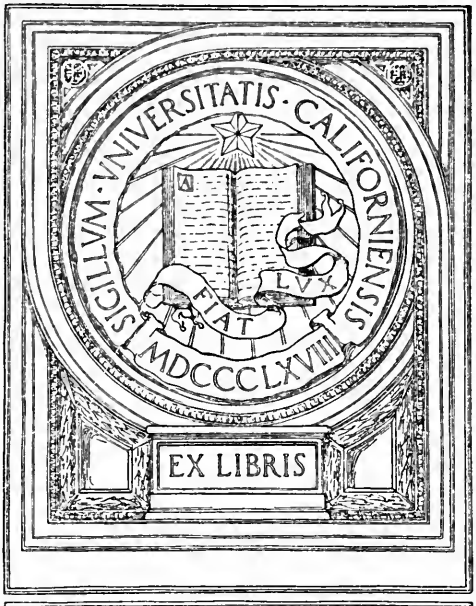

In Memoriam

JESSE WARREN LILIENTHAL

BY

LILLIE BERNHEIMER LILIENTHAL

SAN FRANCISCO
JOHN HENRY NASH
1921

THE DEAREST AND SWEETEST MEMORIES
ARE EVANESCENT, AND TO KEEP ALIVE
THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE OF THE WONDERFUL FATHER
I DEDICATE THIS INTIMATE
RECORD TO MY SON.

A List of Chapters

Chapter I

Youth and Education

Jesse Warren Lilienthal, born in Haverstraw-on-the-Hudson, New York, August 2nd, 1855, was the son of Max and Pepi Nettre Lilienthal. He was one of eight children — three brothers, Theodore, Philip, and Albert; and four sisters, Eliza, Dinah, Esther, and Victoria; Dinah died in infancy.

His father's prevailing characteristic, notwithstanding the many obstacles he encountered as a young man, was his great optimism, always looking for final success. His mother, an exceptional woman, was more inclined to the serious side of life, of a more doubting nature, somewhat inclined to pessimism. Their married life was comparatively short, but an exceptionally happy and sympathetic one. She was her husband's inspiration. She was never forgotten, and her influence remained after she had gone.

These two so to speak contrary temperaments ran through the blood of Jesse Lilienthal, a serious, a very serious man at times, but again most optimistic. Yet he did not allow his optimism to blind him to the exigencies of the future, and he always looked ahead endeavoring to avoid troubles which might be in store. He had a keen sense of humor, nothing he enjoyed more than a hearty laugh.

His father, the Rev. Doctor Max Lilienthal, was a Jewish Minister. He occupied the pulpit first in New York

and then for many years in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was in the latter place that most of Jesse's childhood was passed.

From his earliest days he combined in his nature gentleness and force, and these traits he carried through life. He had often said that he had a fiery temper, and loved to tell the story that when a boy two of his brothers teasing him into a frenzy, he lifted one of them almost twice his size and tried to put him on the stove. But I never remember seeing him hot-headed or quick-tempered, and so wonderfully did he have his temper under control that what might have proved a vice—this force and determination—was so tempered by justice and kindness that his high spirit became a virtue and a trait to be envied.

As a boy he was full of the joy of living, ready for fun and sport, quite an athlete, but at the same time he was a fine student and proved that by his standing in school. He graduated with honors from the Woodward High School, Cincinnati, in 1870, then entered the Cincinnati Law School and at the same time the law offices of Long and Kramer. After being there a short time, he felt that he would prefer entering West Point, and he made every effort to that end. His father wrote to President Grant, Judge Bellamy Storer wrote to Hamilton Fish, the then Secretary of State, and both used every effort with Congressman Job Stevenson, who represented the District in which he lived. Stevenson had already made his appointment, but promised in case his nominee failed, "Lilienthal's claims were to be considered first of all." The outcome was that he became the alternate, but his hope to

enter West Point was never realized. He continued the study of the law and in 1872, only seventeen years old, he graduated from the Cincinnati Law School.

His father, knowing the struggle and difficulties of a professional career, although encouraging all his children to have the very highest education, even to that of a profession, was not anxious to have them follow it. When Jesse wanted to continue law at Harvard College, his father endeavored to dissuade him, and proposed he should take up banking. Jesse was intensely opposed to that but at last acquiesced, with the proviso that after one year's experience should he still feel inclined to continue his studies, his father should offer no objection. He then went to New York, entered the banking house of J. & W. Seligman, who were friends of his father's, and when the year elapsed, notwithstanding the most flattering offers from the bank, both as to salary and position, nothing could persuade him to renounce the education for which he yearned. He never regretted his experience, however, as it gave him practical insight into big undertakings, which proved very valuable to him as a corporation lawyer.

He entered Harvard October 3rd, 1874, of the Class of '76 — at that time the law course being only two years. Having entered Harvard against so much opposition, and having great independence of spirit, he determined to be as little of a burden to his father as possible, and prove himself, and make good. A scholarship was offered to him at the end of his first year, and contrary to the wishes

of his family, he accepted it, but with the very first money which he made he reimbursed Harvard. This is but one of his many evidences of character.

Just here it seems to me it may be interesting to reprint an article which he wrote for a weekly paper as far back as 1880:

"How Shall We Meet Social Persecution.

"I have no doubt that everyone of us has occasionally felt the disadvantage of asserting our religion in society. We, all of us, have been made to feel the bitterness of suffering for apparent shortcomings, over which we had no control, and for which we were not responsible. Jew is often used as a term of reproach, and each of us has felt the humiliation of being discriminated against as such. I believe a little experience that I have had in that direction will be both interesting and instructive to my young friends, and I recall it for their benefit.

"I had the good fortune, some years ago, to attend one of our Eastern universities. I came there a perfect stranger, without friends, without influence, without social standing, but full of eagerness for my work, and determined, in spite of all obstacles, to succeed. For the first six weeks of the course I worked as I never have before or since. During fourteen or fifteen hours of every day of the week I never left my books. Probably none equaled me in application, and the result was, as it always will be in such a case, that I soon stood out prominently in the class as specially proficient. Everyone was interested

to know this young man who shone forth so brightly, and I was soon sought out and courted on every hand. No one but was glad to claim me as his friend, and socially as well as intellectually I was recognized as the equal of the best of them.

"One day, one of those to whom I had found it easy to specially attract to myself, innocently asked me to what church I belonged. He was a blue-blooded Bostonian, and full of that prejudice against the Jew, that the New Englander, with his limited opportunities of knowing us, has for our people. Imagine then this poor fellow's consternation when I told him that I was a Jew. He was as if struck by lightning. I might have said I had the leprosy or smallpox without startling him half so badly. I saw the impression made upon him, and went away. In twenty-four hours the whole class knew my religion, and I was left to stand absolutely alone. Consider the sadness of my situation — yesterday, a general favorite; today, a virtual outcast.

"Strong as I was in pride and love for my religion, those were trying times for me. My college career that had begun so hopefully looked blasted and withered, and with a heavy heart I sought forgetfulness of this unkindness in the performance of my work. For two long weeks I received no recognition from my schoolmates, save occasionally a distant nod, a formal good-morning. But the Jew is proud, and never realizes his strength until it is tried. I passed these greetings by unnoticed, avoided my former companions, buried myself in my books, and sought, harder than ever, to champion the position I had

won in the eyes of my professors. I succeeded, but the love for my work was gone. If this was an indication of the world's fairness, what prospects of success had I when the schoolroom was converted into the stage of life, where everyone is selfish and merciless? I think those two weeks were the saddest of my life.

"One day thereafter, however, my friend who had been looking the image of penitence for some time mustered up sufficient courage to approach me. I was writing at a table in the lecture room awaiting the entrance of a professor. He stood behind me, resting his arm upon my shoulder. 'Jesse,' said he, 'I have been making a fool of myself. I am not responsible for what I did. I had never heard of a Jew that was not a pickpocket or a receiver of stolen goods, and your statement startled me. I hope you will not let that come between us. I never met a man I liked better, and we must remain friends.' 'And yet, Will, it has taken you a long time to come to that conclusion,' I replied. 'Well,' he protested, 'I have been waiting for you to behave like the Jew I had pictured, and justify my suspicions.' I am proud but not resentful, and there was no mistaking the honesty of his repentance. He has remained my best friend ever since.

"All my classmates soon followed his example, and never thereafter failed to show my popularity among them. I was liked all the better for my honesty and my self-respect. The world admires a man who has the courage of his convictions. The saddest days of my life made way for the happiest.

"Can not all of you take courage from this incident? In that very hot-bed of Puritanism a Jew, who had no ambition but to do his duty, to respect himself, and, therefore to be a true gentleman, was received by the most aristocratic and exclusive people on the continent as their equal. Our aim must be to teach the Gentile that the Jew differs from him, if at all, in his religious opinions only; that we are Americans as they are; that we have the same code of morals and the same notions of right and wrong, the same love for the good and the same impatience with the bad; that, above all, we have the same sense of justice and the same sensitiveness for pain or pleasure. And if we appeal to them thus, as gentlemen and fair-minded men, we shall be certain to receive that courtesy and fairness, the right to which, of every man, the American can never fail to recognize.

"We may have our Corbins, our Hiltons, and our Lachmeyers, it is true. And yet how small and petty seems their persecution by the side of the applause and admiration that goes to the Disraelis, the Simons, the Pereires, the Meyerbeers, the Heines, the Laskers, and the innumerable others, who, in every department of life, have learnt to make themselves immortal! No, never fear, you may occasionally find those moments of chagrin and disappointment, as I did in my good old schooldays, but like me, too, you will find those clouds but few and small. These moments must and do give way to many hours and days and years of gladness and hopefulness."

And it is true, no years of his life were happier than

those spent at Harvard College. The many friendships formed there were lifelong, and he loved his Alma Mater as he did few things in life.

He was a member of the Pow Wow at Harvard, a club consisting of a few selected law students from the junior and senior classes. The law students called it a "Moot Court." The two classes according to their seniority were the Supreme Court and the Superior Court. The members from his class were Theodore L. Sewall, G. W. Van Nest, William Thomas, Edward B. Hill, A. P. Brown, Samuel B. Clarke, Edward D. Bettens, R. Dickey, J. Humphrey Hoyt, H. P. Starbuck, A. S. Thayer, S. D. Warren, Jr., C. W. Wetmore, L. D. Brandeis, H. L. Harding, W. G. McMillan, and Jesse W. Lilienthal.

While at college, not only did he study the law most conscientiously but he took advantage of many of the academic courses, which, while a joy to him, proved too much of a tax, and the consequence was disastrous at the end of his college career.

In 1876, the new Harvard Theatrum was to be finished and dedicated with a great celebration. The Commencements of the Law School and Academic Department were to be combined. This union was an innovation, and for the first time there was to be a law orator. By order of the faculty six students from the graduating class were to be chosen in secret ballot by the student body as best fitted to represent the school. Jesse Lilienthal was chosen one of the six. At the end of the year the papers were to be read separately before the full faculty of the Law

School, then consisting of seven law professors, together with President Eliot who was *ex officio* a member of the faculty; and Jesse Lilienthal had the good fortune to be chosen orator of his class, his chum, roommate, and great friend, Samuel Clarke, ranking second. This choice was looked upon by the students as a great honor, as many of the Alumni, State dignitaries and other notables were to be present at the Commencement. At the end of the term, from two strenuous work, Jesse Lilienthal broke down and was unable to achieve what to him was the greatest honor and opportunity of his life. Samuel Clarke became the orator in his place.

He left college crushed in spirit and without his degree of LL.B., which naturally added to his unhappiness. His health was completely undermined, and he suffered intensely from severe headaches. After trying every remedy that medicine could offer, in desperation he traveled, first in America, then in the West Indies, finally going abroad. The journal which he wrote gives a picture of determined effort to regain his health, fighting against many discouragements, even to the extent of feeling that life was of no more use to him. Had it not been for his great family affection and the sorrow it would cause them, one hates to think of what might have happened. On March 15th, 1877, Jacksonville, Florida, he writes:

"It has occurred to me that the question of a journal in which to note down the names of acquaintances made, strange places seen, and the salient occupation of the day, might be useful for future references, and interesting as

well, to recall pleasant reminiscences, and as a light occupation for the time being, not too great a strain upon this poor head of mine, and yet a shield to ward off gloomy thoughts.

"My position is a peculiar one, obliged way back in March, 1876, in the midst of my hard studying, which had resulted in so many triumphs for me, consisting in the public recognition they received alike from professor, students, and friends, but dearest of all in the self-consciousness that I was performing my whole duty and reaping the great benefits that presence at so great a university as Harvard is, afforded, and about to be crowned with tangible evidences of my success—I left my books and instructors, my classmates and friends, broken down in health, and crushed in spirit at the thought of the work left undone, and like a Lot dreading to look back upon Sodom, turned my steps toward the wide world, seeking the strength I had sacrificed, the consolation which I felt would never come.

"I pass over my wandering for the last year, from sea to mountain and from forest to lake. The glorious Atlantic, the beautiful mountains of Vermont and New York and the happy quiet lakes that they embosom, the lofty pines of Michigan and the terrible waters of Niagara, found no response but agony in a breast that might have loved them so dearly. Long Branch, Middlebury, historic old Ticonderoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlain, New York, and Michigan, all saw me in turn, and sent me again on the weary pilgrimage that will not end.

In desperation, I came home. Could not science accomplish what nature left undone? For five long months I subjected myself to the most heroic treatment. Every care that the loving kindness and forethought of my dear ones could have for me, every effort that physicians most eminent in their profession and with special feelings of anxiety for my recovery, could make, left me only worse than before. Their remedies exhausted, and my patience nearly so, weak in body and heavy in spirit, the early days of 1877 again saw me bidding adieu to every familiar face and object. Now at Savannah, then in the Bahamas, Key West today and Cedar Keys tomorrow, tossing on the tempestuous waters that alone seemed to understand how deep the shadow on my soul, and how few the sands of hope, or whirling over hill and vale in that most awful of man's creation, the locomotive train.

"I leave to another day the description of the curious and the beautiful that Nature everywhere and at all times shows to him who will but seek her. God alone knows all those terrible struggles with my own inclinations that so many of those days witnessed. Is it never justifiable for us to anticipate that certain fate by our own act? Can it be the will of a good and merciful God (and I will have no other) that we should suffer and bleed no matter how slight the prospect of a brighter day to come? I will not believe it. Then the prospect of that brighter time would grow dimmer and dimmer, and I would sit down with a light heart to think of the end of my troubles. What has bound me to this world? The love of my friends? There

are those, and if they be but one or two, who do love me honestly and deeply, and whom I dare not grieve by my own destruction. I may not realize my fond dreams; I may never find success in those paths of life in which alone I care to seek it; my ambitious energy may falter and wilt in repeated failure, but I have not the heart to grieve those people. Oh, I can love as no other! I do so yearn for it in return; and when I get it, no sacrifice is great enough to satisfy the gratitude that goes out to these blessed hearts."

Chapter II

Dresden

Gemälde Gallerie.

He traveled in the most modest fashion, but never missed an opportunity to see things worth while, and notwithstanding his physical disabilities, he made a study of art, visiting the world's great museums of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In order to get an idea of the methods he pursued, I quote from his journal while in Dresden, Prague, Vienne, and Munich. He visited all the art centers of Italy, and also the big museums in Paris and London, but unfortunately, either he kept no journal or it has been lost.

"May 3, '77. This morning we are having snow, which soon changes into rain, and in spite of all, I am determined to make my first visit to the *Gemälde Gallerie* (Picture Gallery), which more than aught else makes Dresden attractive to me. So under the protection of my Key West umbrella, I launch forth a little before the opening hour, intending to devote that time to an examination of the outside of the *Zwinger*. The *Zwinger* was inspired by August II, who like most European Monarchs of his day, was content to take Louis XIV as his model and ape his magnificence and luxurious pomp. In order, therefore, to do in a small way what that Monarch had done at Paris, Fontainebleau, and Versailles, August

II planned the famous *Zwinger-bau*, which even in its present splendor is but a small part of what that Monarch designed, and which like the work of the French King, was an effort to approximate the almost fabulous magnificence of the Roman Baths. The *Zwinger* is a large polygon, with a great courtyard bounded by the different buildings which compose it, each of the main sides containing finest carved portals, and crowned with green-roofed towers in the Rococo Style. In fact, the superficial splendor of that age runs all through the building, although I believe, strictly speaking, it is built in Barock Style, and the best specimen of that style we have. The sides are one-storied pavilions, whose roofs form terraces from which, over the gardens and squares that surround it, beautiful views of the Elbe, Neustadt, and the great courtyard are had. The court itself, a parallelogram, is 350 feet long and 320 feet wide, and in the center of it, a magnificent statue of the 2nd Friedrich August, surnamed 'The Just,' whose fifty-three years rule endeared him perhaps more than any of the Saxon rulers before or since to his subjects. He is surrounded by four figures, Piety, Justice, Wisdom, and Moderation, and altogether presents one of the finest pictures of the kind I have seen anywhere, and is a credit even to the great Rietschel who modeled it. The *Zwinger* as it stands now, minus the museum, was built from 1711-22 by Poppelmann, and contains the Zoological, Historical, Natural-Historical, Mathematical, and Geological Museums, together with the collections of gypsum casts. Everywhere, inside

and outside, statuary, carvings, bas-reliefs, and fountains, and explaining why that with the porcelain manufacture (whose classical style is the Rococo), have given Dresden the name of *Heimat des Rococos* (Home of the Rococo). Where now the *Zwinger* stands, and which is the whole side of the *Zwinger* facing the Elbe, it was the intention of the architect to build a huge portal, which was to lead to a plateau with two long-drawn-out palaces, connected with galleries, and whose steps were to lead down into the Elbe, affording the Saxon nobility, I suppose, the chance to bathe their limbs in the near presence of royalty and its attendants. Instead of that, I suppose we may well say fortunately, we have the beautiful museum in the best Renaissance Style, built of granite and marble and considered one of the finest specimens of modern architecture, and like its invaluable contents, calling forth the comment that here at last is something that you cannot find in your own country. It was finished in 1854, after the plans of Semper, the most influential architect of the present day, who with such men as Rietschel, Schilling, and Hahnel helped to give Dresden in this century something of the artistic activity and importance that it possessed in the last.

"The museum is a long building with a passageway in the center, leading right to the monument, and to the right and left of the passageway's center into the *Gemälde Gallerie* that in its two stories compose its treasures. It is ornamented by sculptures indicating the purport of the building by incidents from modern and an-

cient history, from Saga and Religion. To its left, while waiting for the opening hour, 10 A.M., I noticed a fine statue of Carl Maria von Weber, who, I believe, at one time was *Capell Meister* (Director) here. This, with the museum facing theatre, *Dom*, and *Schloss*, and in fact, almost everything worth seeing in Dresden, clusters about this square.

"At last the hour of opening arrived, and with just a little fluttering of the heart, I confess, I entered this beautiful palace, containing one of the finest art galleries in the world, and as far from anything that I had seen before as we from the sun. I could hardly make up my mind to pass the vestibules, with their finely sculptured allegorical incidents, but I reminded myself that I was not going to spend a lifetime in Dresden, and I could not give any time to incidentals. Already in the hall leading into the main salons, I found some old Flemish pictures numbered 2400! Just think of it! Twenty-four hundred pictures in one collection, all of them of importance, and many, very many of them of inestimable value. I confess I commenced to feel oppressed at the thought of the vastness of the attraction offered me, and felt almost inclined to turn back for fear of not doing justice to it. As I write, such a feeling seems ridiculous enough, but it was none the less real at the time. The building (that is, the first floor on which the main part of the paintings are) is divided into thirteen large salons opening one into the other, and twenty-one smaller side compartments for the grouping of smaller pictures, all of course im-

mediately under skylights, all gilded and sculptured and helping the masterpieces on the wall to look their best; and indeed a general view of the halls, a *coup d'œil* of the salons, without a special examination of any of the pictures, is a sight alone to be remembered for a lifetime. These salons are generally arranged according to schools which I shall indicate as I pass through them.

"The first idea that occurs to one in glancing over the catalogue, is one of wonder at how it was possible for any one collection to contain so many gems, and, even though a royal treasury is at the bottom, where all the money could come from to buy it. But it must be remembered that all the gems of the gallery, in fact, almost every good thing in it, was gathered in the last century when a 100,000 *thaler* meant a good deal more than it does now, and when the then reigning monarchs in their laudable enthusiasm for this collection (notably August II and III, the latter a gem of a prince) seemed willing to deprive themselves of everything else, in order to make this gallery the first in the world, and they had their agents secretly at work in all the large cities to gobble up any treasure that some hard-pressed prince or merchant was compelled to part with. Its beginning dates back to the sixteenth century, when a *kunst kammer* containing specimens of Durer and Cranach is written of, but its real importance dates from the so-called Modena purchase made in 1745 at which time one hundred pictures, the gallery of the Duke of Modena, were secretly conveyed to Dresden for the consideration of

100,000 *sequin*, a mere trifle as compared with the present value (if they can be valued at all) of the pictures. In the last years a Murillo brought in Paris nearly 600,000 *francs*! It is appalling to think what millions such such a gallery represents. This was assisted in 1748 by a purchase of sixty-nine pictures for 50,000 *thaler* from the Imperial Gallery of Prague, and indeed it may be said that with the exception of a few important acquisitions occasionally made since, the gallery had its present importance at the close of the reign of August III.

"Well, I find myself in Room H, with representatives of the Neapolitan, Genoese, and Spanish Schools, and I have convinced myself inside of a half-hour that while one is far from delighted with everything, it would be easy for one as anxious as I am to learn something fundamental about art to examine pictures carefully as to conception, execution, color, perspective, character, and a hundred other things that have suggested themselves to me in the course of my wanderings through the museum, to spend a year in the study of it, if one's strength and health would permit of the great strain upon them that my first day's examination imposed. It is not satisfactory, but wise, I conclude, for one to have the opinion of experts as to what are the greater attractions, and dwell for any considerable length of time on them, giving the others a hurried view only, and this is so, because often after the most searching investigation that I was capable of giving to a picture, and lasting perhaps fifteen minutes, I would convince myself that it had no

very great merit. In a gallery of 2400 pictures this is not profitable. In this salon the Italian Luca Giordano and the Spaniard Ribera were represented, both affording much that was good; even the former who to eclipse his rivals would paint great historical events in twenty-four hours, as, for instance, the Death of Seneca that he has here. In his choice of subjects, particularly, he is more happy than many of the best painters of 1550-1650, and it is quite a relief to find events from Grecian Mythology and even the Old Testament, as a set-off to Adorations, Crucifixions, and horrible Martyrdoms. Ribera strikes me as an artist of a higher rank, and his St. Mary of Egypt, kneeling in prayer, is really delightful, and her face would prove an excellent substitute in my opinion for many of the Madonna faces, even those of highest repute, which too often in attempting to portray spirituality and purity, only succeed in giving us blankness and stupidity. Salvator Rosa is represented here by a shipwreck, but I must confess that I felt disappointed in not being able to become enthusiastic. Zurbaran has a picture here, not equal to what I have seen of him in Montpensier's collection, and Murillo a Madonna and Child, which I did not like, but a splendid Martyrdom of Rodriquez, in which the Saint stands there with throat already cut and the famous Episcopal garments—the Murillo vesture (now in Seville)—and truly he has immortalized the elegant gown by this fine picture of it.

"In Room I, into which I passed now, the Spanish

School is continued by Velasquez, and the Flemish School begun by selections from Rubens, Van Dyck, and Jordaens, and in the expectation raised by these names I was not disappointed. The Dutch and Flemish School is remarkably strong in this collection, and the 1000 pictures which represent it, include some of its very best, and exhaust many rare but excellent masters. Portraits by Velasquez and Van Dyck! I can imagine nothing more interesting, and I do not believe any of the masters, not even Rembrandt and Titian, splendid as I have found them both in that regard here, can equal them. One feels certain that these people must have lived and that in the slightest particular the pictures are accurate. I looked at these severe old Castilian Counts and Captains of Velasquez, until I had almost convinced myself that I had seen and known these very men. Unfortunately, they have but three portraits by him, but then they have an abundance of Van Dyck, and here at least I could feast my weakness for fine portraits. They have nineteen pictures in all from him, and of these I liked none so well as his portraits, particularly those of the three children of Charles I, the painter Martin Ryckaert, and the Baron von Wemmel (the Knight Engelbert Taie).

"Then comes Papa Rubens, and the delights that his many masterpieces that this gallery has secured and affords one are as intoxicating as the good old Holland gin to which certainly he was not strange. They have thirty-five originals by him, some of which when com-

pared with most of the others seem to come from a different hand, but the majority of them have a clearness and a strength and many of them a humor and beauty that make his school one by itself. Of the more famous pictures, the Judgment of Paris is here, which I have not yet learned to like, a splendid wild boar hunt, a Diana returning from a chase, looking too subdued and beautiful almost, to come from this constant painter of Bacchuses and Sileneses, and what in my eyes is the most admirable of all, the portrait of his own two sons, which is really bewitching. The devilish roguery in the sparkling eye of the older (who, I will warrant you, took mainly after the father) and the subdued thoughtful air on the sweet face of the younger, must be seen in order to appreciate the magnetic effect it produces. I could not leave its side.

"Jordaens (Jaques), a pupil of Rubens, is also well represented here. His best work is the Diogenes in the Market, in which one face is more interesting than the other, and that of Diogenes, who seems to retort, with a sort of half sneer and half gratification to find his theories confirmed, to the mirth-provoked crowd that jeers at the old man as he passes through it, a perfect study. His Prodigal Son is also powerfully executed, although it is noticeable how these painters, even to their Christs and Madonnas, will take their models from their own people, and all their faces will be Dutch, Italian, Spanish, or German, according to the nationality of the painter. The fewest of them can escape this criticism.

"I had now only Dutch and Flemish pictures to occupy me in addition to the former. Rembrandt commenced to show himself, and here too, I found the gallery extremely rich: twenty originals, among those the universally known portrait of himself with his beautiful first wife, Sachia van Nylenburgh, on his lap (who, by the way, frequently serves him as model) and a great many strong portraits. The Entombment of Christ, one of his more noted ones, is here, but I must examine it again before I can make up my mind about it. As yet I have not learned to like it.

"Here I found Snyders, De Long, Hals, Harthorst, and Victors, many of them giving us fine paintings, but not of that surpassing excellence which will justify my dwelling upon them by the side of more prominent masters.

"As I pushed on, I found in addition to masters mentioned before, specimens from Mierevelt von der Holst, C. von Everdingen, A. Cuyp, Pottenburg, mostly portraits and collections of fruit, flowers, and dead game, still-life pictures, and an excellent picture by Von der Meer: two groups consisting of an old man and woman on a balcony enjoying the mischief going on in the second group, in which a cavalier is kissing a buxom lass leaning over a table covered with a finely painted Persian carpet, and pressing a gold piece into her hand, which she does not seem at all reluctant to accept. The picture is full of animation. Everdingen's Flora, Pomona, Bacchus, and Amor is here too, but I am not particularly well pleased with it. It seems that the Dutch School

commenced to seek other objects for their brushes to immortalize, than spiritual scenes, and this is one of their most attractive features. Their portraits are unsurpassed, and their landscapes commence in certain artists, to whom I have still to come, to assume quite formidable proportions.

"Some fruits and flowers by De Reem, who seems to be the painter *par excellence* of this class of picture, and then I am in the presence of some of the rarities even of this rare gallery. First and foremost, the picture that with the Sixtine Madonna of Raphael's, towers above everything else in the collection, the Madonna of Holbein. This picture was painted by Holbein for Jacob Meyer, the Burgomaster of Basle, whose family it represents under the protection of the Virgin, Meyer and his two sons on one side, his wife with her mother and daughter on the other, all of which figures in my eyes make up the value of the picture, although the Virgin is much nearer my notion of the Catholic Queen than most of the creations of that century bring her. The Child God is to me somewhat incomprehensible. If the idea intended to be conveyed by the expression on his face is that of pain at the thought of the great responsibility he is assuming in undertaking the redemption of the human race, I do not quite find that the artist has given us a perfect representation. I can at least give him credit for an idea which to me seems as natural in God, even though he be babe, as it is unusual among the Child Christs of all the artists I have seen. If that be

not the idea, I can only say that he has given the Child the face of one sick, thereby withdrawing from the general grandness which pervades the picture. The other figures are masterpieces. It is somewhat unpleasant to think that some artists contend that this picture is only a copy of the original in Darnstadt, and though Dr. Hubner, the director of the gallery, stoutly protests and argues against such a theory, contending that at most it is a later production of the artist, and of greater ideality, I am quite willing to enjoy the thing for its intrinsic beauty, whether copy or original. Next to it, however, is a portrait of Henry VIII's Goldsmith, which in its masterly excellence may be enjoyed by all in the perfect consciousness that they are seeing the work of Holbein's own hands, and by which one learns readily to believe that Holbein was the first portrait painter of his age. Like all portraits, it can stand very little description, but every hair of the man's head, every vein on his flesh, testifies to its excellence. There are other specimens of the same master, but none that approach these two, and I pass them by.

"Albrecht Durer has four or five works here, of which the one considered his best is the Crucifixion, a small eight by ten inch picture with Christ alone on the Cross. More upon a more careful examination.

"Here, too, is to be found the Virgin of Van Eyck (founder of the school and inventor of oil painting), considered the gem of the Flemish School, and while I am far from admitting that, there is no withholding one's

admiration from the work of an artist who way back in the 14th century with so little light thrown upon his work by discoveries of contemporaries, could yet make so spiritual a creation.

"I came now to the small rooms containing the smaller pictures, instead of entering the more pretentious part of the collection. It was late and I thought I would leave that until I felt brighter. Here I found specimens of older and younger Cranach, Grossaert, Memling, and other not prominent Dutchmen, and having examined a single of the twenty-one rooms, determined to spend the last half hour before the closing one (4 P.M.) with the Queen of the Gallery, the great Sixtine Madonna, which in a salon by itself, magnificently mounted, almost equals in worth in my eyes the whole gallery put together. I was quite familiar with the picture, having had an excellent engraving of it over my desk in my study in Cambridge, and more than once of a night when tired of my work, laid books aside and devoured this picture, and it was not necessary, therefore, as no doubt it would have been otherwise, for me now to allow the picture to grow upon me. I had long since learned to delight in the wonderful purity and spirituality of Mary, the sad wisdom of the Child's deep eyes, the ecstasy of the Holy Sixtus, who is almost overcome with the brilliancy of the apparition, and the subdued but for all that intense piety and holiness of the beautiful Santa Barbara. We all know the delightful innocence of the two cherubs who gaze up into the clouds which are carrying the Virgin heavenward, as if though

accustomed to the magnificence of Paradise, they had never yet seen anything quite so beautiful as this ascension. Such a picture as this more than all bishops and priests in the world points out to us the beauties of the Catholic Faith, and tells me that if it were possible for me to be a Catholic at all, I could be an enthusiastic one, and I can now understand why Raphael was so adored by his contemporary Pope. This worship of saints is at least as much an improvement on the beautiful romantic Grecian Mythology as a virtuous and pure strong man is an improvement on an unscrupulous strong man. I wonder whether I shall ever have satisfied myself with looking at this picture!

"I returned home feeling that I had done a good day's work, and having made arrangements with my landlady to supply me a cup of tea in the evening as modestly as she does the coffee in the morning, I gulped down a pot of that and was good for very little that evening. Spasmodic attempts to read, then write, then read again, developed into nothing more serious, and I find that I am gradually growing so nervous that I am unfit not only to work, but to remain idle as well, and I go about a miserable wreck, unfit to live.

