you sit astride, a dozen or so of you, and career, regardless of the summer heat and sandy dust, of the winter's frost-storms and muddy rain. All this the little Crown-Prince is bound to do, but likes it less and less, some of us are sorry to observe! In fact, he could not take to hunting at all, or find the least of permanent satisfaction in shooting partridges and baiting sows, "with such an expenditure of industry and such damage to the seed-fields," he would sometimes allege in extenuation. In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a little Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades while the sows were getting baited; or he would converse with Mamma and her Ladies, if Her Majesty chanced to be there in a day for open driving, which things by no

means increase his favor with Papa, a sworn hater of "effeminate practices."

He was nourished on beer-soup, as we said before. Frugality, activity, exactitude, were lessons daily and hourly brought home to him in everything he did and saw. His very sleep was stingily meted out to him. "Too much sleep stupefies a fellow," Friedrich Wilhelm was wont to say; so that the very Doctors had to interfere in this matter for little Fritz. Frugal enough, hardy enough; urged in every way to look with indifference on hardship, and take a Spartan view of life.

Money-allowance completely his own he does not seem to have had till he was seventeen. Exiguous pocket-money, counted in *Groschen* (English *pence*, or hardly more), only his Kalkstein and Finkenstein could grant as they saw good; about eighteen pence in the month to start with, as would appear. The other small incidental moneys necessary for his use were likewise all laid out under sanction of his Tutors, and accurately entered in Daybooks by them, audited by Friedrich Wilhelm, of which some specimens remain, and one whole month, September, 1719 (the Boy's eighth year) has been published. Very singular to contemplate in these days of gold nuggets and irrational man-mountains fattened by mankind at such a price! The monthly amount appears to have been some £3 10*s*., and has gone, all but the eighteenpence of sovereign pocket-money, for small furnishings and very minute necessary luxuries, as thus: —

"To putting His Highness's shoes on the last," for stretching them to the little feet — and only one "last," as we perceive; "To twelve yards of Hair-tape" (*Haar-*

band for our little queue, which becomes visible here); "For drink-money to the Postillions"; "For the House-maids at Wusterhausen" (Don't I pay them myself? objects the auditing Papa at that latter kind of items: No more of that); "For mending the flute, four *Groschen* (or pence)"; "Two boxes of Colors, sixteen ditto"; "For a live snipe, twopence"; "For grinding the hanger" (little swordkin); "To a Boy whom the dog bit"; and chiefly of all, "To the *Klingbeutel*" (Collection-plate, or bag, at church) which comes upon us once, nay, twice, and even thrice, a week, eighteenpence each time, and eats deep into our straitened means.

On such terms can a little Fritz be nourished into Friedrich the Great, while irrational man-mountains, of the beaverish or beaverish-vulpine sort, take such a pride to fatten them into monstrosity. The Art-manufacture of your Friedrich can come very cheap, it would appear, if once Nature have done her part in regard to him, and there be more honest will on the part of the by-standers. Thus Samuel Johnson, too, cost next to nothing in the way of board and entertainment in this world; and a Robert Burns, remarkable modern Thor, a Peasant-god of those sunk ages, with a touch of melodious *runes* in him (since all else lay under ban for the poor fellow) was raised on frugal oatmeal at an expense of perhaps half a crown a week. Nuggets and ducats are divine, but they are not the most divine. I often wish the devil had the lion's share of them at once and not circuitously as now. It would be an unspeakable advantage to the bewildered sons of Adam in this epoch.

But with regard to our little Crown Prince's intellectual culture, there is another Document, specially from Papa's hand, which, if we can redact, adjust, and abridge it, as in the former case, may be worth the reader's notice, and elucidate some things for him. It is of date Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721, little Fritz now in his tenth year, and out there, with his Duhans and Finkensteins, while papa is rusticating for a few weeks. The essential Title is, or might be, —

To Head-Governor von Finkenstein, Sub-Governor von Kalkstein, Preceptor Jacques Egide Duhan de Jaudun, and others whom it may concern: Regulations for schooling at Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721, in greatly abridged form.

Sunday. "On Sunday he is to rise at 7, and, as soon as he has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it" (that there be no deception or short measure palmed upon us) "in these words: 'Lord God, blessed Father, I thank thee from my heart that thou hast so graciously preserved me through this night. Fit me for what thy holy will is, and grant that I do nothing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can divide me from thee. For the Lord Jesus, my Redeemer's sake. Amen.' After which the Lord's Prayer; then rapidly and vigorously (*geschwinde und hurtig*) wash himself clean, dress, and powder, and comb himself": we forget to say that, while they are combing and queueing him, he breakfasts, with brevity, on tea. "Prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest, to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes," that is, at a quarter past 7.

"This finished, all his Domestics and Duhan shall come in and do family worship (*das grosse Gebet zu halten*): Prayer on their knees, Duhan withal to read a Chapter of the Bible, and sing some proper Psalm or Hymn (as practiced in well-regulated families); "it will then be a quarter to 8. All the Domestics then withdraw again, and Duhan now reads with

my Son the Gospel of the Sunday, expounds it a little, adducing the main points of Christianity"; "questioning from Noltenius's Catechism" (which Fritz knows by heart): "it will then be 9.

"At 9 he brings my Son down to me, who goes to Church, and dines along with me" (dinner at the stroke of Noon); "the rest of the day is then his own" (Fritz's and Duhan's). "At half past 9 in the evening he shall come and bid me good-night; shall then directly go to his room; very rapidly (*sehr geschwind*) get off his clothes, wash his hands" (get into some tiny dressing-gown or *cassaquin;* no doubt), and so soon as that is done, Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, and sings a hymn, all the Servants being again there; "instantly after which my Son shall get into bed — shall be *in* bed at half past 10"; and fall asleep how soon, Your Majesty? This is very strict work.

Monday. "On Monday, as on all week-days, he is to be called at 6, and so soon as called he is to rise; you are to stand to him (*anhalten*) that he do not loiter or turn in bed, but briskly and at once get up, and say his prayers the same as on Sunday morning. This done, he shall as rapidly as he can get on his shoes and spatterdashes, also wash his face and hands, but not with soap; farther, shall put on his *cassaquin*" (short dressing-gown), "have his hair combed out and queued, he shall at the same time take breakfast of tea, so that both jobs go on at once, and all this shall be ended before half past 6." Then enter Duhan and the Domestics with worship, Bible, Hymn, all as on Sunday; this is done by 7, and the Servants go again.

"From 7 till 9 Duhan takes him on History; at 9 comes Noltenius" (a sublime Clerical Gentleman from Berlin) with the "Christian Religion, till a quarter to 11. Then Fritz rapidly (*geschwind*) washes his face with water, hands with soap and water; clean shirt; powders, and puts on his coat; about 11 comes to the King; stays with the King till 2," perhaps promenading a little; dining always at Noon, after which His Majesty is apt to be slumberous, and light amusements are over.

"Directly at 2 he goes back to his room. Duhan is there, ready; takes him upon the Maps and Geography from 2 to 3, giving account" (gradually) "of all the European Kingdoms; their strength and weakness; size, riches, and poverty of their towns. From 3 to 4, Duhan treats of Morality (*soll die Moral tractiren*). From 4 to 5, Duhan shall write German Letters with him, and see that he gets a good *stylum*" (which he never in the least did). "About 5, Fritz shall wash his hands, and go to the King; ride out; divert himself, in the air and not in his room, and do what he likes, if it is not against God."

There, then, is a Sunday, and there is one Week-day, which latter may serve for all the other five, though they are strictly specified in the royal monograph, and every hour of them marked out: How, and at what points of time, besides this of *History*, of *Morality*, and *Writing in German*, of Maps and *Geography*, with the strength and weakness of Kingdoms, you are to take up *Arithmetic* more than once; *Writing of French Letters*, so as to acquire a good *stylum*, in what nook you may intercalate "a little getting by heart of something in order to strengthen the memory"; how, instead of Noltenius, Panzendorf (another sublime Reverend Gentleman from Berlin, who comes out express) gives the clerical drill on Tuesday morning; with which two onslaughts, of an hour and half each, the Clerical Gentlemen seem to withdraw for the week, and we hear no more of them till Monday and Tuesday come round again.

On Wednesday we are happy to observe a liberal slice of holiday come in. After half past 9, having done his *History*, and "got something by heart to strengthen the memory" (very little, it is to be feared), "Fritz shall rapidly dress himself and come to the King; and the

rest of the day belongs to little Fritz (*gehört vor Fritzchen*)." On Saturday there is some fair chance of half holiday.

"*Saturday*, forenoon till half past 10, come History, Writing, and Ciphering, especially repetition of what was done through the week, and in *Morality* as well" (adds the rapid Majesty), "to see whether he has profited; and General Graf von Finkenstein, with Colonel von Kalkstein, shall be present during this. If Fritz has profited, the afternoon shall be his own; if he has not profited, he shall, from 2 to 6, repeat and learn rightly what he has forgotten on the past days." And so the laboring week winds itself up. Here, however, is one general rule, which cannot be too much impressed upon you, with which we conclude: —

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others, and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*). 'Not so dirty,' that is my last word; and here is my sign-manual.

"*Friedrich Wilhelm.*"

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE FIRST SILESIAN WAR

[1740–1745]

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

A FEW months after his (Frederick's) accession died Charles VI, Emperor of Germany, the last descendant, in the male line, of the House of Austria. Charles left no son, and had, long before his death, relinquished all hopes of male issue. During the latter part of his life, his principal object had been to secure to his descendants in the female line the many crowns of the House of Hapsburg. With this view, he had promulgated a new law of succession, widely celebrated throughout Europe under the name of the "Pragmatic Sanction." By virtue of this decree, his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Francis of Lorraine, succeeded to the dominions of her ancestors.

No sovereign has ever taken possession of a throne by a clearer title. All the politics of the Austrian Cabinet had, during twenty years, been directed to one single end — the settlement of the succession. From every person whose rights could be considered as injuriously affected, renunciations in the most solemn form had been obtained. The new law had been ratified by the Estates of all the kingdoms and principalities which made up the great Austrian monarchy. England, France, Spain, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, the Germanic body, had bound themselves by

treaty to maintain the "Pragmatic Sanction." That instrument was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world.

Even if no positive stipulations on this subject had existed, the arrangement was one which no good man would have been willing to disturb. It was a peaceable arrangement. It was an arrangement acceptable to the great population whose happiness was chiefly concerned. It was an arrangement which made no change in the distribution of power among the states of Christendom. It was an arrangement which could be set aside only by means of a general war; and, if it were set aside, the effect would be, that the equilibrium of Europe would be deranged, that the loyal and patriotic feelings of millions would be cruelly outraged, and that great provinces, which had been united for centuries, would be torn from each other by main force.

The sovereigns of Europe were, therefore, bound by every obligation which those who are entrusted with power over their fellow-creatures ought to hold most sacred, to respect and defend the rights of the Archduchess. Her situation and her personal qualities were such as might be expected to move the mind of any generous man to pity, admiration, and chivalrous tenderness. She was in her twenty-fourth year. Her form was majestic, her features beautiful, her countenance sweet and animated, her voice musical, her deportment gracious and dignified. In all domestic relations she was without reproach. She was married to a husband whom she loved, and was on the point of giving birth to a child when death deprived her of her father. The loss of a parent and the new cares of the empire were too

much for her in the delicate state of her health. Her spirits were depressed, and her cheek lost its bloom.

Yet it seemed that she had little cause for anxiety. It seemed that justice, humanity, and the faith of treaties would have their due weight, and that the settlement so solemnly guaranteed would be quietly carried into effect. England, Russia, Poland, and Holland declared in form their intention to adhere to their engagements. The French ministers made a verbal declaration to the same effect. But from no quarter did the young Queen of Hungary receive stronger assurances of friendship and support than from the King of Prussia.

Yet the King of Prussia, the "Anti-Machiavel," had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war, and all this for no end whatever except that he might extend his dominions and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom. . . .

To do the king justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and "Memoirs" he took a very different tone. To quote his own words, — "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day and I decided for war."

Having resolved on his course, he acted with ability and vigor. It was impossible wholly to conceal his

preparations, for throughout the Prussian territories regiments, guns, and baggage were in motion. The Austrian envoy at Berlin apprised his court of these facts, and expressed a suspicion of Frederick's designs; but the ministers of Maria Theresa refused to give credit to so black an imputation on a young prince who was known chiefly by his high professions of integrity and philanthropy. "We will not," — they wrote, — "we cannot believe it."

In the mean time, the Prussian forces had been assembled. Without any declaration of war, without any demand for reparation, in the very act of pouring forth compliments and assurances of good will, Frederick commenced hostilities. Many thousands of his troops were actually in Silesia before the Queen of Hungary knew that he had set up any claim in any part of her territories. At length he sent her a message which could be regarded only as an insult. If she would but let him have Silesia, he would, he said, stand by her against any power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions: as if he was not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one!

It was the depth of winter. The cold was severe, and the roads deep in mire. But the Prussians passed on. Resistance was impossible. The Austrian army was then neither numerous nor efficient. The small portion of that army which lay in Silesia was unprepared for hostilities. Glogau was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlau was evacuated. A few scattered garrisons still held out; but the whole open country was subjugated: no enemy ventured to encounter the king in the

field; and, before the end of January, 1741, he returned to receive the congratulations of his subjects at Berlin.

Had the Silesian question been merely a question between Frederick and Maria Theresa, it would be impossible to acquit the Prussian king of gross perfidy. But when we consider the effects which his policy produced, and could not fail to produce, on the whole community of civilized nations, we are compelled to pronounce a condemnation still more severe. Till he began the war it seemed possible, even probable, that the peace of the world would be preserved. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was indeed a strong temptation: and in more than one cabinet ambitious schemes were already meditated. But the treaties by which the "Pragmatic Sanction" had been guaranteed were express and recent. To throw all Europe into confusion for a purpose clearly unjust was no light matter. England was true to her engagements. The voice of Fleury[1] had always been for peace. He had a conscience. He was now in extreme old age and was unwilling, after a life which, when his situation was considered, must be pronounced singularly pure, to carry the fresh stain of a great crime before the tribunal of his God. Even the vain and unprincipled Belle-Isle, whose whole life was one wild day-dream of conquest and spoliation, felt that France, bound as she was by solemn stipulations, could not without disgrace make a direct attack on the Austrian dominions. Charles, Elector of Bavaria, pretended that he had a right to a large part of the inheritance, which the "Pragmatic Sanction" gave to the Queen of Hungary, but he was not sufficiently powerful

[1] Chief minister of Louis XV of France.

to move without support. It might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected that, after a short period of restlessness, all the potentates of Christendom would acquiesce in the arrangements made by the late Emperor. But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. His example quieted their sense of shame. His success led them to underrate the difficulty of dismembering the Austrian monarchy. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe — the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the brave mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by this wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

Silesia had been occupied without a battle; but the Austrian troops were advancing to the relief of the fortresses which still held out. In the spring Frederick rejoined his army. He had seen little of war, and had never commanded any great body of men in the field. It is not, therefore, strange that his first military operations showed little of that skill which, at a later period, was the admiration of Europe. What connoisseurs say of some pictures painted by Raphael in his youth, may be said of this campaign. It was in Frederick's early bad manner. Fortunately for him, the generals to whom he was opposed were men of small capacity. The discipline of his own troops, particularly of

the infantry, was unequaled in that age; and some able and experienced officers were at hand to assist him with their advice. Of these, the most distinguished was Field-Marshal Schwerin — a brave adventurer of Pomeranian extraction, who had served half the Governments in Europe, had borne the commissions of the States-General of Holland and of the Duke of Mecklenburg, and fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been with Charles XII at Bender.

Frederick's first battle was fought at Molwitz, and never did the career of a great commander open in a more inauspicious manner. His army was victorious. Not only, however, did he not establish his title to the character of an able general, but he was so unfortunate as to make it doubtful whether he possessed the vulgar courage of a soldier. The cavalry, which he commanded in person, was put to flight. Unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of a field of battle, he lost his self-possession, and listened too readily to those who urged him to save himself. His English gray carried him many miles from the field, while Schwerin, though wounded in two places, manfully upheld the day. The skill of the old field-marshal and the steadiness of the Prussian battalions prevailed; and the Austrian army was driven from the field with the loss of eight thousand men.

The news was carried late at night to a mill in which the king had taken shelter. It gave him a bitter pang. He was successful; but he owed his success to dispositions which others had made, and to the valor of men who had fought while he was flying. So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age!

The battle of Molwitz was the signal for a general explosion throughout Europe. Bavaria took up arms. France, not yet declaring herself a principal in the war, took part in it as an ally of Bavaria. The two great statesmen to whom mankind had owed many years of tranquillity, disappeared about this time from the scene; but not till they had both been guilty of the weakness of sacrificing their sense of justice and their love of peace in the vain hope of preserving their power.

Fleury, sinking under age and infirmity, was borne down by the impetuosity of Belle-Isle. Walpole retired from the service of his ungrateful country to his woods and paintings at Houghton; and his power devolved on the daring and eccentric Carteret. As were the ministers, so were the nations. Thirty years during which Europe had, with few interruptions, enjoyed repose, had prepared the public mind for great military effects. A new generation had grown up, which could not remember the siege of Turin or the slaughter of Malplaquet; which knew war by nothing but its trophies; and which, while it looked with pride on the tapestries at Blenheim, or the statue in the "Place of Victories," little thought by what privations, by what waste of private fortunes, by how many bitter tears, conquests must be purchased.

