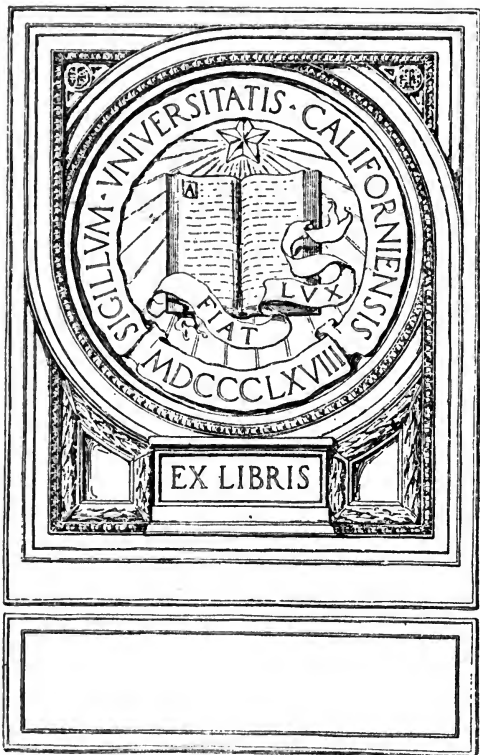


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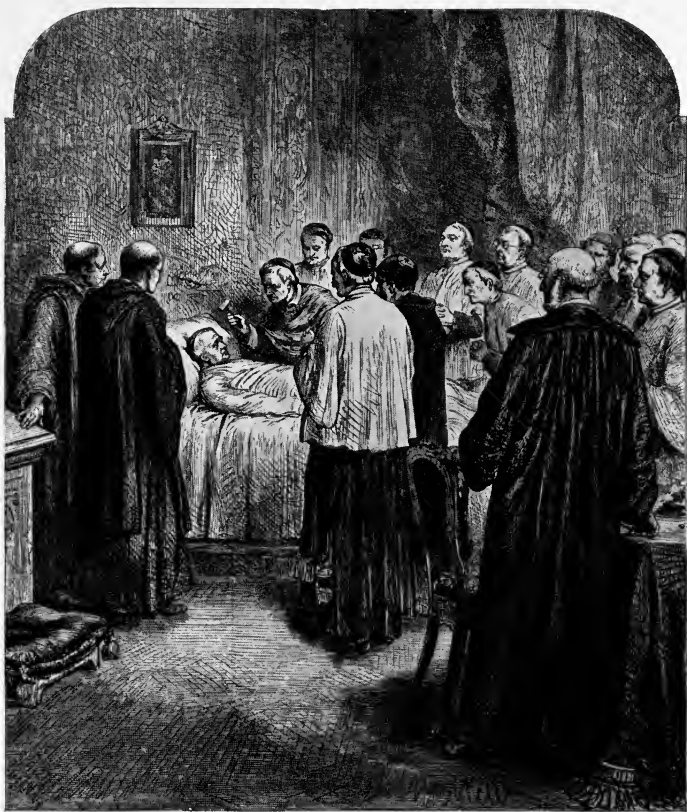
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VERIFYING THE DEATH OF POPE PIUS IX

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BY

ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY

“LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE”

WITH SIXTEEN
ILLUSTRATIONS

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1916

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TO MY GRANDDAUGHTER
RENÉE MYRIELLE VIZETELLY

Least and latest of my race,
Little lassie, fair of face,
Fond of fun, and full of grace,

Take this book I tender thee :
Whatso'er its faults may be,
Heed them not, for sake of me.

Thou wilt read of days long past,
Days that often fled too fast,
In the climes where I was cast.

Now with an unsparing hand,
Fierce Bellona shakes her brand,
Spreading War o'er sea and land.

But though angry drums may beat,
Some day yet, with music sweet,
Will the lute to joy entreat.

When from kingship Wrong is hurled,
Leaving Right to rule the world,
Freedom's war-flags will be furled.

Aye, at last all strife shall cease,
Pan will give us back his Peace,
Piping times, and love's increase.

All the stress of present woe,
Thou, my darling, dost not know—
May the morrows keep it so!

May thy life expand and flow'r
Brightly through each coming hour—
Gladness ever be thy dow'r!

Golden days from turmoil free,
I, perhaps, will never see ;
Yet I may, on bended knee,
Pray that they shall dawn for thee.

E. A. V.

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PREFACE

THE opening pages of this book connect it with the previous sections of my reminiscences—"My Days of Adventure" and "My Adventures in the Commune"—but it is a distinct work, for it treats of scenes and times differing from those which I recalled in the volumes I have just mentioned. As the reader will soon perceive, I became for several years, after the Franco-German War of 1870-71, the constant companion and assistant of my father, Henry Vizetelly. We travelled together in all the countries enumerated on the title-page of this volume, excepting Italy; and as time elapsed my father became to me less a parent, perhaps, than an elder and more experienced brother. Instances of literary collaboration between brothers, sisters, and husband and wife, have often occurred, but collaboration between father and son has been, I think, much less frequent. In the case of my own father and myself it became extremely close in spite of a great difference in our ages, for I was a younger son, and we were separated by a period of three and thirty years. Under such circumstances a considerable diversity of views might have been anticipated; but such was not the case, chiefly, I think, because my father's mind was always a young and progressive one. Born in the reign of George III, he survived through six-and-fifty years of the reign of

Queen Victoria, and, brushing old days aside—though well remembering them, as was shown by his autobiography, “Glances back through Seventy Years”—he invariably kept pace with the new times. Thus years did not create so great a difference between us.