"May 4, '77. A poor night's rest brings me to my breakfast and that to my day's plans, which I soon develop into a second visit to the museum, as I concluded that this was about the only thing in Dresden to which I felt strongly drawn. At 9:30 I am on the way, this time making a new cut, which will enable me to see the famous

Bruhl' sche terrace just this side of the *Dom*. I stop to examine a curious collection of figures which I find against the wall on the Moritz Place, near the botanical gardens. This, it appears, is a memorial to the Elector Maurice, who having delivered (all here in figures) the state scepter to his brother August, his successor, went out and defeated the enemy at Sievershausen, but fell himself, though victor. Just opposite the Elbe, and at the foot of the terrace, is the Synagogue, a fine Roman structure built after the plans of Semper. In the midst of neatly planned garden plots and shade trees, one ascends the stone steps that lead to the terrace and follows the Elbe for about one-eighth mile that lies between the Synagogue and *Dom* (far enough, I hope, to advoid quarreling). It is a fine broad stone walk, illuminated at night by the lamps and crystal jets of the Belvedere. Down forty-one steps of stone we are led to the square on which palace and *Dom* face; on the balustrades four marble figures by Schilling, personifying Night, Morning, Noon, and Evening.

"Once again I entered the museum, made at once for that part of the Italian collection which illustrates the Bolognese School, and cautioned by the little progress made the day before, tried to do the thing more expeditiously. Here I found Barbieri, commonly called Guercino, well represented, and although his subjects are well chosen, and his works pretentious, I do not think that he succeeds in what he undertakes; another instance of talent not keeping pace with ambition. He seems to have

had many noble patrons, and probably worked too fast to amass their *sequins*.

"The two Caraccis are well represented in the gallery and gives us occasionally things that we do not look for in those so little known to the amateur, particularly the St. Rochus Dispensing Alms by Annibale Caracci, which has some really striking figures bowed down by plague but finding strength and comfort in the charity of the saint.

"Then Guido Reni, who of course is universally known, but for whose wonderful productions contained in this gallery I was hardly prepared. Perhaps the most celebrated is his Semiramide and Venus, no doubt a very fine painting, but in my opinion hardly to be compared with the wonderful beauty of his equally well-known Ecce Homo (head of Christ with the crown of thorns) and the less generally known Christ appearing to Mary after his resurrection, full of pathos and subdued passion.

"From here I passed into the Venetian School, and among Paul Veronese, Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoretto surely was opportunity for a very Bacchanalian revel. In the former, in particular, I consider the gallery particularly strong (and after Raphael, Angelo is quite strange to me in the painting). I like none so well as him, not even Correggio. The splendid coloring of his pictures, the brilliant grouping of his characters, their clear cut outlines and the real beauty of his Madonnas, distinguish them from all others, and after I had seen one, I found that I could recognize them all, though except in these general characteristics I found them in no respect mo-

notonous. The Finding of Moses, the Blessing of the Cocina Family, the Adoration of the Magi, the Presentation of the Infant Jesus in the Temple, the Carrying of the Cross, are all masterpieces, and indeed I might mention almost every one of his pictures in the same category without doing violence to what I have of artistic judgment. Titian, too, though generally in a less degree, proved himself the master that my art reading led me to expect of him. His world-renowned Tribute Money, a small but intensely powerful picture, and what affords the most pleasure, his Virgin, Child, and Joseph receiving the Adoration of Alphonso I of Ferrara, and Lucrezia Borgia, the latter two in particular having all the excellence that the quite numerous collection of his portraits to be found here all possess — the same vivid coloring that seems to be a feature of the Venetian School, and then the great clearness and distinctness to be found in the slightest detail even of dress. I might look for an hour at a time, it seemed to me, at a lace collar that you would find on the neck of a Venetian lady.

"Barbarelli's (Giorgione) Jacob Saluting Rachel is here among others, and a number by Robusti (Tintoretto), but while both of these have strong and individual features, I could not find a single painting of either that quite satisfied me.

"Ferrarese and Lombard Schools.

"At the head of these, I suppose without doubt Allegri (Correggio) will be placed, and certainly so far as repute

goes one has ample opportunity to determine the justice or injustice of it in Dresden. His most famous picture La Notte, that is, the Adoration of the Child at Night, is here, and besides the universally copied Reclining Magdalen reading (which I have not yet seen); then the Virgin and Child with Sebastian and Rochus, the same with George, Peter, and John, and the same with Francis Anthony, John, and Catherine, I confess that I am disappointed; while expecting everything, I found much to be sure, particularly in the first of the last named three, and a very great deal in all, and perhaps would have found most of them admirable if found under a less pleasant name. But I confess I found none of the Virgins, except the Rochus', to my taste, all the Christs poor and the real strength of the pictures in the Saints (especially Catherine, who among all painters is handsomer than the Virgin) and the general bold and lively tone, particularly in La Notte. If only the Virgin could have been given a different face, I believe I should have been in raptures, for really the general reflection on faces of the shepherds and objects about of the halo from Christ's face is extremely beautiful, and so with occasional exceptions I might say as much for all his pictures here, but in these exceptions I have found my disappointment.

"I was as agreeably surprised with Dosso Dossi (who had been hardly known to me) as I was disagreeably with Correggio, and found grace and beauty in a new quarter. These discoveries are all the more pleasant because they make us conscious that after all, though trav-

eling costs much time and money, it helps us materially to fill the many gaps in our education. The same applies with somewhat diminished force to Tisio, better known among artists as Garofalo, as indeed most of the masters in art studies generally lose their family names and acquire that of the place which is the scene of their birth or efforts in art. Of course we are better prepared for the excellence of Andrea del Sarto, and in his Abraham's Sacrifice and Christ's Betrothal, *inter alios*, we find a real relief from numerous less prominent painters in whose company he finds himself. Fortunately, there is much less of this sort of thing than one would expect to find in so large a gallery, and what there is excusable and even desirable, as offering one the opportunity to study the development of painting through its various stages of progress, and further offering as my own experience has shown me, a good opportunity to extract the real merits from a Reni or Giorgione by contrasting his works with those of less famous contemporaries. I found a remarkably strong painting from an artist hitherto unknown to me, Buonvicino, viz., Mary as she appeared in Italy (1520) at the time of the pest, expressing with a wonderful accuracy that love and sympathy for the human race that one must expect from the Catholic's Mary.

"A picture which Hubner values as one of the finest of the collection is the Altar Piece of Ramenghi (Bagnacavallo), Virgin and Child on clouds, and below, four Saints—I have hardly learned as yet to rank it as high as he does, though finding much beauty in it (as amateur

I cannot speak of merit, but must confine myself to the sensuous effects).

"It will not do to dwell upon the works of every master here, and I find I must content myself with only a passing word even for the most prominent ones, and therefore, pass on to the

"Florentine School.

"Here, of course, we look for Leonardo da Vinci, of whom unfortunately the gallery possesses but a single work, and that a very early one, remarkable for nothing but delicacy in execution. Something of the excellence of the master appears in a copy they have here of his Herodias with the head of St. John, even in the duplicate looking worthy of so great a hand as his own. A single Lorenzo di Credi, and no Michael Angelo, but a fine copy of the latter's Leda and the Swan, giving us, I think, the handsomest, most captivating, female in the whole collection, and making one feel all the more how great a gap right here the museum has. Among others we have two magnificent Carlo Dolci's here: St. Cecilia at the Organ and Christ Blessing Bread and Wine.

"Roman School.

"At the head of which stands, of course, Raphael Santi, but in this department we have nothing of him except copies, and those I do not like, excepting the well-known Madonna della Sedia, a vast deal finer than La belle Jardiniere, also much noted but never to my taste. Among

the better known of the same School we find here also Sassoferrato and Battoni.

"In traversing some of the smaller halls rather hurriedly during the afternoon (I was too tired to study the paintings critically any longer), I found Albano worthy of emphasis; a fine picture of Domenichino, the only one the gallery possesses; Charity, which I should imagine has inspired Kaulbach's by the same name—at least the former gives us all and more than the latter does; Palma Vecchio, too, gives us his three daughters (beautiful women) as models in several fine pictures, notably in the Three Sisters. Palma Giovine hardly sustained the reputation of the great-uncle.

"Having bid adieu to the Italians again, with a good look at Cignani's Joseph and Potiphar, which well deserved it, I found in pushing on my first French names, in which indeed the gallery seems rather *pauvre* (is it the fault of the Frenchmen?) and saw some pretty landscapes by Claude Lorrain and Poussin, left them and was once again with my old Dutch friends, and found such important acquisitions as Teniers, Ruysdael, and Wouverman before I had gone far. I have not yet finished with these artists, but as far as I have gotten I find that Teniers (of course the younger) gives us pretty little scenes from Dutch life among peasantry and soldiery, attempting nothing very alarming and yet always giving us neat, pretty little views, painted in great minuteness. Wouverman has a great many paintings here, and his landscapes and military fights deserve almost the same com-

ment that Teniers' do, except that perhaps they have an increased softness and smoothness.

"Some very bold attempts at landscape painting by the other Everdingen already indicate a better day coming from the landscape painters, and I dare say that when I come to Ruysdael, I shall find that time still more distinctly foreseen. I was really too tired to continue the sport any longer, so going upstairs to take a glance at the splendid thirteen tapestries they have here, six of them made after well-known drawings by Raphael and the other seven it is contended, at least in part, after cartoons of Quentin Massys, all Netherlanders and as distinct almost as drawings or paintings, and, therefore, much more wonderful works of art—general dimensions about one hundred square feet—I was too tired to stand any more work for that day and therefore close here its recital.

"May 5,'77. I woke up without much ambition for anything this morning, and if I had not considered it a sort of duty to see all that there was in Dresden, and that as soon as possible, so that all remaining time might be devoted to a second view of that which was most seeworthy, I do n't think I could have been drawn out of the house. Upon consulting the list of collections that I had made, with the times of access, I concluded that I had better take this morning to examine the *Grune Gewalbe* (green vaults) in the Royal Palace, where the royal treasures are kept. I was on hand at 9 A. M., the opening hour, and soon was admitted to the millions

upon millions that are collected here. If one does not get the supremest contempt for gold and silver and the rarest precious stones from visiting these vaults, one must be a hopeless case of miser, for there is such a profusion of everything that one has until now considered rare and precious that finally you don't care to examine these gems in detail at all, and if you can't find a sapphire as large as your fist and a diamond as large as a robin's egg, you pass it by with a feeling of fatigue at being bored with anything so insignificant. I don't believe old Richard would have offered this kingdom for a horse, unless perhaps he would mean the horse that battered down the walls of Troy, which I confess must have been larger than anything I saw here this morning. As you enter Vault No. 1, you are confronted with a roomful of bronzes, which is the least interesting and least valuable of the collections here, and deserves no special mention. The next room is the collection of works in ivory, and is the first step in the climax which is unbroken up to the end. Among the many goblets and small trinkets and mantel ornaments that one finds here, there is an elegant Dutch frigate (not life size) by Jac Zeller; the driving of the rebellious angels from Heaven, a wonderful piece of workmanship of ninety-two figures, kept in a still more wonderfully small space; a most beautiful *Musikanten-Schlagerei* (Musician's Fray) by A. Durer, and two small horses' heads by Michael Angelo.

"Room No. III already commences to make your head swim and on all sides worked into all sorts of ornaments

and house utensils, from a spoon to a grate and mantel, you find splendid mosaics, limoges, and the famous Danzic Bernstein, a yellowish-red sort of amber that I have never seen before, ostrich eggs, mother-of-pearl, and coral, all enameled and dressed in gold and silver; and dancing forward and backward in the large Venetian mirrors that cover all the walls, making you feel as if instead of descending into the palace of Albert, King of Saxony, a real flesh and blood sort of a Prince, who drinks his lager and for aught I know eats his *sauerkraut* every day, you had descended into the palace of Aladdin. One grate and mantel, in particular, by Neuber, made in 1782, deserves special mention, not only for its richness but for the great beauty with which his combinations are made.

"No. IV is the gold and silver room, and of course it is easy to imagine that you saw gold salvers long enough for the Titans to sleep upon and pots for Hercules to bathe in. All sorts of beautifully carved ornament boxes, bookcases, goblets, cutlery, and Heaven knows what not. Then, too, we have here pretty specimens of the Venetians, ruby and opal glasses, a great relief from the mass of gold and silver, and on going into Room V we get the same ornaments in agate, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, heliotrope, oriental jasper, onyx, until one thinks that the whole bowels of the earth must have been turned inside out for the benefit of this chamber. The largest piece of enameling (I believe in the world) by Dinglingen, the Saxon Benvenuto Cellini, is here, being a Magdalena after Carlo Dolci, and a most exquisite piece of

workmanship, half a figure, life-size. Then, too, a most curious piece of mechanism by Schlottheim of Augsburg, a clock representing the tower of Babel, a sort of *perpetuum mobile*, by which a little white crystal ball takes just one minute to roll around the balconies of the tower from top to bottom, and no sooner gets down than it is hurled up to do the whole work over again. We have also here mirrors out of the *Berg Crystal* mounted (as well as framed, a feature I had never seen before) and by Cellini himself.

"No. VI contained all sorts of carvings and cuttings in all sorts of metals and minerals, and *en miniature* just as cunning a little show as one wants to see any time. It was like leaving the Giants to meet the Lilliputians, and I could not but look on all sides to see whether the old Dean was not getting some recognition for this.

"No. VII contains all sorts of work in wood, and dough, cherry stones, and wax, curious and clever enough, and also the Crown Insignia of Poland—two crowns, scepters and mace, which were to give me a foretaste of what the next room was to contain. I was more interested in the thought that a John Sobieski had worn these, than I was in the numerous diamonds and sapphires and rubies out of which the crowns were literally built.

"The next and last room, wonderful as the thing seems, contains in actual value more than all the worth of the other rooms put together, and in the various cases every imaginable precious stone is found in profusion and in sizes compared with which everything that I had seen

before was insignificant. Particularly profuse is the collection of diamonds, and contains among other knobs (one cannot call these huge masses anything else) the famous *Hutagraffe*, the green diamond, weighing 160 grammes! One lady's attire there has a train of 662 diamonds, and when one sees the numerous orders and arms that are literally studded with them, you wonder why the diamond should ever have been considered a rarity. They have an onyx mass here sixteen one-hundredths of a meter high (the largest in the world) and valued at 150,000 marks (I should have put on at least two more ciphers). I turned with a sigh of relief to the fine enamel work of Dinglingen's in this chamber, the Court of the Great Mogul at Delhi, a great collection of small figures, animals, presents, and in the Eastern magnificent profusion of precious stones. In leaving the collection, I could not but have a touch of sadness in the thought that by this trip I was fast getting into a state where there was nothing more much worth seeing, and that by the time I got home again, admiration would be an emotion that could no longer be excited in me. These treasures have, of course, been frequently menaced by the numerous invasions, French, Prussian, and Austrian, to which Saxony has at different times been laid open, and they are then removed to the neighboring fortress of Konigstein. At one time, too, when the Saxon credit had sunk to a pretty low ebb, some of the jewels were pawned in Amsterdam, and indeed one would think from looking at them that if they sold for what they were worth, the proceeds might

pay the debt even of our country. Let us turn Vandal and sack Dresden, and solve the financial puzzle of the day; we could at least resume jewel, if not specie payment.

"I wandered from here slowly through the streets, trying to warm up in the sun that had now worked its way through the clouds and was shining with real genial May warmth, until I concluded to take a peep at the Zoological Museum in the *Zwinger*, a very small and inferior collection, containing hardly anything that interested me, except some phrenological busts of men that had distinguished themselves.

"May 8,'77. Today was again devoted to the picture gallery, and I started out with the expectation of making my first round complete, but owing to my want of endurance, and secondly to my weakness for hanging eternally over what pleases me, I find at the close of the day's work that I have still my hands full. Having taken a look at Correggio's Reclining Magdalen, a much smaller picture than I expected to find it, I confess to a great disappointment with it, and to me it did not realize the hopes excited even by the steel engravings I had seen. To be sure, the figure is exquisitely graceful, and a superficial glance is apt to give great satisfaction, but the face of Magdalen is open to the same objection that I have already made to his Madonnas, and I can only conclude that Correggio could not paint a beautiful female face.

"Having looked at this, I went back to the Dutch and Flemish artists again, this time paying more attention to Ruysdael (Jacob), who is well represented here, and

who gives us one powerful landscape after the other, and as changing as nature itself, and almost as prolific. Particularly well pleased was I with his Convent and his Chase, and I was hardly prepared for the intensity of feeling that he throws into the landscape of rocks and gravestones, The Jewish Cemetery.

"An unknown light, Netscher, gives us a delightful collection of little *genre* sketches, as amusing as they are striking. Without dwelling on the many masters that are represented here, for each of whom a good word might be said, as indeed they all contribute to reproduce the charming Dutch life in the 17th century, always humorous, never sentimental, except perhaps to the extent of a bunch of flowers, and only leaving this domain of the droll to put upon record for us a sad picture that nature herself had already drawn before. But the Netherlander never seems to be himself except at his beer, or chase, a dance, and occasionally a fight. I must not omit, however, to render special homage to Adrien Ostade (a pupil of Hals) and Douw (a pupil of Rembrandt), who in these very happy *genre* pictures have given us so much to make us grateful; particularly in the case of the latter, my going from one to another of his little groupings was marked by a succession of Ohs! As a rarity from his school, he gives us a hermit praying, and as a sample of true devotion and fervor, I would recommend its advertisement and exposition in every house of worship in the world. It is really a little masterpiece. It is an enormous task, this examination of the

hundreds upon hundreds of the smaller class of paintings that the collection possesses, but it brings its rewards, and I have unearthed for myself many a treasure that I must have deprived myself of otherwise, by just this careful examination.

"A special tribute to Berchem, who deserves to rank among the Ruysdaels and Wouvermans as a landscape painter, and now I am ready for the modern school, to which without finishing the others, I now turned as a sort of rest always to be derived from variety.

"Here I found with but few exceptions only specimens of artists either natives of Dresden or workers in Dresden. It is very modest, but counts among its pictures a good many of real merit and beauty. Almost the first picture I saw is in my opinion the finest of the group—one by Defregger and finished only in 1877. One has got to fix the subject for one's self, but the main interest centers around three figures, two of whom, the last of a party about to leave the inn for the chase, hang back to bid adieu to what might be the waitress. The oldest, a graybeard, has the hands of the girl in his, seems to be asking for a kiss, and she while holding back, looks the kindest, pleasantest, most naive that one ever saw, while the younger of the men, not unlikely the son, leans back against the house enjoying the scene, and with much interest, evidently awaiting the denouement. The strength of the picture lies in the great clearness with which the peculiar expressions on the faces of his subjects are depicted, and is running over with such genuine

good humor that one is involuntarily disposed to hug the artist who must have a friendly disposition, indeed, to give us such a production. Rotermund's Body of Christ Bemoaned by his Relations is also a fine picture, and unfortunately the artist's last. This part of the collection has some unusually powerful and pretentious pictures, among which the more prominent are Pluddermann's Barbarossa Appeasing the Division in the Diet at Besançon, 1157, Bahr's Announcement of Death to Ivan the Terrible by Finnish Magicians (a really magnificent Ivan), Mattai's Orestes Assassinating Ægisthus (in which again the hero stands head and shoulders over the other subjects in the picture, as genuine a Grecian as one could wish the King of Men's Agamennon's son to be), Schurigi's Bishop of Speyer Protecting the Jews in the Midst of Persecution and Massacre (indicating the terrible influence of the crucifix in those days of the first crusade when its appearance could instantly cow this passionate mob), Roting's Columbus before the Salamanca Council and last but among the best of the whole series, two well conceived military episodes by Schuster: Attack of the Saxon Cuirassiers at Borodino, 1812, and Resistance of the Battalion *Aus dem Wenkel* at Jena, herculean tasks, but excellent in all their details. Among the better landscapes, in my opinion that of Johannes Dahl stands out pre-eminent and under the name of the Tellemartem Ferry he gives us one of those splendid peculiarly Norwegian scenes that Black knows so well how to describe in his Princess of Thule, in which mountain and river,

cascade, rock, and ice combined in one dress all the ornaments of Nature's jewel box. In addition, The Bay of Baiae (Vesuvius and Gulf of Naples in the distance) by Hoppenroth ought to receive honorable mention, as in the same connection a Night Scene on the Campagna by Karl W. Muller, a beautiful picture enhanced in its effects by a blending of the campfire and moonlight on the peasants' faces and trees and marshes around, both pictures warm with the Italian country's glow. Oswald and Andreas Achenbach each give us a large landscape (I like the latter's best). A different Dahl gives us a fine mountain scene, and Ludwig Richter a pretty scene in the woods from whose densest portion a bridal party in rich gaudy colors are pushing their way, making live and picturesque the scene in the most charming way. Wislicenus gives us his well-known *Abundantia et Miseria*, hardly equal to what I expected from him, and which claims your attention for so long a time only because it is Wislicenus' and not John Smith's. Among other general topics, Muhlig's Fight between Returning Pilgrims and Robbers deserves note, if only for the beautiful snow scene in the woods, where the priests have been attacked; and of the *genre* pictures none appealed to me so strongly as Leydel's picture of a poor old man and wife, to whom tidings are brought by a surviving but wounded comrade of the dead son left on the Bohemian battlefield in 1866,—a most pathetic picture.

"Art professors and court painters are represented here, too, but except in cases of certain portraits, have not ac-

complished much, to judge from this exhibition. Choulant's St. Peter, Vatican, and St. Angelo might perhaps deserve more favorable treatment. Some of them have, however, given us good pupils (whose names figure above) and that is really more important. Talent is generally to be found in all generations and branches—the main trouble lies in its proper cultivation.

"Reserving the balance, both ancient and modern, for another day, I turned home to rest from my hard work, and as usual, even by such attractive programmes at the *Hof* theatre as Lohengrin, and at the *Residenz*, Lecocq's Piccolo, once at home I cannot rouse ambition enough to venture forth again, and am sulking and freezing in my room. I have not yet visited the Dresden theatres, and until I feel more inclined, I am not anxious to face these 3-4-5 mark prices—I can say with the Irishman 'We can have that at home.'

"May 9,'77. My eyes and head were so disordered this morning that I thought I would leave all collections alone, as an examination of them is a great strain on both, and so the day being warm and pleasant, I forced myself out to stroll about town, selecting such portions as were still new to me. I coasted through the *Burger Wiese* and along the *Grosse Garten*, where one upon the other the very finest villas are situated, and proving conclusively that my first opinion about Dresden's beauty was too hastily formed. I passed through the beautiful *Wiener Strasse*, interested by the *Gellert*, *Lessing*, and *Prager Strassen*, and everywhere I found the same combina-

tion of elegance, comfort, and rural beauty. Evidently in this Dresden the people have learned to appreciate the greater blessing of having a home to yourself, instead of dividing it as most of the other German citizens do, between a beer-saloon, a count, a painter, and a mason. This plan of *etages* has never been to my liking; it has always in my eyes resembled the living in a boarding house, and I cannot see why its introduction into New York should become so popular, except that it is cheaper, or perhaps from an unfortunate weakness that our aristocracy is acquiring of aping everything European, not for the good reason as a general thing that it is better, but simply because it is European. Too much *argumentum ad hominem*.

"Rietschel Museum.

"This was my objective point this afternoon after restlessly tossing about on my bed for two or three hours, and at 3 P. M., the opening hour, I presented myself at its doors, after a walk through the garden that separates it from the city, and which in the increasing strength of spring, is daily growing more beautiful—fruit trees budding and flowers in their endless shades of color taking distinctive form.

"The *Rietschel* Museum occupies the second floor and the *Alterthumer* Museum the parterre of this pretty little *Lust Schloss*, though two hundred years old, well preserved. The museum contains not a great many things, but all of them extremely fine and interesting, being with

few exceptions casts of Rietschel's numerous works, and his first sketches of the same. I found in the first place copies of works that I had seen in other cities, but none the less interesting on that account, *inter alios*, the Lessing statue and Quadriga of Braunschweig, and the Thaer statue (Great Agriculturist) in Leipsic. What possessed the most interest for me, however, not so much because they were new to me as because of their superior excellence and the fear that I should not see the originals, were the twelve tablets of the development of the human race (in the *Aula* of the *Augusteum* in Leipsic), the great Luther Memorial in Worms, and that exquisite group of Goethe and Schiller in Weimar, the former holding the laurel wreath in one hand with the other resting upon Schiller's shoulder, familiar through engravings to all of us. The first one, which I had greatly regretted missing while in Leipsic, interested me most, and I dare say more for the conception than in the execution, although as regards the latter respect, Rietschel rarely leaves much to be desired. The development of civilization is followed through twelve pictures (bas-reliefs): 1. Natural State of Man (representing agriculture and science in primitive state); 2. Egypt (the building of the sphinx and pyramids); 3. Greece (with, of course, the Homers, Phidiases, Demostheneses, and Aristotles); 4. Rome (the consuls receiving from their victorious generals the trophies of art collections brought from foreign countries); 5. Bonifacius in Germany (indicating, no doubt, the healthful influence upon primitive barbarism that the teachings of

Christ exerted through the pure, well-intentioned priest); 6. Crusades (by which the Saracenic and general oriental culture and refinement were brought back to Europe by the returning legions); 7. The Discovery of Printing (making easier and cheaper the dissemination of knowledge); 8. Commerce of the 16th Century (the beautiful and more frequent association of different nations, by which one could copy the good of another); 9. Reformation (by which the obstacle opposed by the Catholic Church of the middle ages to a higher development, was removed to a great extent—a new safety valve); 10. Renaissance (the Raphaels and Angelos and Cellinis reviving the purity of ancient styles in the fine arts); 11. Modern Art and Science (the work of Goethe, Shakespeare, and Beethoven—of Kant, Stephenson, and Newton, etc.); 12. *Einfuhrung der Auffassung in Sachsen* (a work not only delightful for its outer beauties, but full of suggestiveness and philosophy). I suppose next in order will rank his Luther *Denkmal* (Memorial), in which he seems to have received the assistance of his disciples, Schilling, Kietz, and Doundorf, principally the latter ones, who have modeled a number of the side figures, and in a manner, too, worthy of their master. A colossal figure of Luther crowns the central figure, and here the numerous sketches of Rietschel show how much care he gave to it, and how repeatedly the model was changed until he hit upon the actual one, by all odds the best. Luther does not look soured from too much thought, nor embittered by persecution from the papists, but stands with

head erect and a look of pleasure derived from triumph upon his face, as with one hand he points for confirmation of his claims to the Bible he holds in the other. Beneath him are four large figures of John Huss (contemplating with an air of sadness the crucifix he holds in his hands), Willef engaged in study, Savanarola in the midst of a passionate address, and Petrus Waldus. This main part of the memorial is ornamented by bas-reliefs illustrating the Lutheran creed and the changes it introduced, with bust of his more prominent co-iconoclasts, among others Calvin, Zwingli, etc. This monument is surrounded by a stone promenade, whose four corners are crowned by four statues, also colossal, in front Friedrich der Weise (Sachsen) and Philipp (Hesse), in the rear Reuchlin and Melanchthon, with intermediate allegorical figures of the cities of Augsburg, Magdeburg, and Speyer — a beautiful execution of another of those broad conceptions of which Rietschel was so capable.

"Among other fine works of the master that deserve special mention are his Magdalen at the feet of Christ dead upon the cross, and Mary with the dead body of Christ lying before her, coming very near to my notion of what these characters ought to portray. There are copies, too, of his fine gable-reliefs for the museum and theatre here, notably allegorical groups of Music and Tragedy, and among the more prominent statues also for the same edifices, Goethe, Giotto, Holbein, Durer, and Pericles. A great many copies of individual busts of prominent men in all departments of life are here, interest-

ing not only for their artistic beauty, but also for the phrenological study they offer. I know no pleasanter task than to study a fine face or a fine head, and a Goethe or a Webster or Cuvier at each view seems to possess an increased attraction for me. Still it would not be profitable to rehearse here a list of all the actors, poets, painters, generals, nobles, etc., that formed subjects at one time and another for this versatile sculptor. He gives us busts of his three wives, and one cannot but feel that he had an eye for the beautiful. I would recommend to everyone who visits the museum a close scrutiny of the 'true inwardness' of Rietschel himself, and the best history of his works. I had spent an interesting hour or two here and was quite willing now to go home and stay home. A fine symphony programme at the Belvedere, but my head aches too badly.

"Sunday, May 13, '77. These last few days have been among the saddest of my trip, for I cannot help seeing that whether from some indiscretion on my part, or what, my eyes and head are growing worse and I am constantly forced still further to restrict myself in the use of both. I find it difficult in this way to write even these few notes, and if I did not cling to them desperately as a last hope, as the only return my trip is making me, I should give them up, too. Walking soon fatigues me, examining collections still more so. I have no patience for lying on my bed all day, sore as my head may feel, and I cannot see how I shall long be able to bear this.

"The day was a rainy one, and I remained indoors un-

til three or four in the afternoon, when the sun coming out, I walked out to the garden to take a look at the zoological collection, which is placed here and is, I believe, the property of some private association. At all events an admission fee is charged. The animals are spread over a large space of ground, placed in groups and irregularly, and in coming forward and driving backward again to be sure of seeing all that was offered, I soon got wretchedly fatigued and could give the collection only a hurried and superficial examination. Under these circumstances, fortified by my very limited knowledge of natural history, I found very little here that was of unusual interest or value, and hardly more than a match for one of our better class menageries.

"Tuesday, May 15,'77. My eyes are growing so weak that these notes have got to be written a line at a time, and I feel sorely tempted to give them up altogether.

"I went to the *Gemälde Gallerie* in the morning with the hope that I might finish my first round of the pictures, and then be prepared to review all the more prominent features of the collection, but I soon found that my eyes could not bear the strain and a half hour's stay was the limit of my endurance. If this is to continue so, God knows what good the trip is going to do me. The little time spent here was devoted to examining the three pictures of Angelica Kauffman they have here: Sibyl, Vestal Virgin, and Ariadne, which I did not find equaling my expectations in any respect but gracefulness; some pictures by Raphael Mengs which did him very

little credit; a huge historical incident by Julius Hubner of great interest as such, but like a great many more pictures that you find here, although it affords you some pleasure in looking at it and displays considerable skill, yet it leaves you unsatisfied. It does not rouse that real enthusiasm that an excellent picture is almost sure to. It represents the disputation of Luther and Ech at Leipsic before Duke George and other princes, and introduces many of the prominent figures of that day whom the Reformation, like an earthquake, made so, out of their obscurity. Vogel's portraits of his own little boys examining a picture book is one of the most pleasing things I have seen here. Just as I was going out, too, I struck a large picture by Rotari, a night piece, Repose of the Holy Family on the Flight into Egypt, inspired I imagine by Correggio's La Notte and I confess, pleasing me better. I make no one but myself responsible for these *anti ex cathedra* opinions and am only noting impressions as they were formed. I don't propose to fly into ecstasies about a thing simply because I am told to, willing as I am however, to develop an artistic taste by examining carefully and as intelligently as I know how, what more experienced hands have declared praiseworthy."

CHAPTER III

Dresden: A Pilgrimage

WHILE in Dresden, experiencing a day of fatigue when visits to the museums meant too much of a tax on his eyes, he resorted to tramping in the open country. Nothing he enjoyed more than long tramps over hills and dales, appreciating the beauties of nature—aspects of snow covered peaks in the distance, wonderful sunsets, aroused almost a religious feeling in him—God's gifts to humanity would they but see!

Music was his natural gift. He embraced every chance to hear the famous musicians of the day, and he had intense reverence for the great composers to whom he was indebted for joy and solace when all else failed.

In his journal he writes on May 15, 1877, from Dresden:

"In the afternoon, determined to force myself into a walk no matter how fatiguing it might be, and knowing also that my chances of seeing it out would be improved by fixing a definite destination, I selected the suburb *Friedrichstadt* which I had steered for and missed on a previous occasion. I reached it all right this time, by walking through the pretty *Ostra Alleé* facing the *Zwinger*, which leads right over the viaduct into the little town. Finding nothing short of that to stop me as worthy of examination, I pushed on to the old Catholic graveyard

here, and was sure to find something to interest me, if only in the grave of good old Carl Maria von Weber. The sun for almost the first time since my arrival had come out, hot and trying as the summer sun in its senses should, and yet I was quite content though exposed to its three o'clock rays to work my way through Dukes and Counts, Chamberlains and Generals that are scattered about here thick as bees in a hive, though without very striking monuments, in the hope that I should soon find where my great favorite was buried. And so interested was I in my search that I refused to pray for these departed souls as their tombstones in many instances piously requested. At last I found what I was looking for in a plain grave in a quiet little corner, four laurel wreaths upon the uplifted sod being the sole indication that here a more than ordinarily genial and gifted man had gone the way that all alike, rich and poor, laborer and philosopher, go in their day. Truly a great leveler is the churchyard. I picked a bit of a wreath (rather sacrilegiously I confess) took a flower or two that grew wild by his grave and placed these by the side of those of Calhoun and Monroe which I had gathered while South — rather a queer mixture I confess, but then, great men are always in place in the company of each other, and every genius be he orator, diplomat, or musician can find something congenial in the association with another. It is not difficult to imagine Dante and Beethoven good friends. Having taken a long look at the grave that held all that was left of the man that had given me so many an hour of

real pleasure at the opera with Freischutz and Oberon, and at the piano with his unsurpassed sonatas, I turned back without much curiosity to examine the graves of those who are only great because their fathers before them were."