For a time fortune seemed adverse to the Queen of Hungary. Frederick invaded Moravia. The French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, and were there joined by the Saxons. Prague was taken. The Elector of Bavaria was raised by the suffrages of his colleagues to the imperial throne — a throne which the practice of

centuries had almost entitled the House of Austria to regard as an hereditary possession.

Yet was the spirit of the haughty daughter of the Cæsars unbroken. Hungary was still hers by an unquestionable title; and although her ancestors had found Hungary the most mutinous of all their kingdoms, she resolved to trust herself to the fidelity of a people, rude, indeed, turbulent, and impatient of oppression, but brave, generous, and simple-hearted. In the midst of distress and peril she had given birth to a son, afterward the Emperor Joseph II. Scarcely had she risen from her couch when she hastened to Presburg. There, in the sight of an innumerable multitude, she was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. No spectator could refrain his tears when the beautiful young mother, still weak from child-bearing, rode, after the fashion of her fathers, up the Mount of Defiance, unsheathed the ancient sword of state, shook it towards north and south, east and west, and, with a glow on her pale face, challenged the four corners of the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy. At the first sitting of the Diet she appeared clad in deep mourning for her father, and in pathetic and dignified words implored her people to support her just cause. Magnates and deputies sprang up, half drew their sabers, and with eager voices vowed to stand by her with their lives and fortunes. Till then, her firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye, but at that shout she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little archduke in her arms. Then it was that the

enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into that war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe, "Let us die for our *King*, Maria Theresa!"

In the mean time, Frederick was meditating a change of policy. He had no wish to raise France to supreme power on the Continent, at the expense of the House of Hapsburg. His first object was, to rob the Queen of Hungary. His second was, that, if possible, nobody should rob her but himself. He had entered into engagements with the powers leagued against Austria; but these engagements were in his estimation of no more force than the guaranty formerly given to the "Pragmatic Sanction." His game was now to secure his share of the plunder by betraying his accomplices. Maria Theresa was little inclined to listen to any such compromise; but the English Government represented to her so strongly the necessity of buying off so formidable an enemy as Frederick that she agreed to negotiate. The negotiation would not, however, have ended in a treaty, had not the arms of Frederick been crowned with a second victory. Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law to Maria Theresa, a bold, active, though unfortunate general, gave battle to the Prussians at Chotusitz, and was defeated. The king was still only a learner of the military art. He acknowledged, at a later period, that his success on this occasion was to be attributed, not at all to his own generalship, but solely to the valor and steadiness of his troops. He completely effaced, however, by his courage and energy, the stain which Molwitz had left on his reputation.

A peace, concluded under the English mediation, was the fruit of this battle. Maria Theresa ceded Silesia;

Frederick abandoned his allies: Saxony followed his example; and the queen was left at liberty to turn her whole force against France and Bavaria. She was everywhere triumphant. The French were compelled to evacuate Bohemia, and with difficulty effected their escape. The whole line of their retreat might be tracked by the corpses of thousands who died of cold, fatigue, and hunger. Many of those who reached their country carried with them seeds of death. Bavaria was overrun by bands of ferocious warriors from that bloody "debatable land," which lies on the frontier between Christendom and Islam. The terrible names of the Pandoor, the Croat, and the Hussar, then first became familiar to western Europe. The unfortunate Charles of Bavaria, vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary states, and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and remorse to an untimely end. An English army appeared in the heart of Germany, and defeated the French at Dettingen. The Austrian captains already began to talk of completing the work of Marlborough and Eugene, and of compelling France to relinquish Alsace and the Three Bishoprics.

The Court of Versailles, in this peril, looked to Frederick for help. He had been guilty of two great treasons, perhaps he might be induced to commit a third. The Duchess of Châteauroux then held the chief influence over the feeble Louis. She determined to send an agent to Berlin, and Voltaire was selected for the mission. He eagerly undertook the task, for, while his literary fame filled all Europe, he was troubled with a childish craving for political distinction. He was vain, and not without reason, of his address, and of his insinuating eloquence;

and he flattered himself that he possessed boundless influence over the King of Prussia. The truth was, that he knew, as yet, only one corner of Frederick's character. He was well acquainted with all the petty vanities and affectations of the poetaster; but was not aware that these foibles were united with all the talents and vices which lead to success in active life; and that the unlucky versifier who bored him with reams of middling Alexandrines, was the most vigilant, suspicious, and severe of politicians.

Voltaire was received with every mark of respect and friendship, was lodged in the palace, and had a seat daily at the royal table. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to exchange their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guaranties, and the great king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion Voltaire put into His Majesty's hand a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the king's poems; and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. "He had no credentials," says Frederick, "and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce."

But what the influence of Voltaire could not effect, the rapid progress of the Austrian arms effected. If it should be in the power of Maria Theresa and George II to dictate terms of peace to France, what chance was there that Prussia would long retain Silesia? Frederick's

conscience told him that he had acted perfidiously and inhumanly towards the Queen of Hungary. That her resentment was strong she had given ample proof; and of her respect for treaties he judged by his own. Guaranties, he said, were mere filigree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure. He thought it his safest course to ally himself closely to France, and again to attack the Empress Queen. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1744, without notice, without any decent pretext, he recommenced hostilities, marched through the electorate of Saxony without troubling himself about the permission of the elector, invaded Bohemia, took Prague, and even menaced Vienna.

It was now that, for the first time, he experienced the inconstancy of fortune. An Austrian army under Charles of Lorraine threatened his communications with Silesia. Saxony was all in arms behind him. He found it necessary to save himself by a retreat. He afterwards owned that his failure was the natural effect of his own blunders. No general, he said, had ever committed greater faults. It must be added, that to the reverses of this campaign he always ascribed his subsequent successes.

It was in the midst of difficulty and disgrace that he caught the first clear glimpse of the principles of the military art.

The memorable year of 1745 followed. The war raged by sea and land, in Italy, in Germany, and in Flanders; and even England, after many years of profound internal quiet, saw, for the last time, hostile armies set in battle array against each other. This year is memorable in the life of Frederick, as the date at which his novitiate

in the art of war may be said to have terminated. There have been great captains whose precocious and self-taught military skill resembled intuition. Condé, Clive, and Napoleon are examples. But Frederick was not one of these brilliant portents. His proficiency in military science was simply the proficiency which a man of vigorous faculties makes in any science to which he applies his mind with earnestness and industry. It was at Hohenfriedeberg that he first proved how much he had profited by his errors, and by their consequences. His victory on that day was chiefly due to his skillful dispositions, and convinced Europe that the prince who, a few years before, had stood aghast in the rout of Molwitz, had attained in the military art a mastery equaled by none of his contemporaries, or equaled by Saxe alone. The victory of Hohenfriedeberg was speedily followed by that of Sorr.

In the mean time, the arms of France had been victorious in the Low Countries. Frederick had no longer reason to fear that Maria Theresa would be able to give law to Europe, and he began to meditate a fourth breach of his engagements. The court of Versailles was alarmed and mortified. A letter of earnest expostulation, in the handwriting of Louis, was sent to Berlin; but in vain. In the autumn of 1745, Frederick made peace with England, and, before the close of the year, with Austria also. The pretensions of Charles of Bavaria could present no obstacle to an accommodation. That unhappy prince was no more; and Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, was raised, with the general consent of the Germanic body, to the imperial throne.

Prussia was again at peace; but the European war lasted till, in the year 1748, it was terminated by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Of all the powers that had taken part in it, the only gainer was Frederick. Not only had he added to his patrimony the fine province of Silesia, he had, by his unprincipled dexterity, succeeded so well in alternately depressing the scale of Austria and that of France, that he was generally regarded as holding the balance of Europe — a high dignity for one who ranked lowest among kings, and whose great-grandfather had been no more than a margrave. By the public, the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious, and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong.



THE ROUND TABLE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT AT SANS SOUCI

BY ADOLF FRIEDRICH ERDMANN MENZEL

(*Germany.* 1815–1905)

After Frederick the Great had fully established his power, he made himself a quiet home which he named Sans Souci. There was no idleness in his day. He attended to public business, reviewed his troops, signed cabinet orders, did literary work. When half-past eight in the evening had come, work was laid aside and he and his friends sat down to supper. The meal often lasted until midnight. Theoretically, it was a time of perfect freedom of conversation; but practically, it was freedom for the king alone, and the man who gave too keen a repartee to one of Frederick's sharp speeches was soon made to feel himself in disgrace.

Most of the guests of Frederick were foreigners, coming from Scotland, Italy, or France. Most remarkable among them was Voltaire. To him for a while the king showed the utmost generosity and the most servile devotion; but with the first disagreement the royal admiration cooled. The king lessened the guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate; and the guest stole the king's wax candles. Voltaire laughed at the sovereign's verses, and the would-be poet accused him of stealing the precious collection. Thus came to an end the friendship of Frederick the Great with Voltaire; and in somewhat similar fashion ended most of his friendships.

In this picture Frederick is shown sitting with his back to the door at the farther end of the table and talking with Voltaire, who is the second figure on the king's right. At the left of the king sits Field Marshal Keith, a brave Scotchman who was one of Frederick's most intimate friends. In the foreground are La Mettrie and Marquis d'Argens, two French philosophers and critics, Count Rothenburg, and other persons celebrated in their day. Voltaire is replying to a remark of the young king, and the party is waiting with evident interest for a bon mot or for one of those delicate flatteries in which the great Frenchman so excelled.

VI
GERMAN AUTHORS AND COMPOSERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN the Seven Years' War had come to an end, in 1763, there was on the surface little to encourage literature. Warfare is always expensive, and the country had been much impoverished. On the other hand, so energetic a ruler as Frederick the Great could not fail to arouse in his subjects an ardent desire for progress, advancement, and knowledge. The heroic struggle of Prussia had led to a revival of national feeling such as had not existed for centuries, and this in turn resulted in such an outburst of writing as has seldom been seen. Authors arose almost by the hundred, eager to free themselves from superstition, from the tyranny of the thoughts of others, and in short from anything approaching to law in literary composition. What resulted was, of German literature, the "Sturm und Drang" (storm and stress) period, as it was called. This covered some ten or twelve years near the end of the eighteenth century. The greatest of these writers were Goethe and Schiller.

This favored century was rich in musicians as well as in authors. The improvements in the violin, organ, and pianoforte and the development of the modern orchestra powerfully stimulated musical composition. In this art, as in literature, Germany took the lead, and the giant figure of Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) marks the beginning of a period of famous German musicians, a period that culminated one hundred years later in Beethoven, the greatest of all composers.

STORIES FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

[GOETHE was the son of a man who had attained a high political position and was able to give his son every advantage. From him the boy learned to love the classics and the fine arts. From his mother he derived, as he said, his happy disposition and love of story-telling. At the university he easily mastered the various subjects of the curriculum, and had plenty of time for merrymaking and also for falling in love with one damsel after another — a practice which he continued in later years and which afforded him experiences valuable as material for poetry. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar became interested in him, and he was made a privy councilor of legation, and took up his home at Weimar. In the wild and frivolous amusements of the place he soon became leader. Soon, however, he resumed work and produced prose and poetry. It was not until 1805, when he was fifty-six, that his "Faust" appeared. Long before this he had won a wide reputation as a writer of genius, but "Faust" gave him the homage of Europe and ranked him with the little group of the greatest of the poets. He had small interest in the revolutionary events of the times, and in the tumult he devoted himself to scientific studies. Up to his last day he was occupied in intellectual pursuits. He died in 1832.

The foundation of "Hermann and Dorothea," from which the following selections are taken, is the sufferings of the Lutherans who were driven from their Salzburg homes during the first part of the eighteenth century. The first extract is given as the report of the "druggist," who has just returned from seeing the sorrowful procession of fugitives. The second is a homely bit of village life of Goethe's own day, and is a favorite because of its simplicity and its

truth to nature. The shrewd and thrifty father is the first speaker. "Tamino" and "Pamina" are the hero and heroine of Mozart's opera, "The Magic Flute."

The Editor.]

THE PASSING OF THE FUGITIVES

SUDDENLY then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,
"Tell us what you have seen; for that's what I wish to be hearing."

"Hardly," replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,
"Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.
Who could describe it aright, — that manifold scene of disaster?
Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to the meadows,
Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill as it progressed,
Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little distinguish.
But when we reached the road which goes across through the valley,
Truly great was the crowding and din of the travelers' wagons.
Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they passed by us,
And could but learn how bitter is flight, with such sorrows attended,
And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily rescued.

Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,
Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a good landlord
In it has placed about, each thing in its proper position,
Always ready for use (for all things are needed and useful),
Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all fashions,
One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of removal.
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good woollen blankets
In the kneading trough, the bed and the sheets o'er the mirror.
Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all noticed,
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflection,
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was precious behind him.
Just in this case, too, took they on, to burden their oxen and horses,
Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop and with it the bird-cage,
Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged along with their bundles,
Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to their owners;
Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to abandon.
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train traveled onward,

Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint horses,
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was eager to hasten.
Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women and children,
Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking in chorus,
And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and swaying
High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked wagons.
But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the high-way,
Wandered a creaking wheel; — upsetting, the vehicle rolled down
Into the ditch, with its human freight quick discharg-ing
Far in the field, — with dire screams, yet with fortunate issue.
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of the wagon.
Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find them
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes and cupboards.
Thus, then, they lay, — the wagon all broken, the people all helpless, —
For the others went on, and with speed drew past, each one thinking
Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him forward.

Then did we hasten to them, and found the sick and the aged,
Who, when at home and in bed, scarce bore their continual sufferings,
And now injured here on the ground lay moaning and groaning,
Scorched at once by the sun, and choked by the dust thickly waving."

Moved by the tale, thereupon replied the humane-hearted landlord:
"O that Hermann may find them, to give both comfort and clothing!
Loath should I be to see them; the sight of misery pains me."
Though deeply moved by the first report of such a disaster,
Sent we in haste a mite from our superfluity, so that
Some might be strengthened therewith, and we feel our hearts the more tranquil.

THE COURTSHIP OF HERMANN

"And thus I cherish a hope of thee, my Hermann, that quickly
Into the house thou wilt bring thy bride with fine marriage-portions,
For a high-spirited man deserves a well-endowed maiden;
And it gives so much pleasure, when with the dear wife of his wishes
Come in the useful presents, too, in baskets and boxes.
'T is not in vain that the mother through many a year is preparing

Linen of ample store, of web fine and strong, for her daughter.
'T is not in vain that sponsors present their silver donations,
And that the father lays by in his desk a gold-piece, though seldom,
For in due time shall she thus delight with her goods and her presents
That young man who made her, before all others, his chosen.
Yes, I know, in her house how pleasant the dear wife must find it
Both in kitchen and parlor, to see her own furniture standing,
And herself her own bed, herself her own board, to have covered.
May I but see in the house the bride that is handsomely portioned!
For the poor one at last is only despised by her husband,
And as a servant she's treated, who, servant-like, came with a bundle.
Men continue unjust, and the season of youth passeth by them.
Yes, my Hermann, thou wouldst to my age grant highest enjoyment,
If to my house ere long thou shouldst bring me a dear little daughter
From the neighborhood here, — from the house painted green over yonder.
Rich is the man, that's sure; and his trade and factories make him

Daily richer; for what does not turn to gain for the merchant?
And there are only three daughters to share his possessions among them.
Won already, I know, is the eldest, and promised in marriage;
But the second and third may be had, though not long may they be so.
Had I been in your place, till now I would not have tarried,
One of the girls myself to bring here, as I did your mother."

Modestly then the son to the august father made answer:
"Truly, my wish was, as yours is, one of the daughters
Of our neighbor to choose; for we all were brought up together;
Round the spring in the market in former times have we sported,
And from the town-boys' rudeness I often used to protect them.
But that was long ago; and girls at length, when they grow up,
Stay, as is proper, at home and avoid such wild sportive meetings.
Well brought up they are, to be sure; still, from former acquaintance,
As you wished it, I went from time to time over yonder:
But in their conversation I never could feel myself happy,

Since they would always be finding fault, which taxed my endurance.
Quite too long was my coat, the cloth was too coarse, and the color
Quite too common; and then my hair was not cut and curled rightly;
So that at last I thought of bedecking myself like the shopboys
Over there, who on Sunday are always displaying their figures,
And whose lappets in summer, half silk, hang so loosely about them.
But I observed soon enough that they always to ridicule turned me;
Which offended me much, for my pride was wounded. More deeply
Still did it vex me to find that they misunderstood the kind feeling
Which I cherished for them, — especially Minnie, the youngest,
For I went the last time at Easter to pay them a visit,
And had donned my new coat, which now hangs up in the wardrobe,
And my hair I had got well curled, like the rest of the fellows.
When I went in they tittered; but I to myself did not take it.
At the piano sat Minnie; her father also was present,
Hearing his dear daughter sing, — entranced and in excellent spirits.
Much was expressed in the songs that surpassed my poor comprehension,

But I heard a great deal of Pamina and of Tamino;
But since I did not like to sit dumb, as soon as she finished,
Questions I asked on the words and the two chief characters in them.
Then they all at once were silent, and smiled; but the father
Said, 'Our friend, sure, with none but Adam and Eve is acquainted.'
No one then refrained, but loud was the laugh of the maidens,
Loud the laugh of the boys, while the old man held tightly his stomach.
Then I let fall my hat through embarrassment, and the rude titter
Still went on and on, in spite of the singing and playing,
Then did I hurry back to my home in shame and vexation,
Hung up my coat in the wardrobe, and drew my hair with my fingers
Down to my head, and swore nevermore to pass over the threshold.
And I was perfectly right; for vain they all are and loveless,
And I hear that with them my name is always Tamino."