I have written the above in order to explain why it happens that my father is so often mentioned in this volume, which is based in part on my own recollections and notes, and in part on many memoranda and other materials which my father sent me before his death, leaving me to deal with them as I might think fit, thereafter. I recall also, and at times quote from, several books which I assisted him to write. Two or three times, in his last years, he suggested placing my name as well as his own on certain title-pages, but for various reasons I demurred. The necessity of self-advertisement in an age of strenuous competition had not yet been brought home to me. In fact, I never put my name to any of the numerous compilations and translations which I personally prepared for my father's publishing business. Nowadays, it interests me at times to see that several of those books are still on the market, in cheap editions, after the lapse of many years.

The present volume will, I think, speak for itself. Whilst it is founded on the joint experiences of my father and myself, I have now and again interpolated excursions into matters of legend and history. For instance, in the section allotted to Germany, I have given some account of the “saintly ancestor” of the Hohenzollerns, and have referred to the latest views respecting the identity of the “White Lady” of Berlin. In the Austrian section,

apropos of the house at Eger where Wallenstein was assassinated, I have enlarged somewhat on the real circumstances of that famous tragedy, as disclosed by the most recent research. Here and there, too, I have glanced at the history of the countries described, and at the careers of some of their prominent personages, sovereigns, statesmen and so forth. The result is, perhaps, rather a medley, but by reason of the great variety of subjects I have touched upon, the book may appeal to more than one class of reader. As a rule I have only described scenery when it is that of regions which ordinary tourists do not visit. I have generally preferred to deal with people. In that connection I have sketched some of the conditions of peasant-life in one or another country, having always taken a real interest in the peasant-class. Allusions to the present Great War will be found scattered here and there through my pages. Some critics may take exception to them, but on my part they have been intentional, and no consideration would have induced me to omit them.

The illustrations to the book are derived chiefly from the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, and on behalf of the publishers and myself I desire to thank the proprietors of that journal for their kindness in authorising the reproduction of these interesting engravings.

E. A. V.

LONDON, 1916.

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BOOK I—GERMANY

“The Tartuffe of the nations . . . Prussia, that bigoted and gaitered hero, so boastful and so greedy, who carries a corporal’s cane steeped in holy water. . . . Whilst others boasted how proudly the Prussian eagle soared towards the sun, I prudently kept my eyes fixed upon its claws !”

HEINRICH HEINE.

I.

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her children had been residing throughout the tur-
moil of war and insurrection. My father, however,
now decided to give up the house which he tenanted
at St. Servan, near St. Malo, and on his return with
me to Paris we began to explore the environs of the
city in order to find a house suitable for the accom-
modation of the whole family. But both on the
west and on the south, and again on the east also—
the northern suburbs did not appeal to us—we
were constantly confronted by ruin and devastation.
The German siege and the siege necessitated by the
rising of the Commune were jointly responsible for
the lamentable spectacle which was still presented
by some of the most charming localities in the
neighbourhood of Paris. Here, there and elsewhere
German or French bombardment had done its work,
and even in spots which had not suffered particularly
from any cannonade so much damage had occurred



I.

INTRODUCTORY—IN ALSACE LORRAINE—FIRST
IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY.

Round Paris after the Sieges of 1870-71—Through Southern France—The
Royalists of the Rhône—Rivesaltes and Joffre—In Alsace-Lorraine—
A glance at the History of the Provinces—The early Rule of the
Conquerors—On the Road to Berlin.

IN the summer of 1871, after the rebellion of the Paris Commune had been quelled, I accompanied my father to Brittany where my stepmother and her children had been residing throughout the turmoil of war and insurrection. My father, however, now decided to give up the house which he tenanted at St. Servan, near St. Malo, and on his return with me to Paris we began to explore the environs of the city in order to find a house suitable for the accommodation of the whole family. But both on the west and on the south, and again on the east also—the northern suburbs did not appeal to us—we were constantly confronted by ruin and devastation. The German siege and the siege necessitated by the rising of the Commune were jointly responsible for the lamentable spectacle which was still presented by some of the most charming localities in the neighbourhood of Paris. Here, there and elsewhere German or French bombardment had done its work, and even in spots which had not suffered particularly from any cannonade so much damage had occurred

that the great majority of the houses were uninhabitable. My father and I entered hundreds of them which had almost become mere shells, nearly every scrap of woodwork having been taken to serve as "food for flames" during the last bitter months of the German siege. Doors, floors, panels, wainscotings, window-shutters, cupboards and what not besides had been appropriated for one purpose—that of procuring some warmth for the German or the French soldiery (for a similar state of affairs prevailed along both lines), amidst the frost and snow of one of the coldest winters which the nineteenth century had witnessed.

On certain points, as already indicated, one observed the effects of bombardment. There had been incendiarism also; and in many places the destruction was as great as may be seen in Northern France during this present year of war, 1916. There was, however, this difference: In 1870-71 days, if not weeks, were generally required to effect the same amount of havoc as that which may be brought about now in half an hour—at times, even, in a few minutes. Some melancholy pictures of wreckage and ruin in such pretty spots as Fontenay-aux-Roses, Bourg-la-Reine, Chatenay and Antony still linger before my mind's eye. We turned from them, and even as we had previously ceased exploring the western environs so we quitted the southern for the eastern ones, and finally, at Nogent-sur-Marne, within a stone's throw of the Bois de Vincennes, we found a few villas or *pavillons* which had suffered less extensively than others. They were to let—indeed all round Paris, and whatever might be the condition of the property, the usual bills, *maison* or *pavillon à louer*, confronted one at every moment.