Again in Vienna, on Wednesday, June 6, '77, he writes:

"More to save my eyes than aught else, I started out to pay my pilgrimage to some of the distinguished graves that the Viennese suburban graveyards contain. They are distributed over an enormous extent of country, but I selected the one on the Wahring Road and left the others for some other time. The day was very hot and dusty, the sun strong, but I armed myself with my umbrella and determined to brave it. I struck the *Ring* and then walked down the *Wahringer Gasse*. This led me to the *Gurtel Strasse* which encloses the whole city, and having passed that, I was in Wahring, one of the many outer suburbs of the city which swells the population of 600,000 to 1,000,000, but is so properly part of the city that it deserves to be counted as part of it. Having been led astray by mal-informants I went to the *Allgemeine Wahringer Friedhof* (the general Wahringer Cemetery) where, for an hour, I looked in vain for the objects of my search, and finally found that I was still within a half hour's walk of my destination. Then by wrong information received again, I walked too far. I struck a little graveyard, to be sure, but again the wrong one. From the hills which commence to grow from this point and extend to the Rhine, I turned back and rested myself in a restaurant,

eating some wretched *Lammernes gebacken*, a sort of pancake with raisins and currants, just to explore the mystery surrounding the name. I then found the *Friedhof* or cemetery I was after, the *Wahringer Ost Friedhof* and here something to justify the morning's tramp. The graveyards of Vienna are interesting only for the bones they contain. They are neither kept neatly nor are the tombstones ornamental, and indeed nowhere in Europe have I found anything that bears the slightest comparison with Greenwood Cemetery, Spring Grove, Holly Tree, or Green Mount.

"I had no eyes for the marshals and ministers and counts on all sides, when the spot contained all that remains of a Beethoven, and before the simple unassuming obelisk that indicates the spot where he was laid after his long life of woe and tense activity, I paid the homage that is due to the man who has given me the best hours of my existence, for indeed I am never so wholly forgetful of self, never so fully lifted out of the cares and pains of this world as when under the influence of that wonderful harmony of sounds that we call music and of which he was so emphatically and indisputably *facile princeps*. The world is not united as to who has been the greatest poet, dramatist, philosopher, scientist, divine, physician, lawyer, or orator, but it is unanimous in the verdict that Beethoven is king of musicians—and nothing upon his monument but the nine letters of his name. The combined essence of the strength of the nine muses is necessary to tell the world the greatness of the genius who

reposes there. Near him lies the lovely Schubert, who, in his few thirty-one years, did the work of a century, and who follows well in the footsteps of the great composer beside him. I have owed too much pleasure to him as well as the other not to be quite willing to pay him part of the homage that brought me to my Mecca. A laurel wreath from the society of Friends of Musicians adorns the grave of each, and with a leaf from each and some small flowers that grew wild by the side of their graves, I made a small bouquet that should hereafter be to me a memento of one of the happiest moments of my wanderings, and I left the cemetery with it as proud of my little bouquet of flowers as any victor returning home to Rome with his train of triumphal trophies.

"By the side of less important graves, I might have paid more attention to those of Seyfried, the composer, and Franck, the great physician, but today and under these circumstances, I would have felt it sacrilege to divide my reverence between them and a Beethoven and Schubert."

CHAPTER IV

Prague

"MAY 23,'77. The unique appearance of the city warned me that there was much for me to see here and I was therefore about early and did not even wait for an appetite for breakfast. I pushed through the *Graben*, one of the most active of the business streets of Prague—and that says much, for they are all jammed — through a narrow lane into the fruit market, as yet showing but little fruit, a few uninviting cherries, which the peasant women were neatly entwining with small yellow flowers. In the proper season, no doubt this market must be an attractive spot, for Bohemian fruit is as famous as it is plentiful. Another small lane, for we are in the *Altstadt* (old town) now, and the streets are as small as the houses are large, indicating the commercial prosperity and municipal importance of this city for many centuries, and now I have struck a mine of attractions, the *Grosser Ring* (a large square), to the right the pretty old Gothic *Rathhaus*, evidently restored, though retaining the Middle Age architecture complete, with figures of those men who are constantly memorialized in Prague, and who play the same part here that 'The Lowe' does in Braunschweig—Otto in Magdeburg; viz., of the old Slavic line of Kings, Spittigrew II and Ottakar II, of the German Emperors, the famous Carl IV, and his less significant

even though sanctified Wenzel, and finally, the Austrian Emperors, *Der Gute Franz* and Ferdinand I. The old tower is still attached to the *haus*, and shows upon its front a famous astronomical clock, whose wonder I did not stop to examine, only contenting myself with seeing the dial that pointed out to the minute the time of the day. Directly opposite, though behind the houses, the famous *Teyn-kirche* (church), whose two beautiful steeples tower above them and follow you all over the *Altstadt*. They were built by Podiebrad, who was crowned here and who planted upon its gable the Hussite emblem, the *Kelch*, and his own image—but which went the way of the fortunes of its sect—and soon was replaced by the Holy Virgin, who I trust has not been rendered less immaculate by contact with so unholy an object. In the middle of the square by the side of the large fountain and lights that one meets in all the open places of the city, a high column, also surmounted by an image of the God-Mother, erected by Ferdinand III in memory of the deliverance of the city from the Swedes. (It is an open question in my mind whether this is a cause for gratitude or not.) Alongside of this, exposed to view, a Virgin, Christ on Crucifix, and other altar insignia, decorated with flowers and branches, around which the pious farmers were kneeling and praying most devoutly. Here was something new, for a fact, and surprised me and shocked me not a little, but before I had finished my day's touring I had found the sight a sufficiently common one, and have received so many evidences of the

great bigotry of the populace and their servile fear of and reverence for the priesthood, whom they literally treat as Gods, falling down in the middle of the streets before them as they pass, kissing their hands and coats, and performing the wildest antics, that I am overwhelmed with a sense of disgust with the whole priest-craft, not because they make their congregations devout (on the contrary, all credit to them for that), but because to make them so, or rather to make themselves a power impregnable, they retain these people in the darkest ignorance, which alone can render such blind servility and idolatry possible. Truly I believe the Southern ante-war slave was not so blind to his condition as these people to theirs. In one day I seemed for the first time fully to appreciate the danger to civil government, liberty of speech, and worship, that this growing strength of the priesthood is preparing, and woe to the progress of the world if it be not nipped in the bud. No party is so dangerous as the one whose platform rests upon ignorance and prejudice.

"Wherever you turn here, in squares, on walls, houses, bridges, and fields, images of Christ, Virgin, and Saints, and everywhere a praying, crossing, and kissing of wood, stone, and earth, that make you feel as if you had gotten into church and could not get out again.

"Another peculiar feature of Prague, although this a much pleasanter one, is the palaces that one upon the other meet the tourist on every side. Of course they hail from a day when Prague's importance in the council of nations was equal to that of a Vienna today, and most

of them look mouldy and dirty, yet substantial withal, and claim Gallas, Kinsky, Nostitz, and Schlich, pointing to a Bohemian nobility whose families though well-nigh extinct today, thanks to Austria-Catholic persecution, are terribly familiar in the world's history. The first of these I found in a little *Huss-Strasse* on my way to the Carlo-bridge, not far removed, and which after traversing a few courts and markets full of stalls, a sort of eternal Leipsic *Messe* (fair), I found also a center of attractions. To the left of me, I found a bevy of churches, and long dingy-looking houses, steeples, towers, and courts, which turned out to be the famous *Collegium Clementinum* — the first German College, that under the wise supervision of its founder, Carl IV, in 1348, counted 30,000 students from all parts of the world, but under St. Wenzel, his successor, who discriminated against foreigners, lost most of them again. It is now under the control of Jesuits, which candidly means that it is an excellent school, and still counts 2,500 pupils. In its court a young student (in marble) carrying banner aloft, erected in honor of the part the students took in resisting the entry of the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War. In front of the buildings and by the side of the bridge, a splendid monument (colossal) of Carl IV, by Hahnel, erected in 1848 by the students at the 500th anniversary of the school's foundation—four female figures of the Faculties, beneath a standing figure of the Emperor. The bridge itself, one of the four or five that connect the *Altstadt* with the *Klein Seite* and *Hradschin*, is a marvel of curiosities

and deserves a much fuller description that I am going to give it—almost a third of a mile long, solidly built on huge stone piers, it is crowned at either end with high towers, which were intended to serve as citadels, and the one on this side, indeed, did in the aforesaid entry of the Swedes into the city (*Klein Seite*) through treachery from within, though attacked for two weeks, prevent the further approach to the city. And when, too, in 1744 the Prussians were driven out of here, the bridge was the scene of bloody conflict. The tower bears the arms of all those countries that at one time or another were allied with Bohemia, the two emperors' statues, with those of some Saints, and facing the other side of the river, the city's coat of arms. On its gallery, in 1621, and for ten years after, the heads of the twenty-seven Hussite nobles that were decapitated here, were exposed to view to remind how well the Church was carrying out the precepts of its God: 'Do unto others as you would be done by'—all along the bridge, one group after the other, you find colossal images of the Saints, and crucifixions, etc.—notably one of Nepomic, Bohemia's Patron Saint, who from this bridge was hurled into the river by Wenzel, because he would not reveal to him the confession of the Empress. One group, too, as the inscription says, was erected from funds belonging to Jews, confiscated by the praiseworthy council because the former would not do homage to the crucifix. One group, strange it looked to me, bore a Hebrew inscription. The Moldau here is a beautiful wide stream and looking across it to the *Klein*

Seite one sees a magnificent picture—a very high hill, with dense forest, crowned with an extensive convent and chapels—running down into the water to meet prettily cultivated islands. At its side another huge hill, climbing up which is the side of the city, houses of quaintest architecture, churches, and convents of all styles and ages, and finally upon its extreme top, the Capitol of Prague, the famous *Hradschin*, and the beautiful *Dom* in its very bosom, a sight to make one's heart leap, and I could not gratify my desire to look at it enough. No doubt, I shall see finer palaces, greater churches, and higher mountains in Europe, but I doubt whether I shall find again such a combination of the quaint and beautiful, so warmly supported by nature as this Capitol, the Moldau, and these hills afforded. I was enjoying one of those moments when I felt convinced that it was worth the while to come to Europe for sightseeing alone.

"On the square at the end of the *Brucher Gasse* I found the *Radetzky Derkinal* (Memorial), erected in memory of the victor of the Piedmontese Campaigns of 1848-9, out of cannon captured and after a model by Edward and Joseph Max, who seem to play the same part in Prague that Rietschel, Hahnel, and Schilling do in Dresden. The Marshal, banner in hand, stands upon a shield borne by eight soldiers, typical of the different military branches of the Austrian army.

"From here I started up the hill that leads to the *Hradschin*, through a collection of barracks and churches, notably the St. Nicolaus, a fine old church reaching

way up into the heavens, whose green domed cupola reminded me of the *Dom* in Dresden. All of these churches have their *Schatz-Kammer* (treasure chamber), but I do not propose to examine them all. I have long since acquired a contemptuous indifference for 'precious' stones and metals. After much hard breathing and sweating, I attained the level of the famous square and at once found myself in the presence of the various palaces and public buildings that earn for it the name of Capital.

"They are all old, and outside at least, not very magnificent, but yet very large and with a Slavonic ruggedness. There the palace of the Cardinal Archbishop, opposite that of the Schwarzenberg family, and just opposite the *Burg* the old Toscana Palace, now the property of the Emperor. I passed into the *Burg-Hof* and found a marble palace yellow with age, winding around the top of the hill and coiling about in its own outer circle in a way to make one think of the *perpetuum mobile*, it seemed to have no end. This is the seat of the old Bohemian Kings, founded by Carl IV and continually enlarged and improved by successors down to Maria Theresa. I did not examine the interior (the attractions offered were not strong enough to overcome the horror I have for guides) and I contented myself with looking at the window from which in 1618 the two councillors were thrown by *Graf* Thurn, and which was the *casus belli* for the Thirty Years' War. The jump did not look enviable, and the blood stains had been removed; I passed on to further inner circles which enclosed the Metropolitan *St.*

Veit Kirche, a not large but delightfully graceful Gothic structure, dating back to the 14th century, the plan of Auler von Genund, and though much injured by Prussian bombardment, in 1757, pretty well restored again, and now in process of enlargement. Its steeple (once five hundred feet high!) was destroyed by fire but even now stands three hundred feet and more above the elevation of the hill. Just before entering the Church I came upon a little Chapel which contains the remains of the famous Adalbert, a Hildebrand sort of priest that could be general confessor, orator, and diplomat, according as the occasion demanded. Here, of course, there were plenty rendering homage and more than one fierce look was cast at me for passing it by without lifting my hat. No offense intended. I now entered the *Dom* and before I could give the blaze of everything precious that dazzled me at first entrance a second glance, I was seized upon by a priest, and in spite of my remonstrances dragged into a Chapel at one corner, being told by the hypocrite that mass was in progress, but he would show me something in the meanwhile. I saw there was no resisting and so followed him and was forced to examine in about five seconds what without him I should have given at least half an hour, and saw substantially nothing. At the door they show you an ivory ring at which Wenzel grasped when murdered by his brother Balestan. In the inside the remains of the Saint, surrounded by a little Chapel containing his helmet and coat of mail, weighing the Lord knows how many pounds, a fine standing

chandelier with statue of Wenzel (gilded bronze) by P. Vescher, and walls inlaid with Bohemian gems—monsters, of course. Indeed, this Church is particularly rich in holy relics and temporal treasures of all sorts and in one place and another reminds you of what the Pope's table must look like now, after treasures have been pouring into the 'poor' man from all parts of the world. Having shown me this and asked for his *trinkgeld*, the rascally priest now told me that I might wander about the Church proper and need not be disturbed by the mass which was always being celebrated here. I did so, and found the spot that covers the remains of numerous emperors, kings, and consorts; a most magnificent main altar and numerous smaller ones in different parts of the Church; then woodwork, frescoes, and mosaics in profusion; an old picture, 1368, of Christ by Thomas von Mutina of Prague, and good at that; graves of holy people and royal families (one does n't even think anything of an Emperor more or less here), including those of St. Veit, the Patron of the Church and the first two Bohemian Ottokars. One really gets spoiled in rushing about as I do from one center of attraction to another, and by the time I left the Church I was thoroughly surfeited with the exceptionally important relics that are crowded here. It is only a wonder to me that these pious Catholics do not get the lockjaw in passing through here, there is so much that calls for kneeling and crossing and *aves*. I had no desire to examine the famous *Schatz-Kammer* of the Cathedral, and hurried out into

the fresh air to get relief from the oppressive holiness I left behind me.

"I passed out of the *Burg* again on to another part of the hill, where an enormous *Caserne*—like so many of them an ex-palace, this one of the largest in Germany—the *Czerninsche Majoratshuas*, faces the little Chapel San Loretto, a sort of summer garden church, that is a large court, whose enclosing walls are covered with frescoes and paintings of holy personages and whose niches enclose shrines and altars, rivaling in gaudy color and richness those of the *Dom* and showing the same reckless use of silver. Of course these had their devotees, too, and the fat unæsthetic looking priests that lolled about made one wonder how many of Prague's 200,000 people were not priests and Jews. The *Capuziner* Convent that leads the way to the *Reichsthor* warned me that I was getting on to the hills and away from the city and so I turned back, descended the hill in a different direction from which I had come, and so manipulating as to strike the *Franzen's Brücke*, a pretty suspension bridge that leads into the Neustadt. After enjoying this new view of Prague that the bridge offers, which made the old city look like a new one from the *Quais*, broader streets and fine modern mansions that face the bridge, I entered Ferdinand Street and found that even Prague, burdened as she is with the enormous priest influence, has made some progress, though little, and has worked her way out of the old walls and over the *Graben* (moat). Facing the river is a very stately *Bohmisches* National

Theatre in process of completion, then follow numerous fine business edifices, strengthened by the unusually fine Government buildings that cluster around here, and which probably led the way for the general improvement that has taken place — another argument in support of our own Government's policy in lavishing such enormous sums on post and custom house offices even in the smaller cities. It lends tone to the local architecture. At the end of the street as it leads into the busy *Graben* and *Zeltner-Gassen*, a Chapel and Convent of St. Ursula, with a shrine on the pavement of course, to the honor of St. Napomic. I had earned the rest I now took, and then wrote home, in which letter I tried to make them feel that some of the good cheer that their letters contained had left its mark upon me. I often feel inclined to play the hypocrite in writing home, in order to spare them the annoyance, if not pain, that a gloomy tone must bring them. Made my first investment in Austrian postage stamps and then after wandering about without much clear design among the busier part of the city, I tried to find if Bohemians looked very different from other people, and though their strange tongue is apt to give that impression, I do n't think they do, if one excepts perhaps, a certain hardness and sharpness in their faces' outlines. I was pleased to find greater beauty of the women over those of North Germany. Of course, too, officials and soldiers dress differently here; there are still plenty of them, and this also helps to make you feel that you have crossed some frontier. The people strike me as more

polite, more considerate of the foreigner than is the German, and far less vain (perhaps because of late they have had less temptation to be so). This comparison of peoples promises to be one of the most interesting features of my trip. I strolled out of this busy center, through the *Pulverthurm*, a pretty little *Thor* that leads out of the *Altstadt* into that collection of fine *comptoirs* and warehouses (mainly sugar, a great industry in Bohemia) that cluster about the large depot of the *Staats-bahn*. I followed along the old *Konigstaf*, the old Royal residence, now *Caserne* (barracks), through the *Elizabeth-Gosse* that leads to another suspension bridge over the Moldau, the Franz-Joseph, then wound my way back through the older part of the town again, not seeing much that does not at one place or another find description in these pages, but which satisfied me that I was not leaving some hidden treasure in the city unexplored. This wandering through relics of 500 years ago, and dreaming of different times and different people from our own, with an occasional discovery of some more startling landmark, is a beautiful feature of my trip, and one that adorns that of very few tourists, I believe. To do this, it is necessary to travel alone and to travel leisurely.

"The day was finished at home, sadly and solitarily, as usual.

"May 24, '77. I wished to finish with Prague today and so early mapped out a plan of the day's work to include the see-worthy things I had as yet left unseen. Soon, therefore, in spite of the rain that was drizzling constantly

here, as it had been doing for an indefinite time previously in Dresden, in what should have been the beautiful month of May, I was on my way, starting from the *Carlo Platz* in the *Neustadt*, the old *Viet* market, and the largest of Prague's squares, now prettily laid out in shaded walks. At its head the so called new *Rathhaus*, old enough, however, to have been the scene of the first of the many conflicts of the Huss Wars, and which Ziska stormed to free his captive brothers in faith and threw the council out of the window (1419). All about it are innumerable charitable institutions and some pretty churches, and on the road leading to the southern limit, Wyssehrad, the Benedictine Convent with its '*Ora, Stude, Labora.*' I followed the road to the hill crowned with fortifications, wound my way back as I had come, and pushed on towards the oldest portion of the city, the old *Juden Viertel*, a wretched looking quarter, but in which it has now become the privilege of Christian, as well as Jew, to curse that Providence which seems to distribute its mundane gifts so unequally, and the same hovel now often shows the worship of Christ in one corner, the reading of the Mosaic law in the other. Here, too, is the oldest building in Prague now in existence, the famous *Alt Neu Schule* (Synagogue), and as it was closed on other conditions, I allowed my aversion to guides to be overcome by my strong desire to see this curiosity, aided by the argument urged by one of the many guides who volunteer to show you around here, that the *Kron-Prinz* had visited it. A clock with Hebrew alphabet instead of figures indicated

the site, and into a little bit of an old subterranean grotto I was ushered by the porter. It is called *Alt Neu*, because the lower portion, 1,000 years old and five hundred years ago unearthed, is of Byzantine architecture, with yellow basilicas, and the newer portion, though the blacker from its smoke that arises from the numerous candles, Gothic and the only instance on record of a synagogue built in that school, eminently a Christian one, and of course the work of a Christian architect. It is strictly a *Schule*, no preacher, no choir or organ, and the women are obliged to remain in a separate chamber separated from the main one by thick walls, connected only with wee port-holes which are opened during the service to enable them to hear the reading of the books of Moses from a Torah, unearthed with the other relics. They are during the reading placed upon a huge stone mound that reminds one of the Druid Altars, and altogether if it had not been for the unceasing chatter of my *Cicerone*, I think I should have been greatly impressed with the sanctity and solemnity of the place. Deep benches along the wall might accommodate about a hundred worshippers, I should say, and they have in all Prague about twenty synagogues clustering about here of hardly greater size, to accommodate the eighteen thousand Arch Jews that the city contains. A flag floats over the synagogue, a present from Emperor Ferdinand III, in recognition of the Jewish aid, granted to the defense of the city in 1648. Many a campaign since, fortunately, has offered additional testimony to the valor of the Maccabees' follow-

ers. Near by is the old graveyard of equal interest, with old decayed gravestones, hardly legible Jewish inscriptions and family trees, tracing descent from the various tribes of Judah. The synagogue shows two water marks left by the flood of the last two decades, but fortunately not strong enough to have taken from us entirely this beautiful relic of the mediæval enthusiasm of the Jews.

"From this point I crossed the river again to the *Hradschin* on the *Kettensteg*, and below the *Hirsch Graben* which here skirts between Capitol and endless *Casernen*, the hill is neatly laid out in garden plots and walks and belongs, I believe, to the Belvedere, built by Ferdinand I, in honor of his wife. The villa itself I did not find. I had come over mainly to see the Wallenstein Palace, still the home of the Wallenstein family and built by the great 'Friedlander' himself. On the way to it, I found the Furstenberg Palace which with the other, at least to outward appearance, indicates massiveness rather than beauty, and shows that the Rococo had not yet appeared on the scene to liven the dreams of architects. One really sees no signs of that in Prague, except as the modern heterogeneous school has felt its influence—the city belongs to an earlier day—its grandeur and its strength, and that is evident in every part of it that has an historical interest."

Chapter V

Vienna

Upper Belvedere.

"Monday, May 28,'77. Today I was prepared to begin the work of doing the numerous art collections, and upon consulting my *Studenten Zettel*, I concluded to start with the *Munz* and *Antiken* Cabinet. This is in the *Burg*, and I made a short cut for it, closing my eyes to everything attractive on the way, as I wished to arrive bright and fresh at the collection. It consists of a large collection of coins and medals, some forty thousand in all, of all nations and times, from the old Grecians to the 1876 *Gulden* and *Kr.*, its medals commemorating many interesting events. But I did not examine them in detail, reserving my eyes for other attractions about me. The *Antiken* consists mainly of old bronzes, very few of them interesting except to show how already two and three centuries before Christ very creditable work was done—of Grecian and Etruscan vases—of Norse and Roman implements of war dug out of different parts of Austrian territory—as also, prehistoric arrow-heads and some cooking utensils from the same regions not so interesting by far as the French specimens in the Smithsonian. The best feature of the collection is the great amount of fine cameo and intaglio work. They have an endless number of rings here, transparent and otherwise, of sing-

ular beauty, and then notably among the larger pieces, the famous Augustian Apotheosis, where Augustus is crowning Roma when placed among the Gods, a piece of cameo work almost a foot long, and exquisite in all its details. Also a very fine Ptolemaus Philadelphus and Arsinoe. Agate work of all description is here, salvers and jewel boxes, etc., and among the most interesting specimens historically, a bronze plate containing a decree of the Roman Senate (186 B.C.), and the seal ring of the great Goth, Alaric. The collection fills only four or five small rooms, but must be very valuable, though small in area. I walked through the *Hof Garten* awhile to rest my eyes, examined the splendid statues of the little but terrible Prince Eugene, and of the Archduke Charles, with banner in hand, commemorative of the famous moment in the battle of Aspern, at which he renewed the courage of his troops and withstood the terrible onslaught of the French troops that cost Napoleon his brave Lannes. Both statues, colossal riding figures on broad stone foundations, the latter with outer military groups, are models by Fernbarn.

"From here I went to the *Schönborn Palais*, where a small collection of pictures is open to the public, but after ascending the broad staircase and trying all doors, I found admittance nowhere, and then went over into the *Josefstadt* opposite the growing *Rathhaus*, where the *Czernin Palais* is, and where a similar programme had been offered. Here I was more successful, and spent a very pleasant hour among the three hundred pictures,

almost all small, looking for treasures. It is not a remarkable collection but, considering that it is the work of a single family, good enough, and in certain respects very important; *e.g.* they have here Murillo's Christ on the Cross, by all odds the best work of the genial Spaniard that I have seen, a mine of pathos and deep feeling. Rubens and Van Dyck give us some good portraits, as well as a charming Cupid, by the latter. Rembrandt is accredited with a large Abendunterhaltung Seiner Familie, which, if genuine, is not in his best style. A portrait by Velasquez, always interesting, but subject to the same criticism. Two good Doges by Titian and Tintoretto — some charming miniature *genre* pictures from the Hollanders; *i.e.* Spiel gesellschaft (splendid expression), by Douw, larger ones by Ryckaert — Peasants in a Tavern and Musical Entertainment. Moretto, Sassoferrato, and Palma Vecchio give us excellent Holy Families, particularly the last, who gives us his same models for Madonnas and Graces and females of all descriptions. A portrait by Durer, a school that I can always distinguish without as yet knowing the reason why, and the first picture of LeBrun's that I have seen, a charming Venus and Cupid. Some of the jolly little sketches of Brouwer and Ostade, to which I had become accustomed in Dresden, and these make up about all that makes a visit to the palace worth the while, even for one with plenty of leisure like myself.

"Tuesday, May 29,'77. After consulting my guidebook, I concluded to devote today to the Belvedere,

which in one division contains Viennese Gallery. The day was when the thought of visiting the Viennese Gallery would have made my heart flutter, and even today, the chance of continuing my art studies, which I flatter myself made a good long first step in Dresden, gave me a good deal of pleasure. At my suggestion, my landlady supplied me with breakfast, and the large pot of good hot coffee served in the neatest possible way, sent me off in good spirits. After a good half hour's hard walk, I found myself in Wieden, where the Belvedere, the old palace of the Duke of Savoy and its beautiful garden, is. The fine park, with terraced walks and arbors built up of high hedges, lies upon a small hill, which gives you a good view of the enormously spreadout city, endless steeples, among which, of course, the *Stephaus Thurm* stands out distinct. The park contains a so called upper and lower palace, the former, holding the gallery, the latter, the *Ambraser* and Antiquities. To the former, I directed my steps, found it in shape greatly resembling the Dresden Museum, though in style, more nearly that of the *Zwinger*, with the endless carving and sculpturing that distinguishes the Rococo of the builder's period. In the vestibule, statues of the Prince and of Charles VI, the cotemporary emperor and friend, and busts on pedestals of Maria Theresa, her husband called Francis I, allegorical statues and winged horses and sphinxes at both entrances and the vestibules, as indeed all the halls, richly decorated and frescoed, brighter than but hardly as beautiful as Semper's Museum.

"At the opening hour, I was ready to present myself to the fifteen hundred pictures which make up this collection, if not so large as the Dresden one, perhaps more carefully selected, and in the Venetian School and the Rubens and Van Dyck branches of the Netherland School unequaled. Many painters, though I have not yet half finished the collection, have presented themselves to me in an entirely different light, and strong as Titian is, for instance, in Dresden, he has shown a half dozen different sides here that are not to be found there, and Rubens confirms the great opinion I had formed of him, by even more daring conceptions in every field of painting, religious, mythical, allegorical, and character. But it will be more satisfactory to handle our artists in detail, as they disclose themselves in a survey of the walls.

"I commence with the Italian School, which in the main, I have already examined. Among the Venetians, I have for the first time become reconciled to Palma Giovine, and have increased my love for Palma Vecchio. A Mourning over the Dead Body of Jesus, by the former, has brought about the change that the beauty of its figures, and the deep feeling they express, deserve. The latter has a host of gems here, among which his Heimsuchung Maria's, and a lovely Madonna. Tintoretto, too, for the first time, has taken hold of my affections with real strength, and by the unusually large collection of portraits here (of which in all schools the gallery is particularly rich) rivals even Titian in strength and clearness of delineation. Padovanino takes high rank from his ex-

ceptionally fine execution of a common enough subject, the Adulteress before Christ, and Moretto's Justina is justly regarded as one of the gems of the Belvedere. I mention Giorgione's Land Surveyors from the East, more for its celebrity than the striking impression it made upon me, while I made the pleasing acquaintance of Vivarino, an old painter, in a really fine altar piece on the gold background not uncommon early in the 15th century. Bordone is numerously represented, but his pictures, in some striking particular, always leave a gap. I am not willing to yield Paul Veronese to Titian, but so far as this gallery offers a chance to judge, he lags far behind, and Titian in one picture after the other, in portrait and in saint, in allegory and in mythology, evinces the same power and beauty and breadth of conception. I do not propose to dwell on the many portraits that delighted me. Of the others, a lovely allegorical picture of quiet love is perfectly charming in its peaceful beauty, and forms a splendid set-off to the Holy Family and the beautiful Ecce Homo, both breathing the purest religious sentiment and purity. In this latter field, particularly, I was surprised to find him so great. Titian's strength in this gallery corresponds to Veronese's in the Dresden, although his Annunciation, Christ and Adulteress, Christ and the Samaritan, Christ and the Sick Woman, Madonna with Catherine and Barbara (a splendid picture and for me a charming subject at all times), excited the enthusiasm that is sure to follow when I see the great Venetian at his best. He is a great favorite with me.

"Roman School.

"Here we have an original Raphael, and of course, this interested me most. It is the so called Madonna im Grunen, and while it possesses many attractive features, particularly the grace and smoothness that distinguishes this school, it hardly seems to come from the same hand that painted the Sixtine Madonna. A superior production, once attributed to him, is the Margaret by Guilio Romano, and the gem of this room, so bright and fresh and beautiful as one hardly expects to find it in so obscure a name. Two excellent Madonnas and Saints, by Perugino, one by Baldi, a great picture by Maratta, Jesus Bemoaning the Death of Joseph, and some good work by Raphael Mengs also deserve special mention. And two battle scenes, small but very powerful, made up for the disappointment with Salvator Rosa's work in Dresden that I had experienced.

"This room leads into a splendid cabinet with beautiful busts of Francis I and Francis Joseph, and contains the famous large, richly decorated iron album that was presented to the Emperor in 1873, by the city, in celebration of the 26th anniversary of his ascending the throne.

"Florentine School.

"Here, of course, we look with greatest interest for daVinci, of whom there are no originals, and del Sarto, who gives us several, none of which pleased me, although I believe connoisseurs lay great stress upon his Pieta, the technical name for the adoration paid to the

dead body of Christ, taken from the Cross. Carlo Dolce, to be sure, is another of the stars of first magnitude of his school, and champions his reputation to the full by his Madonna with the Child. Fra Bartolomeo also deserves kinder treatment by virtue of his Presentation in the Temple, which breathes a spirit of quiet piety in charming style (1506). Two pictures of Gentileschi, pretentious, though not overstepping his abilities, and one by Raibotini (Bolognese), also stand out from even the general excellence.

"Bolognese and Lombard Schools.