Then replied the mother, "Thou shouldst not, Hermann, so long time
Angry be with the children, for children they are all together,
Minnie is certainly good, and for thee always showed an affection,

And but lately she asked after thee; thou oughtest to
choose her."

Thoughtfully then the son replied: "I know not; that
insult
Hath so deep an impression made on me that truly I
wish not
At the piano again to see her, and list to her singing."



MORNING PRAYERS IN THE BACH FAMILY

BY TOBY EDWARD ROSENTHAL

(*American painter*, 1848–

Before the time of Sebastian Bach there were excellent violinists and a definite "method" for the violin; but the clavier, forerunner of the piano, was utterly undeveloped, and so far as there was any method for its use, this was of the crudest nature; for example, neither on the organ nor the piano was much use made of the thumb or the little finger. Scales were played slowly and by twisting one finger over the other. The elaborate compositions of Bach could not be played in any such fashion, and he taught performers to use both thumb and little finger, and to play scales by turning the thumb under, as is done to-day. Another great service which he rendered to keyed instruments was the introduction of the modern method of tuning. Between A and B, for instance, we place one black key, which is in reality higher than A sharp and lower than B flat. This was Bach's invention; and without this, either a piano would need to have many more keys, or else the player would be unable to vary his music by modulations.

Bach's music is distinguished by remarkable grandeur and harmony and a marvelous freshness of invention.

Generation after generation of the Bach family showed marked musical ability. It was their custom each year to hold a reunion, with much music of course; first of all a dignified chorale, and last a catch in which merry jests against the whims and foibles of those present were extemporized by one after another.

The reproduction of Rosenthal's painting is especially charming in its portraiture of quiet, happy family life, the characters ranging from the serious youth with the violin to the baby playing with the kitten. The quaint little maiden at the left might have stepped out of some courtly ballroom; but at the right the simple preparations for breakfast are going on.

HANDEL, THE MASTER OF ORATORIO

[1685–1759]

L. B. URBINO

[GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL was born in 1685. His father, a physician and surgeon of reputation, meant to have a lawyer son, and had no sympathy with the boy's love of music. The Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, however, fortunately chanced to hear him play on the church organ, and was so pleased with his ability that he persuaded the unwilling father to let his son study music. At the age of twenty-six Handel became chapel-master of the Elector of Hanover. Somewhat later he paid a visit to England and did not keep his agreement to return promptly. When the elector became George I of England, Handel was in disgrace with him, but he was restored to favor. At length he became chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos. It was then that he composed his magnificent anthems and organ fugues. In 1741, he brought out the "Messiah," his masterpiece. It is said of his work that "in boldness and strength of style, and in the combination of vigor, spirit, and invention in his instrumental compositions, he was never surpassed." His choruses have a grandeur and sublimity which have never been equaled. He died in 1759 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The Editor.]

GREAT in all the branches of his art, Handel is the real creator and perfecter of oratorio. Handel's rapidity in composition and creative power have seldom been reached, never surpassed, although every one of his grand oratorios shows an individual formation and

collective characteristics which seem to have required most careful consideration.

Handel was of a noble and commanding appearance; his face was handsome, and wore an expression of tranquillity and mildness which strongly contrasted with that extreme violence of his character of which we have already made mention. One day when the singer Cuzzoni refused to sing an air of the opera "Othon," Handel seized her by the arm, dragged her to a window, and threatened to throw her into the street, if she obstinately refused to sing what he required. The poor terrified woman uttered cries of despair, and promised to sing whatever he desired.

Librettists who presumed to make changes in the text, without the master's consent, were treated in the same rough manner as the interpreters of his music. Aside from this defect, and some inclination for strong drink, the life of Handel is one of the purest that can be cited as an example to artists. While the extraordinary number of compositions with which he enriched the church and the theater is without doubt the sign of a wonderful facility in composition, it is also a striking proof of a regular and well-ordered life. Such a continuation of labor is incompatible with habits of dissipation and disorder. Handel considered his art a sort of priesthood; therefore, that he might devote himself to it unreservedly, he remained single. His intimates were three praticular friends, — a painter named Goupy, a pupil named Smith, and a dyer by the name of Hunter; besides these, he received few visitors. He kept aloof from social gatherings with as much care as most artists seek them. Certain people of London, finding

that he sedulously refused all invitations to visit, used to say of him, "He is a bear." Be that as it may, this bear has left us masterpieces, which he would in all probability not have done if he had sacrificed his time to the frivolous amusements of social life.

Handel left seven manuscripts to his secretary. These manuscripts fell into the hands of a bookseller in Bristol, who sold them to a Frenchman, M. Victor Schoelcher, the esteemed author of a life of Handel.

The "Messiah," though written in London, was intended especially for Dublin, where it was performed April 13, 1742, to a large and enthusiastic audience. The proceeds, amounting to four hundred pounds, were given to the poor.

One Sunday Handel asked the organist of a country church where he had attended divine worship, to permit him to play the people out, to which he readily consented. But the people were so attracted by his music, that, instead of vacating their seats, they remained until the organist, losing his patience, told Handel that he never could play them *out*, for they would stay *in* as long as he played.

In the year 1738 only, Handel produced "Saul," "Israel," Dryden's "Ode," and the "Twelve Grand Concertos," works of different character, and each of which was enough to establish the glory of a composer.

"While in Chester, on his way to Ireland, Handel was detained by contrary winds. Wishing to employ this delay in trying his new music, he sought for some one who could read music at sight. A house-painter named Janson was pointed out as the best the town afforded. Poor Janson made such a bungle of it, that the com-

poser, purple with rage, cried out, 'You schountrel! tit you not tell me dat you could sing at soite?' — 'Yes, sir,' replied the astonished Janson, 'but not at *first sight*.' Upon this, Handel burst out laughing, and the rehearsal proceeded no further."

"When Handel's 'Messiah' was first performed, the audience was much affected by the music; but when the chorus struck up, 'For the Lord God omnipotent,' in the Alleluia, they were so transported that they all, even the king, who was present, started up and remained standing till the chorus ended."

"The 'Messiah' alone brought into the funds of the Foundling Hospital, London, no less than $10,299."

We are told that Handel set more value on the oratorio of "Theodora" than any of his other works. Burney says, "In 1749 his 'Theodora' was so unfortunately neglected, that he was glad to give orders for admission to any professors who did not perform. Two of these gentlemen having afterwards applied to Handel for an order to hear the 'Messiah,' he cried out, 'Oh, your sarvant, mein herren, you are tamnaple tainty! you would not co to "Teodora": der was room enough to tance dere when dat was perform.'" This dear "Theodora" remained mistress of his heart, although she never brought him anything but an empty house.

When a friend regretted that the house was so poor, Handel said, "Never moind: de music vil sount de petter."

One evening Mr. Fountayne and Handel were walking together in Marylebone Gardens, while the orchestra was playing. "Come, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece: I want to know

your opinion of it." They sat down, and after a while, Mr. Fountayne, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to; it's very poor stuff." — "You are right," said Handel quietly: "I thought so myself when I had finished it."

Dr. Quin says, "No man ever told a story with more effect; but it was requisite for the hearer to have a knowledge of French, German, Italian, and English, all which languages he used in his narratives. Had he been as great a master of English as Swift, his *bon-mots* would have been as frequent."

It is stated that an old manager of a London theater, seeing at a rehearsal that the horn-players were quiet, asked them why they did not play. On their answering that they were counting their "*rests*," the indignant manager exclaimed, "Rests, indeed! I pay you to *play*, not to *rest:* so either play up, or go away."

When the diploma of a Doctor of Music was offered to Handel, he refused it. On being asked why he did not take his degree, he replied, "Vat de dyfil I trow my money away for dat wich de blockhead wish? I no want."

In his will Handel bequeathed all his manuscripts, his harpsichord and organ, to Christopher Smith, one of his pupils. Smith afterwards became attached to the household of George III, who granted him a pension from his own privy purse, presenting it with his own hands to Smith, who was then growing old. Smith, touched by the king's kindness, offered a present which was more than royal: he gave to George III all Handel's manuscripts, the harpsichord, and the marble bust made by Roubiliac. Such is the origin of the Handelian collection at Buckingham Palace.

THE UNWRITTEN OVERTURE OF MOZART

[1756–1791]

BY HERIBERT RAU

[THE great composer Mozart was born in 1756. He was an infant prodigy, and at the age of five was composing music that even the most skillful performers found difficult to execute. Before he was fourteen, he had played at various courts, had published numerous sonatas and symphonies, and in Bologna had been elected member and master of the chapel of the Philharmonic Academy. This was only the beginning of his work and his honors. Symphonies, serenatas, operas, concertos, and masses, marked by novelty and richness followed in rapid succession. Even the great expectations aroused by his marvelous boyhood were not disappointed. He has been called the "Raphael of musicians," because his life, like that of Raphael, was so short and so full of accomplishment. He died in 1791.

The Editor.]

VENICE, the ancient city, the pearl of Italy, every one knows; but only those who have lived in Prague are acquainted with "Little Venice."

It is an island in the Moldau, and belonged, at the time of which we write, to a company of sharpshooters of Prague. On certain days, all through the summer, they held meetings here, and shot at a target for prizes. They had, moreover, excellent music on such occasions, so that "Little Venice" was a favorite place of resort for all pleasure-loving people. Half the island was given up to green grass and shrubbery, ending in a little

thicket which made a cool lounging-place on hot summer days. At the other end of the island was the shot-house, from which a long alley, between tall trees, led down to the target on the bank of the river.

In the great room of the shot-house, which was really "Little Venice," but gave its name to the whole island, hung upon the walls hundreds of painted targets, perforated with the bullets of past prize-matches. There was Venus rising from the sea-foam; but there was a hole through her girdle. Next her was that favorite character of those times, Harlequin, with his nose shot away. Farther on was Diana, descending upon clouds to Endymion; but the murderous lead had taken her on the wing, and an eye was gone. In fact, nothing had remained sacred to these "Freischützen," as they called themselves. "Free-shots," indeed, they seemed to have been. There were Roman emperors and Greek goddesses; Delilah, with a bullet-hole through her shears; and Judas the betrayer, who had received a shot through the bottom of his eye, which did not at all add to the amiability of that feature's expression.

The "Free-shots" were extremely proud of these trophies of victory, and every good burgher of Prague fancied that his wine tasted a little better in that room than anywhere else.

During the summer, "Little Venice" was always lively and gay with company, but the warm summer days were now past, and autumn had come.

It was one of the last days of October, bright but cool, and there was only one guest to be seen. He was a man in a gray overcoat, with large figured buttons, in black silk hose and buckled shoes, and with the inevitable cue

at the back of his handsome head. He was pacing up and down the long alley, evidently buried in absorbing thought.

He seemed to be a strange fellow, for now his gaze was fixed on the ground, and then his head would be suddenly raised, and his great beautiful eyes would distend and darkle, as if mighty ideas were flashing through his brain. As one watched him, it would appear as if he were drinking in the sunshine and all the bright aspects of nature, and working them into new forms in his own spirit; yet a keen observer might have seen that the man neither saw nor heard anything about him. His mind was busy with another world, a diviner region, in which his face showed that he saw unspeakable beauty.

A beggar spoke to him. Without looking at him, he put his hand in his pocket, and gave the fellow a piece of money. The beggar looked surprised and delighted, and glanced in astonishment from the gift to the giver; for he held a bright thaler in his hand. "H'm!" he muttered. "That's a fool. I must try him again!" So he limped to the opposite end of the alley, and begged of the abstracted man again. And again the man put his hand in his pocket and gave him something. The gift must have been a considerable one, for the beggar chuckled and limped away.

But the man saw him not. Always brighter his eyes shone, and his face beamed more joyfully, as with a livelier motion of the hand he beat time to an invisible music.

"'T is done!" he spoke aloud to himself, stopping in his walk; "done to the last note! But — if I only had

it written down! I hate the horribly tedious, mechanical work of writing it."

He went a few steps farther, stopped again, and rubbed his forehead, as though it ached with the long concentration upon some intense labor. Then he said, smiling gayly to himself: "Poh! what matters it? I 've got six or eight days yet, and, thank Heaven, my memory will hold fast to every note of it!"

And the man, who of course was no other than Mozart, walked back to the shot-house.

Six days after this walk in "Little Venice," Mozart was sitting in his room when Bondini entered. The impresario's face, usually so calm and good-humored, betrayed by its look of anxiety that something lay heavy on his heart. Frank and straightforward as ever, Mozart asked what was the matter.

"My dear maestro," answered Bondini, "I should think you would know what the matter was!"

"I?"

"Who else?"

"Is it about the opera?"

"Yes."

"Why, I thought the rehearsal went capitally!"

"Could n't have been better!"

"And to-morrow evening the curtain rises."

"Yes, at six o'clock!" and the look of anxiety on Bondini's face deepened into despair at the thought.

"Well, what's the matter, then?" asked Mozart. "Were n't the tickets all sold in advance a week ago? What more could a director ask?"

"Nothing; only the opera can't be given to-morrow!"

"Can't be given?" cried Mozart, staring at Bondini with great eyes. "What 's the reason it can't be given?"

Bondini only spread his hands wide apart, and gasped.

"Is Saporitti sick?"

"No."

"Your little wife?"

The director shook his head.

"In the devil's name, then, who is it? Bassi? Lolli? Baglioni? —"

"Nobody's sick!" said Bondini.

"See here, my friend," — and Mozart began to get angry, — "if you don't want to drive me mad, tell me what the matter is! Has the police got its nose into the affair, at the last minute?"

"Oh, bah! The police! Is it possible you don't *know* what the matter is? Do you mean to say that *you* don't know why I can't give it to-morrow — this 'Don Giovanni,' for which all Prague has been waiting impatiently, for which every seat was sold a week ago?"

"No, I don't!" said Mozart.

"Well!" exclaimed the astonished Bondini; "if a man was n't ready to cry over it, he could laugh himself to death! It's nothing — nothing at all! only — you have n't written the overture yet!"

"Is that all?" said Mozart. "Oh, there's time enough for that!"

Bondini was thunderstruck; at last he stammered, "For the overture to a work like 'Don Giovanni'?"

Amadeus smiled archly, then going up to Bondini, he laid both hands on the director's shoulders, looked him in the eyes, and asked —

"Do you suppose, my friend, that I would, with my

own hand, ruin the best work of my life by a bad overture?"

"No!" cried Bondini; "certainly not."

"Well, then, set your mind at rest."

"But, maestro, the parts will have to be all copied."

"Tell the copyist to be here at seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

"And the rehearsal —?"

"Oh, this doubting Thomas!" cried Mozart, laughing aloud; "he does n't know his own orchestra. I tell you, Bondini, *my* Prague orchestra plays at sight!"

"You have an enormous faith!" returned the director, still looking troubled. "Everything depends on the overture; if that goes wrong —"

"Now, Bondini!" exclaimed Mozart, coaxingly; "just you trust to me and your orchestra!"

"Well, all right! But if it goes straight, I shall hand you over to the Inquisition."

"What for?"

"As a sorcerer!"

"Only see that the copyist is here at seven, and we shall need no sorcery. I will commence the overture at once. Good-bye!"

Bondini hurried away, somewhat encouraged, as he saw the composer seat himself at his desk, take out his music-paper, and dip his pen in the deep inkstand.

Scarcely was he out of the house, when Duscheck entered the room.

"Mozart!" he exclaimed, "I have had the horses harnessed, and Constanze and my wife are already in the carriage. It is a splendid day, and there won't be many more such this year. Come along!"

Amadeus jumped up as if Duscheck had been an electric shock, seized his hat with one hand and poked at his necktie with the other, and in two minutes was seated by the side of his wife, and the horses were off. When they came back, the short November afternoon had already darkened into evening; and through its darkness they saw from afar all the windows of the Duscheck mansion illuminated as for some grand festivity.

Mozart was the first to notice it —

"What has broken loose at home?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"You'll soon see!" replied Duscheck.

But what was Mozart's surprise on reaching the house and alighting, to find himself surrounded by a group of his best friends, who had prepared a little feast in honor of the completion of "Don Giovanni"!

It was a delightful company. Bondini was there with his little madcap of a wife, as well as all the members of the opera troupe, except Saporitti, who — to the sorrow of everybody — had a headache, and had remained at home as a precaution against being ill the next day. She had set her heart on appearing in the opera, and was as pleased with her rôle as a child. The headache was reported as slight; so the company soon forgot the anxiety which its announcement at first excited.

The evening and a good part of the night flew away in unrestrained merriment and gayety, and at last they sat down to a fine supper. Everybody was in excellent spirits, but Mozart exceeded them all, laughing, joking, and reeling off endless strings of comical verse.

"Fill your glasses!" cried Duscheck. "Here is to the success of 'Don Giovanni'!"