Repairs had seldom been started, however, for landlords were often short of money, and owing to the Commune there was a dearth of labour. Under these circumstances we managed to secure at Nogent a house of fifteen or sixteen rooms at a very low rental by agreeing with the landlord (who rejoiced in the historic and also musical name of Angot) to undertake some of the decorative repairs, provided that he carried out the others. I well remember that although I was still under age he insisted on making me a co-lessee with my father, and told me that if his only daughter had not already been married he would willingly have offered her to me, as he had been favourably struck by the manner in which I had conducted the negotiations. Not to be thought wanting in politeness, I answered that I the more deeply regretted the *contretemps* to which he referred, as I felt sure that the daughter of so wealthy and amiable a father would certainly have been provided with a dowry as handsome, if possible, as her person itself. That made him laugh, and we became quite friendly. Later (after the production of Charles Lecocq's famous operetta) we exchanged many a little joke about my ill-luck in having failed to marry "La Fille de *Monsieur Angot*." He, by the way, had nothing to do with any fish-market, he had made his money in meat, and had a jovial and very appropriate ribs-of-beef kind of face.

In the autumn of 1871, and while the house at Nogent was being repaired, my father and I went to the south of France, in accordance with an arrangement made with Frederick Greenwood to write a series of articles for the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the wines produced in that part of the country and the extensive ravages already caused, particularly in

the Rhône vineyards, by the vine's destructive enemy the *phylloxera vastatrix*. I embodied some of the observations we made at the time in a little book published some years ago.* Here I will only mention that I was greatly struck during our trip by the Royalist fervour which was displayed in the Rhône region. It was natural, of course, to find the Comte de Sibens, who then owned the Château of Ampuis (among the Côte-Rôtie vineyards), and who claimed a collateral descent from Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, it was, I say, natural to find a nobleman of old lineage anticipating the speedy restoration of monarchy in France; but when I observed the same hopes and aspirations prevailing among village mayors and peasants I was certainly surprised—that is until I remembered that these men were the grandsons or grand-nephews of those who would have torn Napoleon to pieces could they have laid their hands on him when he was on his way to Elba, and who at least succeeded in killing one of the fallen Emperor's Marshals—Brune, Alexandre Dumas' godfather—and who organised, moreover, the notorious White Terror of the Bourbon Restoration.

I am writing here of views which were held in the Rhône country forty-five years ago. The Comte de Chambord, otherwise King Henry V of France and Navarre, then certainly counted many adherents in the region—in fact, I witnessed more than one large Royalist gathering at which the downfall of the new Republic was confidently prophesied; but times have altered, the Royalists of southern France are nowadays a small and ever-dwindling minority.

Our journey carried us eventually as far south as

* "The Wines of France," Witherby and Co., 1908.

the most eastern limit of the Pyrenees, that is past Perpignan to Port-Vendres and Banyuls. English travellers may occasionally pass that way, but I doubt if many have ever stayed as I did at a little *bourg* of less than 6000 souls and almost Spanish in aspect, which during the great World War of present times has become famous as the birthplace of Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre, generalissimo of the French armies. We repaired, my father and I, to this now historic spot, the *bourg* of Rivesaltes, to sample and test the produce of its vineyards, notably its white Muscat, so called from the grape of that name, and its Rancio or "rusty" wine which resembled an inferior tawny port. I find in an old notebook various particulars which were given me by the local mayor whilst he sat outside the *mairie* in his shirt-sleeves, enjoying the cool of the evening. I have no record of his name, and cannot say whether he was or not the father of the illustrious French commander, but I have been told that Joffre *père* was at one or another time mayor of Rivesaltes.

Many conflicting statements have appeared respecting the Joffre family. All I know is that the general's mother presented his father with no fewer than fourteen children, of whom only three are now alive—the general, a brother who is a receiver for the treasury in a southern department of France, and a married sister. The general's first schooling was at the college of Perpignan, but in his sixteenth year he was sent to Paris to prepare for the famous *École Polytechnique* which has given France so many engineers and artillerists. He entered this school in 1869 when he was seventeen, but took only the fourteenth place among the candidates for admission because, although he could speak Catalan and Spanish

he failed to pass in elementary German. Mathematics were his *forte*. He spent little more than a year at the Polytechnique, for in 1870 he obtained a lieutenancy and served among the defenders of besieged Paris.

It has been said that if Joffre *père* was able to give his children a good education, it was because he made a fortune as a wine-grower. His means were chiefly derived, however, from a much more lucrative business in his part of France, where, leaving aside the somewhat superior wines formally classed as Roussillon and such growths as muscat and rancio (limited in quantity and in no great demand), the bulk of the vinous produce has always been of a common character and so plentiful (except in phylloxera days) as never to command high prices. In fact, I have known seasons in this region when one might obtain wine merely for the asking, provided, however, that one had a cask to lodge it in. Now it was by making casks (far more than by making wine on his little estate, which his son, the future general, showed him how to *trench* and drain), and by selling those casks at a good profit, particularly when there was a scarcity of them and wine was plentiful and of too good a quality to be thrown away, that Joffre *père* accumulated a little fortune. This enabled him to give good educations to those of his offspring who survived their early childhood, and thereby qualify them for higher positions than that which he himself occupied as a master-cooper. Let me add that my authority for these particulars respecting the Joffre family is the general's sister, Mme. Artus.

Early in 1872 I found myself with my father in Alsace-Lorraine. The two provinces had been in

the possession of the Germans since the autumn of 1870. Their connection with the old Germanic empire is, of course, well known. Several of the "Holy Roman" emperors were dukes or landgraves of Alsace. But on going back to ancient times it will be found that Alsace was then a Celtic land, peopled by tribes whom the Romans called Rauraci, Sequani, and Mediomatrici, their occupation of the region being attested by the menhirs and dolmens which still exist. The Germans, however, notably the Tribocci tribe, came in hordes across the Rhine, and largely but not entirely dispossessed the Celts.