"Correggio offers very little, his Rape of Ganymede, a single exception perhaps. Unfortunately, his Jupiter and Io was missing. I do not consider his portraits masterpieces. The Caraccis, too, lag behind here, if we except Lodovico's fine Venus and Amor, the former particularly, a very model of a Goddess of Love. Guido Reni's Baptism of Christ is the finest in his collection, while Cignani proves that my liking acquired for him through his Joseph and Potiphar is not accidental. His Madonna here is a great beauty. The greatest attraction in this room, however, is offered by Parmigiano's work, which in the well known Amor the Bowmaker, and the splendid portrait of the Florentine general Baglione would alone repay a visit to the gallery. Procaccini's Pieta will take almost equal rank. Dossi and Guercino lag behind.

"Spanish School.

"The next room contained many a pleasant surprise

for me, and in the frequency with which I found the name of Velasquez, anticipated a treat that did not fail me. I had as yet seen nothing but single portraits of him, and some indeed, notably the one in Boston, superior to these, but then the larger groups here of which the most delightful is his own family, whose many interesting faces must have afforded him a task just suited to his tastes. Then, too, the charming little Infanta, whose quaint but rich costumes receive an accuracy in the portrayal of the minutest details, which must satisfy even the most exacting *marchande de modes*. His Idiot is a very king of *non compos mentis*. Among the others, Bonifazio's two groups of saints are good, and Luca Giordana's Expulsion of the Rebellious Angels is a masterpiece, and the main figure, Michael, a magnificent conception rivaling decidedly even the beautiful one of Raphael's, with which, as an engraving, we are all familiar.

"I am now prepared to begin with the great collection from the

"NETHERLAND SCHOOL.

"The rooms are divided into seven, called respectively the Rembrandt, Landscape, Van Dyck, Two Rubens, Teniers, and then Miscellaneous.

"Most of the Rembrandts are portraits, the best perhaps, that of his mother and those of himself at different ages, and indeed, both here and in Dresden, I got the notion that he is more successful in painting himself and his beautiful wives than any others. Two large pictures

by Jan Van Eyck and Jordaens are here, Dutch Fish Markets, and one in particular which represents an altercation about a bargain is splendidly painted. The idea occurs to me here that while this collection is very strong in this school, it is not so much so from the number of its paintings as from the importance of most of them, which excellently point out its prominent features and give us, particularly with Van Dyck and Rubens, some of its greatest paintings without including the many artists and the growth of each that makes the Dresden Gallery so strong in this department. Strong portraits by Hoogstraeten and Fluich, one excellent poultry picture by Hondekaeter, who seems to represent in this branch of natural history the place that De Heem and Mignon do in flowers. Ian Fyt also deserves praise for a good picture of animals disturbing a breakfast and caught in the act by a beautiful youth.

"The landscape room gives us some very pretentious pictures by Artois, some excellent marine pictures and fights, by Backhuysen, and Bonaventura Peters and some small landscapes by Ruysdael, not equal to his best, but deserving mention as coming from so great a master. Of course I have reference to the great Jacob, the younger, whose Jewish Cemetery, among others, had excited my enthusiasm in Dresden.

"I was glad to get to Van Dyck, and first of all, must say of him what I said of Titian: I was surprised to find him so successful in the religious pictures, which have a subdued feeling of piety which one would think im-

possible in any Dutchman of his period, none the less, in him. His Madonna and Saints, Christ on the Cross, and Christ Derided, could hardly be spared to appreciate the versatility of his genius. His portraits are numerous, and of that same excellence, which long ago made me prefer him in that respect, even to his two great rivals, Rembrandt and Rubens. A good word for Crayen's Mary on the Throne receiving Homage, and we are ready for Rubens.

"The first of the two salons that contain his best pictures, is filled with but a few enormous affairs, which, without regard for details in their general effect, whether breathing horror, love, or religious fervor, inspire one with admiration — the conception is so lofty, and even if on closer examination I did not find every face and figure just to my taste, I cannot deny the general pleasure that they gave me. The larger ones are Loyola Curing those Possessed of the Devil, Ascension of Mary, and Xavier Preaching — enormous pictures; a splendid Ambrosius Refusing Theodosius Admission into the Milanese Church, Meleager and Atalanta Killing the Calydonian Boar, Scene from the Decameron, and perhaps the best of all, the Four Quarters of the Globe, illustrated by allegorical representations of their largest rivers: Ganges, Nile, Danube, and Amazon, in which it would be hard to tell which pleased me best, the beauty of the intellectual branch, the conception, or the skill and vigor of the mechanical execution. Of his pictures in the next room, I liked his Madonna with four female saints, and St.

Ildephon with side figures of the Archduke Albrecht, and his wife, rendering homage, best—among the portraits most noteworthy, a nude figure of his second wife, Helene Formann, a veritable model.

"Two smaller rooms contain a great assortment of mainly cabinet pictures, with fair samples of that school of *genre*, which we may say such masters as Douw, Metsu, Teniers, Ostade, Brouwer, Van Mieries, Ferburg, Netscher, Ryckaert, and that class, have originated. Particularly, in these miniature sketches, do they often give us the most delightful incidents of life. In addition to works by many of these that are found in this little room, special stress should be laid on a head of a man and one of a woman, portraits, I believe, which may verily be called the perfection of painting, leaving nothing to be wished for, and a very microscopical minuteness of detail. I have seen nothing finer from any hand in any school. They are by Balthazar Denner. Among the fruits and flowers, Huysum and De Heem seem to offer us the best. Schalpen gives us a charming little woman with a candle.

"In Teniers' salon (of course I am referring to the younger), the most remarkable work is a picture of the gallery of Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, Dutch Stadthalter (whose collection, with that of Rudolph II, formed the nucleus for this one), with miniature copies of his pictures, most of them here, and wonderfully well reproduced, an Abraham's Sacrifice, a peasant wedding, and a scene in Brussels, in which the aforesaid Archduke be-

fore a great crowd of people is presented with a bow for good shooting in a contest. Ryckaert gives us two excellent scenes from peasant life in Holland. Jan Steen also a good one and Cornelius Schut a fine Hero over the Dead Body of Leander. The next and last of the salons on this *etage*, deserves special mention only because of the jolly festival of the *Bohner Konig*, by Jordaens, in which every figure is an illustration of its adage, *Nil similius insano quam ebrinis*, and the Tavern, by Craesbecke, in the same spirit, and much ability. It was now near the closing hour, and I reserved the second story for another day, and started home in the almost tropical sun, that made the air seem to breathe fire.

"I went down the Rennweg, passed the *Militar Sammel* and *Transport Haus* opposite the palace, turned over into the *Augustiner Platz*, by the convent and church, into the *Graben*, bought some cigars, which are dearer and poorer here than in Germany, from the monopoly and heavy duty, and then took the usual route home, and for three hours kept to my sofa, too tired to sleep and too sore to move.

"Wednesday, May 29,'77. I concluded to continue my work at the Belvedere, and was promptly on the spot, though in poor condition for the work. I commenced with the second *etage* in the

"ALT DEUTSCH UND ALT NIEDERLANDISCHE SCHULEN.

"It is noticeable here that a great many paintings, particularly German, do not give us the names of their

creators, and I can only explain this with that peculiarity of the middle ages by which work (and most of these are altar pieces and ornaments) was done by a guild or school and not by individuals, and there is no telling but what many hands and heads may have been combined to produce what there is here. This suggestion is entirely original, and I give it for what it may be worth. Most prominent among the workers whose names are here, are A. Durer, Holbein, the Prague painters, Theodorich, and Mutina — Amberger, van der Weyden, the two Van Eycks, the two Massys, and Harleem. After them come those whose schools belong to a class with which we are more familar. Durer's masterpiece is here, the first large picture by him that I have seen, representing the Trinity, and mainly pleasing, I fear, as in the case of many other old masters, because we expect so little and examine him by a different standard than we do one of the present day who has the benefit of the best schools and models. Though even with the strictest criticism, one must admit, I think, that the present generation, while perhaps the most fecund, is hardly the most successful in the history of painting. We respect the 16th and 17th centuries for something else than age.

"Durer's Slaughter of the Christians under the Persian Sapor II, is also famous, but I pass over the numerous supply, both of his works and the Cranachs, that the collection possesses, many of which are interesting only by the side of better ones that the same masters have given us. Holbein is well represented by portraits,

not of uniform excellence by any means, but his John Chambers and Derich Tybis in his best style. Memling and Amberger stand out prominently, and van der Weyden gives us two miniature pictures: Madonna and Child, and Catherine, which are absolutely beautiful. Of the Massys' work the most clever is quite a large picture by the less celebrated, Johann, subject like almost all here religious and historical only, as the artists of the Church have been involved. Mabuse gives us a good little Madonna.

"In the third room are some excellent portraits by Franz and Peter Pombus, and Anton Moor, some unusually good work by Franz Francken, especially his Crœsus Showing Solon his Treasures, and some stiff old pictures from life in the Netherlands, by Peter Brueghel. Some large landscapes by Lucas Van Valkenburgh are only large.

"The next room and the last of this collection gives us more modern pictures, and while their moral tone is an exceedingly low one, many of them have considerable merit, particularly those of Josef Heinz, while John Achen, Joach von Sandrat, and Spranger often rise to strong performances.

"From here I went into the modern school, some hundred and fifty pictures, mostly by Austrian artists of the last fifty years, in whom a love of strong coloring seems to predominate, with very few other strong features. It is interesting to note that most of the work seems to be done in Munich, Rome, Paris, etc., indicating, and I be-

lieve correctly, that in modern art, Vienna has scarcely yet completed her Parthenon.

"In the first room two large Angelica Kaufmanns, which attracted me only by the name, a good portrait of the Archduke Leopold, dressed as knight in the Vienna winter riding school, by Amerling, a good knight in jail (I have not traced the incident to its historical place), by Leopold Schulz, and three noteworthy pictures by Krafft, the two larger ones representing the departure from and return home of a *landwehr*, beautifully conceived, finely colored, but wanting in vigor of execution. The faces do not disclose the subject; that is left to the surroundings. The other, however, a fight between Austrians and Turks for the possession of a bridge, corrects this latter fault, and retains the virtues of the other two.

"The next room showed me my first picture of Makart's: 'I am coming, Romeo,' in which the latter on his awakening finds that Juliet has killed herself, a fine picture certainly, and full of poetry, though sometimes lacking strength. A large black picture by Schnorr, of Carolsfeld, of Faust Receiving Mephisto at his Studies is good, and an Apotheosis of Francis I between two angels, one carrying the olive branch, the other, the laurel wreath, by Fuger, is very beautiful. A pretty little landscape by Pausinger, with deer, representing the inner part of a forest, and L. Russ' Storming of the *Löwel Bashon* by the Turks, are here among others by Friedlander, Blaas, Schone, etc., less praiseworthy.

"In the third salon, I give the preference to L'Allemand's Battle at Znaim, a pretty little picture of a dog watching a sleeping babe, by Felix, two fine landscapes by Haushofer and Buhlmayer, the latter representing a drove of cattle returning in the 'dusk of evening' from pasturage, and finally, Duke Frederich IV showing himself to the enthusiastic Tyrolese, a strong picture by Schem.

"In the last of the rooms, one cannot avoid the imposing picture of Canon's, *Die Loge Johannes*, whose finest feature is his Moses, evidently inspired by the sculpture of Angelo's. Equally so with Eugerth's picture of the seizure of Manfred's wife and children, by order of Charles of Savoy, which does full justice to the most beautiful woman and children of the most beautiful couple of that day, and inspires the children with the knightly chivalry for which the father was noted, reminding one of brave little Macduff, in Macbeth, who was going to champion his mother against the attacks of the tyrant's assassins. Decker gives us two pretty *genres* in pastel, Ruben a fine battle picture, and Rahl (a strong man among the Austrian painters) a splendid Kriemhilde Swearing Vengeance against Hagen over the Dead Body of Siegfried. While little of a very high character had been offered me here, I had been greatly relieved by the brightness of this portion of the collection, and the decided change of subjects that the modern school offers, and was now prepared to return to older countries, and finish the gallery. I had sandwiched wisely,

and my appetite was whetted for what remained of the old masters in the *Erdgeschloss*.

"To the left of the entrance that I have already described, we find more Italian pictures of all ages and schools, mostly not worthy of a close examination, but containing however among them some fair Veroneses and Titians, etc., a splendid Mary and Joseph with child embracing a cross, by Padoranino, the only real fine Annibale Caracci in the collection, a Venus and Adonis (why could not these Italian painters paint their Madonnas as beautiful as their Venuses?), and then the Jupiter and Io of Correggio's that I had mourned as missing. If it did not reconcile me to Correggio's reputation, I found it the best evidence here of the skill attributed to him, and really a graceful picture of Jupiter; nothing is visible except an indistinct head in the clouds gently kissing Io. As I proceeded, I found a good Madonna by Cignaroli, a great deal of mediocre work by Luca Giordano, a beautiful *Agnus Dei*, St. John the Baptist as child, by Murillo, being a lamb led by Christ child, a most tender picture, and a strong Samson and Delilah by Van Dyck. Opposite the hall a small collection of miscellaneous Dutchmen of which the best is some work by Snyders, who in the painting of boar and fox hunts by dogs, seems most successful, and then two large pictures by Jansens, Diana representing Night and Apollo, Day, both surrounded by a ring of beautiful little angels—the latter picture, however, decidedly the better. A series of *Aquarellen* pictures by Moritz von Schwind are also here,

telling the sad story of Melusina of Lusignan, and only made interesting by their subject. With a word for the twelve or fifteen pieces of sculpture, contained in the rotundas, I shall have done with the Upper Belvedere. These embrace among others, specimens by Ralph Donner, Schaller, Marchesi, Kessling, Kalhsmann, and others, and include some very pretty pieces.

"I am not overwhelmed at all by the sense of the greatness of this collection, but it possesses much that is of importance to the student, has certainly been of great assistance to me, in forming more accurate notions of what is beautiful and strong, and in certain respects; viz., Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Van Dyck, and the very old schools, is exceptionally strong. The style of exhibition is similar to the one in Dresden, each picture bearing the name of the master, when known, with the date of his birth and death. I felt when I returned home, as if I had concluded a great task and almost relieved to think that in spite of the sad condition of my eyes, I was enabled to prosecute it to completion.

"Procession and Mass.

"Thursday, May 31, '77. Today is the last of the month of May, and the *Frohnleichnamsfest*, a great day in all Catholics' country and particularly in Vienna, and I was advised on all hands to go and see the great procession. Tribunes have been built all about the *Stephans Platz*—seats and standing room are sold at high prices and as early as four in the morning the people are crowding

to get a good place to see the show. I went to the *Platz* about 7:30,was fortunate enough to get standing room, by paying 50 *kr.* to one of the men who make capital out of the religious fervor of the Catholics, and saw everything to my heart's content.

"The show consists of a great procession from the *Stephans Kirche*, after the celebration of mass,which can be attended only by those who take part in the procession, that is the priests from the different churches in their vestments, the different orders of monks, and banners and insignia, then the '*Magistrat* and *Gemeinde*' of the city in court costume, then the various '*Rathe* of the Empire' the nobility, after whom followed the Archbishop walking under the canopy,who took precedence of the Emperor who walked behind with the Archdukes and the Ministry, among whom I noticed Andrassy in his brilliant dress of the Hungarian nobility. The Empress usually attends but was in Ischl this time. Behind the Emperor came a detachment of the Hungarian guard, magnificently equipped and mounted and then some Austrian cuirassiers and infantry,who brought up the rear. Everybody of course appeared at his best, and the most brilliant costumes and breasts full of decorations abounded. The line of march was enclosed by military and police the whole way, and the walk a special one for the occasion, made of boards strewn with leaves. All but the military walked and walked bareheaded, although the march was long enough to include the *Graben*, *Kohlmarkt*, *Karntner Gasse*, and back to the

church again, where the priests disbanded to their various churches to perform the service of the day, and the court in splendid equipages drove to their palaces. The King with his brother Ludwig Victor rode in a richly gilded coach drawn by eight white horses, with outriders, and other members of the family in three other coaches with six horses each. The richer nobles too gave us some brilliant teams. During the procession of course bands played, heralds constantly blew their trumpets, church bells were tolling, and certainly Vienna had put on her holiday attire. The procession was not remarkable so much for its size as for its brilliancy, but that recalled the splendor of royal pageants in the middle ages and dim visions of Charles V, Francis, and Henry VIII, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Not the least interesting feature of the occasion, was the enormous mass of people that from every part of city and suburb poured into this neighborhood. For an hour after the procession had ceased the streets were scarcely passable with those returning and indeed all day long such of the more popular resorts, as the *Prater Ring* and *Volks Garten*, are a constant mass. Theatres all and stores very generally closed.

"In the evening I went into town to hear mass celebrated in the *Universitat's Kirche*, and though the evening was balmy and pleasant, it was all I could do to crowd my way to the inside of the church, and in bearing the constant pressure of the throng, get an occasional glimpse through the columns at the beautiful church now splendidly decorated and illuminated and

hear something of the mass, not known to me but very fine and well sung and to great effect with orchestral and organ accompaniment. An *Agnus Dei* with violin obligato in the twilight of the evening and in the midst of a most passionate service and worshippers, and a *Gloria* supported by organ and cornets, is as fine a treat as I ever wish to enjoy. The effect was immense. From the style I imagine the mass was by Haydn. The sermon laid great stress on the necessity of strong intervention with Mary, for the *Ora pro Nobis*, and one may get some idea of the zeal of these Viennese when even these exacting priests admit that they are well satisfied with what their hearers have offered in this respect. Strange to say, Vienna is hardly an improvement on Prague. By seven, I was prepared to improve the fine evening by a walk through the *Ring* and *Volks Garten*, where Eduard Strauss was directing a concert from which I caught only a few distant strains, and then went home, leaving the streets full of life and happy faces, foppish dandies and giddy-headed girls, with every degree of beauty and propriety from o — to infinity.

"Lower Belvedere.

"Friday, June 1, '76. Today my objective point was the Lower Belvedere. I selected a different route this time, passed over the Elizabeth Bridge from the *Ring*, which is crowned by eight statues, prominent rulers of the early dukedom as well as men distinguished for artistic work, passed out of the city between the *Obst Markt*

and *Wieden*, where the *Evangelische Schule*, the *Polytechnicum*, and *Karl's Kirche* form a long square, with a park between it and the *Wien*, of which this morning, hardly aught was visible but its stony bed. A glance into the church, beautiful of course and unique, because of its high broad cupola—service in progress as it is in Vienna, in all churches, and at all times, then a peep at the statue of Resul, the inventor of the screw, which stands in the park, and is also a model by Fernborn, then over into the *Rennweg* past the *Militar Sammel* and *Transport Haus*, and on the same street the lower entrance to the Belvedere which was my destination. Here are the Antiquities, the Egyptian, and the Ambraser collections, and with the former I promptly set to work, as it is the first to meet you as you enter.

"Antiken Sammlung.

"This consists mainly of busts, mosaics, reliefs, arms, and domestic utensils, which have been found in excavations made in one place or another, covering a period of perhaps three to four thousand years. Of the busts most are those of Roman Emperors, generals and their wives, and with the exception of but few, of surpassing beauty. Their main interest to me consisted in endeavoring to find in their faces some expression of the character with which history has stamped them, and even that task at the outset looks ungrateful when we think how even at the present day our statues, instead of showing us the inner life and character of their subjects, only endeavor to

approximate the models of gods and heroes that the ancients have given us. To be sure, the ideal beauty remains, and when the work is artistic I can enjoy it as I would a fine Zeus or Venus—when that fails you are groping in the dark. A peculiar feature that I had not noticed before on any sculptures, I found here occasionally, in the movable wig which is simply rested on the head and like a wig can be removed. In addition to these busts, they have a Grecian tombstone or two, a bas-relief of a figure with the inscription of time of birth and death. Some splendid specimens of large black granite Egyptian sarcophagi, whose inside and outside are one mass of hieroglyphics and excellently well preserved. The most famous one is the so called Fugger Sarcophagus because found by *Graf* Fugger near Ephesus and presented by him to the museum. Its four sides are ornamented by reliefs illustrating the Battle of the Amazons and though somewhat broken and cracked presents a splendid array of figures. A large circular fish dish of stone too, found in Liesa, with a diameter of perhaps four feet. Among the full statues I ought to emphasize a beautiful little Iris in black marble (face, arms, and nether limbs white), a Mercury as orator, and a Euterpe, with fragments of arms, bodies, and heads, that recall the grace of a Venus di Milo, and an Apollo Belvedere. Then too, we have numerous tablets with Latin inscriptions pointing to periods of Germanic and Gallic invasion—relics of a soldier's equipage found in graves in Germany—urns that contained the ashes of the dead, some like boxes with

close fitting covers, a mummy of the Sacred Bull of Egypt with his trappings (Apis), and finally some collections of Mexican antiquities, mainly from the time of the Aztecs—small images, crude earthenware, etc., of which I had seen enough for my heart's content in Washington.

"Ambraser Sammlung.

"Here in seven rooms is a collection of arms and military costumes and thus far reminding one of the Dresden historical collections though in most respects hardly its equal, and also specimens of artistic work in all departments, indeed the line does not seem to be closely drawn anywhere, and I have not found out what the word *Ambraser* means.

"The first rooms contain complete coats of arms as they were worn by almost all monarchs and generals from the time of the founder Duke Ferdinand of Tyrol (1595) down to the 18th and present centuries. Many of them are of course richly ornamented with gold and silver and precious stones, but I was more interested in reading the names that were appended to them than in examining them in detail—Dresden had glutted me in that respect; a fac-simile of Ferdinand's attendant eight feet high *der Grosse Bauer von Trent* is given you and one sees that even churchmen, archbishops, and cardinals laid aside the crooked staff at times for the shirt of mail and long sword. Even the arms and helmet of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustopha, who paid with his life the raising of the siege of Vienna—which illustrates the policy of

the Turkish government even of today. Its servants are punished or rewarded only as defeat or victory result from their work. There is no other question to be considered by those before whom their deeds are judged. So too the banner and arms of the great commander of the peasants, Stephan Fadinger, in their wars against the nobles and their institution, feudalism; and perhaps most interesting because so rare in these parts, the battle axe of the great Osted Montezuma, — Alexander Farnese, the terrible foe of the Netherlanders, stands before you just as he did before his bloody Spaniards, when urging them on to their butchery.

"I pass over the arms and munitions of war that presented no features not already commented upon in these pages, and come to the fourth room where we find the four walls filled with portraits not only of the House of Hapsburg and all its ramifications with a curious main branch and trunks but also all the mere men and women of the 15th and 16th centuries, 141 small pictures in all — not many of them of great artistic worth. In the center of the room in three large glass cases, magnificent gold embroideries (Burgundian) for altar ornamentations, and originally intended for the Order of the Golden Fleece. The figures in them remind one of the Van Eyck paintings; one cannot more highly compliment the quality of the work than to admit that they stand out in all their minuteness with the same distinctness and clearness as these paintings of which they remind us.

"We now move into a quite different kind of exhibition—and at the very door, little as I expected to find them, taxidermist specimens of natural history—also, and one of the most interesting objects here, the antlers of a deer, with twenty-two extremities of a trunk so entwined in the trunk of an oak as to leave one no other conclusion than that the oak had grown around it!

"We found too, in the same room, fine specimens of coral, masterpieces of minute stone and wood work, as also carvings and inlaid ivory work, without mentioning the two different specimens that exhibit wonderful skill—the three specimens of Albert Colin, two battle scenes and the Rape of the Sabines are of too surpassing excellence to be passed over without special notice and seem to indicate that in the middle ages the knife and chisel were handled much more skilfully than the brush. Fine mosaics, wax and horn work, with good specimens of enameling, faience, and glass painting make up this antiquarian cabinet, and make it clear enough that from 1400 to 1900 something else than fighting occupied the attention of the world. To make this jack-of-all-trades sort of room complete, we have even a small but very interesting collection of musical, mathematical, and astronomical instruments, and if there be any one who does not find something here to appeal to his sense of pleasure, we may fairly conclude that it is not in his nature to be pleased. The last room continues the exhibition of arms and quaint military costumes, drinking utensils of all materials from an ostrich egg to a ram's

horn, and finally a small collection of pictures in which Veronese, Rosa, Cranach, and Durer figure though not at their best. It is curious to notice how these workers in cloth, wood, stone, porcelain, etc., etc., occasionally take as models the more important paintings of their day, and a source of constant surprises is found for you in there being confronted with old friends where you do not expect to meet them. This applies to steel engravings as well and I am constantly devouring the show windows in the hope of finding copies of my favorites in Dresden and the Belvedere.

"The so called Egyptian collection is small, and so to be done with the whole Belvedere I finished that before leaving. It consists of mummies of man and beast, numerous small idols of all materials, probably used by different people in their own houses, wooden coffins, painted and covered with inscriptions, stone and earth house utensils, and that is about all. One has got to feel stronger and brighter than I do to turn over each little pot in every direction and examine closely from every side and I did not. I may try it with a few to find that I am not overlooking what ought most to be seen but the examination of the balance is generally more superficial. From here I turned homeward, only stopping to take a *schnitzel* and some *sauerkraut* in Wieden, and then sheltering myself as best I could from the torrid blinding sun that reigns supreme fourteen hours in these summer days in Vienna, I walked through *Stadt* Park with all the good of most small parks and little more.

"The Opera.

"I did not venture out again until evening when I made my first pilgrimage to Vienna theatres in the shape of a visit to the Opera House as much to see this beautiful temple that promised so much from its outside, and then too, to give myself a chance to like *Tannhäuser*, which in 1872 in the Academy of Music in New York for the first and only time I heard under Franz Abt's direction and badly butchered at that. Prices are very high here, almost as bad as our star performances in New York opera during the Lucca and Neilson excitements though I went way up into the third gallery, paid two gulden and saved one by taking the second instead of the first row. The performance was to commence at seven and I was on hand a full hour before to get a full view of what had most attracted me. I was anything but disappointed, and all the way from the entrance to the roof found the vestibule a flood of light from beautiful marble candelabras, rich frescoes, fine statuary, and gold and marbles of all shades everywhere. No royal entrance that I have yet seen bears the slightest comparison with it; and then too the inside of the theatre, not to speak of the great height and depth of it, its great gilded chandelier spreads such a blaze of light over the whole amphitheatre of gold and bright colors to which the audience adds variety, making so beautiful an *ensemble* that one scarcely wishes to break the spell by examining the details, and indeed I did not until the first *entr' acte*. There are three rows of boxes in addition to the pros-

cenium, a parquet, parterre, and two galleries, a large enclosure for the orchestra, and an enormous stage. The boxes bear upon their front medallions pictures of those who in the last one hundred years have distinguished themselves in the Viennese opera. The main curtain represents the Orpheus myth and is very rich, so also the drop curtains, which are in the nature of two parallel curtains, the first one so folded back as at all times to make it easy for artists to answer recalls. The ceiling is prettily frescoed with suggestions from mythology and everything is in keeping with the pretentiousness of the outside.

"Unfortunately the troupe was not represented at its best tonight (generally about the first of May the leading lights commence to star) and neither Marie Wilt nor the famous Beck were here. However as partial compensation, Capell Meister Richter, who had been directing the Wagner concerts in London with such *éclat*, had just returned and with his splendid orchestra of over seventy men proved to me the greatest attraction of the evening.

"*Tannhäuser* offers an excellent opportunity for fine scenic display, the stage here is large enough certainly and in this respect it must be admitted that full justice was done the composer, and I allow that improvement in this respect alone may have been the means of radically changing my opinion of the opera. However, in this regard it will not do to overlook the fine *Tannhäuser* that Herr Lobatt gave us, the gem of the evening, with

a good voice, clear, full, and of large range, a graceful bearing and conscientious acting. Here Scaria's Landgraf was also very fair and while Mlles. Kupfer and Dillner did not spoil Elizabeth and Venus, one can hardly say more for them, and Herr Alschy certainly did not sing Wolfram in a way to do so fine a rôle justice. It is a grand opera no doubt and if I am not prepared to say that I like it as well as I do *Lohengrin* and *Rienzi*, I feel certain that it is one of those compositions that grow upon one with each hearing and that another such rendition even as this was, for it was very smooth throughout, would make me not only admire but love it. Richter and Lobatt divided the honors of the evening. I was a little shocked to notice that in the galleries refreshments were allowed to be sold in the *entr' actes*, even though they were delicatessen, but I suppose with the ever-hungry stomachs of the beer-drinking people it is the only way of keeping out lunch baskets, which certainly would be a still greater nuisance.

"The performance had lasted three and one-half hours, and by the time I got home through the blinding storm of dust that was howling through the streets and of course most troublesome in the broad *Ring*, it was 11:15. Hausmeister closes the door at ten, and every time he opens you must pay him at least ten *kr.* and may as much as you please. Everybody who is open to a *trinkgeld* here — and there are mighty few exceptions — refuses of course to recognize a maximum. My landlady (a *Fräulein* I have since found out) was waiting for me.

"KUNST AND INDUSTRIE MUSEUM.

"Saturday, June 2,'77. I commenced today by going to the temple in *Leopoldstadt*, and while I was disappointed in not finding Jellinek and Sulzer, who, I have since learned, officiate in the old synagogue in the city, I was much interested in the orthodox sermon and service. The inner part of the temple hardly equals what the outside leads one to expect, but is very pretty for all that. The ladies are confined to two galleries, the choir is made up of little boys who sing well though without organ and stand right alongside of the altar. The congregation looked very unaristocratic and hardly possessed of sufficient means to build so fine a temple, and the minister, a young man with a good deal of strength, urged orthodoxy as a necessary means to continue the individuality of the Jews, and sneered at that class of men who without ever entering a synagogue or being familiar with the arguments of believers would by a single stroke overthrow the work of a Moses, Samuel, or Micah. By ten the first of the three Saturday services was over and I went from here to the *Kunst* and *Industrie* Museum on the *Stuben Ring* just over the *Aspern Brücke* and spent the balance of the morning in examining its vestibule and several rooms. It is a magnificent structure throughout, completed but three or four years ago, the first of the great collection of public buildings that is making the *Ring* so exceptionally fine a street when that is completed. It is arranged on the plan of the South Kensington Museum, a large square vestibule lighted by sky-

light, whose exits lead into rectangular chambers that contain the specimens. It is a sort of exposition on a small scale and really the importance of this museum dates from the International Exposition of 1872, when gifts were often left by exhibitors and formed the nucleus of the collection. Then too it is permitted business houses to expose their wares here for sale, and being a good advertising medium certain rooms almost lead you to imagine that instead of being in a museum you are promenading the *Graben*, *Kornthner Gasse*, or *Rotherthurm*. I commenced with the lower floor (there are two) of the vestibule, where, among plaster casts of prominent sculptures of antiquities and the middle ages (directors of museums I notice, seem pretty well agreed as to which are the finest), there are also two fine originals of Canova: a Venus kneeling and a Venus leaving the bath; a Guardian Angel with Child, and a Psyche by Tenerani, and a very pretty Judicitia by Fenerstein. In addition to the casts also some bas-relief excavations from Samothrace by an expedition sent there under the auspices of the government.

"Room I. Here we find numerous specimens of goldsmiths' work of the 17th century with many modern imitations of ancient celebrities in galvanoplastic (Barbedienne among the Frenchmen and Ilkington among the English seem to give us the best work). Then we have specimens of old and new Russian, Indian, Malayan, Persian, Turkish, and Chinese arms and war costumes, many of them richly ornamented, ancient church relics, ceram-

ics, and enamel work (with Chinese and Japanese specimens) and here as well as in the other chambers and exhibitions in Vienna, I got the notion that it would be much more instructive, and less trying to the patience of visitors if lines between different exhibitions were more closely borne; as it is, it looks as if out of each mass of articles some were given to every art or scientific collection in Vienna, and therefore with occasional modifications and exceptions my descriptions must read much alike, and knowing that in advance as I do, very general. They have here also the treasures of the German Order, with a little of all of these, a collection of relics taken from the treasures of the Guelphs, who had their seat in Braunschweig and Sachsen and Hannover as well as northern Italy — which belongs to the poor wandering King of Hannover—and also work in silver and precious stones, and similar imitations as in the case of the gold. So too a few specimens of Limoges and Venetian enamel.