The glasses clinked, and the toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. Then said Bondini —

"It's very well for you to drink to the success of the opera; but if you had suffered the anxiety and despair which I have for the last few days, till this forenoon in fact —"

"How so?" asked Duscheck, while Mozart went on laughing and bantering with little Madame Bondini, not hearing what the others were saying.

"'How so?'" returned the director. "I will tell you. Till this forenoon our good maestro had n't written a stroke of the overture!"

"What!" exclaimed several voices at once. "And is it done already?"

"Certainly!" said Bondini quietly; "for when I left him he had gone to work on it. The opera could n't possibly have been given otherwise."

At that moment Mozart turned his merry face toward them.

"Well!" cried Bondini, "how did you get along with the overture this forenoon?"

"With —"

"The overture!"

Mozart turned pale. Everybody started, and a universal expression of dismay went from face to face.

Amadeus pulled out his watch — it was almost midnight!

"It is, eh!" said he thoughtfully. "Then I've got no more time to lose. In ten minutes it will strike twelve, and at seven the copyists are to come. Some hours yet!

Good-night, gentlemen: good-night, ladies — I kiss your hands! Stanzerl, bring a glass of punch with you to keep me awake. And now, may all the good spirits stand by me!"

Mozart hastened to his room, where pen and paper were lying as he had dropped them in the forenoon. The company broke up in great anxiety, and with gloomy forebodings of the morrow. For the opera could not be given without an overture, and what mortal could in a few hours of the night write one that would be worthy of the "Don Giovanni"?

Bondini was in perfect despair, and only his wife kept up her courage and confidence.

Meantime Mozart had seated himself. Just as he was on the point of diving into his work, he caught sight of Constanze's face, which was full of deep sorrow.

"Stanzerl!" said he, in a gentle voice — "my treasure! come here and let me whisper something in your ear."

"But, Wolferl," she replied imploringly, as if expecting some new prank, "won't you please begin?"

"Come here!" repeated her husband; "put your little ear down here a second."

Constanze obeyed. Amadeus gave the soft cheek a kiss, then whispered lightly —

"You need n't be a bit anxious, dear heart. It 's all finished long ago."

"How? Where?" she exclaimed, her face lighting up.

"Here," said Amadeus laughing, and pointing to his forehead. "I finished the overture a week ago, and put it all away safely in my skull; only I was too lazy to do the horrid work of writing it down. It will all be on

paper by the time the copyist comes, and my Stanzerl will be satisfied with it. I think the world will, too!"

"If it has all stayed there where you put it," said Constanze, a little dubiously.

"Ah, ha!" cried Amadeus, laughing, and beginning to write at the same time. "If I could carry Allegri's 'Miserere' home with me when a youngster, without dropping a note, I think I can carry an overture of my own for a week. Now then, Stanzerl, sit down here by me, and tell me a story out of the 'Arabian Nights' — Aladdin's Lamp, or something — that I shan't go to sleep."

"Shall I tell you about Noureddin-Ali and Bedreddin Hassan?"

"All right!" And Constanze set the glass of punch before him, took her knitting-work, seated herself by his side, and began: —

"There was once in Egypt a very just and merciful sultan. His bravery made him the terror of all his neighbors. He loved the poor, and shielded the orphans, and protected his people from the oppressions of the rich. Now the vizier of this sultan was a wise and keen-sighted man, who was learned in all arts and sciences. The sultan had two sons, and the name of the elder was Noureddin-Ali."

So it went on for three hours. Mozart wrote rapidly; but now weariness began to overcome him and at last his yawns and nods grew more and more frequent, till sleep could no longer be fought off. Constanze clapped him on the shoulder, and said —

"Dear, it won't go; you are too tired. Come! Sleep an hour. I will keep awake and call you."

Mozart rubbed his forehead and eyes. "Well," he exclaimed, drowsily, "I'll take your advice; but be sure you wake me up after an hour."

And he lay down on the sofa. "You are a good little wife," he whispered; then kissed her once, and was asleep.

Constanze sat by his side and went on knitting. She thought on the times of her first love — the Christmas night when she had sent her dear friend the little pocket-book; the fatal consequences which had followed upon this gift; and then the hour when it had, after long trial, made her happy at last.

And as she thought over the past, image after image of her whole life arose before her. How many pleasant hours at the side of her husband; and ah, how many sorrowful and anxious ones! Then she fell to thinking of the new opera, and how much renown it would bring Amadeus, and what a change it would make in their life.

She sighed deeply; then put down her work in her lap, and looked at the slumberer, and thought — "Ah, if there might only be no more worrying about money!"

Then again she sank into dreams, which linked from one to another, on and on; but now they were bright fancies, — she was dreaming of a beautiful future.

The hour had passed. She put out her hand and opened her lips to wake her husband, but he was sleeping so quietly!

"It will be time enough if I let him sleep one more little hour," she thought. "His genius makes things easy for him which would be impossible to others. Sleep on, dear soul! — in an hour you can go to work again."

So she took up her knitting once more, and went back to her dreams.

At last the clock struck five.

There was no more time to lose — Constanze must wake her husband. He rubbed his eyes, sprang up and looked at his watch.

"Five!" he exclaimed, threatening her laughingly with his finger. "That was contrary to the agreement."

"But you were having such a good sleep!"

"Well, it will do yet," he answered. "But now, dear child, go you to bed. You look utterly tired out."

Constanze obeyed, and Mozart went at his work with fresh strength. Two hours afterward the copyist entered. It was seven o'clock, and the overture to "Don Giovanni" — that masterpiece of Mozart's creations — lay finished before him!

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN

[1770–1827]

BY RICHARD WAGNER

[BEETHOVEN, the greatest of composers, was born at Bonn in 1770. His musical education was begun when he was four years old, by his father, who was a singer in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. The boy's talent was obvious, and in 1787 the elector, at his own expense, sent him to study with Haydn in Vienna. His first compositions were published in 1795. In 1802, he began to be seriously troubled with deafness, a terrible disaster for a musician, and before many years he had entirely lost his hearing. Nothing daunted, he continued to compose his mighty works, in which no trace of his affliction appears. He died in 1827 during a furious thunderstorm, and his last words were, "I shall hear in Heaven."

The following story is one of the two pieces of prose fiction written by Wagner. The hero of the tale has but one wish — to see Beethoven. To gain a little money for the journey, he degrades himself, as he feels, by composing some galops. Even then, he is too poor to pay carriage hire, and therefore sets out on foot. On the way he is tormented by a rich Englishman, bound on the same quest, who does his best to force him into his carriage. Arrived in Vienna, the Englishman clings to him like a leech, determined that "we," as he persists in saying, "shall meet Beethoven." On one occasion, in a park, the Englishman, determined to throw himself before the master, even leaves the skirt of his coat in the hero's restraining hands. At last the hero writes to Beethoven, telling of his longing to meet him. Beethoven replies kindly and makes an appointment for the following morning.

The Editor.

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN

THAT night I could not sleep. What I had just gone through and what awaited me on the morrow was too great and overwhelming to have let me carry it quietly into my dreams. I lay awake; I wandered; I prepared myself to appear before Beethoven. At last the day appeared; I waited with impatience for a time suitable for a morning call; it came, and I started forth. The most important event of my life stood before me; I trembled at the thought.

But I was to pass through a terrible trial.

Leaning against Beethoven's door-post there awaited me with great *sang-froid*, my demon — the Englishman! The villain had bribed everybody — finally even the landlord. The latter had read Beethoven's open note before I had seen it myself, and had betrayed its contents to the Briton.

A cold sweat burst from me at the sight. All romance, all divine ecstasy disappeared. I was again in *his* power.

"Come," said the wretch, "let us introduce ourselves to Beethoven."

At first I thought of helping myself out of the difficulty with a lie, and asserting that I was not on the way to Beethoven at all. But he at once deprived me of all possibility of refuge, by explaining to me with the greatest candor that he had discovered my secret; and declaring that he would not leave me till we had seen Beethoven.

I sought at first to dissuade him good-humoredly from his design; — in vain. I fell into a rage; — in vain. Finally I hoped to escape him by fleetness of foot. I flew up the steps like an arrow, and jerked at the bell

like a madman. But before the door was opened, the man stood beside me, seized the skirt of my coat and said: "Don't run away from me! I have a right to your coat-skirts, and I'll hold fast by them until we stand in Beethoven's presence."

I turned upon him in a fury, and struggled to free myself; I even felt tempted to defend myself by physical force against the proud son of Albion — when suddenly the door was opened. An old servant appeared, frowning as she discovered us in our extraordinary position, and seemed about to shut the door again upon us. In my anxiety I called my name aloud, and affirmed that I had been invited by Herr Beethoven himself.

The old woman was still in doubt, for the sight of the Englishman seemed to rouse in her a very just suspicion, — when suddenly, as luck would have it, Beethoven himself appeared at the door of his study. Taking advantage of this moment, I rushed quickly in, and sought to approach the master to excuse myself. But I dragged the Englishman in with me, for he clung to me still. He carried out his purpose, and did not let me go until we stood before Beethoven. I bowed, and stammered out my name; and though he certainly did not understand it, he seemed to know that I was the one who had written to him. He motioned to me to go into his room; and without being in the least disturbed by Beethoven's amazed look, my companion slipped hastily in after me.

Here I was — in the sanctuary; but the horrible embarrassment into which the villainous Britisher had led me robbed me of all that beneficent mood that was necessary to worthily enjoy my good fortune. Beetho-

ven's appearance was certainly not in itself adapted to have an agreeable and soothing effect. He was in a somewhat disorderly dishabille; he wore a red woolen belt around his body; long, stiff, gray hair hung in disorder about his head; and his gloomy, repellent expression did not tend to allay my confusion. We sat down at a table covered with pens and paper.

There was a decided feeling of awkwardness; no one spoke. Beethoven was evidently out of temper at having to receive two persons instead of one.

At last he began by saying in a harsh voice — "You come from L——?"

I was about to answer, but he interrupted me; laying a pencil and sheet of paper before me, he added: "Write; I cannot hear."

I knew of Beethoven's deafness, and had prepared myself for it. Nevertheless it went through my heart like a pang when I heard his harsh and broken voice say, "I cannot hear." To live in the world joyless and in poverty; to find one's only exalted happiness in the power of music — and to have to say, "I cannot hear!" In one moment there came to me the full understanding of Beethoven's manner, of the deep sorrow in his face, of the gloomy sadness of his glance, of the fire-set haughtiness of his lips;—*he could not hear!*

Confused, and without knowing what I said, I wrote an entreaty for his pardon and a brief explanation of the circumstances that had forced me to appear in the company of the Englishman. The latter sat silent and contented opposite Beethoven, who, when he had read my words, turned to him rather sharply with the inquiry what he desired from him.

"I have the honor" — replied the Briton.

"I can't understand you," cried Beethoven, hastily interrupting him. "I cannot hear, and I can speak but little. Write down what you want with me."

The Englishman quietly reflected for a moment, then drew an elegant music-book from his pocket, and said to me, "Good. — Write 'I request Herr Beethoven to look at this composition of mine; if he finds a passage that does not please him, he will have the kindness to mark a cross against it.'"

I wrote down his request literally, in the hope that we might thus get rid of him. And such was really the result. After Beethoven had read it, he laid the Englishman's composition on the table with a peculiar smile, nodded abruptly, and said, "I will send it to you."

With this, my "gentleman" was content. He rose, made an especially magnificent bow, and took his leave. I drew a long breath; — he was gone.

Now for the first time I felt myself in the very sanctuary. Even Beethoven's features grew obviously brighter; he looked quietly at me for a moment, and began: —

"The Englishman has caused you no little trouble?" said he. "Find consolation with me; these traveling Englishmen have tortured me to death. They come to-day to see a poor musician as they would go to-morrow to look at some rare animal. I am heartily sorry to have confounded you with him. — You wrote me that you were pleased with my compositions. I am glad of that, for I have little confidence now in pleasing people with my productions."

This cordiality in addressing me soon did away with all my embarrassment; a thrill of joy ran through me at these simple words. I wrote that I was by no means the only one filled with such ardent enthusiasm for every one of his creations, as to have no dearer wish than, for instance, to gain for my native city the happiness of seeing him once in its midst; — that he might then convince himself what effect his works produced upon the public.

"I can well believe," he answered, "that my compositions are more appreciated in North Germany. The Viennese often provoke me — they hear too much wretched stuff every day, to be always in the mood to take an earnest interest in anything serious."

I sought to combat this view, and instanced the fact that I had yesterday attended a performance of "Fidelio," which the Viennese public had received with the most obvious enthusiasm.

"Hm! Hm!" muttered the master, — "The 'Fidelio'! But I know that the people only applaud it out of vanity, after all, for they imagine that in my rearrangement of the opera I only followed their advice. So they seek to reward me for my trouble, and cry 'Bravo!' It's a good-natured, uneducated populace; so I like better to be among them than among wise people. Does 'Fidelio' please you?"

I told him of the impression that the performance of the day before had made upon me, and remarked that the whole had gained most gloriously by the additions that had been made to it.

"It is vexatious work," said Beethoven; "I am no composer of operas; at least I know of no theater in the

world for which I would care to compose an opera again. If I should make an opera according to my own conception, the people would absolutely flee from it; for there would be no airs, duets, trios, and all that nonsense to be found in it, with which operas are stitched together nowadays; — and what I would substitute for these no singer would sing, and no audience hear. They all know nothing deeper than brilliant falsehoods, sparkling nonsense, and sugar-coated dullness. The man who created a true musical drama would be looked upon as a fool — and would be one in very truth if he did not keep such a thing to himself, but wanted to bring it before the public."

"And how should one go to work," I asked excitedly, "to produce such a musical drama?"

"As Shakespeare did when he wrote his plays" — was the almost angry answer. Then he continued: "The man who has to trouble himself with fitting all sorts of brilliant prattle to women with passable voices, so that they may gain applause by it, should make himself a Parisian man-milliner, not a dramatic composer. For myself, I am not made for such trifling. I know very well that certain wiseacres say of me for this very reason that though I have some ability in instrumentation I should never be at home in vocal music. They are right — for they understand by vocal music only operatic music; and as for my being at home in that — Heaven forbid!"

I ventured to ask if he really thought that any one, after hearing his "Adelaïde," would dare to deny him the most brilliant genius for vocal music also.

"Well," he said after a short pause, "'Adelaïde' and

things of that kind are small matters, after all, that soon fall into the hands of the professional *virtuosi* — to serve them as opportunities to bring out their brilliant art-touches. Why should not vocal music form a great and serious *genre* by itself as well as instrumental, — that should receive as much respect from the frivolous tribe of singers in its execution, as is demanded of an orchestra in the production of a symphony? The human voice exists. It is a far more beautiful and noble organ of tone than any instrument of an orchestra. Ought it not to be brought into as independent use as this latter? What new results might not be gained by such a method! For it is precisely the character of the human voice, utterly different by nature from the peculiarities of an instrument, that could be brought out and retained, and could be capable of the most varying combinations. In instruments, the primal organs of creation and nature find their representation; they cannot be sharply determined and defined, for they but repeat primal feelings as they come forth from the chaos of the first creation, when there were perhaps no human beings in existence to receive them in their hearts. With the genius of the human voice it is entirely otherwise; this represents the human heart, and is isolated, individual emotion. Its character is therefore limited; individual emotion, but fixed and determined. Let these two elements be brought together, then let them be united! Let those wild primal emotions that stretch out into the infinite, that are represented by instruments, be contrasted with the clear, definite emotions of the human heart, represented by the human voice. The addition of the second element will work beneficently and soothingly upon the

conflict of the elemental emotions, and give to their course a well-defined and united channel; and the human heart itself, in receiving these elemental emotions, will be immeasurably strengthened and broadened; and made capable of feeling clearly what was before an uncertain presage of the highest ideal, now changed into a divine knowledge."

Beethoven paused here a moment, as if fatigued. Then, with a light sigh, he continued: "It is true that many obstacles are met with in the attempt to solve this problem; in order to sing one has need of words. But what man could put into words the poetry that must form the basis of such a union of elements? Poetry must stand aside here; for words are too weak things for this task. — You will soon hear a new composition of mine which will remind you of what I am now explaining. It is a symphony with choruses. I call your attention to the difficulty I had in this, in getting over the obstacle of the inadequacy of the poetry which I required to help me. Finally I decided to choose our Schiller's beautiful 'Hymn to Joy'; this is at least a noble and elevating creation, even though it is far from expressing what in this case, it is true, no verses in the world *could* express."

Even now I can hardly comprehend the happiness that I enjoyed in the fact that Beethoven himself should thus help me by these explanations to the full understanding of his last giant symphony, which at that time must have been barely finished, but which was as yet known to no one. I expressed to him my enthusiastic thanks for this certainly rare condescension. At the same time I expressed the delighted surprise that he had given

me in this news that the appearance of a new and great work of his composition might soon be looked for. Tears stood in my eyes — I could have kneeled before him.

Beethoven seemed to perceive my emotion. He looked at me half sorrowfully, half with a mocking smile, as he said: "You will be able to be my defender when my new work is spoken of — think of me then; the wise people will believe me mad — at all events they will call me so. Yet you see, Herr R——, that I am not exactly a madman, — though I might be unhappy enough to be one. People demand of me that I shall write according to their conception of what is beautiful and good; but they do not reflect that I, the poor deaf man, must have thoughts that are all my own, — that it is impossible for me to compose otherwise than as I feel. And that I cannot think and feel the things that *they* deem beautiful," he added ironically, "that is my misfortune!"