Later, there were various Burgundian irruptions, and the population, as happens in most frontier states, liable to the vicissitudes of conquest, became extremely mixed. In Alsace various forms of the German language ended by prevailing. Until the annexation in 1871 the dialect of the Sundgau approximated to the German spoken in northern Switzerland, and differed considerably from that current at Colmar and Strasbourg. In the mountainous regions adjoining Lorraine, and also at Orbey, Belfort, Ste. Marie-aux-Mines and other localities there was quite a variety of special *patois*, compounded of Celtic, Latin, German, and French words; and it was curious to note that the variations often accorded with the religion of the people, the Catholics inclining to French and the Protestants to German. In some districts, like that of La Baroche, the language was almost identical with that spoken by the Walloons of Belgium. On one side of the valley of Ste. Marie-aux-Mines (called Markirch by the Germans) the inhabitants spoke a French, and on the other a Teutonic, dialect. Numerous place-names in Lorraine attest a Celtic

origin, such, for instance, as Liverdun and Verdun. The name of Rhine, like that of Rhône, is also derived from the Celtic folk who prevailed on both sides of the Vosges from the fourth to the first century before Christ. The Romans gave names to many localities. Saverne, now called Zabern by the Germans, was originally Tabernæ. Colmar comes from Columbarium; Lingenfeld is simply a distortion of Longavilla; Orbey, now known as Urbeis, can be traced back to Urbs.* Of many Latin and French names the Germans have made havoc during the last five and forty years. They have turned Chavannes-sur-l'Étang into Schaffnat-am-Weiher, Valdieu into Gottesthal, Romagny into Willern, and La Poulroie into Schmerlach.

It was largely on ethnographical grounds, as well as for political motives, that the Germans laid claim to Alsace-Lorraine in 1870. The agitation, fomented by Bismarck, had begun as soon as the North German Confederation was constituted after the defeat of Austria and her expulsion from Germany in 1866. A zealous propaganda was carried on in German schools and universities by means of geographies and atlases setting forth the claims of the Fatherland to more than one region beyond the Rhine. A certain Herr Richard Boeck distinguished himself by the ardour of his Pangermanism. Versifiers were pressed into the service of the cause, and such lines as the following were repeated on all sides :

“ Doch dort an den Vogesen
Liegt ein verlornes Gut.
Dort gilt es Deutsches Blut
Vom Höllenjoch zu lösen.”

* In like way Rambervillers in Lorraine comes from Ramberti-villare; Remiremont from Romaria-mons; and Gondreville from Gundulfi-villa, Rambert, Romaric, etc., were Frankish names,

“Yonder near the Vosges a lost treasure lies.
There must German blood be freed from hellish
sway.”

There is no doubt that the Government of Napoleon III tried to discourage the German dialects in Alsace, and to diffuse among the peasantry a wider knowledge of French, such as prevailed among the educated classes. At one time, in certain districts, a fine of a *sou* was imposed on village school-children if they were heard talking together in German *patois*. Certain members of the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant ones, were, however, strongly opposed to the French language. A Strasbourg curé named Cazeaux and a certain Pastor Baum united in condemning it as being that of the infidel Voltaire and the corrupt Parisians. In Lorraine the Imperial Government was more successful. In fact, the Lorraine *patois* was for the most part simply a debased form of French, as the following example will show :—

Quand j'dansions chus l'ormé
J'eun motins point d'cé grands ché pé
Qu'étaient si bin enjolivet,
Que devèlint pus bas qu'eul net.

J'eun motins ni bouff' ni bouffants,
Et ni ceintur' de bé rubans.
Nos cotillons et nos corsets
Sont co pus bé que ces affiquets.*

* In correct French the above would be written as follows :—

Quand nous dansions sous l'ormeau
Nous ne mettions point de ces grands chapeaux
Qui étaient si bien enjolivés,
Qui descendaient plus bas que le nez.

Nous ne mettions ni bouffes, ni bouffants,
Et ni ceintures de beaux rubans,
Nos cotillons et nos corsets
Sont encore plus beaux que ces affiquets.

The position of Lorraine as a French possession differed considerably from that of Alsace. Most of the latter province was occupied by French troops during the final period of the Thirty Years' War, and its possession was confirmed to Louis XIV by the treaties of Westphalia (1648), Nimeguen (1679), and Ryswick (1697). Strasbourg, which retained its autonomy until 1681, was then secured by some rather dubious proceedings on the part of Louvois. Nevertheless it is certain that however much the bishop of the time may have protested, the *stettmeister* and the heads of the local guilds were prepared for annexation to France. Passing by the earlier history of Lorraine, which was repeatedly invaded by French, Burgundians, Germans, and Swedes, it will be found that this province came to France by diplomatic arrangement. The last Duke Francis, the husband of the famous Maria Theresa, relinquished it to Stanislas Leczinski, ex-King of Poland, in exchange for the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, with the proviso that at the death of Stanislas it should pass to the crown of France. He, however, covenanted with Louis XV that the latter should levy all taxes in the duchy on condition of paying him an allowance of two million livres per annum. The administration under the old French *régime* was very bad. Three fourths of the soil then belonged to the nobility and the taxation levied on the remaining fourth was most oppressive. Parmentier is credited with having encouraged the cultivation of the potato in France, but that vegetable had been introduced into Lorraine by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War, and its cultivation there became so extensive and remunerative that a special tax was levied on all the crops.