"Room II. The next room reminds one of the European rooms of the Saxon Porcelain collection though only in a small way, and traces the growth of our splendid porcelain work of today from the ancient stone and earth work that we find among the Egyptians. We find here the Grecian terra-cotta busts and vases, the Italian majolica and the faience of the middle ages, gradually developing into Bottscher's porcelain which finds its climax in the Meissner and Sèvres manufactures. Then too we have the beautiful *Biscuit-Arbeiter*, so called because it

is twice burned, by which it loses all glossy color and bears a striking resemblance to marble. The only improvement on the Saxon collection is the Austrian work which appears to much better advantage in the specimen from the Vienna factory, which until recently produced some really good pieces.

"The collection of work is very extensive beginning with old Mexican and Oriental work showing us also Sicilian and Moorish manufacture (the so called Persian faience from the isle of Rhodes) and then specimens of modern common work from all nations from the Moors to the Egyptians. Then two specimens of faience from all times and peoples and the modern ironstone work. Extremely pretty is the English Wedgwood work and this suggests how wonderfully skilful the present generation is in counterfeiting so that often I can hardly tell glass from porcelain, the latter from marble, wood from glass and Heaven knows what not from what not.

"Room No. III may be called the glass-room as with a few exceptions it contains only glasswork dating from the 16th and 17th centuries to manufactures of the last few years and giving us some of the beautiful specimens of Bohemian glasswork for which the blowers from that region are universally famous. In addition to Oriental work and very fine specimens of Venetian glass, there is an interesting collection of glass-mosaics and of fragments employed in the work of all shades, opaque as well as transparent, and finally some of the pretty iridescent glass which has acquired all the tints of the rain-

bow and which as I afterward discovered is very happily used by modern works for ornamental purposes. As an indication of the high degree of beauty to which the working in glass has been brought, we are given here a complete set (pitcher, salver, and goblet) made in the last few years, with fine crystal work and beautiful figures and the inscription *Rein der Crystall, fein das Metall, echt der Wein, so soll es sein*—it is called the *Willkommen* glass and is a gift from the city to the museum.

"Room No. IV contains fine specimens of Oriental furniture and rich tapestries. All sorts of wonderful weavings, embroideries, and similar handiwork. Large, highly ornamented stoves of all materials from stone to porcelain. Richly carved cabinets and more of these ingenious woodworkings, and particularly two very large life-size scenes: Virginia and Volumnia Interceding with Coriolanus, and the Sabine Women Interfering between their Fathers and the Romans. A sort of wooden mosaic by Roentgen (1779). Among the Gobelins—two large battle scenes from the wars of Alexander Granicus and the defeat of the Indians. Among the wood cuttings many high intricately cut altars.

"Too tired to do more good work I left the rooms, went upstairs, where the walls and balustrades are decorated with fine colored marbles and a large slab indicates the spot where the Emperor laid the cornerstone. Here too are casts of prominent sculptures, naturally some of Michael Angelo in Florence and Rome. On this floor also are the library of the museum, directors'

rooms, and then a very fine room that is called the *Sitzungs Saal* where around a large table are placed richly upholstered chairs. Why it is so called I do not know for in addition to these is an exhibition of modern furniture in the highest style of ornamentation and including the finest mirrors, chandeliers, secretaries, pianos, etc. Also rich rugs and carpets (English made in Persian style) and a beautiful glass painting by Lorin a Chartres, a Visitation of Mary after Da Piombo's beautiful painting, transparent colors and a real masterpiece of glass burning. I reserved the other four or five rooms for another occasion, and having hung around the elegant halls for awhile returned home to give my eyes the rest they so much needed.

"Sunday, June 3, 1877. Without bothering myself about the second procession in honor of the *Frohn Leichmanns Tag* that was marching almost in front of my door and whose course was traced by the green leaves that were strewn through the streets, I passed on to the museum again to spend an hour or two there before the beginning of service in the *Augustiner Kirche* which I wished to attend.

"I began where I left off at Room No. V, which contains workings (principally of the last few years) in lead, tin, iron, brass, and copper, and not stopping at the simply utilitarian objects with whose manufacture we are accustomed to associate the use of the non-noble metals, we find here statues, reliefs, and highly ornamental work of all sorts in the best artistic form and often imitating

in the most skilful way production of gold and silversmiths. Particularly in the galvanoplastic specimens, which of course are made by electricity (electrotypes).

"Room No. VI is a collection of showcases with the best specimens that one finds in jewelry, porcelain, galanterie, embroidery, lace, etc., stores of the day, and while representing as it does the culmination of all art industries in the present generation, I may be justified in saying therefore, interesting though it was for me, I need not enlarge upon what can be seen every day in the streets of every city. Some wonderfully clever chromo and woodwork is particularly noteworthy, and they have an association in Vienna for the special purpose of reproducing artistic models in cheap form to be accessible to all and this includes paintings, drawings, crayons, sculptures, etc.

"Room No. VIII contains a great many specimens (some of them very rich and beautiful) of book covers of the 16th to 18th centuries, as also interiors indicating the styles of illumination of the early publications. Then leather work generally including some beautiful specimens of Oriental work. The pretty Chinese painting on rice paper with which we are pretty familiar, some extremely clever Persian reliefs on paper made with the nails, simply good illustrations of Indian mosaic work and enameling, and then several cases of small types of Oriental and Mexican life and people, made in those countries. Pretty straw and basket work from Austrian countries, and a numerous collection of seals, *i. e.* German Order and House of Hapsburg. Among other ex-

hibits of special historic interest, a mosaic from Carthage.

"I had still two more rooms to examine, but I was anxious to get to the *Hofpfarr Kirche* by eleven, and so left off here.

"SIGHTSEEING.

"I passed the large Coburg Palace on the way, ten times as high as the street on which it is situated is wide, and also walked through the beautiful *Karnthner Hof*, enlivened by its skylight frescoes and bright colors and arrived in good season at the over half-millenium old Court Chapel to hear the mass sung by the famous choir which at least today was supported by orchestra. Of course, being connected with the *Burg*, the Chapel is at least as pretty as every other in Vienna and that means very beautiful (the Church is the only institution in Austria that can not complain of hard times)—and principally its high Gothic altar deserves mention for elegance. Opposite the entrance is the famous mausoleum erected by the Duke of Sachsen-Teschen (Prince of Poland) to his much loved wife the Archduchess, Maria Christina, daughter of the *unsterblichen* Maria Theresa, and for which Canova was paid 20,000 ducats—or 50,000 dollars gold. The entrance to the tomb is a large triangular marble piece on whose steps are three groups—the one a female figure of Virtue, with child in each hand, coming to mourn at the tomb. Just behind them lower down on the steps, Charity leading a blind man and or-

phan child also to pay tribute, and on the other side the Angel of Fame, reclining against a sleeping lion—these groups to represent her four main attributes: charity, virtue, strength, and fame, and the whole is well worthy of the master's reputation. It was erected in 1805, and is one of the relatively numerous works of Canova's about Vienna. His Theseus and Minotaurs in the *Volks Garten* I have not yet found. This is the group which Napoleon I had intended for Milan. The vaults in the church also contain the bones of Leopold II (1792) who died but two years after ascending the throne, and through the bars one sees the memorial built in marble by Zauner, the Emperor lying on a sarcophagus by whose side reclines a figure of Religion (?) mourning. Maria's general and her physician—Von Daun and Van Swieten—are also buried here. The mass was a beauty and well given, particularly the violin solo and obligato in one of the movements and I had seen and heard enough to amply repay the walk in the hot sun and dust (for both of which my experience makes Vienna famous). I did not venture out again after returning until evening when I strolled through the *Ring*, *Hof & Burg Garten* which being more select in its promenaders and less crowded, I prefer to the *Prater*. In wandering about I came upon the *Hohe Markt*, the center of the old Roman town Vindobona, whose Praetor is said to have lived in the palace of the Baron of Sina, the oldest house in Vienna. In the center of the square a Votive-Statue, representing Mary's engagement, under a Corinthian temple, built in the

reign of Charles VI after von Erlach's plans — much more curious than pretty — and the superstructure much more attractive than the triple group of figures under it. Home before dark and not *Aïda*, with Wilt and Beck at the Opera House, our fellow-country-lady and gymnast at the Carl Theatre in Verne and Suppe's *Courier des Czaren*, nor *Hof-Burg*, *Stadt*, nor *Furst* Theatre could draw me out again.

"Monday, June 4, '77. My day's work commences with a visit to the Albertina. The Albertina is a collection of original drawings, steel engravings, maps, and books commenced by the Duke of Sachsen-Teschen and continued by the Archduke Charles, and is exhibited in the Albrecht Palace. It is particularly strong in original drawings, containing specimens of all painters almost, and a great many of Raphael, Durer, and Rubens, the more important of which are exposed to view in glass cases and are very interesting especially where they illustrate the preparatory work on paintings which have afterwards grown famous.

"I was also much interested in the steel engravings here; there are some two hundred thousand in all, most of which however are bound in volumes, large folios — and I contented myself with those that were exposed on the walls as they were sufficient to tire my eyes. I examined with considerable care copies of paintings that I am not likely to see, and among other results that followed was a determination to suspend judgment on Correggio, some of these copies giving a foretaste of his paintings that would justify the reputation he has, better than any-

thing I have yet seen. Raphael and Michael Angelo I saw were almost untasted as yet, Murillo and Da Vinci ditto, and that much enthusiasm as I have spent over Veronese, Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, etc., they were very far from being exhausted, and their fertile brains and busy hands seem to have filled all markets with their masterpieces. After resting at home during the warmer part of the day, I took a walk in the *Ring-Garten*, in this precinct, only to satisfy myself that I would have missed nothing by staying away, made the round of it in about half an hour, and then just to stay out of my room, smoked a cigar in the *Prater*, and went home to rest myself for an examination of the *Schatz-Kammer* tomorrow for which the *Kanzler* has already issued a ticket to me.

"Tuesday, June 5,'77. My card of admission to the *Kammer* was limited today, and therefore I was early on hand to make the best use of the three hours during which it was accessible. It required but one to finish it and that is evidence enough that it is not equal to the Saxon Royal treasure. Perhaps the difference is to be traced to a more general distribution of the 'Hapsburg Lothringen private treasures' but whatever the cause there is no doubt that except in certain historical specimens and precious stones, the *Schatz-Kammer* does not stand out in the same bold contrast to other collections here that the *Grünes Gewölbe* does to the Saxon.

"A large crowd was waiting in front of the door for the opening hour, and with it at ten I pushed through and passed the tall guards that carefully guard these millions.

"The first room contains richly worked flags and other heraldic insignia, pointing to different periods of Hapsburg rule and the many once independent little governments that make up the extensive title of his Apostolic Majesty. Two finely chased silver caskets presented to him by the Hungarian delegation at the time of his coronation as king in 1867, and an ebony box in which the key to the imperial vault is found, are also here.

"In the next room are specimens of clocks from the earliest date to the present, noteworthy not only because of their mechanical ingenuity but for fine gold and silver work and tasteful ornamentation as well. Most interesting among them, the first clock in which the pendulum was used made about 1600 by Burgi. Then also work of all sorts in *burg-krystall* and smoked topaz, often decorated with fine gems. The room with the gold and silver work is not so extensive as it is select, and some salvers in finely chased gold and silver work (the best from Nürnberg and Augsburg) and set off with inlaid Oriental pearls and mother of pearl are models of beauty. Then too we have goblets and pitchers out of single pieces of lapis lazuli and other precious stones (agate is quite common) and good enamel work. The famous salt cellar that Benvenuto Cellini made for Francis I, perhaps twelve inches by six—a figure of Neptune and a nymph, the former with trident pointing to a ship (the cellar proper) is here, and the first clear indication of the sculptor's greatness that I have met.

"The main pecuniary worth of the *Kammer* is con-

tained in a small case, which is alive with light from a heap of precious stones coming from ornaments, orders, crowns, etc., and includes among many wonderful things the great Florentine diamond, 133⅓ carats, fully an inch in diameter with yellowish tint, supposed to have been the property of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, lost by him at the battle of Murten, and sold by a peasant who found it to a Bernese merchant for a gulden. In the midst of an Order of the Golden Fleece with 150 diamonds that make up the necklace with which the order is generally worn is the Frankfurter solitaire, and one somewhat smaller, the former also a matter of forty-three carats. A 26-carat diamond, most wonderful because of its ruby-red color, in an order of the grand cross of Maria Theresa with 548 diamonds. The crown insignia of Rudolph II and the crown of the Empress Elizabeth, as beautiful and rich as one may expect to find them in such surroundings. In the same room, the paraphernalia (dress pitcher, basin, etc.) used for imperial bathrooms and also the coronation and oath swords.

"The historical chamber though small too, has many a valuable relic among which should be mentioned first, I suppose, as becomes a good Christian, what purports to be a piece of the Holy Cross and Tablecloth, a tooth of St. John guarded more carefully than aught else in the collection; of a less religious character, all the paraphernalia of Charlemagne at his coronation, down to his shoes and shirt and gloves. The imperial insignia, including the *Reichsapfel* and the Bible on which the

German Emperor at Aix took the oath—a Horoscope of Wallenstein and a snuff-box of Taunitz' with enameled heads of Francis and Maria on the the cover, sword of St. Mauretius and Haroun al Raschid, and what was of great interest to me, for I have not yet outgrown the charm that the name of Napoleon has always had for me, the magnificent cradle of his son (the Duke of Reichstadt and King of Rome) and also the coronation robes and insignia of the Emperor himself as *Re d' Italia*. The cradle's massiveness is best told by its weight, 500 pounds. More weight than the ill-fated child ever had in the destinies of nations. This makes up all of the *Schatz-Kammer*, whose jewels alone, of course, are of inestimable value but which neither is so rich nor covers so wide a field as its correlative in Dresden."

CHAPTER VI

Munich

"SATURDAY, June 23,'77. I left Innspruch this morning at 7:15 just as I had entered it—in a rain storm, and all the way to Munich had a chance to content myself with mist instead of mountains, in which they were completely enveloped. On reaching the border, one exchanges the red, white, black, and yellow for the blue and white, the gulden for the mark, and receives the substantial Deutschland in place of the Tyrol that is a little of everything and not much of anything. Here, too, we made the first of the many changes of cars that seem to distinguish traveling on Bavarian railways and had to submit our baggage to the inspection of custom-house officials, who were, however, very lenient. At ten we left here on the royal Bavarian State trains, and through the *Hochgebirge* passed on to Rosenheim, where the hills make only a very indistinct background in the distance and we have the cedar forests instead, which is followed by the *Teufels Graben*; viz., a hill on one side of the road and a chasm on the other, and so with at least good speed we push on, strike the Isar at last, and Munich, the birthplace of 'our ancestors,' loomed up before us—and by 2 P.M. we are in the stately depot that faces the streets running to the *Carls Platz*.

"It was like attaining the height of my ambition to

find myself in this modern Athens, and yet this afternoon the holy feeling that seemed to pervade the air came rather from the idea that these very streets had been trodden by my father and mother in the days of their youth, and I was but a faithful and respectful worshiper coming to render homage at my Mecca. Very sincerely I wished father at my side at this moment. I should have found intense joy in the delight he must have shown to see once again the place of his birth and education, and if he comes to Europe at all, I shall manage to be at his side when he enters Munich. It is very clear that except in the interior portions of the city, with the *Marien Platz* as a center, he would hardly recognize the Munich he knew, for all around this square, in great broad streets and squares upon squares of splendid buildings, the city shows the work of the years spent by him in America, and, with but few exceptions, what makes Munich most attractive to the stranger and what gives it its individuality, has had its birth since his departure from it.

"Unfavorable as the weather is, I could not restrain my eagerness to get a glimpse of this country so dear to me and therefore started off at once to get a bird's-eye view, and for two days contented myself with that alone, merely lolling about the streets, admiring the palaces of art that Ludwig and Max have erected here, and nothing more. The old *Rathhaus* (Town Hall), and the beautiful new one in purest Gothic style, whose bright white and red, unmistakably showing its youth, yet make you

feel as if you were living in the 14th century, whose styles it imitates to perfection. From here I wind through a little street, where stands the house whose inscription tells you that its corner room, second floor, is the place where Mozart finished his Idomeneus, which leads into the *Hofgraben* (court moat) and *Max Joseph Platz*, with the *Hoftheatre*, the old *Tarringische* Palace now remodeled in the Arcade style so popular in Munich, and opposite it the *Neue Residenz*, a stately looking building which is the front for an enormous complex of buildings at one time or another *Residenzen* and forming large *Hofs*. In the center of the square, a fine monument of the first Max Joseph (1825) facing the *Theatines* Church, and erected by the people in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his throne ascension, after a model by Rauch — which is sufficient guaranty for its beauty. From this square run the *Ludwig* and *Maximilian Strassen*, that contain the strong points of Munich's greatness, almost exclusively built by the monarchs after whom they are named and specially favored by them.

"I chose the Ludwig Street as my egress, with the *Alte Residenz* on one side and the *Feldherrn* (Hall of the Marshals) on the other, whose balcony is as yet crowned with statues of Tilly and Wrede only, the work of Schwanthaler, that indefatigable genius, who with Gartner and Klenze, the architects, Cornelius and Kaulbach, the painters, seems to have made up the nucleus of that group that Ludwig was wise enough to employ to make Munich what it is, a Pantheon of arts. The loggia faces the *Odeon*

Platz, only an enlargement of the street, in whose center is the beautiful Ludwig monument, the monarch in royal robes, supported by two pages; below are figures of Poetry, Art, Industry, and Religion — a model by Widman, whom its great beauty is entitled to lift out of the darkness that my ignorance or his unproductiveness has left him in. For once, the decorations seem to be descriptive of the monarchs, whom a nation's loyalty crowns with the attributes of a god, but I am inclined to believe that his sole title to religious excellence lies in the building of the *Ludwigs* and *Hofkirchen*, which may have been done as well to gratify his taste for architectural beauty as from orthodox motives, so called. The *Odeon*, Prince Luitpold's palace, and the Ministry of War that help to build the square, are in the peculiar *Rundbogen* style that is adopted by all the public buildings of which the street is composed, and in the same outward imposing form, the favorite building material being brick and stone with marble trimmings. All these three with the palace of Empress Elizabeth's father, the Duke Max, that follows are built by Klenze, and the *Bibliothek*, by Gartner. This is crowned by statues on the steps that lead to the portal of Homer, Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Thucydides, names that are common enough here, and well content, I dare say, to build their temples here.

"The *Ludwigs Kirche* follows and by its two high steeples in pyramidal form though quadrilateral and the limestone of which it is built stands out in strong contrast to the red and white of its neighbors. With a peep at

the Jesus and four Evangelists (Schwanthaler) that bless the portal, I enter and of course find the celebration of mass in progress. The Church is richly frescoed (Ludwig seemed to take particular pleasure in this branch of painting) and the altar piece is a colossal Last Judgment by Cornelius himself, indeed the largest fresco work that the master has given us. The criticism that I make upon it applies almost to every painter that Munich has educated in this century, not even (entirely) excepting Kaulbach; while the conceptions are broad and intellectual—as with the intense training of our better painters we are justified in expecting—the execution fails to exhibit that quiet beauty, that evenness, that smoothness in tone that you find in the better ancients, particularly Raphael and Van Dyck, and it is seldom that you can leave a picture with the satisfaction that it is well-rounded.

"The Blind Asylum and University are on one side; the Priests' School and Max Joseph Educational Institute on the other follow in close succession and then comes that fitting boundary, the *Siegesthor* (Gate of Victory) like the *Maximilianeum* on the *Maximilian Strasse* and the *Propylea* on the *Brienner*, perhaps the finest of them—like a well-ordered climax, the best is left for the last. It is built after the plan of the Constantine Arch in Rome: a triple entrance, the arch carried by Corinthian columns and the whole topped by an enormous quadriga. Victorias and bas-reliefs of war incidents are proper ornaments for a monument to *Dem Bayrischen Heere*, and the whole presents that exquisite symmetry that a copy from

Roman or Grecian architecture in its prime is sure to give us. Not allowing myself to be attracted into the English garden to the right, as I was anxious to employ the daylight in domiciliating myself and putting my time to the best possible use, for any day might see me on the way to Switzerland now, I then came to the *Brienner Strasse*, where on the *Carolinen Platz* stands a high obelisk erected out of captured cannon to the 30,000 troops that fell in the Russian campaign '*auch fur der Vaterland Befreiung*' (which, by the way, is to my understanding a little enigmatical), and from which I hurried on to the *Propylea* which from afar drew me at locomotive pace and claimed my attention even before the *Glyptothek* and *Kunst aus Stellings Gebäude* that stand to the right and left of it. Klenze has once more gone to antiquity for his inspiration, this time taking the Acropolis for a model, and supports the *Thor* upon Doric columns, the inner ones, however, being Ionic. Schwanthaler has enriched it with frescoes of incidents from the Grecian War of Independence, with which all Philhellenes, not excluding Ludwig himself, were then occupied. The very day after its completion indeed, October 30, 1862, King Otto entered Munich again. The *Glyptothek*, the first of the series of art palaces that the city owes to its Sardanapalusian monarch, is a square with solid walls (the light for the salons coming from above), the porticus being carried by eight Ionic columns and ornamented by statues of Vulcan, Pericles, and Father Phidias on one side, Hadrian, Prometheus, and Daedalus

on the other, who in some way are associated with the art of sculpture to which the halls are dedicated. These, as well as the ornamentation of the gable (Minerva protecting the arts), are the work of Wagner, who also designed the beautiful quadriga.

"In the niches on the east are those who since the Restoration are entitled to leadership in their art: of the Renaissance period, Angelo, Donatello, Ghiberti, Peter Vischer, Cellini, and John of Bologna; of the present day, Canova, Schwanthaler, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Tenerani, and Gibson, somehow leaving out Rietschel and his pupils, why I do not see, unless it be that those above named are preferred for having given Munich monuments of their greatness.

"Sunday, June 24, '77. The day opened as it had closed, rainy, and so I concluded to attend the morning mass at *Michaelis Kirche* and hear one of the fine old masses of Pergolese, Allegri, or Palestina, to which the choir here confines itself; and indeed, though the Church was crammed full of devout worshipers whom no bad weather could keep away and I was compelled to stand throughout the service, I scarcely gave that a thought, for though neither the choir nor the orchestra were responsible for it, I was as if enthralled throughout and can understand that the story they tell of Mozart when at St. Peters he heard the Allegri mass is more than a myth. If the music does belong to days that are buried, we can do no better than to imitate it; and to hear such an *Agnus Dei*, so wailing and sad, or such a *Gloria*, so exalting or grand, is

enough to make one turn Catholic on the spot, if only to be in full sympathy with the music. I came too late to hear more than the closing words of the sermon, but they showed me that the theme had been one which the Catholic clergy now loves to adopt in justifying their opposition to liberal measures; viz., that progress unless it brings about an improvement in the human race is no progress at all, and the only times in which the Church has opposed itself to so called 'progressists' was when it saw that an advance in appearance was only a retrograde movement in fact.

"Mass once finished, I ran over the Church hastily before the military mass commenced, and found that not only in the excellence of its music did it give a parallel for the *Augustiner Kirche* in Vienna, but that where that offered Canova's great monument to the Archduchess Maria Christina, this gave us Thorwaldsen's to the Duke of Leuchtenburg, the great and good son of Josephine, Eugene de Beauharnais, of whom his memorial is still able to say of him and with him, '*Honneur et fidelité.*' I never had but one reproach for this man and that one, that he was not Napoleon's son; his qualities were excellent enough to allow him to be certainly. That would have spared us Josephine's divorce, which makes unpleasant reading in Napoleon's history and (of course, put in a superstitious rather than an argumentative way) might have spared Napoleon his defeat.

"The rain prevented my accomplishing anything until evening, when I attended Vespers at the Metropoli-

tan Church of the Archbishopric, the *Frauenkirche*, and while I heard but poor music, I saw an enormous church in late Gothic style (the *Michaelis Kirche* represents that period of Roman architecture when the Gothic had been forsaken for old classical forms) with the same length as its steeples are high, something over 320 feet. It is beautifully decorated with elaborate woodwork in Gothic architecture, too, making up the altar, pulpit, shrines, etc.,—very monuments of painstaking. In the nave of the Church is the grave of the Emperor Ludwig, the *Bayer*, to whom Munich has particular reason to be grateful for many rewards for her own constancy to him.

"This duty done, I made for the *Maximilian Strasse* to give it my first inspection, and found the same uniformity as well as peculiarity in the buildings here as in the *Ludwigs Strasse*; they have, however, nothing but this and the pretentiousness of their houses in common.

"Then we come to the beautiful monument of Max II, the late King, a gem of work by Zumbusch in bronze, and in the bright red color that its youth allows it setting off the whole square.

"Beyond, and over the bridge that spans the Isar rushing through the English Garden in two arms, is the *Maximilianeum* built by Max II as an educational institute for college employees (suggesting that President Hayes in his civil service reform might start a new West Point for the training of civil employees of the government). It stands on an eminence (the *Gasteighohe*) and crowns the street—a brick edifice with rich frescoes on its ar-

cade-like front, to which winding broad steps lead—made upon gold background by Peloty, Dietz, Spiess, and Echter. I was not admitted to the inner halls where there is at least a historically interesting collection of paintings representing thirty great stages in the world's history by different painters, as also twelve busts of celebrated men, which I greatly regret I must accept on faith.

"Having taken a cup of coffee in the pretty *Cafe Lorenz*, which with the Victoria is on this street, I started blindly into the *Englischer Garten*, for which the *Münchener* are under obligations to Count Rumford, another one of these versatile geniuses; and if I did not find its well shaded *alleé* and heavy old trees beautiful, I am willing to account for it by the fact that the roads after the many rainfalls of the past days were in miserable condition and I was in no mood to find a Paradise pretty, so that I trudged along even to the second bridge and over it only because it told me so many stories over again that had been given to me before by father, and more than once I was no little moved to think that perhaps I was treading at this and that moment the very ground that he and his parents before him had trodden.

"I passed the *Chinesischer Thurm*, which afforded me another of the many chances that the traveler has to dispel illusions, for it is nothing more than a sort of tower like those that our old engine-houses in Cincinnati used to have to look out for fires before the fire alarm telegraph was introduced. As I worked my way out into the *Hofgarten* with its long arcades, I saw a little statue by Xavier

Schwanthaler (the junior, I believe), presented to the people by some *Graf* with an unpronounceable name, and generally spoken of as the '*Harmlos*,' from the first word of the inscription which bids the laborer wander harmlessly in the fresh air and green fields, then to return again with renewed vigor and lightened heart to his work.

"Went home through the *Promenaden Platz*, where a whole bunch of statues crown the green: in the center, Max Emanuel (the *Eroberer*), Gluck, Westenrieder 'the great historian,' Kreitmayer, the Bavarian Chancellor that gave the country its laws, and Orlando di Tasso or, more properly (he was a Netherlander), Roland de Lattre, the composer. Further, the large *Knegs-Schule* and, to keep it warm, the Trinity and Capuchin Churches, then the *Karlo Platz*, with a monument of Goethe, and we are home—where the rain keeps us.

"June 25,'77. The weather has improved and I am on my way to the *Alte Pinakothek*, which with the garden that encloses it occupies the square formed by the *Arcis*, *Gabelsberger*, *Baier*, and *Theresien Strasse*. On the square north of it is the *Neue Pinakothek*, and together they make up the royal gallery, the latter having pictures mostly of the present century, the former from its prime, the time of the Renaissance—15th, 16th, and 17th centuries.

"I confess, in the hurried examination that the condition of my eyes would allow me I was sorely disappointed, and was not only not willing to give it precedence over Dresden and Vienna, but indeed placed it

considerably in arrear, except in the specimens of Raphael and Murillo, the old German masters (in Kolner and Dürer the collection is particularly strong), and perhaps, at least so far as Dresden is concerned, Rubens, too. However, in this collection of fourteen hundred pictures there are at least thirty of surpassing interest, and that is enough to give any gallery a world-wide reputation, while it would be unfair not to add also that one seeking to learn as well as to enjoy can find much material here to teach him. The arrangement of the pictures and the peculiar mode of lighting them is admirable, and the halls in which they are placed, alike by richness and the taste of their ornamentation, simply beautiful.

"The first halls and adjoining cabinets for the smaller pictures are devoted to the old German and Dutch Schools, and here Dürer, both by number of works as well as by their general excellence, stands out prominently, and in his so called Testament as Artist and Christian of the four Apostles — in two pictures, Peter and John and Paul and Mark, gains the wreath.

"Of the later Netherlanders, we fail to find that host of names and works that particularly Dresden is so strong in, and must content ourselves with a few exemplars of such names as Ruysdael, Wouverman, Berchem, Teniers, Ostade, Jordaens, Snyders, etc., to tell us at least of what they are able to do.

"Van Dyck gives us several portraits, and among the pictures of imagination, two: a Pieta and a Madonna with Jesus and John, of that mild beauty and smoothness

that in my opinion makes him a painter second to none. I believe that art critics would hardly justify the enormous lengths that my enthusiasm for Van Dyck carry me, and yet that judgment in spite of all authority grows confirmed with experience.

"Rembrandt, except in a portrait or two, is hardly seen at his best here, but Rubens gives us a fine collection once more, in his own bold, vigorous style, and one can only wonder, as one goes from gallery to gallery and sees salon after salon filled with his works, at the indefatigable industry of this man who has compressed into one life the work of a dozen ordinary ones. He must, verily, have painted a picture a day. Of the best of his pictures here, I select as my favorites the larger Last Judgment, another one of his enormous conceptions; The Fruit Wreath, a large wreath of fruits and flowers carried by six little cherubs; The Battle of the Amazons; a splendid Lion Chase; and The Massacre of the Innocents—all of which I was compelled to give only a superficial examination, so that a second visit to the gallery is almost imperative to have even an intelligent opinion of its contents.

"When we have finished with Rubens, we come to the Italian School, and while the four or five original Raphaels are enough to turn the gallery into a peacock, we miss the Titian of the Belvedere, and the del Sarto, Correggio, Veronese, and Guido Reni of the Dresden Museum. To be sure, they have here one of Guido Reni's—Ascension of Mary—which is the best work of the master I have seen in these proportions and indeed a noble

work of art, but that is the sole exception. Hardly anything among the Pre-Raphaelite painters that deserves mention, and even of the later date, I can only pick out Cignani's Ascension of Mary and perhaps Titian's Venus initiating a woman into the service of Bacchus in all the lascivious splendor which this Italian knows so well how to throw about his women.

"In the Spanish School, if we have nothing else, we have at least six magnificent Murillos, a series of paintings from the lives of the beggarly, fruit-selling children of Spain, so material in every detail, so full of expression and eloquence as the perfection of painting alone can give. For the first time, I have seen him depart from his religious subjects, and may add that for the first time—except in the St. John at the Belvedere—I have seen him in all his masterly genius. The two girls counting money, the two boys eating grapes and melons, the same gambling, the same eating fruit while a woman cleans their hair, are simply exquisite and deserve to be as familiar to us all as engravings have made them.

"The Frenchmen are as strange here as in Vienna and Dresden, and the best we have of them in these early centuries is, as usual, Claude Lorraine and Poussin, the latter with a burial of Christ, the former with landscapes.

"Not the least interesting feature of the *Pinakothek* is the loggia, a sort of vestibule on the same floor as the collection, divided into many arches, whose ceilings and adjoining walls are richly frescoed by Cornelius in pictures illustrating the history of painting in Italy, Ger-

many, Netherland, and France—always instructive, even where not artistically satisfactory. The climax in Italy begins with Cimabue and his pupil, the shepherd Giotto, whom as such he discovers drawing on the ground in the fields—leading us through the history of Fra Angelico, Masaccio, Perugino, Da Vinci, Correggio, and the Venetian School down to Angelo, and budding into Raphael with an introduction indicating the connection between lyric poetry and architecture, with religion through its Old Testament representatives, David and Solomon—and secondly, the Awakening of Art through the Crusades, which Rietschel employs for the general improver, civilization.