With this he rose and strode up and down the room with short, quick strides. Deeply moved as I was, I also rose — I felt myself trembling. It would have been impossible for me to continue the conversation either by pantomime or writing. I perceived that the time had come when my visit might grow burdensome to the master. To *write* my deep-felt thanks and my farewell, seemed cold; I contented myself by taking my hat, standing before Beethoven, and letting him read in my eyes what was passing within me.

He seemed to understand me. "You are going?" he asked. "Do you remain any time longer in Vienna?"

I wrote that I had no other aim in this journey than to

become acquainted with him; that as he had deemed me worthy of such an unusual reception, I was more than happy to find my goal reached, and should start the next day on my return.

He answered, smiling, "You wrote to me how you furnished yourself with money for this journey. You should stay here in Vienna and make galops — they are popular wares here."

I declared that all that was over for me, for that I knew nothing that could ever again seem to me to deserve such a sacrifice.

"Well, well," he said, "perhaps something will yet be found! I — fool that I am — should be far better off if I made galops; if I go on as I have hitherto, I shall always be in want. *Bon voyage!*" he went on; "bear me in mind, and console yourself with me in all your trials!"

Deeply moved, and with tears in my eyes, I was about to take my leave, when he called to me — "Wait! Let us finish up the musical Englishman. Let us see where the crosses come in."

With this he seized the Englishman's music-book, and smilingly looked through it; then he carefully folded it up again, wrapped it in paper, took up a heavy music-pen, and drew a gigantic cross across the whole wrapper. And then he handed it to me with the remark, "Kindly return the unfortunate being his masterpiece. He is an ass — and yet I envy him his long ears. Farewell, mein Lieber, and remember me in kindness."

With this he dismissed me. Deeply agitated, I passed out of the room and from the house.

. . . . . .

At the hotel I met the Englishman's servant, as he was arranging his master's trunk in the traveling-carriage. His goal, too, had been reached; I was compelled to confess that he, too, had shown persistency. I hurried to my room, and made my preparations to begin, the next day, my pedestrian journey back again. I had to laugh, as I looked at the cross on the wrapper of the Englishman's composition. Yet the cross was a memorial of Beethoven, and I begrudged it to the evil demon of my pilgrimage. My decision was quickly made. I took the wrapper off, took out my galops, and wrapped them instead in this condemnatory covering. I returned the Englishman his composition without a wrapper, and accompanied it with a note in which I informed him that Beethoven envied him, and that he declared he did not know where to put a cross on such a work.

As I left the hotel I saw my wretched companion getting into his carriage.

"Good-bye" — he shouted; — "you have done me a great service. I am delighted to have made Herr Beethoven's acquaintance. Will you go to Italy with me?"

"What are you after there?" asked I in reply.

"I want to make the acquaintance of Rossini — he is a very celebrated composer."

"Good luck!" I called. "*I* know Beethoven; and with that I have enough for all my life."

We parted. I cast one longing look towards Beethoven's house, and turned to the northward — exalted and ennobled in heart.

VII
TWO WARS WITH FRANCE

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the passing years the Holy Roman Empire had maintained a shadowy existence, though Voltaire had declared in the eighteenth century that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. After the French Revolution, Napoleon brought about, in 1806, what was known as the Confederation of the Rhine. This was a league of German states which agreed to assist him and to regard him as their protector. Francis II was now obliged to give up the crown of the Empire and to call himself simply Francis I, Emperor of Austria. Thus ended the Holy Roman Empire.

In 1815 the "German Confederation" was formed, a loose union of Prussia, Austria (for her German districts), and many smaller states. This was unsatisfactory, chiefly because the interests of the two great states, of the Germans and the non-Germans, were opposed. In 1861, William I came to the throne of Prussia, with Bismarck as his prime minister. Bismarck declared that only "blood and iron" could settle the differences between the two states, and in 1866 the Seven Weeks' War broke out. The result of this war was the complete separation of Austria and Germany, and the recognition of Prussia as the head of the German Confederation.

This contest had hardly come to a close before the ambition of Napoleon III brought about war between France and Prussia. The general cause of the war was the desire of the French to secure the Rhine as a boundary, and the conviction that Prussia was becoming too powerful for the welfare of France. The war lasted but eight months, and ended with the surrender of Paris. By the treaty of peace Germany received the greater part of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine and an indemnity of one billion dollars.

THE OATH AT THE GRAVE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

[1806]

BY "LOUISA MÜHLBACH" (KLARA M. MUNDT)

[UP to 1806, Frederick William, King of Prussia, refused to oppose Napoleon, although the keen-eyed Queen Louisa had long urged him to resist the French with all his might. After Napoleon's victory at Ulm, however, even the king saw his danger, and was at last aroused to range himself on the side of the foes of France.

The Editor.]

THIS new victory, this new conquest Napoleon had made in Germany, loomed up before the king as a danger which menaced himself, and compelled him to take up arms for his own defense. The threatening and defiant language of the French emperor sounded truly revolting to the heart of the German king, and instead of being intimidated by this new and unparalleled triumph, by this threatening language Napoleon had made use of, he was only provoked to offer him resistance; he perceived all at once that he could only be the servant and slave of this powerful man, or his enemy, and that Napoleon never would tolerate any one as an equal at his side. What were those three German princes who had found three crowns on the battle field of Ulm. Those new kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, that Grand Duke of Baden, were only vassals and ser-

vants of the Emperor of France, who had first given, and then permitted them to wear, these crowns.

King Frederick William needed no such crown. A genius stood at his side and breathed with a heavenly smile into his ear: "It is better to die in an honorable struggle for freedom than to live in splendor and magnificence, but with a stain on your honor."

And the king listened to the voice of his genius: he listened to the voice of his ministers who implored him to defend the integrity of his state for the sake of the honor and welfare of Prussia and Germany; he listened to the voice of his people, who demanded war loudly and ardently; he listened to the voice of the Emperor Alexander, who vowed to him eternal love and eternal friendship; he listened, finally, to the voice of his own heart, which was the heart of a true German, and felt deeply the insult offered to him.

King Frederick William listened to all these voices, and resolved at length on war against France.

On the 3d of November the Emperor Alexander and King Frederick William signed at Potsdam a secret treaty, by which Prussia agreed to intervene between Napoleon and the allies. By virtue of this treaty Prussia was to summon the Emperor of the French to reëstablish the former treaties, and to restore the former state of affairs; that is to say, to give up almost all his conquests, to indemnify Sardinia, to recognize the independence of Naples, of the German Empire, of Holland, of Switzerland, and to separate the crown of Italy from that of France. If France should not consent to these conditions, Prussia agreed to ally herself openly and unreservedly with the coalition, and take the field with an

army of 180,000 men. A Prussian negotiator was to lay these conditions before the Emperor Napoleon, and the term at which Prussia should be obliged to act should expire four weeks after the date of the treaty.

The king, who in his kindness was anxious to indemnify Minister von Haugwitz for the coldness with which he had been latterly treated, and for his broken windows, had commissioned him to deliver a copy of the treaty of Potsdam to Napoleon, and to negotiate with him. Haugwitz, therefore, left Berlin in order to repair to the Emperor's headquarters. It is true, he did not know exactly where to find them, but he was satisfied that Napoleon would take care to make his whereabouts known to him by fresh deeds of heroism and victories, and Count Haugwitz, therefore, set out.

According to the wishes of the King of Prussia, the treaty of Potsdam, for some time at least, was to be kept secret; only those immediately concerned should be informed of its contents, but not the public generally, and no one was to suspect that Prussia had at length given up her policy of neutrality.

This secrecy, however, was distasteful to the Emperor Alexander; moreover, it made Minister von Hardenburg fear lest the king, at the decisive moment, might be once more gained over to his former favorite policy of neutrality by the French party at court. It would be wise, therefore, to force the king so far forward as to render it impossible for him to recede, and to betray so much of the secret of the concluded alliance as was required to fasten the king to it.

Hence, the emperor, at the hour of his departure for Austria, requested the Queen and King of Prussia to

accompany him to the grave of Frederick the Great. At midnight, on the 5th of November, they repaired, therefore, to the garrison church at Potsdam, the lower vault of which contains the coffin of the great king. A single torch-bearer accompanied the august visitors, whose steps resounded solemnly in the silent, gloomy walls.

Arriving at the king's coffin, the Emperor knelt down; his face, lighted up by the glare of the torch, was radiant with enthusiasm. On the other side of the dark vault stood the king and the queen, both with folded hands; the king with a gloomy and reserved air, the queen with her eyes turned to heaven, and her face beaming with pious emotion and joy.

Alexander, still remaining on his knees, now raised his folded hands toward heaven. "At the grave of the most heroic king," he said in a loud and solemn voice — "at the grave of Frederick the Great, I swear to my ally, the King of Prussia, an oath of everlasting love and constancy; I swear an oath of everlasting constancy and love to the sacred cause which has united us for the most exalted purpose. Never shall my constancy waver; never shall my love grow cold! I swear it!"

He kissed the coffin and rose from his knees; his eyes, glistening with tears, then turned toward the king, as he said: —

"It is your turn now, my brother, to swear the oath."

The king hesitated.

The queen laid her hand gently on his shoulder, and bent her beautiful face so close to him that he felt her breath, like the kiss of an angel, on his cheek.

"Swear the oath, my friend, my beloved," she whispered; "swear to be faithful to the holy alliance

against the French tyrant; swear everlasting constancy and love to our noble ally."

The king hesitated no longer; he raised his head resolutely and approached the coffin. Laying his hand upon it, he repeated in a grave and calm voice the words which the queen had uttered before, and which she now whispered with trembling lips.

All three then grasped each other's hands over the coffin; thus they stood a long while, deeply moved and silent.

All at once this silence was interrupted by the loud, ringing notes of the church clock, announcing the first hour of the new day. The sounds died away, and the chime of the bells now commenced playing in clear and sweet notes the old German hymn, "*Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*"[1]

The king inclined his head, as if in silent prayer; an almost imperceptible, strange smile overspread the noble features of the emperor. The queen, however, glowing with enthusiasm, exclaimed: —

"God and the spirit of Frederick the Great give us the motto of our alliance: '*Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*' Let us remember it as long as we live!"

"Let us remember it," repeated the two sovereigns, with a firm, manly grasp. They looked at each other, and with their eyes bade each other a last farewell.

Then they turned silently away and left the royal vault.

Five minutes later, the Emperor Alexander of Russia

[1] Hölty's hymn, "Be honest and faithful until they lay thee in thy cool grave."

was on his way to Olmütz, in order to join there the Emperor Francis of Austria, who had fled thither from Napoleon and his victorious army.

At Olmütz the plan for the campaign of the third coalition against Napoleon was to be agreed upon.

WHY THE PHILOSOPHER'S LETTER WAS NOT MAILED

[1806]

BY "LOUISA MÜHLBACH" (KLARA M. MÜNDT)

[IN 1806, the Prussian king, Frederick William III, declared war against Napoleon. The French conqueror dashed down upon his armies; in a single day he was victorious at Jena and Auerstädt, and Prussia lay at his feet.

The Editor.]

PROFOUND silence reigned in the small room; books were to be seen everywhere on the shelves, on the tables, and on the floor; they formed almost the only decoration of this room which contained only the most indispensable furniture.

It was the room of a German savant, a professor at the far-famed University of Jena.

He was sitting at the large oaken table where he was engaged in writing. His form, which was of middle height, was wrapped in a comfortable dressing-gown of green silk, trimmed with black fur, which showed here and there a few worn-out, defective spots. A small green velvet cap, the shape of which reminded the beholder of the cap of the learned Melancthon, covered his expansive, intellectual forehead, which was shaded by sparse light-brown hair.

A number of closely written sheets of paper lay on the table before him, on which the eyes of the savant, of the philosopher, were fixed.

This savant in the lonely, small room, this philosopher, was George Frederick William Hegel.

For two days he had not left his room; for two days nobody had been permitted to enter it except the old waitress who silently and softly laid the cloth on his table, and placed on it the meals she had brought for him from a neighboring restaurant.

Averting his thoughts from all worldly affairs, the philosopher had worked and reflected, and heard nothing but the intellectual voices that spoke to him from the depths of his mind. Without, history had walked across the battlefield with mighty strides and performed immortal deeds; and here, in the philosopher's room, the mind had unveiled its grand ideas and problems.

On the 14th of October, and in the night of the 14th and 15th, Hegel finished his "Phenomenology of the Mind," a work by which he intended to prepare the world for his bold philosophical system, and in which, with the ringing steps of a prophet, he had accomplished his first walk through the catacombs of the creative intellect.

All the power and strength of reality, in his eyes, sprang from this system, which he strove to found in the sweat of his intellectual brow, — and his system had caused him to forget the great events that had occurred in his immediate neighborhood.

Now he had finished his work; now he had written the last word. The pen dropped from his hands, which he folded over his manuscript as if to bless it silently.

He raised his head, which, up to this time, he had bent over the paper, and his blue eyes, so gentle and lustrous,

turned toward heaven with a silent prayer for the success of his work. His fine, intellectual face beamed with energy and determination; the philosopher was conscious of the struggle to which his work would give rise in the realm of thought, but he felt ready and prepared to meet his assailants.

"The work is finished," he exclaimed loudly and joyfully; "it shall now go out into the world!"

He hastily folded up his manuscript, wrapped a sheet of paper around it, sealed it, and directed it.

Then he looked at his watch.

"Eight o'clock," he said in a low voice; "if I make haste, the postmaster will forward my manuscript to-day."

He divested himself of his gown, and dressed. Then he took his hat and the manuscript and hastened down into the street toward the post-office. Absorbed as he was in his reflections, he saw neither the extraordinary commotion reigning in the small university town, nor the sad faces of the passers-by; he only thought of his work, and not of reality.

He now entered the post-office; all the doors were open; all the employés were chatting with each other, and no one was at the desk to attend to the office business and to receive the various letters.

Hegel, therefore, had to go to the postmaster, who had not noticed him at all, but was conversing loudly and angrily with several gentlemen who were present.

"Here is a package which I want you to send to Bamburg," said the philosopher, handing his package to the postmaster. "The stage-coach has not set out yet, I suppose?"

The postmaster stared at him wonderingly. "No," he said; "it has not set out yet, and will not set out at all!"

It was now the philosopher's turn to look wonderingly at the postmaster.

"It will not set out?" he asked. "Why not?"

"It is impossible, in the general confusion and excitement. There are neither horses nor men to be had today. Everybody is anxious and terrified."

"But what has happened?" asked the philosopher in a low voice.

"What? Then you do not know yet the terrible events of the day, Mr. Professor?" exclaimed the postmaster in dismay.

"I do not know anything about them," said the philosopher timidly, and almost ashamed of himself.

"Perhaps you did not hear, in your study, the thunders of the artillery?"

"I heard occasionally a dull, long-continued noise, but I confess I did not pay any attention to it. What has occurred?"

"A battle has occurred," exclaimed the postmaster, "and when I say a battle, I mean two battles; one was fought here at Jena, and the other at Auerstädt; but here they did not know that a battle was going on at Auerstädt, and at Auerstädt, like you, Mr. Professor, they did not hear the artillery of Jena."

"And who has won the battle?" asked Hegel feelingly.

"Who but the conqueror of the world, the Emperor Napoleon!" exclaimed the postmaster. "The Prussians are defeated, routed, dispersed; they are escaping in all directions; and when two French horsemen are approaching, hundred of Prussians throw their arms away

and beg for mercy! The whole Prussian army has exploded like a soap-bubble. The king was constantly in the thickest of the fray; he wished to die when he saw that all was lost, but death seemed to avoid him. Two horses were killed under him, but neither sword nor bullet struck him. He is retreating now, but the French are at his heels. God grant that he may escape! The commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, was mortally wounded; a bullet struck him in the face and destroyed his eyes. Oh, it is a terrible disaster! Prussia is lost, and so is Saxe-Weimar, for the Emperor Napoleon will never forgive our duke that, instead of joining the Confederation of the Rhine, he stood by Prussia and fought against France. Our poor state will have to atone for it!"

Hegel had listened sadly to this loquacious man, and his features had become gloomier and gloomier. He felt dizzy, and a terrible burden weighed down his breast. He nodded to the postmaster and went out again into the street.

But his knees were trembling under him. He slowly tottered toward his residence.

All at once a brilliant procession entered the lower part of the street. Drums and cheers resounded. A large cavalcade was now approaching.

At its head, mounted on a white horse with a waving mane and quivering nostrils, rode the man of the century, the man with the marble face of a Roman *imperator*, the Julius Cæsar of modern history.

His eyes were beaming with courage and pride; a triumphant smile was playing on his lips. It was the *triumphator* making his entry into the conquered city.

The philosopher thought of the history of ancient Rome, and it seemed to him as though the face of the modern Cæsar were that of a resuscitated statue of antiquity.

Napoleon now fixed his flashing eyes on the philosopher, who felt that this glance penetrated into the innermost depths of his heart.

Seized with awe, Hegel took off his hat and bowed deeply.

The Emperôr touched his hat smilingly, and thanked him; then he galloped on, followed by the whole brilliant suite of his marshals and generals.