The contemned *bourgeois* and the down-trodden

peasantry hailed the French Revolution with enthusiasm. At the first threat of Austro-German invasion they hastened to enrol themselves under the French flag. The department of the Vosges was asked to provide 2600 men. In three days it gave 6400. The comparatively small town of Neufchâteau, though overburdened with taxes, subscribed in one week 200,000 livres towards the cost of the war. Both Lorraine and Alsace gave many famous commanders to the Republic and the Empire (among others Ney, Drouot, Custine, Kléber, Lefebvre, Rapp, Kellermann, and Schramm), and it is certain that the two provinces became extremely attached to France. In 1815, however, the districts of Saarlouis, Saarbruck, and others were ceded to Prussia. In 1871 France lost two-thirds of the department of the Moselle, two districts of the Meurthe and more than one district of the Vosges, in addition to the entirety of the two Alsatian departments of the Upper and the Lower Rhine. The latter were then inhabited by 1,120,000 people, and the Lorraine districts had a population of 490,000.

At the time when I visited the provinces with my father in 1872 the situation was painfully interesting. There were still many traces of the recent great conflict and the people were depressed and apprehensive. Many Germans had already flocked into the new Reichsland, and the work of Germanisation was being sedulously prosecuted. Before the war Alsace had been called *das geraubte Land* and the Alsatians *die verlorren Brüder*, but under the sway of the first two German governors—Bismarck-Bohlen and Dr. Moeller—robbery in regard both to public and to private interests was more than ever the order of the day, and the “lost brothers” received the

harshest possible treatment. The treaty of peace had provided that they should have the privilege of choosing either the French or the German nationality ; but it was afterwards edicted by the new Government that, in the former event, the people would not be allowed to remain in the conquered territory. They must abandon their little possessions (the soil was extremely subdivided *) selling their fields for a trifle to German immigrants, and then go forth across the new frontier into France. I did not witness that lamentable exodus, for it occurred chiefly during the autumn of 1872 when I was in Berlin, but distressing accounts of it appeared in the English as well as in the French Press. I found, however, at the time of my visit, that many large manufacturing and commercial houses were already being transferred to France. Colmar, Mulhouse, and other towns lost, at least temporarily, many of their industries. The economic situation was bad, moreover, by reason of the substitution of the German for the French coinage. When I was again in the provinces a few years later the substitution of the mark for the franc as a standard coin had tended to make everything proportionately dearer. The provinces were ceded to Germany free of all public debts. Eight years later, however, an average of £2 per annum was imposed on each inhabitant to meet debts incurred by the German administration. The French language was not finally abolished in legal proceedings until 1888, but German at once became obligatory for all public bodies, municipal councils and so forth ; and even although for some years an advocate might be allowed to plead in French in a court of law, he

* In Alsace in the last year of French rule 1,150,000 acres of land were divided into two million distinct parcels.

found the Code Napoleon, with which he was familiar, abolished and German enactments substituted in its place. The French Code, such as it still existed under Napoleon III, was by no means perfect, on which account it has been so profoundly modified by the Third Republic that its first authors would nowadays fail to recognise it. Nevertheless it was far more just and liberal than the legislation which the Prussians brought into Alsace-Lorraine.

All signs of sympathy with France were severely punished by the new masters of the provinces. The most trivial offences were visited with hard labour or solitary confinement. No parent was allowed to give a French Christian name to a newly-born child. A father who desired to call his boy René (a familiar name in Lorraine) was severely reprimanded, but allowed to have the child christened *Renatus*, it being graciously conceded that there was no objection to Latin. Very soon after the annexation all the masonic lodges were suppressed, on the ground that they might favour intercourse and conspiracy with France. Fearing a great emigration of young Lorrainers and Alsations the Germans used every endeavour to incorporate them with all speed in their own army. I find among my notes that in 1878 Alsace was liable to contribute 40,833 conscripts. Of these, however, only 4822 came forward willingly, and 3981 were sentenced by default to imprisonment for having emigrated without permission to France, Luxemburg or Switzerland. To give an idea of the state of affairs before Manteuffel became Governor in 1879 and tried a more conciliatory policy, I may mention that the Germans erected no fewer than seventy-six new prisons to accommodate the never-ending victims of their oppressive rule.

In the course of our trip in 1872 we visited, my father and I, many points of interest, beginning with Metz—where we were almost regarded as spies—and the battlefields in its vicinity. Then we went on to Saverne and afterwards to Strasbourg. The famous cathedral, which the Germans had treated almost as badly as more recently they treated that of Reims, was being repaired. Nevertheless we were allowed to climb the five hundred feet or so of the great tower which was then, and may still be, the highest building in Europe. The splendid thirteenth and fourteenth century stained glass of the edifice had been shivered to pieces by the German bombardment. The organs were half destroyed, columns were broken and statues decapitated, but the fine Gothic pulpit had remained intact, having been cased in iron during the siege of the city. The latter's library, like that of Louvain, had been destroyed by the enemy, and all the western district still presented a lamentable sight with its scores of ruined houses. At Strasbourg as at Metz you met soldiers at every turn, and their insolence towards the inhabitants stirred one's blood. The few officers with whom I had occasion to speak were, however, fairly courteous to my father and myself directly they discovered that we were Englishmen. It seemed to me (how times change !) that they desired to have the good opinion of England. They lived like pigs in clover. It must at least be said that Strasbourg had never done a better trade in its famous *pâtés de foie gras*.

In the autumn of the same year, 1872, still acting as my father's assistant, I made my first visit to Germany proper—as distinct, that is, from its new Reichsland. Our destination was Berlin, where the Russian and Austrian Emperors were expected on a

state visit to Kaiser Wilhelm I—Bismarck having planned an alliance of the three imperial houses in order to secure Germany in possession of her new conquests. This journey of ours, like others of which I shall write hereafter, was undertaken chiefly on behalf of the *Illustrated London News*. We travelled from Paris by way of Cologne, where we were held up for a day by the loss of some luggage. Then we went on through the Black Country of the Rhine to Oberhausen and Essen, which were smoky with the works of Jacobi and Krupp.