"The history of the Dutch School is developed through the defeat of the Turks, by Carl Martel, the preachings of Boniface, also used by Rietschel, and then through the efforts of the great Meister Wilhelm of Coln, whose acquaintance I made here for the first time, the brothers Van Eyck, Memling, Van Leyden, Durer, Holbein, and Rembrandt, Poussin, and finally, Rubens, who in such a history is at all events entitled to preference over Van Dyck, if only for the reason that the master deserves more praise than the pupil for being great—none will dispute that Van Dyck was the greatest of his pupils.

"The collection of vases, steel engravings, and drawings, also in the building, was closed, and I reserve all comment until examination.

"GLYPTOTHEK.

"After a little dinner, more to give myself rest than to appease any appetite that was troubling me, I ran through the rain to the *Glyptothek* and finished that in the same cursory way the same afternoon.

"As the name indicates, it is a temple of sculpture, and its salons represent distinct epochs in the history of the art. Being no Champollion, it will not be profitable to lay much stress on Rooms I and II, the Assyrian and Egyptian, and indeed their specimens are not very numerous, which applies pretty much to the whole *Glyptothek*. One is awed rather by the magnificence of the rooms than by the exhibits they contain.

"Room III is for works of the most ancient period of Grecian and Etruscan artists. Room IV is really the first room that warms the blood in your veins, and heightens your expectation. It is called the *Aeginsten Saal*, from the fact that its most striking feature is two gables from a temple in Aegina, representing the contest between Trojans and Greeks for the dead body of Achilles, Minerva intervening to secure it to the latter, and the combat between Hercules and Telamon on one side and Laomedon on the other, five life-size figures in the latter and ten in the former, mostly in good state of preservation, and filled out by Thorwaldsen where not, so that the splendid groups are given us in the order and as they looked in the temple itself—of enormous importance to students of the art.

"Apollo, Bacchus, and Niobe halls follow, named after

their principal statues, with many specimens of the best period of Grecian sculpture, that of Phidias and his pupils; and then separating these from the so called Roman Room and Hero Room are two ante-chambers of frescoes by Cornelius, in the *Götter* and *Trojaner Salen*, with three large subjects and minor ones in the former, one for each division of the God Kingdom: Heaven, Hell, and the Sea; and in the latter, incidents from the Trojan War; these and a hundred other objects of the master's industry, indicating that what I said of Schwanthaler with the chisel is as justly applicable to him with the brush.

"A room of work in colored marble and then we come to the last and very interesting one, for it confronts us not only with works but also names which in almost all the other rooms are missing: Canova gives us two statues of Paris; Thorwaldsen an Adonis and a bust of Ludwig; Rauch, Admiral Tromp; Tenerani, a Vesta; and Eberhard, Busch, Dannester, Wolf, Freund and the two Schadows, specimens that do these no disgrace in appearing by their side.

"Neue Pinakothek.

"Tuesday, June 26, '77. This does better credit to Munich as an exhibition and is the best display of modern pictures that I have yet seen, though containing much that is but mediocre and omitting many names even among the Germans (for foreign schools are wholly neglected) that deserve to figure even in the *Pinakothek*, in its ideal.

"The names that most interest us are Kaulbach and Piloty, as historical painters; Zimmermann and Rothmann, as landscape painters; H. Hess and Schrandolph, as religious painters; then Schorn, Riedel, Adam, and Overbach, the brighter stars of the galaxy which has grown out of Ludwig's liberal policy many of whom, too, in his visit to Italy while Crown Prince were his boon companions (Piloty, of course, belonging to a later day, and being the Kaulbach of Ludwig II). Of Kaulbach, the gallery has, in the first place, the extensive sketches for the frescoes on the outside of the building, executed by Nilson, being a history of the efforts of Ludwig in Rome and Munich as Crown Prince and King in the interest of art, and with numerous portraits of the artists who under different circumstances and in all fields seconded their monarch's work effectually, and whose names are constantly figuring in these notes. Then, too, he gives us a fine portrait of Ludwig, which greets the visitor on his entrance. And best of all, his magnificent, well-known Destruction of Jerusalem, the sketch for one of the six frescoes for the National Museum of Berlin, which probably are the best work he has given us, including as they do, the Fall of Babel, the Golden Age of Greece, the *Himmelschlacht*, the Appearance of the Crusaders before Jerusalem, and the Reformation. Piloty gives us but little, but that enough to indicate that he is a master and possesses not only a vigorous imagination, but also a poetical one, and the huge Thusnelda in the triumphal procession into Rome and before the stern Germanicus,

recalls Makart, while it overreaches him. In the same noble style is his Seni before the Corpse of Wallenstein conceived.

"Both Hess and Schrandolph are very pretentious, and though often very successful, more particularly in individual figures than in general effects, one cannot but think that while the ancients at times become tiresome through the oneness of their themes—the religious,—yet when a modern attempts the same field, he only succeeds in showing us how little painting has advanced in the last two hundred years and more.

"Rothman's landscapes have a high reputation, and more on that account than from any pleasure they excited in me do I mention them here. A special room is devoted to his Grecian landscapes, twenty-three in number, which receive a beautiful effect from the peculiar light of the room, which is cut off from the spectators by a sort of middle ceiling. His Italian and Sicilian landscapes, each with a distich by Ludwig himself, adorn the Arcades in the rear of the Bazar and face the *Hof Garten*.

"Zimmermann, however, I consider a great master and his landscapes here, great works. I do not refer to Claude, nor to A., nor to R. S., but to R., whose favorite subject seems to be a landscape in winter, of which he gives us some splendid exemplars.

"Riedel is also a strong painter among the moderns, and almost every work to which his name is attached here deserves special praise. His figures (and females seem to be favorites with him) have that bright life-like

glow that distinguishes Bouguereau, of whom he decidedly reminds me. He gives us a splendid Neapolitan fisher family, a Judith, a Mother and Child, and two Italian women—all excellent.

"Schorn is represented only by The Deluge, left unfinished by his death, a large picture of real merit, and though unfinished well deserving to be here. Perhaps that fact makes it all the more interesting. I love to follow an artist in his work.

"Overbach, although he reminds us of Wislicenus, does not justify our expectations, but on the other hand we meet by way of offset strange names, such as Coignet, Calloit, and Lange, who afford us equal surprises, as they do by their Pæstum Monks Feeding the Poor and The Gossau Lake at Dawn. Adam is a good painter of animals but his Storming of the Duppeler Schanzen nothing extraordinary. Geyer gives us a Capital Council of Physicians, and one of the best *genre* pictures in the whole collection is The Last of the Masquerade Balls—time: leaving of the hall at its conclusion, running over with fun, and expressions excellent.

"The smaller cabinets occasionally offer something of a striking nature, and in my impatience to get through I shall refer only to M. Muller's Return from the Wedding—the bridal party sent off from the Inn where festivities have been held, with music, fireworks, and shooting; a moonlight scene; Capel's Ludwig I; Thorwaldsen, Catel, Ceit, Wagner, and Klenze at a *Kneipe*, in *Rom*; Wilkie's Opening of the Testament before Rela-

tives of the Deceased; and then, sketches out of the recent Grecian War, by P. Hess, basis for sketches for the arcades of the *Hof Garten*.

"Among the portraits, I still find little affection for Angelica Kaufman but am glad to make the acquaintance of Stiller. The Americans for aught I have seen may still be proud of their Baker and Elliott.

"This gave me a general notion of the pictures in the *Neue Pinakothek*, and so, with a peep at the Antiquarium, noteworthy only for its fine cork models of such celebrated ancient houses as the Amphitheatre, Constantine Arch (Rome), Acropolis (Athens), Pantheon (Rome), Vesta Temple (Tivoli), and Consul's house (Pompeii), as also some gilded bronze nails from the Treasury of the Atridæ in Mycenæ (probably obtained at a late date from Schliemann), I went home.

"Wednesday, June 27, '77. Today I ran about here and there, taking a peep for a few minutes into one corner and then into another and making myself feel at home, as it were, in Munich. I examined the interior of the *Theatiner Kirche*, which is built in the most extravagant form of the Rococo, which in Germany has received the name of Barock, and is a mass of stone ornamentation—so much of leaves and flowers and fringes and what not that, as in every case of an overdose, you don't enjoy it at all. Its outer peculiarities consist of two steeples in front and a high cupola over the altar, which stand out prominently in every elevated view of the city. It is interesting as the receptacle of the royal bones; the *Hof-*

burger Charles VII lies here, too; and Max II has received a special memorial in the church. St. Gregorius and Candidus have not only received a like distinction, but their skeletons have been enclosed in rich gold and jeweled armor, and in glass cases under shrines now receive the homage of the faithful.

"The *Hof Kirche*, built by Louis in good Roman style mixed with a little of the Byzantine, is a little gem, and with its pillars of bright colored marble and gilded capitals, walls of various colored marbles, and almost every inch of space covered with frescoes on gold background by H. Hess and his pupils, it looks as bright as a holiday.

"From here I went into the *Hof Garten*, where stands a fountain with a little nymph by Schwanthaler to crown it, and on all but one side of the square, surrounded by an arcaded terrace with frescoes and encaustics, one side containing the stories of Bozzaris and his brother-heroes, by Hess; another, the landscapes of Rothman; and the third, incidents from Bavarian history (of course, only such as a good citizen likes to be reminded of), by Kaulbach and others.

"From here I crossed the old city and through the *Carlo Platz* came to the Schwanthaler Museum, where the Academy has provided for us casts of most of the works of the masters; to be sure, not four thousand like Rubens, but still a goodly number and almost all standard. Of the more interesting ones are the Herrman Schlacht for the Walhalla at Regensburg, to fill out a gable, no doubt, as were those of a Parthenon, etc.; the figures and reliefs

for the *Slawja*; the *Ruhmeshalle* of Bohemia, where a Catholic Emperor has allowed the memory of a Huss Ziska and Podiebrad to be immortalized; Bavarian family for the *Residenz*; Goethe memorial for Frankfort; Ludwig's in Darmstadt; Carl Friedrich's in Carlsruhe; and a host of others, many of which I have met with in the original in my travels, here as well as elsewhere, and which called up many pleasant reminiscences.

"Schwanthaler's cousin's son, also a sculptor, has his atelier across the street (Xavier S), and a glance from the window found a full room to testify that the senior's industry, at least, has gone over to him.

"National Museum.

"Thursday, June 28, '77. This is, after all, the greatness of Munich, and the few hours stroll, to which I was obliged to confine myself, through its endless collections fill me with regret that my health and time do not allow me the study of it that it deserves. It is a combination of all arts, and an exhibit of their development from birth to present maturity, bringing us face to face with all ages and all peoples of which we have knowledge, and giving us the *Historische Museum Schatzkammer*, *Porzellan*, *Sammlungen*, etc., of other cities all in one.

"I entered first a little room on the ground floor that contains the instruments with which enemies of state and religion were tortured and criminals punished — always horrible and often droll. Let us be thankful that they only hang us nowadays. From here I ascended to the first

floor, where in room after room and in excellent arrangement are exhibited instruments of warfare, arranged in chronological order, interspersed with specimens that belonged to those who have left their seal on the page of history, as well as many specimens of civilians' dress, to bring different epochs more closely face to face with the students. Then, too, Ludwig with his usual creditable love for such an enterprise has willed to the museum his whole wardrobe with that of his wife, the Princess Therese of *Sachsen Hildburghausen*, with annotations in his own handwriting for those pieces that have become historical. Memorials of Napoleon, Frederich, Tilly, Gustav Adolph, etc., etc., abound as usual and bring each time renewed interest, and I can stare and dream for an hour at a time at a sword of one of the French Executive Committee of the great Revolution, by its form as well as its connections recalling the consuls and prætors of a Roman Republic, and wondering at the piety of a man who could be so bloodthirsty as Max I, when I see the altar that followed him about in his campaigns—slaughter the heretics and thank God the moment after. Trophies abound, too, and the whole campaign of 1870-1 comes back to me, when I see a *chasse-pot* and *tabatiere* from Bazeilles, a *mitrailleuse* and an *aigle* or *gendarme* breast-plate from Worth.

"All the rooms of this floor have their walls covered with large paintings, fairly making up the history of Bavaria and its provinces, the Pfalz, Franken, and Schwaben, mostly by young Bavarian artists of unequal merit

but, taken altogether, producing an impressive effect. A room of quaint old instruments (musical) follows the arms collection, and such queer looking pianos, violins, flutes, lutes, bagpipes, and *viola de gamba* (*celli*) as one finds is a caution.

"Then a room of the work of the different smith-guilds, in which, of course, Bavaria through her Augsburg and Nürnberg can make a creditable display.

"We pass through rooms containing models of old ships and the old cities of Bavaria, and then comes the exhibition of fabrics: laces, embroideries, linens, silks, and velvets in profusion; the Ceramic Collection, as in Dresden, carries us from the simplest unornamented clay and terra-cotta to the magnificent Meissner and Sèvres porcelain and to Oriental manufacture. As it is not the specialty that the *Porzellan Sammlung* in Dresden is, one is not surprised to find it lagging well behind.

"Glasswork, wood-carving, old Italian playthings follow, and then we are prepared to ascend to the second floor, where I was constantly imagining myself back again in the *Schatz Kammer* on the Elbe for the exhibit in almost every case is a combination of the industrial with the ornamental.

"Its plan embraces all works of art from the time of the Renaissance to the present and includes the several Schools that have intervened, such as the Rococo and Napoleonic, in systematic groupings. Endless Gobelins take the place of the paintings below, on the walls, and in connection with religious topics and often from such

important cartoons as those of Raphael, cover often the same ground. The exhibit consists of all specimens of furniture: broad canopied beds, huge cabinets that might store away a whole household and with innumerable mysterious drawers and slides, chairs of every possible shape but one to insure comfort, stands of wonderful mechanism and beauty, tables of every material from stone to marble and fairly built up of mosaics, and then ivory, amber, enamel, gold, silver, lead, and brass utilized in every imaginable department and often of finest workmanship—so you are led from hall to hall and from surprise to surprise and yet know that you are not seeing one-half that is being displayed and, hurrying by, do not by nine-tenths appreciate why these things deserve exhibition.

"On the *parterre*, one-half the space is devoted to the Gothic period, containing casts and originals from every part of church and house, gravestones, woodwork painting, book illustration, and in a word, everything that is peculiar in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. It is an odd collection, and things do not look old-fashioned as above, but moldy and strange enough to remind one of Ante-Diluvian. The other half is devoted to similar objects from Roman times and the wandering of peoples down to the middle ages, though a hurried glance had to satisfy me of this, for I was too wearied to take note of particulars.

"A garden in the rear contains statues with gravestones transplanted hither, and now anyone who should read

these notes is prepared to *begin* an intelligent examination of the Bavarian National Museum.

"Friday, June 29,'77. Today is the holiday of Peter and Paul (the German has about three a week and during the week days sleeps eight hours, eats two, sits three to four hours in the coffee-houses, where he reads the papers and plays cards or billiards, and the balance of the time, except the six hours that he spends in the Garten in the evening, works, I suppose) and the streets and churches show it. Those more liberally disposed have early in the morning gone off upon small excursions in the neighborhood of the city and will make a day of it. In not much of a humor for anything, I sauntered up the *Louisen Strasse*, took a turn into the *Carlo Strasse*, where stands the long red St. Boniface Church of Ludwig, containing his grave. It is of the greatest importance to my architectural studies, being built in the purest Romanic style, and so I entered to study it though mass was in progress, and whether out of pure delight at seeing me, or not, the choir struck up a *Gloria in Excelsis* just as I entered the portal. The sight that greets your eyes is a striking one, and the great length of the church with its many columns of bright marble and capitals of fantastic shapes that grew out of the religious exaltation of the Byzantines and Mahometans (see Moorish School), with the rich bright frescoes, by Hess, Schrandolph, and others, portraying incidents in the life of the Patron Saint of Germany, *Cujus ad honorem*, with long rows of popes and saints, makes a lively picture indeed. It is a

genuine Basilica, the roof not vaulted as in the Gothic style but with a low arch bounded by horizontal beams that far from adding to the beauty of the starry firmament beyond only give the church an appearance of 'half-done,' for they suggest scaffolding, and so far as I can see answer no purpose mechanical or otherwise.

"From here I dropped for a few moments into the *Alte Pinakothek*, took a better peep at the Rubens Room, and especially at his great Last Judgment, reminding one in the terrible fall of the wicked into the hands of Satan of Milton's grand description of the driving of the rebellious angels into Hell. Found one or two good Titians and Teniers that I had not noticed before — a splendid series of religious pictures that von der Werff painted expressly for the Elector John William, one of the founders of the gallery, and then more quietly studied the Raphael originals that in unusual number more than for any other reason, perhaps, lend the *Pinakothek* the importance it possesses. Some very early works are but poor scratches and altogether without interest; a portrait of Bindo Altoviti, reminding one strongly of his own face, is decidedly overpainted, and we are obliged to fall back on the *Madonna della Tenda* (distinguished among art critics as the one of the green curtain), the *Madonna Canigiani* (out of whose house the picture came to the gallery), and the *Madonna di Tempi* (so called from the *Casa Tempi* in Florence, its former home). I confess to disappointment again, and refuse to recognize in these three pictures which have fame enough among *se dit* connois-

seurs the genius that could paint a *di Sista, Caecilia,* and other works, which indisputably earn for the master the pinnacle of fame which is accorded to him. But when I have got to make so strong an effort as I had with these pictures to find something that would call forth favorable criticism I become distrustful, and lay all admiration that is drawn out by forceps to the name and not to the work."

CHAPTER VII

Jesse Warren Lilienthal: The Lawyer

AFTER traveling for eighteen months he returned home. When that became known to Harvard Law School, the faculty paid him the unusual honor of conferring his degree without his going through the form of an examination. It was the first occurrence of the kind in the history of the College, an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held, and this great appreciation and compliment did much to eliminate the intensity of his previous disappointment.

After graduating from Harvard on his return from his European tour, he entered the office of Francis N. Bangs. He had the highest admiration for Mr. Bangs' great ability, and developed a sincere friendship for him, which was apparently reciprocated, as evidenced by Mr. Bangs' treatment of him. Of course his position was entirely one of a volunteer, seeking for knowledge and experience, and the only reward he asked was to be given as much work as possible. Mr. Bangs took him at his word, and frequently invited him to his home after office hours, where they discussed legal propositions, or as Lilienthal modestly expressed it, "When Bangs talked and expounded and I listened." His association with Mr. Bangs was among his happiest recollections. He often

quoted Mr. Bangs as saying, "There is no case which cannot be won provided you put sufficient work into it," and this was a principle which he followed throughout his professional career.

He was offered a junior partnership in an established law firm of the highest reputation but refused it, wishing to reach success through his own efforts. Perhaps in a way a mistake, as it would have meant an easier path, but he never sought the road of least resistance, and his final great success as a lawyer proved his correct judgment, even though the way was fraught with more difficulties.

In 1880 he began his law practice in New York, taking as his partner Edward D. Bettens, a fellow student at Harvard and an intimate friend while in college. He rose in his professional career almost immediately. There was little wonder, as he was gifted not only with a marvelously clear and logical mind, an inexhaustible memory, great concentration, and self-control, but he was willing to give no end of work to anything he undertook. His mind worked quickly in arriving at a conclusion, but he was not impulsive about expressing it, and he would weigh well his decision, saying, "Let me sleep over it before giving you my opinion." Even though often he arrived at his original conclusion, the exception proved the correctness of his rule. His special and most prominent trait was his insistence in working out his problems to the finest detail, never satisfied until the subject in hand was absolutely clear to him. No work was too trying in disentangling legal propositions.

From 1883 to 1888 he was a member of the Committee on the Amendment of the Law of the Bar Association of the City of New York. This was interesting work, bringing him in contact with many prominent and experienced lawyers. Among those associated with him at various times were Sidney Webster, William G. Choate, Clarence A. Seward, John L. Cadwalader, William H. Arnoux, J. Bleecker Miller, Charles W. Gould, John W. Simpson, Charles C. Beaman, Jr., William M. Irvin, William B. Hornblower, Elial F. Hall, Oliver P. C. Billings, Augustus C. Brown, George H. Adams, Lucien Oudin, Everett P. Wheeler, George C. Holt, Chauncey S. Truax, David J. Dean, Charles W. Bangs, Cephas Brainerd, Charles B. Hubbell, Arthur G. Sedgwick, and Thomas S. Moore.

He continued with Mr. Bettens until 1893, when he was obliged to leave New York on account of his wife's health. He went to San Francisco, where in 1894 he again began the practice of the law. It took courage to begin life anew in strange surroundings but with his indomitable will he set to work. His worth and ability were soon discovered, and his speedy success was phenomenal.

After continuous and very active work as a lawyer from 1894 until 1910, he began to feel the effect of his strenuous life and concluded to cry a halt. Up to this time he had no partner; Mr. Albert Raymond, however, was an able assistant. In 1910 he concluded to divide his work, and formed a partnership with Mr. McKinstry and Mr.

Raymond under the name of Lilienthal, McKinstry, and Raymond, Mr. Joseph Haber, Jr., and Mr. Firebaugh as juniors.

He was a patient listener, a man of action and not of words and when his heart and head were set upon accomplishing something he knew to be right, then he handled his subject with the greatest intensity.

Although an uncompromising fighter when he concluded his client was in the right, he never became vindictive, insulting, or vituperative towards the opposing lawyer. I have heard it said that in arguing cases of great importance and bitterness he would handle them with so much tact and courtesy that no enmity would ensue; in fact the opposing attorney would shake him by the hand at the end of the argument. The relationship between him and his clients was almost that of father confessor. They had the utmost confidence in his advice, and in the majority of cases there existed true friendship which many times developed into real affection.

He had also the peculiar and unusual experience when drawing up an agreement for his client to have the party on the other side ask his advice, and when answered, "But I am not your lawyer," the response came back, "I need only to look into your eyes to see that you would ask nothing but justice for your client, and that is good enough for me." Could any higher honor have been conferred?

He had a talent too for mediation. He was ever willing to listen to both sides of a question, keeping his mind

open, with no preconceived ideas or stubbornness of opinion. I had often thought his vocation should have been that of arbitrator or diplomat, but he eschewed politics, the stepping stone to those careers, heartily disliking the almost obligatory methods necessary to gain the goal.

During the years 1914, 1915, and 1916 he was President of the San Francisco Bar Association.

An Experience in Mexico.

When only thirty-five years old, he had an exceptional diplomatic experience. President Diaz of Mexico called him to the City of Mexico to negotiate the State loan which for several years in the past had been in the hands of Berlin bankers who were now in disfavor with Diaz and he was anxious for a change. Jesse W. Lilienthal combined with New York and London bankers and formed a syndicate. With a representative of the bankers, he left New York in June, 1890, expecting to consummate the negotiation very quickly, as the call was unsolicited and he took it for granted that Diaz would have little more to do than arrange the contract by mutual agreements. They were requested to come to Mexico incognito, however, as the mission was, at first, to be a secret one.

Diaz's representative met them at San Antonio and promised an interview with the President on their arrival in the City of Mexico. It took place the following day and the reception was most cordial and gratifying. Everything looked encouraging. He describes Diaz as

"a brilliant, dashing, hearty young fellow, but a man to be conjured with, and he was a tyrant in Mexico as absolute and arbitrary as the Czar." After being in the City of Mexico a few days, to his surprise he discovered besides the Berlin bankers many competitors were in the field, moving heaven and earth to gain the loan and keeping his syndicate jumping like grasshoppers. He writes: "I began to realize better how difficult my task may be and one to be handled with great tact and finesse, but 'faint heart ne'er won' and I shall win if I get a chance to fight on the merits."

He had also the syndicate bankers to consider and contend with, as they were set and finicky in their demands.

When he had been in Mexico some time it became known to the Berlin bankers that they had a serious rival and one favored by the President, whereupon they used all kinds of underhand methods to oppose the scheme, even to approaching the Secretary of Finance, who betrayed Lilienthal's syndicate by keeping the Berlin bankers informed of their offers and plans.

He writes: "Altogether the situation is very trying and embarrassing but I must confess that as yet it only spurs me on to redoubled efforts. It is absolutely impossible to forecast the result, but as yet there is no sign of a break in my forces. I believe that Diaz is loyal to me, but at the same time to his government. On June 26 we had a meeting with the President which opened with the decision that even though our conditions might be very favorable, he could not award the contract to us at a

price lower than the Berlin bankers might bid. His duty to the country forbade that. This action was most creditable, but this great competition makes the bid almost prohibitory and I fear our syndicate will be discouraged and give up the entire negotiation.

"I have no reason to anticipate failure, but this is a strange country in which it would take a bolder man than I am to undertake to anticipate anything. I feel as if I were qualified for the most delicate diplomatic mission after this experience, not but what we are keeping quite along the straight line of conscience ourselves, but there is a good deal of lack of it among some of the officials whose influence we have got to encounter. The best of them all is the President himself, who is assuming quite dignified, yes, even heroic proportions in my eyes.

"'*Mañana, mañana*' (tomorrow, tomorrow), that is the curse of this country. When one thinks the end is in sight, postponement again appears on the scene—Mexican fashion of procrastination. 'Tomorrow it will be arranged sure'; I have heard this now nearly daily for a week. I do not believe that there is a court in the world with more intrigue and mystery than this one, and there are matters occurring here every day which would make the old sphinx look like mere child's play. De la Torre, son-in-law of the President, assures us that matters could not look more favorable, but that we must be patient. My one hope is that the President called for me to come on to do this business, and I suppose he knew what he was about."

"July 12, 1890. I do begin to feel a little battered after the experience of the last weeks. At least, I have the sensation that attends a landing from a very tempestuous voyage and I can not yet be absolutely sure that the haven in question is one of rest, but tonight the outlook is certainly one of that nature, as Diaz has assured us today by letter, over his own autograph, that the contract will be awarded to us. We will soon prepare for our departure."

"The following morning, very early, there was a knock at our door and De la Torre in great excitement informed us that Diaz 'wishes an audience.' I could see things were not serene. We went to Chapultepec immediately, met the President, who with bowed head and deep mortification, stated he must ask us to release the loan, as, without his knowledge, a secret contract had been signed by his London agent and the German bankers. The German government has interfered in their behalf threatening international complications should the contract not be awarded to the German bankers, stating they would send German gunboats to Vera Cruz, which with their superior force was a simple matter.

"The purchasing privilege had become so much higher than our syndicate anticipated that the cream of the negotiation had been destroyed."

It was naturally a great disappointment to him, for had he succeeded it would have been a great victory for him and an enormous fee the reward. As was his wont, he accepted his defeat gracefully and he states: "The trip and the loss of time can be charged to the account of

experience, a luxury for which every man must pay, and I will not say that the investment is not a good one."

CHAPTER VIII

The United Railroads

AS PRESIDENT.

IN 1913 out of a clear sky came the call from New York bankers to accept the presidency of the United Railroads of San Francisco. Mr. Lilienthal at this time was considering the lessening of his labors generally, and had almost determined to limit his legal practice to consultation and devote himself to literary work, more particularly with reference to legal propositions. He therefore very seriously hesitated to accept the call, and it was only after consultation with a number of prominent San Francisco men that he was persuaded to do so. He realized the great responsibility he was undertaking and that it would be at a great sacrifice should he accept the offer, but he felt that he might be able to raise the Road out of the very unpopular position it occupied.

In an interview with a San Francisco newspaper, he said:

"*The offer came as a complete surprise to me. I had no intimation that any change was pending in the management of the United Railroads or that I was being considered. In reply to the offer I asked for time to consider it. Later, upon request, I went to New York for a conference with some of the largest stockholders of the company, at which time I was again pressed to accept the offer. I again begged for more*

time and said that I would give a definite answer after a rest of a few weeks. I went to Europe, and, upon my return the latter part of last month, gave my acceptance. I gave my acceptance, however, on the condition that I be given full power in the local management of the road and be empowered to surround myself with a board of directors in whom both myself and the people of San Francisco would have confidence.

"When the proposal was made and the agreement reached on my own terms, I saw in it the opportunity to do a great service to my city. It is my ambition, and that was my only inducement in accepting the presidency of the United Railroads, to bring the public and the company into more cordial relationship.

"I am a very busy man and have a successful practice which it is not my intention to abandon. I also am much interested in charity and social service work, all of which is exacting upon my time, but I felt that I would like to make this new obligation and duty relative to the mutual understanding of the company and the public my life work. I feel that it is a chance for a big public service; possibly I may not succeed, but that will be my ambition and my effort.

"I have tried to get all the light possible on the subject since my return from the East and to this end I have held conferences with a number of men whom I think the public would have confidence in as officials of the road and who at the same time would subserve the best interest of the stockholders.

"The United Railroads have had a hard time during the

last five or six years. It is almost enough to bring the tears to your eyes. I believe that they are still laboring under the public disapproval incurred by the old management. I want to exchange that feeling for public confidence. If any man in San Francisco, I don't care who he is, has occasion to complain of my management, I hope he will let me know.

"I may, and probably shall, make mistakes of judgment, but I will not make mistakes of intention."

Just about this time a bond issue for construction of a municipal line was to be voted upon, and owing to the great unpopularity of the United Railroads and also the desire to give the Panama-Pacific Exposition the best street railway facilities, the result was most favorable to the municipal line; but instead of feeling antagonistic to the idea of a rival to the United Railroads, he stated:

"I believe that yesterday's vote clears the atmosphere. I believe that the people of San Francisco will now be in a frame of mind to act justly and prudently.

"When the proposal was first made to me to take this work and the pending bond election was discussed, I expressed myself as believing that if private capital was not to be allowed to build more street railroads in San Francisco the only alternative was for the city to build them itself.

"I shall certainly not do anything to place any obstacle in the way of the city selling the bonds now authorized. I conceive that I have undertaken the management of a street railroad not politics.

"Whatever proposals may come from the city for co-operation in the operation of the municipal lines and the United

Railroads I shall welcome, and as far as the financial interests of the property I manage will permit, I will accept.

"This applies as well to any proposal for co-operation in furnishing transportation to the Exposition which may be presented to me.

"As attorney for the Presidio and Ferries Company I never found that the city authorities were unreasonable in their attitude toward the company. My new position will oblige me to resign from the Union Street road, but I anticipate the same sort of frank relationship with the city authorities in my new position."

"If the city were to make an offer today to buy the entire United Railroads system I would welcome it gladly. And if it were found possible to agree on a valuation I would do everything in my power to promote the transaction.

"But I believe that in the long run municipal ownership must be weak and not as efficient as operation by private corporation officers.

"If a proposition were to be made to me for co-operation between the city and the company in furnishing transportation to the Exposition, with the conditions that the operation should be in the hands of the company, and that the company should assist in finding a buyer for the bonds, I would welcome it gladly and start for New York tomorrow to sell the bonds."

In addition to the competition of the municipal line, the jitneys were in full force. Thus the task which Mr. Lilienthal was undertaking was made even more difficult.

He entered upon the duties of President August 28, 1913. To support Mr. Lilienthal, the following directors were chosen: John A. Buck, J. C. McKinstry, Albert H. Payson, Charles N. Black, G. B. Willcut, Washington Dodge, A. W. Foster, Henry T. Scott, Leander Sherman, and B. S. Guinness.

"*Primarily I knew that I must have an harmonious board, made up of my friends and men who could work successfully together.*

"*Beyond this were two considerations. I desired men who would inspire the confidence of the people of San Francisco, and I had to have men who were skilled in corporate affairs and were not novices at the work.*"

Much speculation was aroused over the possible policy of the new board, and immediately following the election President Lilienthal issued the following statement which he said outlined his business policy in the management of the Road:

"*I have accepted the presidency of the United Railroads of San Francisco only because of my ambition to improve the relations between the company on the one hand and the public and public officials on the other.*

"*The people may be assured that it will be my aim strictly to confine the activities of the company to the operation of street railroads and in a manner that will give full recognition to the duties of a public utility. There will be no interference in political controversies, and if any attempt shall ever be made to influence public opinion it will be done openly and in the name of the company.*

"I have no fault to find with those who favor municipal ownership, but I believe that if such ownership should obtain, the actual operation of the properties can, with the greatest good and with the largest profit to the public, be best entrusted to private management under proper public regulation.