The German philosopher stood still, as if fixed to the ground, and gazed after him musingly and absorbed in solemn reflections.

He himself, the Napoleon of ideas, had yet to win his literary battles in the learned world of Germany.

The Emperor, the Napoleon of action, had already won his battles, and Germany lay at his feet. Vanquished, crushed Germany seemed to have undergone her last death-struggle in the battles of Jena and Auerstädt.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE

[1806]

BY A. L. A. SMITH

[In the war with Napoleon, Queen Louisa of Prussia herself took the field. She was present at the battle of Jena, and at the rout of the Prussian army she remained on the battle-ground. It is said that a band of French hussars dashed upon her at full speed. Only three or four of her escort were with her, and these were dispersed by the drawn swords of the enemy. Fortunately for her, she was mounted upon a magnificent charger, who galloped away for Weimar, out-distanced the horses of the pursuers, and saved the queen from capture.

The Editor.]

Fair Queen, away! to thy charger speak,
A band of hussars thy capture seek;
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way,
Speak, speak to thy charger without delay;
They're nigh.

Behold! they come at a breakneck pace,
A smile triumphant illumes each face,
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race,
To Weimar for safety — fly!

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash,
Over the field like the lightning's flash —
Fled.

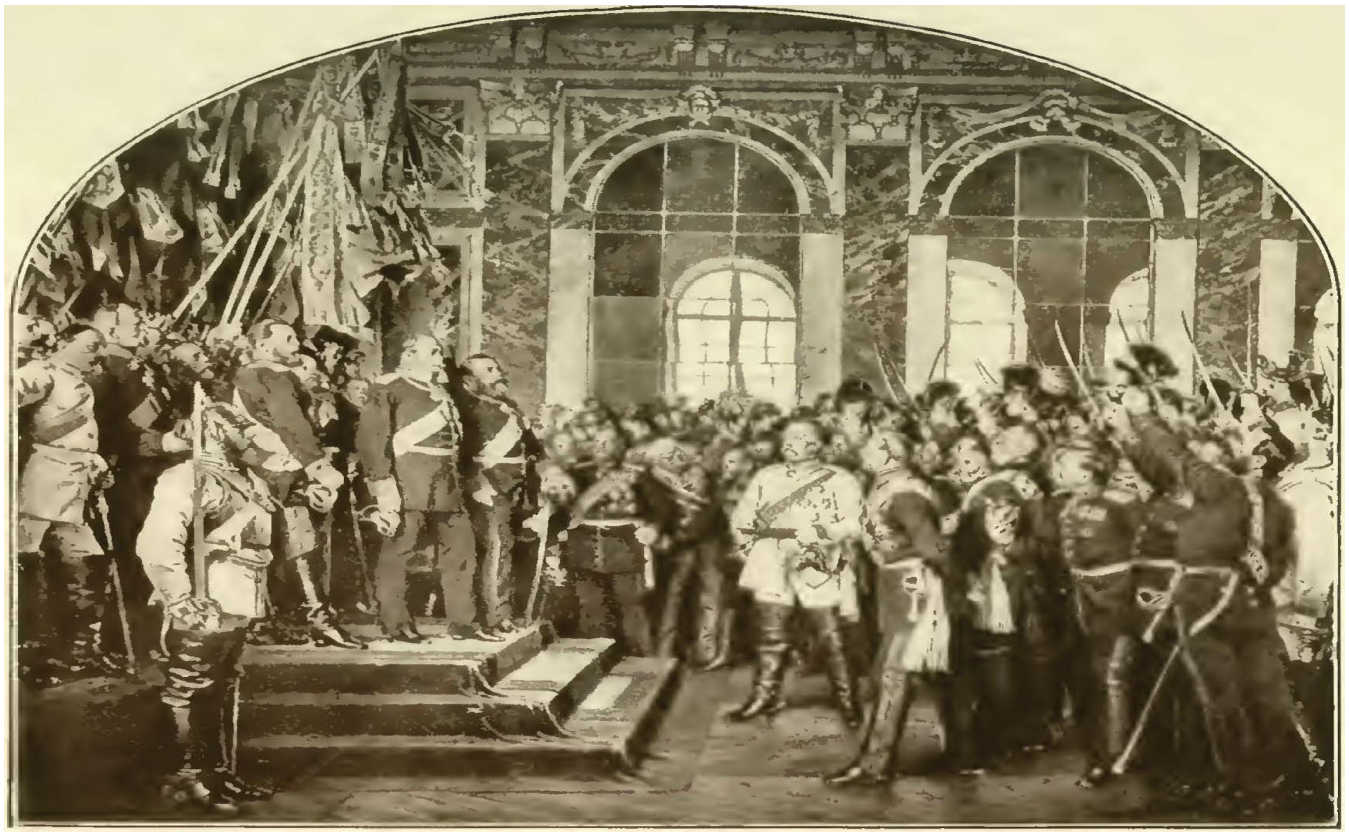
Away, like an arrow from steel crossbow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go,
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he tries to save,
But, no!
"Vive l'Empereur!" rings sharp and clear;
She turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear,
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as though on the wings of the wind,
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.
No more
She fears, though each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs and strains;
For ride as they may, her steed still gains,
And Weimar is just before.

Safe! the clatter now fainter grows,
She sees in the distance her laboring foes,
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride
So dear.

With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! she is safe with those
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!



WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA PROCLAIMED GERMAN EMPEROR AT VERSAILLES

BY ANTON VON WERNER

(*Germany.* 1843–)

Early in the nineteenth century the thirty-nine German States united in a loose confederation. Prussia was most powerful, but Austria held the presidency. Naturally, there was jealousy between these two States. This resulted in war. The strong man Bismarck was prime minister of Prussia and the virtual controller of her destinies. In this war Prussia was successful, and was now at the head of a union of the Protestant North German States. The Roman Catholic Southern States held back. Three years later, however, in 1870, the war with France aroused such enthusiasm for their country on the part of the Southern States that they forgot their opposition. King William, at the head of his victorious troops, was besieging Paris. His headquarters were at Versailles; and in the great gallery of the palace, splendid with its mirrors and gilding and its ceiling paintings, and made even more brilliant by the glowing banners of the German States and the uniforms of the officers, William, King of Prussia, was declared, on January 18, 1871, William, German Emperor.

In this picture the artist shows the climax of the memorable scene. The proclamation has just been read and the great hall reëchoes with the shouts of the enthusiastic soldiers, as with drawn swords they hail the new Emperor. Behind him is the Crown Prince, Frederick William, before the steps stands Bismarck, with the proclamation in his hand, and beside him, with one foot thrust forward, is Von Moltke, the commander of the German armies.

THE TROUBLES OF A CORRESPONDENT IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

[1870]

FROM "ALL THE YEAR ROUND"

WHEN war was declared between France and Germany in the early summer of 1870, I was sent by a London paper to act as special correspondent with MacMahon's *corps d'armée*, and, leaving the town at twenty-four hours' notice, arrived at Strasburg with by no means too much time to spare. On arriving at Strasburg, I managed to be introduced, in an informal manner, to the gallant officer who commanded the army there assembled, and was not a little pleased when the marshal recognized me, as having met me in Algeria some years before. Frenchmen, and more particularly French military men, are somewhat backward, or shy, of fraternizing with new acquaintances; but when the latter show any desire to know them, and more particularly, as was the case with me, when they show anything like a genuine admiration of the many soldier-like qualities which are to be found among those who compose their armies, they will always come more than half-way to meet foreigners in the bond of good-fellowship.

When we reached Worth it was evident that something very like a decisive engagement would take place, and that either the French or the German army would be badly beaten before many hours were over. I got away from the lines and, with the help of a little of that

gold which is a key to most doors, managed to get up to the flat top of the tower which forms part of the village church, and there witnessed what proved to be the beginning of the end of the war, so far as the French army and nation were concerned. To me, as well as to my friends, the day proved most unfortunate. I felt so certain that MacMahon's troops would rally and eventually beat their enemy, that I delayed coming down from the tower until it was too late. By the time I got back to where I had left an old *britschka* with two screws of horses that I owned, the French army was in full retreat for the Vosges, the Germans were in possession of the village, and my conveyance, together with my servant who drove it, and all the clothes I had in the world, had vanished. As a matter of course, not being able to speak German, I was made a prisoner, and taken before the officer commanding the brigade that held the place. Of the treatment I received from them I had nothing whatever to complain. An officer who could speak English was sent for, and when he had read my Foreign Office passport, as well as my credentials for the paper I represented, I was at once released, on condition of giving my parole that I would not rejoin the French army for at least seven days. I was then given a free pass, which would prevent my being made prisoner by any of the German troops, and was told I might go where I liked.

But where to go and how to do so, was now the question. My carriage and all my kit having been looted, as I afterwards found out, by the German camp-followers, I had, in the way of clothes, what I stood in. Most fortunately my circular letter of credit had not shared the

fate of the rest of my property. I had kept it in my breast pocket, and was not a little glad that I had done so. If I could only reach Carlsruhe I should be able to get whatever money I wanted. But how to get there was the question. It was some thirty or forty English miles from Worth; there was no conveyance of any sort to be had; and even if the latter had been favorable, my whole worldly wealth consisted, with the exception of the letter of credit, of something less than twenty francs. If I could manage to walk all the way, that very modest sum would suffice me for a very humble lodging each night, and for a moderate amount of indifferent food. I had, however, no choice. Walk I must, if I did not want to be left to starve at Worth. The journey to Carlsruhe would help to pass away the seven days, or, at any rate, a large portion of them, during which I was under parole not to rejoin the French army. To remain where I was, or to follow the French through the Vosges, was equally impossible. So I made up my mind, and started upon what promised to be, and what certainly proved, a journey that was anything but pleasant.

Whatever other drawbacks the road between Worth and Carlsruhe had, it was by no means a solitary or lonely route. It would be difficult to say whether the wagons and other conveyances going towards Germany or those coming into France, were more numerous. The former were filled with French prisoners and wounded soldiers; the latter with fresh German troops en route for the seat of war, doctors and sisters of charity on their way to tend the sick of the German army, and every sort of war stores and supplies it is possible to imagine. There were three villages in the thirty miles of road

where I found it possible to rest at night. There was nothing in the shape of a bedroom, or even of a bed, to be had, except at prices which my very limited amount of cash rendered impossible for me. I was obliged to make the best of things, and to sleep, as well as eat, as best I could. Under such circumstances personal cleanliness was almost impossible. When I arrived, on the morning of the fourth day, at Carlsruhe, I was very far from being respectable in appearance. At Grosse's Hotel the clerk in the bureau evidently did not like to admit me, and it was only after I had shown him my passport that he ordered a room to be got ready for me. I went at once to the bank named in my letter of credit, got what money I required, bought a suit of ready-made clothes; and after a hot bath, and using plenty of soap, began to feel as if it were possible to be clean and comfortable again; although it took two or three days before I could realize that I had got rid of the dirt and discomfort brought about by my vagabond-like pedestrian journey. On the third day after my arrival at Carlsruhe I started for Baden, thence went over the Swiss frontier to Basle; and by that time the seven days having elapsed, I crossed the French frontier and made my way to Laon, following, as well as I could, the direction in which public report gave out that the army under MacMahon was marching.

At Laon I learned that Marshal MacMahon had, with the army he commanded, made his way to Rheims, whence he intended to try to afford assistance to Bazaine, who was already surrounded at Metz. The rail from Laon towards Rheims had been cut by order of the French military authorities, so that I had no means

whatever of pushing on, except by purchasing an old rattle-trap of a carriage to supply the place of the one that had been taken by the German camp-followers at Worth. I was, however, fortunate enough to procure two active and fast horses which, as will be seen presently, proved, in a great measure, the means by which I afterwards was able to effect the very narrow escape that saved my life.

Between Laon and Rheims I passed through Châlons and Epernay, at which places I saw, for the first time, the *francs-tireurs*, or free-shooters. The corps was, in the most comprehensive possible meaning of the word, irregular. The men who composed it were not only irregular in everything they did, but appeared to glory in their irregularity. They seemed to have very few officers, and the few they had were seldom, if ever, to be seen on duty with the men. The latter had evidently souls above obedience, for they did very much what they liked, and in the manner they liked. They evidently hated the regular army, and the latter returned the compliment with interest.

I was very anxious to let my employers in London know the exact state of affairs in regard to the intended advance of MacMahon towards Metz, and how the attempt to relieve Bazaine had utterly failed. To telegraph the news was impossible, as all the wires had been cut by the enemy. I had prepared a long letter which gave many details that had not yet been published in England, and I felt sure that if I could only manage to get what I had written to London it would do me no little credit. As yet Sedan was not even threatened by the Germans. I knew the officers who commanded there

very well, and I resolved to push on by myself, and see what could be done in the way of forwarding my letter thence over the Belgian frontier, whence it would be safe to reach London in twenty-four hours. It took the best part of three days to reach Sedan. At Sedan I was able to procure a horse, and rode some ten miles over the Belgian frontier to Buiony, where there were neither wars nor rumors of wars. Here my letter was posted, registered, and sent off to London. I then returned to Sedan, and, having the horses harnessed to the wretched old conveyance of which I was the owner, set off on my return to the headquarters of MacMahon's army, wherever they might be.

The colonel in command at Sedan was very kind to me, gave me the best of food, and the most reliable of information, advising me, if I wanted to rejoin MacMahon's army, to make the best of my way to a small town called Mouson, some fifteen or twenty miles off, situated in the valley of the Meuse, whence, as he said, I should be pretty sure of finding the headquarters of the army. My coachman, a Swiss whom I had engaged when I bought the trap at Laon, told me that the drive from Sedan to Mouson would occupy about four hours, going at a comparatively slow pace which could not knock up the horses. It was agreed that we were to halt for an hour or so, after we had been a couple of hours on the road. I was very tired and sleepy when we left, and therefore made myself comfortable to enjoy a good sleep, thinking I should have at least two hours in which I could do so.

To my amazement, we had not gone more than a couple or three miles from Sedan when the carriage

came to a sudden halt, and I heard more than one rough voice ordering the driver not to move, unless he wished to be shot then and there. I drew back the leather curtains and looked out, when I found that some thirty or more armed men had surrounded the vehicle, and two of them, opening the door, ordered me in the most brutal manner to get out. At first I thought they were soldiers, and that they were laboring under some mistake, having taken me to be somebody else. But I soon discovered that they belonged to the *francs-tireurs;* and that they fully intended to make me a prisoner. I still thought there must be some mistake, and asked them what they wanted, telling them that I was an English newspaper correspondent who had accompanied MacMahon all through the campaign, and was now on my way to rejoin him. "*Vous mentez*" (You lie) was the polite answer I got; and, as one of them cocked his rifle and swore he would shoot me dead if I did not get out, I thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and got out upon the dusty road. I asked where their officers were; but they replied that there were none present, and that Frenchmen knew how to deal with Prussian spies without being controlled by officers. I asked them what I had done that I should be made a prisoner of. They answered that I was a Prussian spy, and that they intended to try me by court-martial and shoot me. I told them that if they would only come back to Sedan with me, the commandant of the garrison would satisfy them that I was not a Prussian, still less a spy, but an Englishman who was going about his lawful work. They said that the commandant at Sedan was, like most of the French army, a traitor to his country; that they

would not believe a word he said, but had determined to make me a prisoner and kill me. Anything so brutal as they were in their words and manner it has never been my lot to witness in any part of the world.

At last they decided to begin what they were pleased to call a *conseil de guerre*, or court-martial, in order that they might try me for being, as they asserted, a Prussian spy on French soil.

I question whether, in the history of the world, a greater farce or a more entirely one-sided affair was ever enacted than on this occasion. I was accused, as I said before, of being a Prussian spy; but what I came to spy upon, or in whose employment I was, my accusers, who were also my judges, did not say. A couple of dozen times at least I was told that I was what they said; and when I denied it, and said I was an Englishman, I was told "*Vous mentez*" (You lie). Of the twenty-five or thirty men present, twelve resolved themselves into what they called a court, a thirteenth individual acting as president. I offered to show them — in fact held out for their inspection — my Foreign Office passport, as well as a pass I had received from MacMahon's chief-of-staff when I joined the army at Strasburg. But the first they would not even look at; and the second they said was given by a man — Marshal MacMahon — who was himself a traitor to France. They did not seem to think it requisite that I should be put upon my defense. One of them was called forward by the rest, asked whether he could speak English, and whether he would know an Englishman by sight when he saw him. To both questions he answered in the affirmative. He was then told to speak

to me in English, and to look at me, and say if I was an Englishman. He came up to me and muttered some gibberish which contained a few words that might, by persons of a very strong imagination, be called English. I endeavored to say a few words to him in my own tongue; but he stopped me by shouting out that I was a Prussian, that I spoke German, and did not understand a word of English.

This seemed quite enough for those who were trying me. After consulting together for a few minutes one of them announced in a loud voice that I had been found guilty of being a Prussian spy, and that as such I was condemned to be shot. He then told me — looking at his watch and letting me look at mine — that I had a quarter of an hour given me to live, and, as a proof that he meant what he said, orders were given to twelve of the party to load their rifles, and two others were told off to give me the *coup de grâce*, in the event of my not being killed by the firing party. In a word, my lease of life seemed to be very near its termination, and I felt very certain that I had not more than the fifteen minutes the fellow named in which to live.