Around the latter were lofty towered walls to keep out all inquisitive folks who might seek to pry into the secrets of this great arsenal. The Herr Krupp, to whom it then belonged, was the son of the original founder of the works and the grandfather of the Fräulein Bertha, who in 1906 married Herr von Bohlen und Halbach. The establishment was started in a very small way indeed, but in the early seventies of the nineteenth century it already spread over more than 500 acres of ground, and comprised 400 furnaces, 250 steam engines, some of them of 100 horse-power, and over 50 steam hammers, one of which weighed 50 tons and had cost £100,000. There were forges, lathes, planing, cutting, shaping, boring, and other machines innumerable, and the staff amounted to about 10,000 hands. In 1874 that number had increased to 16,000, and 65,000 tons of steel were produced at Essen that same year. Krupp had his own ships to bring raw materials from Spain and other countries, and the greatest care was taken in blending the metal so as to produce a very close and fine-grained steel, free from all flaws, and offering a much greater resistance than Bessemer's. Whilst executing orders for five

foreign Powers the establishment was also delivering a hundred guns a week to the German artillery depôts, as though, indeed, a new war were speedily expected. The latest novelty, at the time of which I refer, was a gun of 14·5 inch bore, throwing a shot weighing 330 lbs., which could penetrate a solid iron plate from 20 to 24 inches in thickness. That gun represented a great advance on the first pieces of artillery made at Essen, for these (1846) were merely three-pounders, and even the guns exhibited by the firm in Hyde Park in 1851 were six-pounders only. I remember, however, that some large guns (for the period) were shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, when, by reason of the triumph of Prussia over Austria during the previous year, they attracted very great attention. Krupps contributed yet more formidable instruments of warfare to the Vienna Weltaustellung in 1873, when the recent triumph over France again drew thousands of spectators to their exhibits, above which appeared, I recollect, in huge lettering the hackneyed yet none the less significant inscription: *Si vis pacem, para bellum*. The artillery of those times was, however, far less formidable than that of to-day.

I have already given some indication of the growth of the Krupp establishment down to the middle "seventies" of the last century. Its progress became much more marked after an amalgamation with the Asthöwer and Gruson works in the early nineties. I find that down to 1894 25,000 pieces of artillery had been made at Essen, and supplied to 34 different states. In 1902 the establishment's output had increased to over 40,000 cannon—exclusive, of course, of quick-firers and machine-guns, the manufacture of which was already greatly

increasing. In the last-named year the parent establishment covered 790 acres of ground. The firm owned half a dozen large coal mines and controlled 500 iron mines ; it had laid down 110 kilometres of private railway lines and had a rolling stock of 2000 trucks. There were 1600 furnaces, forges or smithies at Essen, with 5300 machines of various kinds, 140 steam hammers, representing a weight of 243,000 lbs., 63 hydraulic presses, and 513 steam engines including some of 3500 horse-power. In 1892 the number of regular hands had increased to over 25,000. Ten years later they exceeded 35,000 ; and ever and ever there was an increase in acreage, machinery, and output of various descriptions—the whole tending to make Krupp's the greatest arsenal the world had ever known. Foreign Governments were well aware of it, and complacently procured their armament and munitions of war from Essen and its branch or allied establishments—at Duisburg, Rheinhausen, Neuwied, Enger and elsewhere—careless, apparently, as to what was implied by the ceaseless growth of that formidable and many tentacled monster, to whose development their gold contributed, though it was primarily at the beck and call of the most ambitious and unscrupulous of military Powers—one which was only too pleased to see its growth and power for evil increase.

Perhaps I have lingered too long over this subject of Krupp's. My excuse must be that these lines are written in days of Armageddon, after the reverses experienced by our ally Russia owing to a lack of supplies, and when we ourselves are doing, in respect to armament and munitions, that which we should have done long ago, had our leaders only fully realised the responsibilities of Empire. Of Essen I myself

saw but the shell. There could be no question of any foreigner obtaining permission to visit the huge Factory of Death and Destruction. We went on towards Berlin past Dortmund in the heart of the Westphalian coal and iron region and, with its countless chimneys and clouds of smoke, very different from what it had been in the days when the Emperor Sigismund was affiliated to the secret fraternity of the Vehmgericht under its ancient and umbrageous linden trees. At Gütersloh the train stopped for a few minutes, and everybody rushed eagerly into the station's refreshment-room. I had formed some idea of German militarism during the then recent war with France, but I was not prepared to find it so prominent as it was in railway regulations and methods. The haughty peremptoriness of the officials conveyed the impression that they regarded a traveller as a mere prisoner of war on his way to some suitable place of internment and destitute of any rights whatever. One day on a train stopping at a certain station some official of the railway service was heard shouting "Herr Schultz! Herr Schultz!" in a stentorian voice. Forthwith a mild-mannered but inquisitive man thrust his head out of a carriage window and was at once accosted with the words: "Are you Herr Schultz?" "No," he answered; "my name is Müller?" "In that case why are you looking out? Nobody asked for you. The matter does not concern you. Sit down!" Foolishly enough, the inquisitive traveller tried to expostulate; but he retired from the window with more precipitation than dignity when he had suddenly received a very smart smack on the face for failing to comply at once with an official command.

Going our way we passed many a quiet tree-girt

Westphalian village. Then came a great stretch of barren-looking plain dotted at intervals with dismal stunted trees and groups of black and white cattle. Afterwards came a hilly district ending in a defile, beyond which was Minden with "its wood-crowned height," where the poet's Eliza stood "spectatress of the fight" on the famous occasion when, although Lord George Sackville showed the white feather, our infantry broke through three lines of French cavalry and, as Carlyle put it, "tumbled them to ruin."