"I shall always be ready to listen to any grievance either on the part of the public, or of any citizens, and the public may be assured that my endeavor will be to operate the road in such a way as to give to the people of San Francisco the most efficient service practicable.

"Finally, I cordially invite the co-operation of all good citizens to the end that the duties imposed upon the company may be adequately performed."

"I have been busy enough getting acquainted with the staff. For the present I can give out no general outlines of plans for the future, because as yet I have formed none.

"If an improvement of service is to be made under my management it can not be made all of a sudden, and I shall make myself thoroughly acquainted with conditions before laying any radical proposition before the board.

"I have always followed a policy of being open in my dealings, and I find that this pays. In the end it works out best to tell the truth because you have to tell it finally anyway, and I am going to continue this policy in the conduct of the railway service.

"I have no political affiliations or ambitions. I am not seeking anything except to do something for San Francisco. If I can succeed in giving the city a good car service, I shall feel that I have done well. What methods are followed, no

matter how radical, even to final municipal ownership, make no difference to me. The good service is my object, and with proper co-operation from all concerned, I believe that I shall succeed."

To redeem his promise to treat the public with every consideration, he established a Bureau of Grievances.

"*I desire at the earliest possible moment to redeem my promise that the United Railroads will treat the public with the consideration that is due to it. The people are entitled to have courteous treatment from the company's employees, to have clean cars to ride in, and the greatest facilities for travel that existing conditions will permit.*

"*With a view to that end, I am establishing a bureau of grievances, and I earnestly request all citizens not only to communicate to that bureau at the company's offices all specific instances of the kind in question, but also to make such recommendations for the improvement of the service as may occur to them. I promise that these complaints and these recommendations will have prompt and earnest consideration.*"

Not until some time after Mr. Lilienthal had become President and had examined the affairs of the Railroad, did he discover the unfortunate financial condition of the Road, which had he previously known would have caused his absolute refusal of the Presidency. A less brave and more selfish man would have forsaken his post at once, but he felt that would be cowardice. It was a built road with fine prospects which with proper handling and the encouragement of the public, to which he felt himself entitled, could be rehabilitated; but instead of

receiving the assistance of those in power he was hectored to death.

"*What is there to be said? The facts are set forth in the Railroad Commission's report, and they speak for themselves. As president of the company, I am in a delicate position, and I do not feel that I should criticize the conduct of my predecessor in office.*

"*In one respect I feel that the commission's report is rather unfair to me, though. I do not think that it should be made to appear that since I have been president of this company any attempt whatever has been made to cover up the financial transactions which occurred previously.*

"*As soon as I took office I announced that in the future the United Railroads would confine its attention strictly to the operation of street railways. In the balance sheet which I submitted to the Railroad Commission the entry of Mr. Calhoun's note appeared plainly. There was absolutely no intention or attempt to 'cover up' this transaction, so far as I am concerned. When I came into office I discovered what had been done—that the money was gone—but there was nothing I could do except to charge it up to profit and loss.*

"*We have Mr. Calhoun's note for the full amount. I do not know what it is worth. I have appraised it at $1. It surely cannot be worth less.*

"*My position, as can be easily seen, was a very delicate one. I came in here with the purpose of building up the credit of the company. I certainly could not afford to court publicity on such a state of affairs as I found. There was nothing*

I could do except to make the best of the situation, and proceed to do what I could to improve the company's status.

"*As soon as I took office the old board of directors was reorganized. In place of men who were on the payroll of the company I appointed business men of standing who had no other connection with the corporation. I have attempted to co-operate in every way with the State Railroad Commission. I was one of the men who helped draft the public utilities act, and I believe in it thoroughly.*"

The animus was not only against the past president but also against the Eastern stockholders. The critics forgot entirely that in lifting the Road out of the wretched condition in which Mr. Lilienthal found it he was trying to benefit many people who had invested their savings, both those who could well and many who could ill afford the loss encountered. This was the Herculean task which he had assumed. Why not let the dead past bury its dead? A new man had taken the head. A new man was trying to raise the phœnix out of its ashes. How was he assisted?—a combination of political conditions and labor unions placing stumbling blocks before his every step; a prejudiced Railroad Commission, unwilling to listen to reason, always thinking of what the United Railroads had been and never trying to assist in the building up of a Road with great possibilities; the newspapers—unscrupulous to a degree—with one or two exceptions—those sufficiently independent to be willing to face and speak the truth—doing all in their power to excite an already perhaps rightfully disgusted public.

Mr. Lilienthal considered his men ahead of the stock and bondholders of the Road, even to the extent of withholding the dividends in order to improve the Road and assist his employees. He had voluntarily raised their wages several times, and in fact many employees who had been long in the employ of the Road were receiving higher wages than those of the municipal line.

He inaugurated life insurance for all men, irrespective of their physical condition and free of all expense for premiums; created a fund to protect the employees from loan sharks, concerning which he says:

"*I am free to give the underlying reasons which have prompted the company to test the plan. I believe it is a wise and proper thing to do, because I do not believe that any corporation gets the best of service from employees who are worried or bothered about financial matters.*

"*Any man who is working steadily for a fair rate of remuneration should have some place to go when he needs an accommodation. I recognize that at the present time the salary loan man is about the only source of money for many worthy men. The banks will not loan to these people and many of them have no direction in which to turn. Yet they are honest and in many instances, due to illness and other good reasons, their need for accommodation is great.*

"*There is no reason why such people should pay exorbitant rates of interest. Surely character is an asset.*

"*The United Railroads will have a department to which its employees who are needing money may turn. If the record of the applicant is good, if the requirement is a legitimate one,*

there will be no necessity for this employee to go further for money, because it will be supplied.

"*The mode of repayment will be easy and plenty of time will be allowed. In other words, the aim of this department will be to meet a demand that I am sure exists among salaried people everywhere.*

"*I am just enough of a believer in human nature to think that with this department in operation we will build closer relations with the employees and that any money which may come from this fund will be regarded as a debt of honor by every employee who makes use of this avenue for securing a loan in times of stress.*

"*If the plan of the United Railroads prove a success I should like to see other corporations adopt the same course, for I am informed that corporation employees are considered as especially good risks by the salary loan concerns.*"

He published a magazine to enable the men to discuss freely their problems and wants. In the editorial of the first issue, he writes:

"*Your president meant just what he said in his bulletin of March 10, 1914. We are in the same boat. He is an employee of the United Railroads just as you are. He wants to get personally acquainted with you and your families. He wants to be judged by the same standards by which you are judged.*

"*He wishes that he could meet you all frequently in person, so that we might counsel together for our mutual welfare and that of the public and of the company. But with thirty-five hundred employees that is impossible. I am only too willing*

to come to your balls and to your recreation rooms, but there is not enough of that.

"For that reason and in order to furnish a means of communicating with each other, and getting at each other, we have established this magazine. Each one of you will receive a copy and each one of you is earnestly requested from time to time to contribute something to its pages that you think will interest your fellow employees.

"Anything will be welcome that will tend to make us better acquainted with each other.

"This first effort is but a suggestion of the possibilities in this field. We solicit criticism both favorable and unfavorable. If you think of other departments that should be added, tell us about them; if some of the established departments are superfluous we should be glad to hear of it. Only the best can be obtained by the elimination of the undesirable, so let us have your opinion.

"We have taken our first dive into the sea of journalistic endeavor and the sun spots indicate a fair passage. However, sink or swim, it is up to you to put us in the lead, so get busy and contribute."

He encouraged all kinds of recreation:

"I have asked the editor of this magazine to devote himself especially to developing recreation features — anything that will relieve the drudgery of life. Baseball, boxing, billiards, band music, dances, talks, gymnastics — all of these things, in my opinion, should be encouraged and developed. To the extent that the men prefer to provide these things for themselves, they should of course not be interfered with. But

if any financial assistance from the company to further these objects should be desired it would be forthcoming, and, as one of you, I should welcome the right to participate with you in all of these diversions."

He gave private advice to the men, who were always welcome. His door was open to them and they took advantage of his offer by going to him with their personal affairs.

The majority of the men were most appreciative, happy, and contented.

"Editor Daily News: Replying to 'Union Motorman,' I wish to say that I have been in the employ of the United Railway Co. as a conductor for the past seven years, and have always found the officers of the concern fair in every respect. In fact, I can cite numerous cases where employees have been to see the general superintendent (in Eastern cities you might as well try to see the Czar of Russia), and been reinstated for various offenses.

"As for the president of this concern, if all men had the goodness of heart that Mr. Lilienthal possesses this would be one grand world to labor in. I had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. Lilienthal leading the grand march at a ball given by carmen, and have never seen or heard of one holding a similar position over a corporation of this kind doing likewise.

"I presume one who is pessimistic as you, will say that he had reasons. What reasons? Can you name any large city, of half a million or over, that pays a higher maximum rate of wages? This is unskilled labor, yet the run which I operate pays me a salary of $25.15 per week. I am acquainted with

numerous so-called $5 per day skilled mechanics, who are only partially employed, that I am able to loan money to at the end of the year.

"As for swing runs, I never saw so few in a city of this size. Anyone taking up street railwaying for a livelihood who cannot work for the United Railroads had better change his vocation. *"A Contented Conductor."*

But the more contented the men, the more the Union Labor leaders were rankled. They scoffed at welfare work, hammering away their hardest and inciting the men to revolt, particularly those too weak to reason for themselves.

The great bone of contention was the non-unionizing of the men, and almost from the very beginning there was trouble. Mr. Lilienthal realized that the financial condition of the Road would not permit of the ever-changing demands of the labor leaders.

In 1915 when the Exposition was in full blast, the agitators considered the time propitious for a strike and did everything within their power to cause one. Neither the public nor the men were to be considered so long as the Unions gained their point, but fortunately they were frustrated in their efforts and the strike was averted.

"From an article in one of our San Francisco dailies we learn that the employees of the United Railroads have signed an agreement not to strike during this, the Exposition year.

"This is certainly a wise decision, and reflects credit on the wisdom and sagacity of the street railroad men.

"And in this connection we would venture the assertion

that if the men were left alone and not interfered with by agitators from other parts of the country there would never have been any concerted effort in the direction of a strike at this time. With such a man as Jesse W. Lilienthal at the head of the United Railroads there never should be a strike, and if there is, we believe the fault will not lie with him.

"Strikes are bad at any time, and like war between nations should be avoided when possible.

"We want no strike of any kind in San Francisco."

Mr. Lilienthal sent to the *Fresno Republican* the following letter:

"San Francisco, May 5, 1915.

"Editor Republican: I am smarting under the criticism contained in your editorial of the 2nd inst., because, for one thing, I covet the good will of such a newspaper as yours, and, secondly, because I do not think that I deserve it.

"Unless the memorials and communications that I have been getting from the platform men of the United Railroads involve the rankest hypocrisy, the men are 'satisfied' with the conditions of their employment.

"Through conditions over which I have no control, I am placed in an incongruous position. I have always recognized, and do now recognize, the right of employes to organize, but in this particular instance organization would inevitably mean a demand for the same wages and hours on the United Railroads that are granted by the municipal lines, and the only reason why I do not concede those conditions is that the financial position of the United Railroads does not permit of it.

"I must assume that if a union makes demands that are

rejected, a strike would follow. Indeed, this was substantially conceded by the committee of supervisors with whom I conferred on the subject. I know that a strike would be a calamity for the company, and I think that it would be for the public and the men.

"While I do not ask you to publish this, I would be glad to have you do so, although really my only purpose in writing it is to endeavor to set myself right with you.

"Yours very truly,

"Jesse W. Lilienthal, President."

The Larger Aspects of Welfare Work.

In October, 1915, the following address was delivered by Mr. Lilienthal before the American Railway Association:

"The subject of this address may have been meant to have reference to what an employer does for his employees or to what the utility does for the public at large, or both. It will be assumed, however, that welfare work for any is for the welfare of all.

"Public welfare is a varying quantity and very often an elusive quantity. For one thing, public welfare may mean what is actually for the public weal or it may mean what the public believes to be for its own welfare. And it may mean one thing at one time and another thing at another time, or one thing in one place and another thing at a different place. So it may be, as it has now become the fashion to proclaim, that what is best for the public is best for the utility. Yet even with this conceded, we shall still find ourselves

always brought back to the question of what is really best for the public. It sounds Machiavellian to declare that for all practical purposes that should be assumed to be for the public's greatest good which for the moment it deems to be for its greatest good.

"*In the man of conscience the feeling is strong that he wishes to guide the people into the right path; that it is not necessary that they must first stumble and fall and bruise themselves before they can find the right path. We are not all agreed as to this, and yet it is a very practical question that those charged with the duty of managing public utilities ought to endeavor to solve correctly, because on its correct solution depends the success of our management and the right standing before the bar of public opinion. We certainly cannot succeed with the public if it has in its mind any question in regard to our absolute good faith, whatever the merit or lack of it, in the things that we offer.*

"*One of the things making up the so-called public welfare program of the United Railroads of San Francisco was the establishment of a monthly magazine distributed to each of its 3,500 employees, as a means of communication between the men and the company. I contribute in each number a short talk to the men over my signature as president. A little while ago I received a very bright, well-written letter from the wife of a motorman, saying, among other things, that she judged from my articles I often felt 'lonesome.' I have been taking a long time to weigh that statement. I may not yet have caught her meaning. Was it that, notwithstanding the earnest effort made to propitiate the public, it had turned the cold shoulder?*

And yet we have been doing those things which were intrinsically right under every code of morals and which also appeared to be the things demanded by the existing state of public sentiment.

"A brilliant journalist, who had read one of these messages to the men in which I asked why we had apparently not overcome the popular ill-will toward us, recently said that I was striking a false note. I was told that I should not lose sight of the fact that the company, whether willingly or unwillingly, was a prize participant in a rising economic battle, and that armed peace was the best we could hope for. Furthermore, the only way to make popular what was undoubtedly an unpopular corporation was to grant to employees all that they wanted and whenever they wanted it; to do the same thing for the city for the benefit of its competing municipal lines; to surrender to the jitney for love of the little fellow; to extend service whenever asked for; to equip and operate lines regardless of expense and to reduce fares to the Cleveland basis.

"I am still smarting under that criticism. This doing your duty by the public costs money, and if it breed resentment rather than good-will, or even if it only fail to eliminate existing ill-will, would not the expense better be withheld? I do not forget the exceptional circumstances under which our particular utility is operating. We have a successful and growing municipally owned and operated system, all of it competitive to our own, and consequently our company is constantly a thorn in the city's side. The municipal lines pay wages and provide conditions that we cannot afford, and this

makes it necessary for us to take the ordinary indefensible position of preventing, while we can, the organization of our men. This in turn makes us anathema with organized labor and its sympathizers. Then, too, the public accepts it as an undoubted fact that we have secured valuable franchises through the bribery of public officials, and the press does not allow it to forget that the so-called graft prosecution failed to secure more than one conviction.

"WELFARE PLATFORM OF COMPANY.

"*I accepted the presidency of the United Railroads of San Francisco only because I thought that I saw an opportunity to render public service. I meant to start right with the public, and to that end began my administration with a formal statement—a sort of confession of faith—in which I acknowledged it to be the primary duty of a public utility to serve the public adequately and considerately. I pledged the company to keep scrupulously out of politics and promised that, if an attempt were ever made to influence public opinion, it would be done openly and in the name of the company. I declared it as my only motive for taking office that I was ambitious to improve the relations between the people and the company, and invited the frankest criticism and the most cordial co-operation on the part of the public to that end. Finally, in recognition of the strong sentiment in favor of municipal ownership that had been manifested in a recent election held to provide money for the extension of the city lines, I declared that I had no fault to find with the advocates of municipal ownership even of street car lines, but believed that if such ownership*

should obtain, the properties themselves could be operated with the greatest good and with the largest profit to the public if intrusted to private management under public regulation.

"TREATMENT OF EMPLOYEES.

"*Then, with the desire to treat the employees as generously as the revenues of the company would permit and at least as well as they would be treated by impartial arbitrators (in the case of an organization formed, demands made and refused, and a strike threatened), we voluntarily granted a substantial increase of wages. We devised a plan for insuring the lives of all employees for a period of three years and upward, without any physical examination on behalf of the insurance company and without any cost to the men for premiums or otherwise, the families of the three-year men receiving $250 in case of death in the service, of the four-year men $500, and of those having served five years or upward $1,000. Each employee was allowed to select his own beneficiary arbitrarily. This insurance meant giving to the men something that many of them, quite apart from the expense of insurance, could not give themselves. The man with tuberculosis, with cancer, with Bright's disease or with a weak heart was insured along with those who were organically sound. This was better than a wage increase, for there was no assurance that any of the latter would be husbanded.*

"*Then, realizing as a paramount duty that as far as possible we must stop killing and maiming people and that to accomplish this we must depend on the vigilance, the loyalty and the intelligence of the platform men, we said that, tak-*

ing the sum paid in the previous year by way of damages for injury to persons or property as a basis, we proposed to give the entire amount that might be saved over this sum in succeeding years to these platform men in the exact proportion represented by the time contributed to the service.

"Finally, it appeared upon investigation that many of our employees had fallen into the hands of loan sharks and were paying as high as ten per cent a month for loans. Many of these men had the best of records, with excellent characters, but through stress of outside claims, sickness in the family, financial distress and the like, had found their wages inadequate for meeting abnormal conditions and had nothing to take to the pawnbroker or remedial loan association as collateral. We said to such men: 'We will lend you the money that you need, without any security, taking from you simply your own promissory notes, payable in such installments as you may yourselves determine to be practicable in view of other demands upon you, and bearing interest at the rate of five per cent per annum.' Our files are now full of grateful acknowledgments for this aid, testifying eloquently to the good accomplished.

"Response of the Public.

"When this program was announced we felt that the new management was keeping faith and looked for grateful response on the part of the public. There was a great deal of commendation, to be sure, but I am not certain that the true sentiment of the people at large was not voiced by a prominent and influential local newspaper, which said editorially

in double-leaded type: 'The street car workers are men; they are not children to be coddled. President Lilienthal and his directorate should have heard what Lincoln Steffens and Austin Lewis told the New Era Club about welfare work the other day.' Welfare work! The United Railroads might as well save its time and money. 'The only way to help labor,' said Lincoln Steffens, 'is to help labor to help itself.' In other words, employees want nothing from employers that they do not demand and demand in a position where they can enforce their demands.

"I have always believed in labor unions. Perhaps I do not believe in them so much as formerly. It is, of course, an indefensible position to maintain that employees shall not be permitted to organize. Even advocates of the open shop stop short of that. Yet in San Francisco we are confronted by a condition and not a theory. Organization of the company's employees would mean inevitably and logically a demand for the same wages, hours and other conditions that are conceded by the municipal lines, under the terms of the city charter, to men working on a track literally alongside of our own. A demand would mean a refusal, because the company cannot concede the demand, and a refusal would mean a strike, which would be a calamity for the company, the public and the men. We have, therefore, been placed in the incongruous position of having to discharge men whose only fault may have consisted of joining the union, because the alternative was inevitable disaster.

"It does not seem to be enough to be good 364 days in the year. You must be good the whole 365 days, and to be good

you must do the things that the public wants you to do and refrain from doing those things to which it objects. We have tried, in the interest of peace and good feeling, to meet this view, too. At the outset of my administration I said that I would always grant to the city anything that it wished, but that I had no right to forget that, just as officials of the city were trustees of the people, I was a trustee for the creditors and stockholders of the company and therefore must exact a reasonable equivalent for any property rights surrendered. Yet we discovered in a recent experience that we had been sowing the wind. Such an equivalent for a right proposed to be surrendered was recently asked by the company and promptly conceded by the Board of Supervisors. Their ordinance carrying out the terms of the agreement, however, was vetoed by the Mayor, a majority but not a sufficient number of the supervisors voting to override the veto. The right in question was therefore exercised by the city without giving the equivalent. Upon an appeal to the courts the company's motion for an injunction to restrain the exercise of the right was granted. Unfortunately, however, this has proved to be a case of being good only 364 days in the year, and apparently in consequence of our legal victory the company is once more under the ban of excommunication. The injunction, at this time of writing, is being violated, and boastingly violated, forcing the company to contempt proceedings.

"What moral shall we deduce from all this? What is the public welfare? And what should be the course of conduct of a public utility? It is, of course, axiomatic that in things done or omitted the presumption is in favor of a popular pub-

lic utility, assuming that any such exists, and against the unpopular public utility. When the latter takes a step forward in a matter that should win popular approval, it is likely to be charged with moving from fear and not from public spirit or the desire for public welfare. Yet is that a reason for not making the effort to propitiate the public — shall we refrain from taking this step forward because our motive in so doing may be impugned?

"Code of Commandments.

"*I have laid down for myself the following code of commandments to govern my management:*

"*1. Accept loyally and without reservation the now universally proclaimed doctrine that a public utility is the servant of the people. The courts of last resort have so declared, and the public utilities have bowed their heads in meek submission. Whatever the resources or lack of resources of the utility, adequate service must be rendered. The requisite capital must somehow be provided, the matter of adequate return being irrelevant, except in the sense that the right exists to appeal to the rate-making bodies to provide for reasonable compensation for the services rendered. Do not wait until pressure is brought to compel adequate service. Anticipate the public demand. Keep your door wide open to every complaint. Forestall criticism by inviting recommendations, and in all close cases give the public the benefit of the doubt.*

"*2. Give the affairs of the utility the widest publicity. The public is entitled to know what you are doing and how you are getting on. Conditions may be unfavorable, and you may*

fear that publicity might affect your credit, but you should not ask for credit that you do not deserve, and perhaps your misfortunes when frankly told may beget the public sympathy and good-will which you so sorely need. Nothing is so engaging as complete candor. When I have been interviewed by the reporter of a newspaper, however unfriendly, I have answered every question directly and fully. As a result it has happened to me at least once that when such candor has not changed the tone of the unfriendly newspaper the reporter has insisted that this attitude be changed or that someone else be assigned to his task. I have gone to men who have assailed me and sought to explain to them my reasons for doing the things that they have criticised. This has sometimes led to a change of front, or, as in the case of at least one newspaper editor, to a statement that my position was justified, but that his newspaper to hold its circulation must continue to print the news to please patrons.

"3. Treat your employees fairly and, as far as your resources will permit, generously. The man who is well fed and well clothed, who has a reasonable amount of time for play and recreation, who is in a position to save a little for a rainy day or toward the owning of his own home, who feels that his superiors are always ready to receive suggestions or to redress real or imaginary grievances, who is not exposed to nagging and hectoring by officious subaltern officers, who enjoys the right of appeal, who is made to feel that all the employees of the company, from the president down, are members of one family, each having the same paramount duty to serve the public and the employer—such a man will give the best results.

"It might be well to have a council, composed of representatives of the men and the chief executive officers of the company, meet once a month to consider measures for the improvement of the service and the increase of efficiency. The representatives of the men should be selected for a certain period by secret ballot—say one from each carhouse. In that way the most popular man would be chosen and through him all the employees of that carhouse would feel that they had a mouth-piece. A new election should perhaps be held every six months or year. This plan will at least furnish a sort of safety valve without providing much of a nucleus, if any, for agitation or organization.

"4. Keep out of politics. The public utility is the target for the politician. Those who are not venally dishonest have, at least in recent years, found that attacks made upon it are the short cut to popularity. Those who are venal have found the strike bill the most lucrative source of revenue, and it has seemed necessary to go into politics to keep such men out of office. Where the only purpose of the utility in so doing has been to eliminate such as these, the motive is, of course, ethically justifiable. But all know to what abuses this has led. The utility, to accomplish practical results, has had to build up a political machine. Having through this machine acquired the power to defeat injustice, to stifle bad bills and prevent biased judgments, it is tempted to use this power for affirmative selfish ends and the temptation generally proves irresistible. Then the people, feeling themselves throttled, are driven to rebel and are themselves led into excesses by the desire for revenge. It is from these excesses that we are now suffering.

"5. The alternative remedy involves the next commandment—appeal to the public for fairness and justice. Deem it your right and duty to influence public opinion. Complain of the wrongs that are done to you. Expose the methods of corrupt or unfair politicians. Combat the arguments of muck-rakers and pseudo-reformers. Never allow an untrue charge to remain unchallenged. Circularize the public. Buy space in the newspapers. Participate in public discussions. Above all, however, remember that whenever you do anything along these lines you must do it openly and in the name of the company. Do not hide behind reading notices. Do not have paid agents masquerading as independent gladiators.

"I place my confidence in the ultimate good sense and fairness of the people. Our salvation must be worked out through them because after all, under our system of government, the power to deal with us rests with them, and we shall not win our battle until we make them feel that we are doing our duty by them. We must be politic enough to recognize our masters and public-spirited enough to be willing to make every effort to deserve the good-will of the people. The task will not be so difficult, if, as we should, we cultivate a frame of mind that makes this a labor of love."

Labor Agitation and Municipal Competition.

Again in July, 1916, the agitators distributed inciting circulars through jitney bus drivers and other channels, announcing that a strike had been called for July 14th. The United Railroads men had assured Mr. Lilienthal of their perfect satisfaction and in fact wished to hold

a mass meeting in order to make it plain how thoroughly contented they were, and in that way they could repudiate all connection with the outside agitators. Mr. Lilienthal requested them, however, to abandon that idea for fear that the Company might be charged with having suggested the meeting.

The platform men, however, sent Mr. Lilienthal the following communication:

"*July 7, 1916.*

"*Jesse W. Lilienthal, President United Railroads of San Francisco, San Francisco, Cal.*

"*Dear Sir:*

"*Being credibly informed that paid union organizers have of late been actively engaged in agitating the question of organization among the employes of the United Railroads of San Francisco, and assuming that the public in general is not sufficiently, or at all, informed relative to the merits of the many claims and assertions made by said organizers relative thereto, we, the undersigned employes of said company beg herewith to present for your consideration our side of the question and controversy, and request that you make the same publicly known to the people of San Francisco, by any method or means that to you may seem proper in the premises; and we beg to state that the employes of said corporation, one and all, consider the labor problem, in so far as it relates to our said employment, settled, for the reasons following, viz:*

"*As individuals, we are privileged to approach any of the officials of your company and there make known our causes of complaint or requests if any, and in the past all of our solici-*

tations and requests have received due and just consideration by the company. And, further, if at any time, we, collectively, wish to make our desires known to the company, we can easily do so by and through a very efficient and satisfactory organization in the U. R. R. Social and Athletic Club, which in the past has been and now is indorsed and supported by the officials of the company.

"In closing, we wish to state that as we are perfectly satisfied with all and singular the conditions surrounding our said employment, we see no logical reason why the men in the employ of the United Railroads of San Francisco should organize; and further, we do not want to organize any such union.

"Trusting that the above will make our position in the premises clear and that you, as president of said company, will act in accordance with this, our expressed desire, we beg to remain. "Yours respectfully,"

[*Signed by the platform men of the United Railroads*].

The *Western Banker and Financier* states:

"This is a document which marks a new era in the solution of the Labor problem."

And continues:

"This is unique in the fact that it is the first of its kind.

"This is forceful, in that it breathes loyalty.

"This is convincing in its matter-of-fact statements.

"This is an example worthy of study and a document worthy of preservation.

"This is encouraging in that it shows that Labor is open to conviction.

"This is pleasing inasmuch as it proves that one big body

of men who serve the public and come into daily contact with their patrons can be so fairly treated that they are satisfied.

"This means from the signers, service and courtesy and all the benefits to the public which follow contentment, loyalty, and an appreciation of fair treatment."

Notwithstanding these facts, known to the Unions, the agitators during the rush hour of the evening of July 14, attempted to force a strike by having municipal cars thrown across the United Railroads tracks at one of the busiest points of the line, halting traffic in all directions and giving opportunity for strike agitators, including municipal railroad men, to make appeals to the platform men of the United Railroads, but the attempt failed miserably.

"No greater compliment could be paid to the consistent 'square deal' policy of President Lilienthal of the United Railroads than that of the loyal and steadfast attitude of the platform employees in the company who were unsuccessfully threatened or cajoled by union labor agitators to start a strike on the car lines of that company."

The completion of Twin Peaks Tunnel opened up the question of connecting it with the city car lines on Market Street. There were three methods before the Mayor and Supervisors to accomplish this: purchasing the United Railroads, co-operating with the United Railroads, or double-tracking Market Street. The last meant blanketing Market Street with car tracks, a most unreasonable method and unjust to the United Railroads besides being a menace to life itself with automobiles

rushing up and down in addition to a constant stream of street cars. The merchants, too, seriously objected, foreseeing the detriment to business. They had just been released from the jitney danger to be confronted by a worse one.

Mr. Lilienthal offered a number of propositions to encourage co-operation with the United Railroads.

"*I shall approach the matter from every possible angle, with the hope that one will appeal to the supervisors. I believe a proposition can be worked out that will be attractive to the public. Of course, I am not empowered to sell or give away other people's property. But I promise that whatever influence I have as president of the United Railroads will be devoted to arriving at an agreement and toward the ratification of that agreement by the security holders of my company.*"

He presented his plans to the Mayor and Supervisors. In a letter written March 30, 1917, he offers the use of the United Railroads' tracks and exchange of transfers, and goes on to say:

"*With this disposition on the part of the company, I permit myself to say that there does not appear to be any warrant for the proposed expenditure of city moneys, because the desired transportation facilities would be provided for without further expenditure. In view of the crying need of many districts in the city for transportation facilities which the company under existing charter conditions is not able to provide, it would seem that any city moneys that may be available should be applied to providing such transportation facilities*

rather than to duplicating exisiting ones, with the economic waste that would involve.

"I am making a proposal, at great financial sacrifice to the company, which should in my opinion be acceptable to you in the interest of all the people, but if any modification of the same is desired by you I shall be glad to receive your further suggestions. *"Very respectfully yours,*

"Jesse W. Lilienthal,

"President."

The City Engineer, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, inclined toward the offer and stated:

"I do not want to commit myself until I have studied this letter, but it appears to be a step which will make double tracks to the Ferry unnecessary. I feel, however, that the city is committed to the building of outer tracks on Market from Van Ness Avenue to Church Street, because it was for this that the people voted the 1913 Church Street bond issue. But we shall see whether or not any more outer tracks at all will be built."

Several of the San Francisco daily papers commented on Mr. Lilienthal's proposals in the following manner:

"An opportunity has been presented to the Board of Supervisors by Mr. Jesse W. Lilienthal, President of the United Railroads, himself a loyal citizen of San Francisco, by which this problem may be settled and the necessity of the expenditure of funds be obviated. Mr. Lilienthal's proposition, as stated by him in a letter to the Board of Supervisors, is:

"'That the company rearrange such part of the present Parkside lines as may be necessary to furnish the best ser-

vice to the Sunset District, and make connections from these lines to the tunnel tracks.

"'That the company pay the city on a mileage basis for the use of the city's tracks thru the tunnel.

"'That there be established between the city and the company a universal exchange of transfers at all connecting points, so that a unified system of transportation may be furnished.

"'That the city agrees that no further tracks be built on Market Street and that the city will operate its cars over Market Street as at present, except for that portion of Market Street from Church Street to Van Ness Avenue forming a part of the Church Street line.'

"It must be apparent that Mr. Lilienthal's proposal is essentially constructive. It offers the city an opportunity to secure the service thru the tunnel that is absolutely necessary to the proper development of the section west of Twin Peaks without the expenditure of any money and at the same time guarantee to the people of the city a unified service that will afford access to the region in question from every portion of the city for a single fare. Such a service would be impossible over any combination of city lines without the expenditure of vast sums for new construction into regions already adequately served by other lines.

"The proposition of the president of the United Railroads is along the lines of modern relationship between urban communities and their transportation public utilities. That relation is one of partnership. In practically every instance where there has arisen a question upon the resettlement of the fran-

chises, expired or expiring, of existing street railroads, that settlement has been upon a basis of partnership. Witness the Detroit settlement and the Chicago agreement by which those municipalities entered into partnership with their transportation companies with the ultimate intention of taking them over after the payment of an agreed valuation, a plan that was eminently fair to all holdings, while at the same time providing for maintenance and extensions and improvements in service during the period of transfer.