To analyze one's feelings or thoughts under such circumstances is impossible. For about five minutes, a third of the time that was left me, I felt utterly stunned, and kept wondering whether those I had left behind in England would ever learn what my fate had been. At last an idea, a sort of forlorn hope, came to me, and I lost no time before trying whether or not I could put it in execution. I called to one of the men, who seemed to be a leader among his fellows, and told him that I wished, before being shot, to see a priest, which was a privilege

invariably granted to even the greatest culprits in France, and asked him to find out the *curé*, or parish priest, of the nearest village, and bring him to me. My idea was that by making this request I should, at any rate, gain a little time, and that if this priest did come to see me it was possible, although I feared not very probable, he might have some influence with these men, and might get them to send me to some military post, where I should have justice done me. My request did not seem to annoy my judges in the least. On the contrary, they approved of it, and at once sent off a couple of messengers in different directions to look for this *curé*.

In the mean time my feelings and surroundings were by no means happy. It is true that since they had sentenced me to be shot the men had — most fortunately, as it afterwards turned out — unbound my hands and feet. I was allowed to sit on the ground, close to a wall, a sentry with a loaded rifle being within a dozen yards of me, and due notice was given that if I attempted to get away this man had orders to shoot me at once. I was covered with dirt and dust, the result of having been knocked down more than once when I was made a prisoner. What the ultimate result of my reprieve might be, or what the priest could do if they found him, which seemed far from likely, was, I need hardly say, utterly uncertain. I kept on hoping for the very improbable best, but fearing in my heart that the more than probable worst would be my fate.

At last what turned out to be my guardian angel appeared. The messengers who had gone in search of the priest had been absent some little time, and my

captors were beginning to grumble and say that it was time to finish the business and shoot me offhand, when all at once an old man, a *garde champêtre*, appeared on the scene, his fowling-piece over his shoulder, and the red ribbon in the buttonhole of his blouse, showing that he had served, and served with honor, in the French army. He asked what was the matter, and turning to me, inquired whether I really was an Englishman. I told him my story, and showed him the different documents I had by me, commencing with the pass given me by the chief of MacMahon's staff. He read it carefully, and I could see by his face that he was convinced I was telling the truth. He then looked at my Foreign Office passport, but did not seem able to make out what it meant. All at once he left me, and I saw him go to where my carriage was, and while examining the vehicle and horses, — the latter, most providentially, as it turned out, having never been unharnessed, — he spoke a few words to the coachman. He then came back to where I was, asked me to show him again my different papers, and then, turning to some of the *francs-tireurs* who were standing near, said, in a loud voice, "Messieurs, you have made a great mistake. This person," pointing to me, "is not a Prussian. He is an English officer of rank, who has come to France in order that he may see and admire how Frenchmen defend their country. Even now French officers are expecting him at the headquarters of the army." And then, turning to me, he said, "*Allons, monsieur, en route; ne perdez pas un moment.*" With that he caught hold of my arm, hurried me away, and before my enemies had time, or anything like time, to realize what he was doing, we were not only

inside the carriage, but were tearing along at a smart hand-gallop on the road to Mouson. The anger and vexation of my captors may be imagined. They had not the means of pursuing us; but they fired several shots after us, one of which went through the crown of my billycock hat. However, I was saved; and if ever one man saved the life of another, that old *garde champêtre* saved mine. When we arrived at Mouson I got five hundred francs (twenty pounds) on my letter of credit, and made it a present to the old fellow who had behaved with such pluck, and who had certainly risked his life to save me. Had we been caught before we reached the carriage, nothing could have saved him from suffering with me the death to which I had been condemned.



GERMAN WOUNDED IN THE GALLERY OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES

BY VICTOR BACHEREAU-REVERCHON

(*French artist.* 1842)

IN the Palace of Versailles there is one room, the superb Gallery of Mirrors, that has seen strange vicissitudes. It was built by Mansard, in 1678. It is 240 feet long and 43 feet high, and has 34 great mirrors. It is richly ornamented with paintings and trophies and is the most splendid room in the whole splendid palace. During the siege of Paris by the Germans, the floors were trod by softly stepping nurses instead of nobles and mighty potentates; and the mirrors reflected cots of wounded soldiers instead of the exquisite gowns of beautiful women and the insignia of royalty; for the most magnificent apartment of Versailles was turned into a hospital for wounded German soldiers.

The palace has had an eventful history. At first Louis XIII built a tiny hunting lodge in the woods and planned a great château. Louis XIV, instead of a château, built a magnificent palace, lavishing vast sums upon it. In 1682 the court came to Versailles, and for over a hundred years it was the principal residence of the French kings. Here Marie Antoinette played at being a peasant dairymaid. The great halls have been the scene of important historical events. Here was signed the treaty of peace between France and England in which Great Britain recognized the independence of the United States. Here the Paris mob swarmed and drove Louis XVI and his queen to Paris for safety. In the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans used the palace as headquarters, and it was here that, on January 18, 1871, the King of Prussia was proclaimed German emperor.

The inscription on the central building, "To all the glories of France," is justified by the collection within. Hall after hall is filled with pictures commemorating historical events, with statues and busts and portraits of famous people, plans of important battles, allegorical paintings, views of royal palaces, and arms of crusaders and kings.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

BY MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

[THIS was a favorite song of the German soldiers during the war of 1870.

The Editor.]

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?

Chorus: Dear Fatherland, no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of an heroic race
From heaven look down and meet this gaze;
He swears with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

GERMANY

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

VIII
MODERN GERMANY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE success of the Prussian arms aroused national pride. A closer union was again the cry, and in 1871 King William I of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, this title to be hereditary in the Prussian dynasty. With the consolidation of all the German states under the leadership of Prussia and the recognition of the new empire as the dominant military power on the Continent of Europe, Germany entered upon a period of great prosperity. Emperor William I was succeeded by his son, Frederick III, whose short reign was followed in 1888 by the accession to the throne of William II, the present emperor. This most independent of princes regarded nothing as too small for his attention, nothing as too great for his control. During his reign Germany has built up a colonial empire, created a powerful navy and merchant marine, extended her commercial and industrial activities throughout the world, and increased her manufactures more rapidly than has any other country.

The German Empire of to-day is a union of twenty-six states under the presidency of the King of Prussia, who has the title of German Emperor. The Reichstag, or Parliament, represents the nation as a whole, and consists of about 400 members, who are elected for five years each. The executive power is held by the Emperor, and the Cabinet is responsible to him and not to Parliament as in England.

BISMARCK IN THE REICHSTAG AND AT HOME

[About 1880]

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE

[KARL OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK-SCHONHAUSEN — to give his full quota of names — was born in 1815. He followed the traditions of his ancestors and entered the public service. At the accession of William I, he became the head of the Prussian Cabinet and Minister of Foreign Affairs. His aim was to drive Austria out of the Confederation, to unite Germany, and to bring it to the front rank among the nations of Europe. The Seven Weeks' War, in 1866, broke the union between Prussia and Austria, and made it plain that Prussia was the most powerful of the German states. Bismarck's next aim was to win the South German states, and in pursuit of this he was more than willing to push on a war with France. The success of the German army brought about an enthusiasm and strength of patriotism that resulted in the coronation of William in 1871 as German Emperor.

Now that the empire was established, the great chancellor aimed at the victories of peace. He skillfully kept clear of international entanglements and formed such alliances as would best conduce to the greatness of the country. Between him and the Emperor William I there was a strong and sincere attachment; but when, after the short reign of Frederick, William II came to the throne, trouble arose. Bismarck had ruled the land for too many years to submit to an autocratic young man of twenty-nine. The result was the minister's resignation. He died in 1898. As has been well said, "He found Germany a group of jealous kingdoms and principalities, the shuttlecock of Austria and France.

He left it a united nation, one of the world's great Powers, and the dominant force on the Continent of Europe."

The Editor.]

It is interesting to observe Bismarck as, in the legislative palace at Berlin, he sits on the central bench of the Reichstag, which is set apart for the imperial ministers. He usually enters just before the house is called to order, and with a haughty nod here and there, sits plump down into his chair, apparently unconscious of the multitude of eyes that are fixed upon him. He begins at once his work of signing papers, glancing rapidly over dispatches, and giving orders to the secretaries who stand by. Now and then he throws a quick glance across the chamber; then settles down again, folds his arms across his breast, and seems to be carrying on a double process of listening to what is said, and of meanwhile thinking hard. But if Herr Lasker or Herr Haenel happens to be delivering an eloquent tirade against the Government, you can easily read upon the chancellor's grim face, and in his nervous, petulant movements, the emotion which is agitating him. He is not one of those nerveless men who can listen with a stolid face and contemptuously placid smile to the invectives of his antagonists. Irritable, imperious, yet thin-skinned and sensitive, Bismarck never seems to care to conceal the annoyance or anger so easily aroused in his breast by opposition. At such a time you will see him contract his bushy brows, look rapidly around the chamber as if to take stock of his enemies, and finally rise to his feet amid a sudden hush and breathless attention. In a delivery broken, abrupt, spasmodic, with a voice husky and apparently

always finding its breath with difficulty, — except at certain moments of high passion, when it rings out strong, clear, and defiant, — with his big hands clutching the shining buttons of his military tunic, or savagely twirling and twisting a paper or a pencil, he proceeds to reply to the attack. His round gray eyes flash brightly and fiercely, his large frame sways to and fro, his face grows red, his legs are sometimes crossed, then suddenly drawn wide apart; and he goes on in the simplest, clearest, frankest language, to justify his acts and repel the assertions of his antagonist. Every one is astonished at his frankness; his blunt avowal of his motives; his unequivocal declarations of future policy; his merciless handling, not only of his immediate opponent, but of all his opponents, and of men and courts outside of Germany. It is a part of his adroitness to seem imprudently frank; his apparent imprudence and recklessness, are, we may be sure, calculated beforehand. But there can be no doubt that his wrath is genuine; or that the greatest difficulty he encounters in debate is that of keeping in check his most unruly temper.

When we follow Bismarck from the chancellerie and the Reichstag, from the palace and the council chamber, to his homes in the Friedrichstrasse and at Varzin, he appears to us under many fresh and more pleasing aspects. For this grim, iron-souled chief, whose courage, will, determination, and despotic temper are so irresistible on the public arena, is really one of the most human of men. He is still, though often oppressed by well-nigh insufferable neuralgic pains, as fond of a frolic as a boy. He is far happiest in his home, surrounded by a family than which there never was a family more tenderly and

chivalrously beloved. He has a great, affectionate, generous heart; his ardent devotion to those who have won his love is in the mouths of all Germany. His home, too, is a temple, in which the household gods are many. In speaking of his quiet, domestic, sweet-tempered wife, he once said, "She it is who has made me what I am." At one of the most brilliant periods of his life he wrote to this congenial partner: "I long for the moment when, established in our winter quarters, we sit once more around the cheerful tea-table, let the Neva be frozen as thick as it will." These winter quarters were the massive, three-story house, No. 76 Friedrichstrasse, the chancellor's official residence. A sentry's box at the front gate indicates its public nature; within, liveried attendants moving to and fro betray that this great man, simple and robust as are his tastes, must still maintain some show of state. The broad stairway is adorned by two stone sphinxes, which seem to symbolize Bismarck's policy, if not his character. Beyond, are the larger apartments of the house, — the drawing and reception rooms; while still more remote, and only accessible to those especially honored by Bismarck's friendship, is the large, plain, curiously furnished library, where he at once performs the burden of his labors and takes his chief comfort. The windows of the library overlook an umbrageous park; the room itself is garnished with suits of armor, boxing gloves, foils, swords, and other paraphernalia of war and the "manly arts." Time was when Bismarck used to sit there, drinking big draughts of mixed porter and champagne, smoking a bottomless student pipe, and working like a giant, till far into the earlier hours of the morning.

Latterly, tortured by neuralgia, he has given up these midnight indulgences and labors, and sits with his family in the common sitting-room.

It is not here in the Friedrichstrasse, however, amid the bustle of the crowded city and swarms of officials and satellites, that Bismarck takes his chief delight. It is only at Varzin, near by his ancestral home, among the scenes of his mad and rollicking youth, that he most fully enjoys the luxury of living. When away, he is constantly longing for Varzin. He once said: "I often dream that I see Varzin — all the trees that I know so well, and the blue sky; and I fancy that I am enjoying it all."

Ample acres and all the appurtenances of a prosperous and well-kept landed estate surround the spacious Pomeranian mansion of the chancellor. The stables shelter many thoroughbreds, the kennels are crowded with Bismarck's favorite dogs. The conservatories teem with rare fruits and flowers; and in all these things the master takes a keen and watchful interest. But he is most often found at Varzin, as at Berlin, in his study. This is a six-sided apartment, furnished with rugged simplicity. An enormous chimney and open fireplace fill in one of the corners; on either side of which rises a column bearing a coat-of-arms on an emblazoned shield. Bismarck is proud of his blood and his ancestry. After the French war, he added to his coat-of-arms the banners of Alsace and Lorraine, and chose as his motto, "*Trinitate Robur*," — "My strength in trinity," — an old family device. "And," suggested a friend, "it may also signify 'My strength in the three-in-one God.'" "Quite so," replied the prince, gravely. "That was

what I meant." A bust of the Emperor surmounts the chimney; while before it there are placed two stiff, high-backed chairs. The walls are adorned, as Bismarck everywhere is fond of adorning them, with many curiosities; there are Tunisian sabers and Japanese swords, Russian hunting knives and braces of pistols, military caps and quaint bits of armor. The furniture of the room comprises sofas, divans, and the chancellor's writing-desk covered with green cloth, and having upon it a white porcelain inkstand and a two-armed student lamp; on a small table at one side is a large Bible, evidently much used; everything is solid, plain, and substantial, like Bismarck himself. This feature of simple comfort is discernible, indeed, throughout the house. Nor is it without its mysterious staircase. Such a one leads from a corridor into unknown regions. "The castle keep?" once asked a friend, pointing to the door. "That is my sally-port," said Bismarck; and he went on to explain that it led to a path in the woods, whither the great man was fain incontinently to retreat when threatened by a raid of unwelcome guests.

Many of Bismarck's most attractive personal traits are hinted to us by his surroundings. Once within the serene atmosphere of Varzin, the stern chancellor becomes the devoted family man, the enthusiastic sportsman, the frank and talkative friend, and even the genial wit. Those who have been privileged to hear his conversation, declare it to be replete with brilliant sallies, humorous hits, and graphic descriptions. At his ease he is one of the frankest, most genial, most entertaining of men. Adamant as he seems in public, he has

been known to feel so bitterly the stings of hostile sarcasm and criticism as to give way to fits of weeping. When, during the Austrian war, the German generals desired to push on and invade Hungary, Bismarck strenuously opposed the project; but his arguments were in vain. Chagrined at his failure to convince them, he suddenly left the room, went into the next, threw himself upon the bed, and wept and groaned aloud. "After a while," he says, "there was silence in the other room, and then the plan was abandoned." His tears had conquered where his arguments had failed.

His mode of life is peculiar. Being often sleepless, his usual hour of rising is ten in the morning. His breakfast is simple, consisting generally of a cup of tea, two eggs, and a piece of bread. At dinner he eats and drinks, like a true Pomeranian, copiously and freely. His princely appetite, indeed, is described as being truly voracious. His table groans with a superabundance of rich and indigestible food, and dizzy concoctions of champagne and porter, sherry and tea. "The German people," said he on one occasion, alluding to the many hampers of his known favorite meats, fish, and fruits sent him from all quarters, "are resolved to have a fat chancellor."

Sometimes, like lesser folks, Bismarck has fits of the blues and of brooding; which can scarcely be wondered at when we consider his self-indulgence at table. On these occasions he distresses those around him by the most forlorn reflections. Once he declared that he had made nobody happy by his public acts — neither himself, nor his family, nor the country. "I have had," he went on gloomily, "little or no pleasure out of all I have done — on the contrary, much annoyance, care and

trouble." In brighter moods he takes all this back, and revels, with almost boyish exultation, in the splendor of his state strokes, and the new face he has put upon the world's events.

"Where is my dog?" was Bismarck's first exclamation when, on a recent visit to Vienna, he alighted from the railway train. Never did a man cherish a fonder affection for the brute creation than this king-maker and world-mover. He watched by the side of his dying "Sultan" as he might have done over a favorite child, and begged to be left alone with him in the final hour. When the faithful old friend gasped his last breath, Bismarck, with tears in his eyes, turned to his son and said: "Our German forefathers had a kind belief that, after death, they would meet again, in the celestial hunting-grounds, all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. I wish I could believe that!" For children Bismarck had an ardent fondness. His bright little grandchildren are the very joy of his old age. On every occasion, he seems to take delight in humoring and pleasing the young. Curiously commingled in his large nature are sentiment and satire, kindliness and humor. One day he was taking a walk with his wife at the famous watering-place of Kissingen. As they were about to turn down a side path, the chancellor saw just beyond a rustic family, evidently anxious to catch a good glimpse of him. The youngest daughter, a girl of ten, started forward, and with an expression half-timid, half-bold, approached, staring at him. Bismarck at once turned aside and sat down on a rustic bench by the road, until the girl had passed; when rising, he bowed his most stately bow to her, said gravely,

"Good-morning, miss," and proceeded down the secluded path.