We halted for a day at Hanover, once so closely connected with Great Britain, but whence some six years previously the last Guelph King, poor old blind George V, had been driven into exile by the Prussian arms. He ultimately took up his residence in Paris, where I occasionally saw him attended by his devoted daughter, the Princess Frederika. For some years the "lost cause" was upheld in the German Reichstag by a small body of particularist Hanoverian deputies, led by one of King George's former ministers, Herr Windthorst, who, in parliamentary matters, became Bismarck's particular *bête noire*, and returned the Chancellor's animosity with interest. I remember seeing that now forgotten Hanoverian champion more than once, when attending some of the Reichstag's sittings. He was very short, and had a habit of doubling himself up in his seat with his bald head drawn down between his shoulders whilst staring strangely with glittering spectacled eyes. He was a fine debater, however, swift in repartee, and unsparing of his adversaries. His religious fervour was so tinged with animosity towards all who differed from him that his opponents ended by nicknaming him "the wolf in monkish garb."

At the time of my visit to Hanover the people were by no means reconciled to Prussian rule. But time brings many changes, and nowadays a Hanoverian figures as the most conspicuous of all the German commanders. I refer to Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who, according to his own statements, as chronicled by the Teutonic Press, aspires, once his task completed, to spend "the autumn of his days in the peaceful quietude of his beloved Hanover."

Passing through an undulating country, half fertile fields and half wooded hills, we came at last to Brunswick, where the prospect was less pleasing, and then, after entering Prussian Saxony and passing Magdeburg, we found broad sandy plains stretching for miles on either side of the railway line. I allude to the character of the country because if ever a British army should march upon Berlin, it would probably have to cross the regions I have mentioned. After the rolling ground of Hanover and the sandy plains beyond Magdeburg, we perceived strips of marshland, and then yet another sandy expanse dotted with clusters of pines, well nigh the only trees to grow in the soil of the desolate-looking Mark of Brandenburg. Little windmills perched on piles of stones were espied here and there as we travelled onward. Now and again lean kine, suggesting those of Pharaoh's dream, were seen drinking at pools of greenish water ; but the region seemed to be very scantily populated, there being only a few wretched-looking little villages grouped round decaying churches. At last, however, came some large lakes peopled with water-fowl, and after passing a pine forest and yet another stretch of sand we were at Potsdam, with its score of palaces standing in

beautiful gardens and picturesquely surrounded by plantations which spread over both hill and vale. Half an hour later we reached Berlin, and on alighting found ourselves in a little wooden station, which seemed a very contemptible structure for the aspiring capital of a new empire. At that time, however, the huge Potsdamer terminus, though virtually completed, had not been opened for general traffic.

II.

IMPERIAL BERLIN—A GATHERING OF EMPERORS— THE WHITE LADY AND THE HOHENZOLLERN SAINT.

The Alliance of the Three Emperors—Italy's Delicate Position—The Czar and the Austrian Kaiser in Berlin—Bismarck at a Review—Some Imperial Toasts—The Zapfenstreich Tragedy—"Berlin under the New Empire"—Attempts on the old Kaiser's Life—His Study and his Bedroom—The Story of the White Lady, Kunigunde of Orlamünde—The Legend of St. Meinrad of Hohenzollern.

EVER since the close of the Franco-German War Berlin had been living in a state of moral intoxication. It had resolved to be the *Weltstadt*—the world-city—*par excellence*, and scheme after scheme was being devised to enlarge and embellish it and add to its so-called amenities. The Viennese contemptuously referred to the Prussian capital as the sand-box of Germany; the Berlinese themselves styled it the City of Intelligence, the Athens of the Spree. Their ambitious feelings were certainly gratified by the visit which the Russian and Austrian Emperors paid to their sovereign in that autumn of 1872. This visit appeared to them like a decisive consecration of the new Germanic Empire, a formal recognition of the high position to which that Empire had risen as the foremost Power in Europe. There was naturally a good deal of speculation respecting the real secret object of the visit. According to

most of the political "tipsters" of the Berlinese Press, the Emperors and their chief ministers were to confer and come to an agreement on the maintenance of the *status quo* in Europe, particularly with regard to any designs which France might form for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine or the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy. It may be mentioned that the Ultramontane party in France was already protesting against the annexation of Rome to the Kingdom of Italy, and seeking to embroil the Republic in a new war, although it had by no means recovered from the effects of the recent one. At this period, moreover, it seemed possible that a monarchy might soon be restored in France, for the position of Thiers as President was by no means a stable one, and the Royalists and Bonapartists were displaying great activity. Such being the case, it was undoubtedly felt in German official quarters that any restoration of the Bourbons or the Bonapartes might well lead to a new war, if only for the sake of prestige, and either on the question of the conquered provinces or that of the Pope's loss of territorial sovereignty.

Apropos of the latter point, I must also mention that King Victor-Emmanuel—the grandfather of the present Italian sovereign—had been invited to Berlin at the same time as the Russian and Austrian Emperors, but had decided to stay away, leaving his interests with respect to Rome in the hands of Prince Bismarck, at whose instigation he had taken possession of the city in 1870. Victor-Emmanuel's position was, indeed, a delicate one. It was for the sake of Rome that he had remained neutral during the Franco-German war, instead of going to the help of France. Nevertheless he could not

forget Magenta and Solferino, and provided that the French Republic would leave him in undisturbed possession of the Eternal City, he was not disposed to enter into any deliberately hostile league against France. The Triple Alliance—it should be remembered—was not negotiated until the time of his son King Humbert. Further, although Francis-Joseph of Austria was for his part willing to meet the men by whom his armies had been beaten in 1866, Victor-Emmanuel was not willing to meet Francis-Joseph, by whose forces his own, both naval and military, had been defeated, that same year, at Lissa and Custoza. Moreover, Pope Pius IX, feeling that he could not expect any advantage from the existing Government of France, was now looking towards Austria for help, and the Austrian Emperor's religious feelings inclining him towards the Papal cause, it was advisable for the King of Italy to abstain from meeting him and his advisers at Berlin, lest some inconvenient question should be raised.