"*San Francisco will eventually have to 'resettle' the franchises of the United Railroads; the proposition offered by President Lilienthal is a step in that direction and those in authority should consider it very carefully and with a view to accepting it. To do otherwise would be to tacitly express their intention to throttle the United Railroads by blanketing it in the most profitable section of its franchise territory, middle Market Street.*

"The Recorder, *which has contended for municipal ownership of transportation facilities ever since it was first proposed, does not believe that the true spirit of municipal ownership or of the people of San Francisco is evidenced by such an attitude.*

"*Municipal ownership, in essence, represents the ultimate passing of all privately owned street railroad lines into the ownership and control of the public upon the expiration of the franchises or by mutual agreement between the parties for the transfer of possession upon the payment of an agreed price for the company's equities in the property. It may also take the form of extension of lines into territory not otherwise served.*

"*It never has contemplated the stifling of a property oper-*

ated under a franchise agreement and in which the citizens of the franchise granting municipality are stockholders. Such action would be an unlawful taking without due process altho under color of law. No municipality can afford to place itself in such a position with regard to a public utility notwithstanding the shortcomings of former managers and directors of the property.

"What must be considered are the rights of all concerned from an equitable standpoint. The people of San Francisco are entitled to transportation service; the United Railroads is entitled to live and do business under the franchises granted to it by the people of San Francisco until those franchises either expire or are abrogated by mutual agreement upon the payment of proper compensation. The proposition of President Lilienthal on behalf of the United Railroads is eminently fair and should be accepted unless the city desires to rest under the stigma of desiring ruthlessly to destroy something that has been created under franchises granted by it."

"With a possibility of the adoption of the proposed universal transfer system, as offered by the United Railroads, it looks as though a ray of sunlight has appeared upon the horizon that will settle for all time the hazardous proposition of a four-track system down Market Street. It is also gratifying to learn that our local district Improvement Association, the Polk and Larkin District Association, has gone on record as favoring this plan, which is only fair and just to all concerned. While admitting a universal transfer system in vogue in San Francisco will mean much to the Polk district, it will mean even more to the pedestrian traffic of the entire city.

"The days of personal animosity and 'the public be d—' might have been the caper under boss rule, but in these times of efficiency and safety for life and limb, co-operation is more essential, and it is to be hoped that our worthy supervisors will weigh well the attitude of the traveling public and be guided in their decision by public sentiment rather than personal animosity.

"Under the broad and intelligent supervision of affairs of the United Railways by its president, Jesse Lilienthal, no fairer proposition could have emanated from any source, than this last excellent offer of compromise to our city fathers.

"It is very evident the United Railroads desires to play fair with San Francisco in the final adjustment of this proposed four-track system, a menace to life and limb and a boomerang to the down-town merchants, as according to their universal transfer system, as submitted, they would bear the burden for all time. The Twin Peaks Tunnel was built and completed by the taxpayers' money, and it is up to them to voice their sentiment in the matter. By a universal transfer system, all residents of San Francisco would have access through the same on a single fare. The Polk Street Journal *is unqualifiedly for the universal transfers."*

"The offer is one that the people have a right to demand should be accepted. There appears to be no disposition on the part of the officials of San Francisco to pay the slightest attention to the desires or necessities of the property owners whose holdings were taxed to pay the cost of constructing the tunnel.

"Neither the political ambitions nor the personal hatreds of a few persons should be permitted to interfere with the giving

of the best service possible thru the tunnel and to the people in every part of the city who may have occasion to use it. To refuse the offer of the United Railroads is to deny to the people the best possible transportation service, but to insist that none but municipal cars shall run thru the tunnel is to tax every citizen who lives in a section remote from the municipal lines an extra fare by way of penalty.

"The tunnel was expected to increase the taxable area of the city and thereby the assessment roll; but if the present policy is persisted in the property values in the section supposed to be benefited will be lowered instead of being increased. The people who bought in the West of Twin Peaks district are in a fair way of being victimized by the very factor to which they looked for assistance in making that section livable and desirable for residence purposes, and all because of the desire of certain persons high in the counsels of the municipal administration to gratify a private spite.

"Such an attitude is to be not only deprecated but it is to be condemned for it is based confessedly upon the desire to destroy the value of a contract entered into by the city and upon the strength of which securities have been issued. A franchise is a contract, and, in the case of a street railroad, cannot be abrogated except for gross neglect or wilful refusal on the part of the franchise holder to render the service for which it was granted the privilege. And it is doubly reprehensible for a municipality to deliberately set about robbing the franchise of its value by indirection and for the purpose of securing the property at a depreciated price.

"The question of the destruction of Market Street as a thoro-

fare by the construction of another set of tracks may well be left out of this discussion because of its obviousness.

"The principle of municipal ownership is not involved in the present controversy; that principle has been thoroly established in San Francisco, and it contemplates, not the destruction of existing utilities, but the acquisition by the city at a reasonable price of existing utilities. That was the idea that animated Bion J. Arnold in his report on the resettlement of the San Francisco street railroad franchises—that the city, if it desired to acquire the existing transportation utilities, would do so by agreement duly entered into, and not by a process of blackmail.

"This may seem a strong method of expression, but in view of certain public declarations of persons in the confidence of the present administration, is justified.

"As stated above, no municipality can afford to be less honest than it expects its citizens to be. Notwithstanding what may be done by corporations holding privileges under municipal gift, the municipality must in all equity, deal in absolute honesty with them, and having granted a franchise must fulfil every obligation under it.

"The logical thing for San Francisco to do is to consider favorably the offer of the United Railroads, not alone because it is advantageous to the people, but because it is the honest method of settling the matter.

"The offer made is advantageous to the people of the district directly affected; they paid for the construction of the tunnel and are entitled to be consulted. Not only that, but the offer affects every citizen who may have occasion to use the

Twin Peaks tunnel and penalizes him to the extent of a double fare if it is rejected.

"San Francisco will soon enough have to take over the properties of the United Railroads. If it is the desire to acquire them before the expiration date, why not arrange a basis of resettlement and purchase, instead of embarking upon a course that is confessedly piratical.

"To enter upon a policy for the express purpose of forcing a public utility corporation into the hands of a receiver is piratical in the extreme and should not be supported by any decent citizen.

"No one is asking for anything but a square deal in this matter and the principal factor should be the desire of the people whose contributions built the tunnel. Will the city authorities leave the matter to their arbitrament?"

Mr. Lilienthal again used his best efforts to encourage the purchase of the Road by the City. He says: "I have always thought San Francisco should own the United Railroads because of the disastrous competition. I am willing to do everything in my power to further negotiations to that end." Notwithstanding public opinion and the efforts of Mr. Lilienthal, the Mayor and Public Utilities Committee of the Board of Supervisors, having it within their power, acted contrary to the general wish and in a most arbitrary manner built the paralleling tracks. A more unconscientious act was never perpetrated. It is the marvel of marvels that the citizens of San Francisco sat by and permitted the outrage to be consummated.

THE STRIKE OF 1917.

After all the apparent peace and confidence existing between the President and the men, in August, 1917, the agitators won the men over. Mr. Lilienthal, who was taking a short vacation, was surprised to receive a message that a strike was threatened and about one hundred men had left their cars on the street. He immediately jumped on the train for home. To quote his own words:

"On the first of July I raised the wages of my men. Everybody seemed very grateful and very happy. There hadn't been a complaint or a demand of any kind. I was about the most disappointed man in the country. The men had been tested twice before, and they seemed like a very happy family.

"With their wives and children, and other members of their families, they used to come to my office and consult me about their domestic affairs.

"The real trouble was that, owing to enlistments, the draft and what not, we had taken on a considerable percentage of new men.

"Those are the ones that quit.

"I have letter on letter from men who in quitting said that they were men of family, and that they were afraid of being beaten up.

"This is the crux of the difficulty. We have a five cent fare that is rigid. Everything that we buy today costs a vast deal more than it ever did. When I made the raise on July first it was notwithstanding this. I realized that it was costing the men more to live.

"We can't put them on a par with the municipal carmen

because those lines pay no taxes, and contribute nothing to the cost of paving the streets. Any deficit that they incur can always be made up out of the budget.

"I do not hesitate to say that the attempted strike was precipitated as part of a political conspiracy to force this company into a position where it could be acquired at bargain-counter prices.

"There has n't been one single act of violence on the part of our employes. When we proceeded to bring men into the city, it was on the express stipulation that they must be experienced platform men; that they must come unarmed; and that they must be told that they were coming to take the places of men who had struck.

"That is the whole story."

"The efforts of the company to help the men do not appeal to newcomers in the service who take jobs with no intention of settling down and who are quite as willing to wreck the United Railroads as some of our city officials and city bosses have shown themselves to be."

"I have consistently had in mind two considerations as dominant: one, that the company should adequately serve the public, and the other, that the men should be treated as fairly and generously as the limited fare allowed to be collected would permit. We have three times during the last four years, without any compulsion on the part of the men, raised their wages, the last one having been made to take effect only a little over a month ago. We have insured the lives of our employes without any cost to them and whatever their physical condition. We have made hundreds of loans to our employes, charging

only five per cent per annum, and practically leaving it to their convenience to repay same.

"*I have had the men understand that my door was open to them at all times, not only with reference to the affairs of the company, but also with a view to helping them in all other matters with which the company as such would have no concern. And the men and their families have freely availed themselves of that invitation, and the relations between the men and the company during my administration have, I know, been uniformly friendly. I also know that the great majority of our men are contented, because I have had their express, voluntary assurance to that effect. They know that we are doing the best by them that we can. I also know that those of our men recently employed came under certain outside influences and that at the present time such defection as is taking place is the result of physical intimidation. We must, of course, depend upon the public officials to preserve order, but, even if they do, the fear of violence, especially when applied to men of families, tends to frighten them off the cars.*

"*In these times, when it is of paramount importance, in view of the Nation being at war, that there should not be even the semblance of disorder, the parading of streets by boisterous agitators with inflammatory placards is certainly one to deserve the attention of the public.*"

Mr. Lilienthal should have been a saddened and disheartened man with such a condition, after all his honest interest in his men, but no, he still had faith in the loyalty of the majority of his employees.

The strikers were riotous, law and order were cast to

the winds, and they were fearless in their dastardly deeds, as they knew they had the support of the police and the police justices.

The Mayor and the Board of Supervisors asked for a meeting with Mr. Lilienthal, making a pretense of coming in a conciliatory spirit to bring order out of chaos—too late to make amends for the terrors enacted, and Mr. Lilienthal refused any intercession from them or to see the strikers. He was willing to take back his old employees, provided they returned under former conditions. The Public Utilities Committee of the Board of Supervisors passed a resolution inquiring if the United Railroads could be purchased, and if so upon what terms. The Board of Directors of the United Railroads answered:

"*Resolved, that during the pendency of the present disorders, and until adequate police protection is furnished to prevent them, it would be inconsistent with the interests of the holders of the company's securities to entertain any negotiation for the purchase of the company's property.*"

Mr. Lilienthal charges discrimination in the following letter:

"*August 24, 1917.*

"*Mayor James Rolph, Chief of Police D. A. White, and Theodore J. Roche, President of the Police Commission.*

"*Gentlemen:*

"*The United Railroads of San Francisco hereby notifies you that commencing Saturday evening, August 11, 1917, and for the few days immediately following, certain portions of its platform men who operated its street cars voluntarily quit*

their employment. Since then this company has employed other competent and experienced men to fill their places, in order to operate its street cars upon and along the streets of the city and county.

"Every effort made by this company and its employees to lawfully operate its cars has been interfered with by mobs and riots to such an extent that the company and its employees have been unable to fully operate its street railroad system and cars, particularly in what is known as south of Market and the Mission districts. Many of its cars and much of the property has been injured by said mobs and riots. From the experiences since that time it is evident that every effort to operate the cars of the company will be forcibly and unlawfully resisted by persons assembled in mobs and riots in the streets of this city.

"You are further notified that the police are, in contravention of any legal right—

"First. Searching our cars and employees;

"Second. Arresting those of our employees whom they find with implements of defense carried openly;

"Third. Arresting our employees when they find in a car even such an instrument as the handle of a pick-ax. They have openly stated that they intended to arrest one man for each pick-ax handle so found by them in a car.

"By these actions the police of San Francisco are not only not protecting the rights and property of this company, but are preventing the proper operation of our cars, thereby limiting our service, with a consequent result in loss of earnings and a further loss through the added expense which we have

to incur in order to secure men to run the cars due to these hostile actions by the police and to the neglect of the police to properly protect our property.

"Mobs and riots have already occurred and the police have failed to disperse the mobs or to give due and proper protection to enable this company to carry on its business. This company is desirous of doing everything within its power to prevent violence and bloodshed; it has a right to protection from the city authorities, and I respectfully request that you take the necessary steps to secure same. "Respectfully,

"Jesse W. Lilienthal, President."

On August 16th and 23rd, Mr. Lilienthal published through the daily papers the following messages:

"To the Public:

"We desire to have the public informed from day to day of the exact attitude of the Company. We recognize the duty of an employer to furnish to its employees the best conditions that its earnings will permit. We are not in the position of the municipality operating a public utility, which pays no taxes and which is in a position to make up a deficit by simply adding the amount of such deficit to its budget. We have got to cut our coat according to our cloth, and if employees discontented with conditions or intimidated by the fear of violence quit the service of the Company, it is part of our duty to the public to fill their places with others, and this we are proceeding to do. Wherever quitting employees who left only through fear of violence have offered to return, we cheerfully take them back.

"A Vice-President of the Amalgamated Association of

Street Railway Employees of America has addressed a communication to us demanding $3.50 for an eight-hour day, and time and a half for overtime. It is only the interference of this outside organization that has brought about the present condition.

"But the matter may be treated on its merits. The Company, through the competition of the jitneys and municipal lines, has been forced to seek an extension of its obligations, and these are to be largely scaled down. Notwithstanding this, as recently as July first last, realizing the increased cost of living, we made a voluntary increase of wages, the third voluntary increase during the present administration. We will continue, as we have in the past, to do everything possible for our men, our relations with whom, until the interference of this outside organization, had been of the friendliest nature. Those of the men who quit did so without having made any complaint or demand.

"We cannot give what we have not got. But we realize our duty to serve the public, and we are proceeding as rapidly as possible to fill the vacancies with new men, in the expectation that they will become a permanent part of the organization. *"United Railroads of San Francisco,*

"Jesse W. Lilienthal, President."

"To the Public:

"1. The United Railroads has in no case encouraged or counselled violence or law-breaking on the part of any of its employees. We demand that any infraction of the law on the part of any of our men be fully prosecuted by the proper authorities.

"2. Newspaper reports have misrepresented the facts and have given the public the false impression that this company is importing men as gunmen and thugs to violate the law.

"3. On the contrary, all violence has been against the employees of our company. In the last two days, over fifty outrages have been committed against them, twenty-two of our cars have been damaged and lives have been endangered, and this notwithstanding that we have repeatedly called upon the police department for protection. In no instance has adequate protection been afforded by the authorities, and no convictions have been secured. Numerous of our present and former employees have been and are being threatened and intimidated even at their homes.

"4. This company is prepared to furnish adequate transportation in the present crisis, but demands that law and order be enforced, and further demands from the city and its authorities the full measure of protection to which it is legally entitled.

"The United Railroads within its legal rights will run its cars. It should be furnished lawful protection by the Mayor, the Police Commission and the Chief of Police, whose sworn duty it is to afford such protection, in order that this corporation can perform its duty to the people and peacefully operate its cars.

"Will the City Authorities continue to deny protection to the man who wants to work?

"United Railroads of San Francisco,
"Jesse W. Lilienthal, President."

The Bulletin in its editorial demanded in the name of

the public—the third party in the dispute—that the cars be run and the quarrel be arbitrated. A man not in any way connected with the Company writes in answer the following:

"*While I am wholly in sympathy with the cause of labor, for my own hours are twelve or fifteen daily, I demand a living wage for all men, but not eight hours continuous work in the street railroad business, which can't be done, nor pay that would bankrupt if entered upon. But this day a Fillmore conductor stated to me his weekly wage—seven days at present—of $28 for ten hours and ten minutes daily. Not bad, that. Moreover, United Railroads men were never so well provided for or paid as they are today, not counting bonuses, as for instance free hospital service, direct grievances, financial loans, transferred positions, etc., for which the railroad receives neither credit nor thanks at this trying time.*

"*A believer in fairness or fair play, is the railroad company getting it? For the thousands of dollars it pays each year in taxes and from earnings, is it getting the police protection to which it is justly entitled? Is our Mayor not spending more time doing politics, and with his ear to the ground for the future than he is in serving the interests of the people he at present represents?*

"*The claim that if the city can pay a certain wage the United Railroads can also will not stand the test. If applied generally, not only would scores of tax eaters be dismissed from official employment, but municipal platform men would not be so numerous nor wield the power they do today. Woe to the public official who opposes expenditures where labor is em-*

ployed. One phase of railroading is business, the other is largely political.

"President Lilienthal is one of our ablest and most respected citizens. He denies the payment of railroad dividends for several years past and points out that the company is about to default on certain of its bonds. Municipal roads and jitneys have cut heavily into the United Railroads' earnings and now an entire city administration is apparently at its throat.

"The company is right in refusing negotiations for either purchase or lease of its property while this strike is on. To do otherwise would tend to further depreciate its value and the interests of hundreds of stockholders in this city. Let normal conditions be restored, then let negotiations be entered upon as seems best for the public good. But to egg on the strike, ill advised and ill timed, and to array against the United Railroads all the united interests that would profit by its undoing is not only unworthy of our city and discouraging to the investment of all capital, but if continued in is bound to result in endless litigation and possibilities of heavy damages against the city being obtained. *"Yours truly,*

"A. B. McNeil."

This condition of riot, assault, and murder continued for weeks. Mr. Lilienthal asked for police protection on each car. The Chamber of Commerce demanded of the Mayor that the police powers of the municipality be employed to safeguard life and property. The reply came that the police were doing the best they could to maintain order—the veriest hypocrisy too apparent to discuss, as the police were not permitted to be on the cars, and

if the police failed to down the riotous mob, military aid as provided by law should have been called.

The besetting sin of the Unions is the walking delegate, and the root of the evil of the strike is the license allowed to the agitator making inflammatory addresses at the sessions of the so-called Carmen's Union. One particularly inhuman delegate urged them "to make a good job of it while they were at it so they will not need to send the men to a hospital." These delegates plan and evolve trouble in order that they may continue to draw fat salaries and suck the very blood from the veins of our workingmen.

Mr. Lilienthal's heart went out in pity for many of the men who he knew were following an element against which they were not sufficiently strong to struggle. Many good men were sacrificed in the fray, their families incidentally suffering.

But what would the agitators and their ilk have to do could they not incite and agitate?

The experience of the strike was most trying to a man of Mr. Lilienthal's sensitive nature and did much I know to undermine his health. Had he not been the big man he was, and felt as did the Lord, "Save the city if there be but ten righteous ones," he surely would have renounced a responsibility which was nothing but a constant annoyance and a thankless task.

It would of course be difficult for a man of the caliber of those ensconced in the City Hall to imagine that there could be a head of a corporation absolutely hon-

est and disinterested, considering the welfare of his employees almost above all else, and yet that was the kind of man the President of the United Railroads was, notwithstanding his unwillingness to allow the men to organize.

As Mr. Lilienthal is no more, I do not hesitate to say that he never accepted within several thousand dollars the salary promised him and at his disposal, feeling that the Road was in such financial stress. Are there many similar occurrences on record, particularly among the labor leaders?

The great redeeming feature was the loyalty of hundreds of his men, appreciating as they did that had there been a possibility to unionize his men with justice to the men as well as to the Company he had in trust, it would have been done. Every rule has an exception, and this was a case in point.

"*Many people downtown thought it a foregone conclusion that Lilienthal would lose out because of the attitude of Mayor Rolph and the police department at the outset. Lilienthal is a good deal of an idealist and believes in mixing high ideals in and with everyday business life. For that reason some have deemed him a dreamer and impracticable. They've changed their minds now, for it was his splendid treatment of his men that caused eight hundred of the force to stick to him through thick and thin. It has been an expensive fight, though, but nothing compared to the loss the company would have sustained had the strike succeeded.*"

On November 12, 1917, Mr. Lilienthal increased the

wages of the platform men as a reward for their loyalty in remaining with the Company during its trouble. He announced:

"*The Company appreciates the faithful service of the platform men who remained continuously in its employ after August 11, 1917, and, recognizing that their loyalty and courage should be rewarded in a substantial manner, will increase their pay.*

"*I realize that living is higher and that these conditions can be met by increasing the pay of our men. As heretofore I have voluntarily increased the pay of our men, having made three increases previously, I again provide for an increase of pay for our platform men, although the company can ill afford it in view of the constantly increasing competition of the municipal lines, the taxi, the private automobiles, and the jitney. At the same time I have felt that the splendid loyalty shown by a large number of our employees under distressing conditions was deserving of some special appreciation and reward.*"

Although the labor Union did not call off officially the so called strike until December first, the trouble had ended some weeks before and the cars were running normally.

The purchase of the Road by the City was again under consideration. Another endeavor toward reorganization had been effected. Mr. Lilienthal hoped to make the purchase of the Road by the City the crowning act of his presidency. As he had so frequently said, it was the only solution of the City railway problem, and he would wel-

come the purchase of the Road by the City under any plan that was feasible and just to the owners of the property.

He did not live to see this consummated. He had planned to retire from the presidency of the United Railroads and continue his law practice in a limited way and devote more time to his philanthropic work, so near to his heart. Man proposes and God disposes.

Chapter IX

Patriotism and Service During the War

At the time of the European war Jesse Lilienthal hoped against hope that a settlement would be reached before we would be participants in the sad and fearful carnage; but when the time arrived that our honor was at stake, and we were drawn into this struggle for right and justice, his patriotism knew no bounds. He felt that every man and woman living in America, whether native or foreign born, was here to fight *our* cause and no other.

In 1917 when we entered into the war, it was in this spirit that he impressed upon the men of the United Railroads the importance of becoming American citizens, and he writes to them through the United Railroads magazine:

"*The thought uppermost in the minds of all of us and that ought to be uppermost in our minds is the state of war upon which the United States has now definitely entered. For better or worse, it is an actual condition and no longer a possibility that now confronts us. That means that every German, Austrian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Bulgarian or Turk, even though he live in the United States, is an enemy of our country and exposed to all the risks and penalties that apply to enemies. President Wilson, however, always humane and considerate, has announced (and in that respect he voices the sentiment of*

the vast majority of our people) that, so long as such alien enemies living in our midst do not abuse our hospitality, they have nothing to fear either as to their lives, their liberty or their property. At the same time, however, he warns them that they must be on their good behavior, that having come here to seek their fortunes and enjoying, as they do, the protection of our laws, they owe at least a qualified allegiance to this country, and that any violation of their duty in that respect, as for instance in lending aid or comfort to the countries with which we are at war, would constitute treason. And treason is punishable by any sentence which the Government may elect to impose, even to the extent of the death penalty and the confiscation of property.

"Almost at the beginning of my administration I urged upon all of you who were not citizens of the United States that you at once take out your first papers and renounce your allegiance to your foreign governments. I reminded you that if this country was good enough for you to seek a living in, it was good enough to be the country of your adoption and to have your allegiance, and I warned you that in furnishing employment the Company would always give preference to natives and naturalized citizens as against aliens. Those of you who may have acted upon my advice will now appreciate the value of it. Those of you who did not do so before should do so now. This is a good enough government for any one, and it is getting better all the time.

"The Company will, of course, not tolerate any acts of disloyalty on the part of any of its employees, whatever their rank. I cannot impress this on you too strongly, and I do so in your

own interest. Old Commander Decatur sounded the right slogan when he said: "Right or wrong—my country!" It is hard to understand how any one will fail to acknowledge the patience and humanitarianism as well as the patriotism of President Wilson and his earnest striving to keep us out of war. He has been at great pains, too, to make it plain that he has no ill-will towards the German people. He even goes further and declares that we have no better citizens than the German-Americans. He shares with them the pride which they feel in the achievements of their people. But he reminds them that we are now at war with the German Government and has his Secretary of State caution all of us, citizens and aliens alike, to remain cool and keep our mouths shut. I am glad to recall that advice to you and to urge your observance of it, and in doing so I ask you to join with me in protesting our enthusiastic and unquestioning allegiance to the government of our own great country and to the Star Spangled Banner which is its emblem."

He encourages the men to show their patriotism by buying Liberty Bonds, offering a fifty dollar bond for five dollars on account, forty-five dollars to be paid at the convenience of the men. In appreciation of their response he writes:

"First of all, I wish to compliment the employees of the United Railroads for the fine spirit with which they responded both to the appeal of the Federal Government for subscriptions to the Liberty Bonds and to the appeal of the National Red Cross for its War Fund. When our President asks for two thousand millions and gets subscriptions for more than

three thousand millions, and when the Red Cross asks for one hundred millions and gets contributions amounting to over one hundred and eighteen millions, there have been accomplished two of the greatest achievements in which this or any other people ever had a part, and I am proud to think that our boys did their share. The company announced its willingness to carry a fifty dollar bond for any employee who would pay five dollars on account, leaving forty-five dollars still to be paid at the convenience of the subscriber; and it may be understood that that offer will hold good until further notice. There is nothing better in the world than a United States Government Bond.

"Well, these two experiences have certainly brought home to us most vividly the grim realities of war. And now even more than they, this is being done by the actual drafting of our young men into the military service of the Nation. One of my own nephews, whose home is with me, has already gone to France and is at the front. My only son and two other nephews are subject to draft. Many of you are in the same position. Some of you may, for one reason or another, be able to secure exemption. But it is hardly to be expected that none of our United Railroads boys will be called. If some do go, let us earnestly hope that they will come back and come back physically able to take their old places with the company again. I need not assure them that the company would welcome them back with open arms.

"But how about those of us who are not called? The man that does not fight can find other means to serve his country, and we must all do our bit. The work in which we are en-

gaged has somehow got to be done, because, after all, the world cannot stand still. Perhaps the sacrifice that those who remain behind should bring will be in form of increased effort and greater enthusiasm in the work, so that when the others come back they can be told, with a justifiable pride, that we too, even though in a different way and with much less risk and much less discomfort, have been fighting for our flag and for our country. "Jesse W. Lilienthal, President."

During the period of the war, he regretted his inability to enlist over seas on account of his age, and in consequence used all his energies at home. His war work was prodigious—awake and in his sleep his thoughts were constantly how best to assist his country and the flag he adored; how to make the life of the enlisted man healthful and happy, whether for Jew or Christian it mattered not. He was high-souled, far-visioned, and universal in his kindnesses; he knew no creed. His voice and material aid were always there to assist in every humane cause. No soldier on the field of battle made a greater sacrifice than did this man. His battle cry was "peace," but the peace bringing honor to America. His heart bled for the boys who were making the supreme sacrifice, and there is no doubt but that these years of strenuous work, fraught with so much worry, did much to shorten his life.

He was chairman of the War Camp Community Service, vice-chairman of the Red Cross, and chairman of the United War Work Drive, together with many other philanthropic works, to all of which he was devoted and gave

his energy, such as president of the Tuberculosis Association, president of the Recreation League, president of the San Francisco Boy Scouts of America, trustee of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, one of the Probation Committee of the Juvenile Court and director of many civic clubs for the betterment of conditions.

CHAPTER X

Character and Private Life

AND with all his public spirit, there was another side to his life even more beautiful and more exemplary, that of father and husband. One could not describe this man and omit the home and its surroundings which constituted for him the height of his happiness. It was a haven of peace and love. He would say: "I hear enough arguments all day. When I enter my home, strife and worry cease." He was the prince of peace, and his home life was truly the perfection of beauty and serenity. Association with him meant endeavor to do one's best. It was a constant inspiration to be associated with him. One could not do a mean thing in his presence—the look in his eye and the expression of his lips would bespeak such disapproval that one would be ashamed to be gossipy or petty in any way. He loved his home, modest as it was; he would wander from room to room interested in his books and his pictures. He realized they were not exceptional, just beautiful to his eyes, but they were his, and his religion almost was contentment—gratitude for what had been given him and loyalty to his possessions. He had not a room in his home without books, books suited to his every mood—poetry, history, essays, biographies, scientific and political works, as well as all kinds of novels and romances. As a recreation he loved a good novel,

not of the crass or problem kind but even love stories and romances, and he would say jokingly, "particularly those which ended all right." His own life was one long romance. Relationship between him and his wife was unique. They were in sympathy in all the big questions of life; they were constant companions in all their activities, sympathetic in the extreme. His love for the higher things of life, without being obtrusive, could not but be apparent to any one who had close association with him.

He was born with the gifts of the gods—beauty, mentality, tact, generosity of heart, and an ambition which was never satisfied with the accomplishment of any one thing. When an undertaking was successful, it was naturally a source of pleasure but accepted modestly, and he would begin to strive for some greater achievement. His high-minded spirit was shown in every step he took in life, even to his manners which were those of an aristocrat, though at heart the most democratic of men. His respect for women was not the least of his charms. When in a crowded car, never would he remain seated did he see a woman stand, even though tired after a busy day's work and surrounded as often happened by younger men comfortably ensconced. He lived, as did the knights of old, still maintaining this sense of respect and chivalry. He had no patience with sickly sentimentality, but was full of sentiment, and he proved that a practical business man could be an idealist. It was this combination of the ideal and the practical in life which made Jesse Warren Lilienthal stand among the few great men. His love of

humanity was boundless, and he was grateful to Fate for enabling him as he advanced in years to carry out his wish to assist others less fortunate than himself. He said:

"Why cannot men know when they have enough? For one man enough may be ten thousand dollars, for another it may mean hundreds of thousands; but let every man fix a term to his desires and spend everything of his income over and above the amount that makes him independent. I think that by so doing he will discover the secret of happiness. It has solved the problem of life for me. It has so altered my attitude toward life that when a man comes to me for help in rounding a bad corner, I do not feel that I am doing him a favor but that he is conferring an obligation on me. He is helping me to live my life the way I want to live it."

His great desire was to help people help themselves; he was never tired of encouraging them to fulfil their ambitions, and many are the young men who owed their success to the encouragement he gave them. He became a sponsor in music and art schools for the best instructors at possible prices. In fact he wanted every man, woman, and child who showed inclination for the higher things of life to be given the opportunity. I take the liberty to quote from a letter which I received:

"Rich in intellect, gifted, genial, noble, and brave, he walked the earth with the majesty and chivalry of a knight of old, and wherever he came to places where men assembled for the common welfare, he was welcomed with outstretched hands and glad voices and kind thoughts.

"In his person, he combined the resources of a cultured mind

with the charm of an endearing personality, and above all, his sympathy was so great that it drew him to all, and all were drawn to him with ties of enduring friendship. Thus his passing fills our very souls with eternal regret but we are supremely gratified for the priceless legacy of his splendid example.

"He believed in the religion of kindness, and he practiced it every hour of his life. The crux of his being was service for others. To him there was no race, no creed, no nationality whenever or wherever there was human suffering or misfortune; for in his mind there was only room for the great. He is 'of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence.' He was deeply loved. He had the great qualities to inspire the highest admiration and the noblest responses in the hearts of men, a composite of Bayard in conduct, of Chesterfield in manners, of Montefiore in philanthropy, pity that comes from the heart of man to his fellow man. He taught us by his deeds the universal kinship of all humanity and helped to quicken our perception of the great things in life: love, beauty, gentleness, kindness, courtesy, friendship, duty, charity, and forgiveness.

"The call of duty ever in his ears was met by him with generous self-effacement and in every community activity, he was a recognized leader and an untiring worker. To his wise counsel and noble ideals, to his unswerving honesty and large achievement the City of San Francisco owes a deep and lasting gratitude and an inspiration to better deeds."

On June 3, 1919, in the midst of this full life, with so many ambitions and promises still unfulfilled, and

while beseeching aid for St. Ignatius College, he was called by One in whose hands we are powerless unto Himself. Typical of his life were the last words upon his lips: "Work for the good of the world, without any religious differences, but with the single idea of one flag, one country, and one God."

Oh, the great mystery of death! Could we but lift the veil; we are so tempted to ask the why thereof. *His* answer would have been: "Ask no more; have faith!"