There can be no doubt of Bismarck's sturdy personal courage. One striking incident in his career has proved that to all time. One day in 1866, as he was returning home from the palace through the Unter den Linden, he was shot from behind by an assassin. He turned short, seized the miscreant, and though feeling himself wounded held the man with iron grasp until some soldiers came up. He then walked rapidly home, sat down with his family and ate a hearty dinner. After the meal was over, he walked up to his wife and said, "You see, I am quite well"; adding, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see." It was the first intimation she had had of the attempted tragedy.

These necessarily rapid glances at Bismarck's career and character may fitly be brought to a close by referring to the depth and sincerity of his religious faith and feelings. In an age when skepticism and atheism are especially rampant among his countrymen, Bismarck adhered stoutly to the sturdy creed of his fathers. "I do not understand," he once wrote to his wife, "how a man who thinks about himself, and yet knows and wishes to know nothing of God, can support his existence, out of very weariness and disgust. I do not know how I bore it formerly. If I were now to live without God as then, I would not know in very truth why I should not put away life like a soiled robe."

This simple fervor of humble and deep-rooted faith seems to me to shed greater luster on his full, troubled, but triumphant life, than the conquest of Austrian or

Frank, the rebuilding of a fallen empire, the sway of a power which bends all Europe to its will, or even that lofty mastery over event and circumstances which must record his name the highest on the illustrious roll of the statesmen of our century.

STUDENT LIFE AT THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

[About 1900]

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK

ENGLISH people who have been in Germany at all have invariably been to Heidelberg, and if they have been there in term time they have been amused by the gangs of young men who swagger about the narrow streets, each gang wearing a different colored cap. They will have been told that these are the "corps" students, and the sight of them so jolly and so idle will confirm their mental picture of the German student, the picture of a young man who does nothing but drink beer, fight duels, sing *Volkslieder* and *Trinklieder*, and make love to pretty, low-born maidens. When you see a company of these young men clatter into the Schloss garden on a summer afternoon and drink vast quantities of beer, when you observe their elaborate ceremonial of bows and greetings, when you hear their laughter and listen to the latest stories of their monkey tricks, you understand that the student's life is a merry one, but except for the sake of tradition you wonder why he need lead it at a seat of learning. Anything further removed from learning than a German corps student cannot be imagined, and the noise he makes must incommode the quiet working students who do not join a corps. Not that the quiet working students would wish to banish the others. They are the glory of the German universities. In novels and on

the stage none others appear. The innocent foreigner thinks that the moment a young German goes to the Alma Mater of his choice he puts on an absurd little cap, gets his face slashed, buys a boar hound, and devotes all his energies to drinking beer and ragging officials. But though the "corps" students are so conspicuous in the small university towns, it is only the men of means who join them. For poorer students there is a cheaper form of union, called a *Burschenschaft.* When a young German goes to the university he has probably never been from home before, and by joining a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft*, he finds something to take the place of home, companions with whom he has a special bond of intimacy, and a discipline that carries on his social education; for the etiquette of these associations is most elaborate and strict. The members of a corps all say "thou" to each other, and on the *Alte Herren Abende*, when members of an older generation are entertained by the young ones of to-day, this practice still obtains, although one man may be a great minister of State and the other a lad fresh from school. The laws of a "corps" remind you of the laws made by English schoolboys for themselves, — they are as solemnly binding, as educational, and as absurd. If a Vandal meets a Hessian in the streets he may not recognize him, though the Hessian be his brother; but outside the town's boundary this prohibition is relaxed, for it is not rooted in ill feeling but in ceremony. One corps will challenge another to meet it on the dueling ground, just as an English football team will meet another — in friendly rivalry. All the students' associations except the theological require their members to fight these duels, which are

really exercises in fencing and take place on regular days of the week, just as cricket matches do in England. The men are protected by goggles and by shields and baskets on various parts of their bodies, but their faces are exposed, and they get ugly cuts, of which they are extremely proud. As it is quite impossible that I should have seen these duels myself, I will quote from a description sent me by an English friend who was taken to them in Heidelberg by a corps student. "They take place," he says, "in a large bare room with a plain boarded floor. There were tables, each to hold ten or twelve persons, on three sides of the room, and a refreshment counter on the fourth side, where an elderly woman and one or two girls were serving wine. The wine was brought to the tables, and the various corps sat at their special tables, all drinking and smoking. The dressing and undressing and the sewing up of wounds was done in an adjoining room. When the combatants were ready, they were led in by their seconds, who held up their arms one on each side. The face and the top of the head were exposed, but the body, neck, and arms were heavily bandaged. The duelists were placed opposite each other, and the seconds, who also have swords in their hands, stand one on each side, ready to interfere and knock up the combatant's sword. They say, '*Auf die Mensur*,' and then the slashing begins. As soon as blood is drawn, the seconds interfere, and the doctor examines the cut. If it is not bad they go on fighting directly. If it needs sewing up they go into the next room, and you wait an endless time for the next party. I got awfully tired of the long intervals, sitting at the tables, drinking and smoking. While the fights were

going on we all stood round in a ring. There were only about three duels the whole morning. There was a good deal of blood on the floor. The women at the refreshment counter were quite unconcerned. They did n't trouble to look on, but talked to each other about blouses like girls in a post-office. The students drove out to the inn and back in open carriages. It is a mile from Heidelberg. The duels are generally as impersonal as games, but sometimes they are in settlement of quarrels. I think any student may come and fight on these occasions, but I suppose he has to be the guest of a corps." . . .

A *Kommers* is a students' festival in which the professors and other senior members of a university take part, and at which outsiders are allowed to look on. The presiding students appear *in vollem Wichs*, or as we should say, *in their war paint*, with sashes and rapiers. Young and old together drink beer, sing songs, make speeches, and in honor of one or the other they "rub a Salamander," — a word which is said to be a corruption of *Sauft alle mit einander*. This is a curious ceremony and of great antiquity. When the glasses are filled at the word of command, they are rubbed on the table; at the word of command they are raised and emptied; and again at the word of command every man rubs his glass on the table, the second time raises it and brings it down with a crash. Any one who brought his glass down a moment earlier or later than the others would spoil the "Salamander" and be in disgrace. In "Ekkehardt," Scheffel describes a similar ceremonial in the tenth century. "The men seized their mugs," he says, "and rubbed them three times in unison on the smooth

rocks, producing a humming noise, then they lifted them towards the sun and drank; each man set down his mug at the same moment, so that it sounded like a single stroke."

A *Kommers* is not always a gay festival. It may be a memorial ceremony in honor of some great man lately dead. Then speeches are made in his praise, solemn and sacred music is sung, and the "Salamander," an impressive libation to the dead man's Manes, is drunk with mournful effect.

In small university towns — and it must be remembered that there are twenty-two universities in Germany — the students play a great part in the social life of the place. German ladies have often told me that the balls they looked forward to with most delight as girls were those given by students, when one "corps" would take rooms and pay for music, wine, and lights. For supper, tickets are issued on such occasions, which the guests pay themselves. The small German universities seem full of the students in term time, especially in those places where people congregate for pleasure and not for work. Even in a town as big as Leipsic they are seen a good deal, filling the pavement, occupying the restaurants, going in gangs to the play. But in Berlin the German student of tradition, the beer person, the duelist, the rollicking lad with his big dog, is lost. He is there, you are told, but if you keep to the highway you never see him; and to tell the truth, in Germany you miss him. He stands for youth and high spirits and that world of ancient custom most of us would be loath to lose. In Berlin, if you go to the *Universität* when the working day begins, you see a crowd of serious, well-mannered

young men, most of them carrying books and papers. They are swarming like bees to the various lecture-rooms, they are as quiet as the elderly professors who appear amongst them. They have no corps caps, no dogs, no scars on their scholarly faces. By their figures you judge that they are not Beer Persons. They have worked hard for twelve years in the gymnasiums of Germany, they have no idle habits, no interests so keen as their interest in this business of preparing for the future. They are the men of next year's Germany and will carry on their country's reputation in the world for efficiency and scholarship.

A DAY WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR

[1898]

BY MAURICE LEUDET

THE energy of the Emperor is proverbial. He never rests, and professes the deepest horror of idleness. Moreover, his capacity for work is prodigious. Amongst those who immediately surround him there is even some fear that his health will some day suffer from his continual efforts to examine into all the affairs of the empire himself. To rest his brain he indulges in all those physical exercises in which he excels.

The Emperor gets up at five o'clock in the morning. As soon as he is up he takes a cold bath. His mother — who is a daughter of Queen Victoria, and an Englishwoman — has given him a taste from his earliest childhood for cold water, which is so wholesome for those who can stand it. After his bath, he dresses quickly and breakfasts at half-past six.

Immediately after breakfast the Emperor goes into his study, where piles of letters and quantities of documents await him. There are letters received during the night at the post-office and which special messengers bring the first thing in the morning to the Palace of Berlin or the Palace of Potsdam. There are also reports in the handwriting of the ministers and of high authorities. The Emperor, who himself sees to everything, has so much to do in reading all these documents that if he wishes to examine each in detail — which with him is a

principle — he cannot allow himself an instant's rest. It is very rarely that he postpones the consideration of any sort of business. He settles everything at the hour he has appointed, even though, to do so, he has to take an hour or two from his sleep.

The adjutants on duty are at their posts at half-past six. The Emperor discusses with them the orders for the day, and at seven he usually goes to see his children. He then betakes himself to the room where he receives, for the most part, the reports of the marshals. Then some conferences with the functionaries under the orders of the master of the household. In these interviews the details of such and such a ceremony are discussed, the programme for some impending journey of the Emperor made out, and the probable expense calculated, etc.

In the same way the Emperor, during his hours of work, looks into the affairs of the imperial household, examines the accounts, approves of orders given by the Grand Marshal, and, in a word, settles all questions relating to the daily domestic life. On important occasions he receives the ministers, the councilors with their reports, the prefect of police, generals, and great functionaries. It is the greatest delight to the Emperor to receive the reports of these persons, and to sign the papers they present to him. The Emperor goes into all these reports with so much zeal, though they are coming all day long, that he often says to those working with him, "I know I am giving you a lot of trouble, but I cannot do differently. I have a great task myself to accomplish, and I cannot make my decisions quickly."

If frequently happens that the heads of the different

departments bring him twenty papers to sign. Each of these is discussed, and of the twenty perhaps only three or four are carried away signed. For the others, the sovereign is determined to have further information concerning them.

By nine o'clock in the morning the Emperor has thus accomplished a good deal of business, and if the weather and the season permit, he goes out for a drive and afterwards takes a pretty long walk. If the weather is unfavorable for driving, he goes to the riding-school and rides for three quarters of an hour. The Emperor is a good fencer, a good rider, and a good shot. When he is on horseback he likes to meet with difficulties. He not only jumps hedges and ditches, but also banks, called Irish banks, with the greatest ease. On days when a military inspection takes place, the Emperor, who has thus had to ride in the open air for a long time, dispenses with his drive. He remains in the saddle for five or six hours at a stretch willingly.

At about eleven the interviews and the reports begin again. This is also the time when audiences are granted. Officers of high rank who have received promotion, or great functionaries who have been accorded a rise, are announced. He also receives the envoys and representatives of foreign countries, princes, and great lords. The Emperor converses with each of them for a few minutes.

At *levées* the Emperor pays his guests some original attentions. During the course of a *levée* he will change his uniform five or six times. Thus, for instance, if the son of a deceased general of artillery comes to announce to William II the death of his father, the Emperor does

not fail to put on his artillery uniform to do honor to the officer who has died in his service. He wears the uniform of a general of artillery, of cavalry, of infantry, or the naval uniform, according to the person he receives and the position that person occupies.

If the Emperor receives foreign representatives of military *attachés* of foreign powers, he wears the uniform of the army of the country which the visitor represents, or at least the orders belonging to that country.

The fatiguing ceremony lasts till about half-past two. The Emperor then goes again to join his children, who are already at table, and takes his second breakfast with them.

He then visits certain great functionaries, generals, and ministers, and discusses State affairs with them. He visits an artist and sits for a picture or a bust. He inspects the barracks and the public offices, and, if he has time, he concludes the afternoon with a carriage drive, which lasts till five or six o'clock.

At half-past six he again receives persons who have some communication to make to him, or who come to consult him upon military or civil business. He reads reports, and signs papers which were presented to him in the morning, but which he wished to think over. Finally, at seven o'clock he dines with his family.

On leaving the table the Emperor devotes some time to his children, who have spent the day in their studies, or in physical exercises; then he returns to work.

In the evening, as a novel recreation, the Emperor practices fencing. Towards ten he takes a light repast, and then retires to his bedroom. At a little after ten he summons his valet to help him to undress.

On a table beside his bed there are always placed paper and pencil, in order that the Emperor may make a note of anything that occurs to him before he goes to sleep or before he gets up in the morning.

Such is one of the Emperor's working-days, in ordinary circumstances. In extraordinary circumstances William II imposes yet greater labor on himself. Think for a moment of the additional work imposed on him by the visit of a king or any sort of prince. All the business of the day is done by him, no matter what happens, even when the visit of some great personage obliges him to spend half the day at repasts, drives and walks, and ceremonies. On these occasions his time is so parceled out that it is often not till eleven o'clock in the morning that he can go into his study to glance at the newspapers, or read a new scientific, political, or literary book. It is past eleven at night before he can dispose himself for sleep. Even then he rises, if need be, at four o'clock, and begins again, without interruption, the business of the State. At the same time, visits, military maneuvers, inspections outside Berlin, occupy a great deal of the Emperor's time. During a journey he is never a moment idle. In the saloon carriage which is reserved for him, he writes, looks at reports, signs papers, etc. By the evening, after all the ceremonies at which he is obliged to be present, after the speeches and the toasts which he has had to listen to, and to which he has had to reply, he is very tired; but, nevertheless, when he is once more in his room, he looks at papers, runs through documents, and appends his signature. When he is away from Berlin, which is the seat of government, he is careful to attend to all business

with even greater promptitude and attention than usual.

During reviews and inspections the Emperor is on horseback from five o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon. He has hardly time to take his hurried meals. Immediately afterwards he sets to work to study the business of State, has a *levée* in the afternoon, and assists at fresh ceremonies. Outwardly he does not show the least fatigue or the least effort. There is a sort of coquetry in his way of having a pleasant word for each of his visitors.

In these exceptional circumstances the Emperor has often not more than three hours for sleep. The next day he is on horseback again at the earliest possible hour.

Passionately fond of life by the sea, he is particularly fond of the natural beauties of the North Sea coast.

Even during his pleasure trips he devotes a great part of his time to work. At every place where he stops he finds dispatches, letters, reports for him, and even on his yacht his active spirit obliges him to read and study. It is true that he takes somewhat long voyages during the summer, when the departments take their holiday; but the government machine never stops, and William II has affairs to settle which require prompt execution.

In spite of all the work which the Emperor imposes on himself, he finds time to read most of the books of any importance which appear in Europe, whether literary, scientific, religious, or philosophical. A distinguished linguist, having in particular a marvelous acquaintance with French and German, he reads all these books, not in translations, but in the original. Therefore he is rarely at a loss when there is any discussion of

a new book. In order to be abreast of all these studies, this reading, and these various labors, William II is penetrated with the idea that only the most absolute regularity in the employment of time can enable him to solve the apparently unsolvable problems of how to have sufficient knowledge of everything which attracts human observation.

He was prepared for this life of work by the severe education he was subjected to. He was, in fact, brought up in a hard school. Each day he had only half an hour to pursue his own tastes. Knowing the value of time, it is seldom indeed that he puts anything off till the morrow. A little theatrical in his manner, even one might say *cabotin*,[1] he has nevertheless a strong sentiment that the chief of the State should not only be the representative of authority, but also the most active collaborator in the life of the country of which he is the head.

His mystical ideas have led him to believe that he holds his right to rule from the Deity. He is one of the last believers in Divine right, of which M. the Comte de Chambord was the last representative in France.

[1] *Cabotin* means literally " strolling player," but is an untranslatable word.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND

BY ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

WHERE is the German's fatherland?
The Prussian land? The Swabian land?
Where Rhine the vine-clad mountain laves?
Where skims the gull the Baltic waves?
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavarian land? or Stygian land?
Where sturdy peasants plough the plain?
Where mountain-sons bright metal gain?
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
The Saxon hills? The Zuyder strand?
Where sweep wild winds the sandy shores?
Where loud the rolling Danube roars?
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, then name the mighty land!
The Austrian land in fight renowned?

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND

The Kaiser's land with honors crowned?
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, then name the mighty land!
The land of Hofer? land of Tell?
This land I know, and love it well;
But, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Is his the pieced and parceled land
Where pirate-princes rule? A gem
Torn from the empire's diadem?
Ah, no, no, no!
Such is no German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, oh, name the mighty land!
Where'er is heard the German tongue,
And German hymns to God are sung!
This is the land, thy Hermann's land;
This, German, is thy fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland,
Where faith is in the plighted hand,
Where truth lives in each eye of blue,
And every heart is staunch and true.
This is the land, the honest land,
The honest German's fatherland.

GERMANY

This is the land, the one true land,
O God, to aid be thou at hand!
And fire each heart, and nerve each arm,
To shield our German homes from harm,
To shield the land, the one true land,
One Deutschland and one fatherland.