A few German newspapers mentioned another matter as likely to receive consideration at the imperial conference—namely that of the Near East. During the Franco-German War Russia had torn up the Black Sea stipulations of the Paris Treaty of 1856, and Austria was already glancing covetously in the direction of the Balkans, though another six years were to elapse before she occupied Bosnia. At the period to which I refer, Germany took no interest in Balkan questions. Bismarck said some time afterwards that he was unwilling to sacrifice even a button off the tunic of a Pomeranian grenadier for any such matters. That these were of interest, however, to Russia and Austria goes without saying ; and the state of affairs in these later days has revived

in my mind a recollection of a cartoon which appeared in one of the Berlinese satirical journals at the time when the conference of Emperors ended in 1872. Russia and Austria were then shown taking leave of Germany, who said to them with a smile: "Good-bye, gentlemen. A pleasant race to—Constantinople!"

We reached Berlin, my father and I, on August 31. Two days later we found the whole city beflagged, for it was the second anniversary of the battle of Sedan. The tricolor of the new empire, the black and white banner of Prussia, and occasionally the black, red and gold standard of Barbarossa's time, waved from a forest of flagstuffs, whilst the black eagle escutcheons were innumerable. Crowds of townfolk and peasantry from the vicinity thronged the streets, regiment after regiment passed along, and so-called "battle music" resounded on every square and in every beer garden. Three days afterwards the Russian Emperor arrived, and provided with a special permit signed by Herr von Madaï, the President of Police, we witnessed his reception at the eastern railway terminus. We had both seen Alexander II of Russia previously, notably during his visit to Paris in 1867.* Still in the prime of life, he looked as erect, as athletic as ever—in fact, a fine specimen of manhood. Quite hearty also appeared the German Kaiser though he limped slightly on account of an injury to one of his feet. I had a good view of him whilst, surrounded by numerous princes and dignitaries, he stood awaiting the arrival of his guest, in compliment to whom he wore a Russian uniform—dark tunic and red trousers with the broad blue riband of a Russian order. William I was very

* See the author's work, "My Days of Adventure."

tall—in fact, few men in all his army exceeded him in stature—and his shoulders and chest were proportionately broad. His eyes—grey, tinged with yellow, I believe—shone brightly under his shaggy brows. A protuberance above the temples seemed to denote in him a man of swift resolutions. His thin and compressed lips were scarcely visible beneath his bristling moustache, which with his wiry whiskers gave him a somewhat feline appearance. Nevertheless, well-preserved though he undoubtedly was for his age (seventy-five years), there was nothing particularly distinguished about him. His voice was quite unpleasant, suggesting a snuffle, but people pretended to admire it on the ground that it was similar to the voice of Frederick the Great.

Near him, in a dark green and silver uniform, was his son, the Crown Prince Frederick (father of the present Kaiser), whom I had last seen on the day when he rode down the Champs Elysées during the brief German occupation of Paris. He, also, looked tall and stalwart, but far less severe than the Emperor William. His blue eyes had a kindly expression, and the manner in which he smiled whilst he conversed with those around him, bespoke an affable nature. As yet he had given no sign of the terrible disease which ultimately carried him off to the misfortune of Germany and probably of the world in general, for he was a man of liberal mind, a soldier only by force of circumstances, a prince who took a keen interest in art, letters, and also agriculture, frequently showing himself anxious for the well-being of those over whom he expected some day to reign.

I cannot say whether the present Kaiser, then a lad of thirteen years, was with his father on the

occasion to which I refer. In the previous year he had ridden on a dapple-grey pony beside his grandfather's charger when the German troops, flushed with their victories in France, made their triumphal return to Berlin; and it may be that he was among those who had assembled to greet the Czar. I did not see him, however, though I caught sight of the broad shouldered and somewhat haughty-looking Prince Frederick Charles, father of the Duchess of Connaught. The Red Prince, as people called him, was certainly an able man, but after proving very difficult to manage in his youth, he developed, like most of his race, exaggerated notions of his princely position.

As the train from St. Petersburg * stopped, the Russian Emperor leapt out of it into the German monarch's arms, and no little kissing and hugging followed. Then came all sorts of presentations, and Bismarck, looking burly and bloated, strode along, with hands extended, to greet his *confrère*, the little spectacled, almost wizened Russian Chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff. Each put on the most cordial of diplomatic smiles, as if they were quite delighted to meet. They were not, however, so well pleased with one another at a certain memorable congress which was held at Berlin six years afterwards.

More interesting from various standpoints than the arrival of the Czar was that of Francis-Joseph, on the evening of September 5. I doubt whether the Austrian sovereign had met Kaiser William since the fateful day of Königgrätz. He arrived at Berlin wearing, in the usual complimentary fashion, a Prussian uniform, and in like manner the German

* This was of course long before the Russian capital was renamed Petrograd.

Emperor and princes were arrayed in Austrian regimentals. There seemed to me to be something comical in this exchange of uniforms between victors and vanquished. The visit did not begin auspiciously. The train stopped at the wrong spot, and for a minute or two there was very great confusion, amidst which the old German Kaiser was seen trying to run to the carriage from which his dear brother and guest was alighting. An old man of five and seventy cannot run very well, however, when he has a game foot. When the two monarchs at last met face to face, William would have hugged Francis-Joseph even as he had hugged Alexander, but the sovereign who had been ignominiously driven out of Germany, where he had long held the first place, was not disposed to embrace his successful rival, to whom, indeed, he merely offered his hand. For a moment both Emperors seemed to be equally embarrassed. I observed also that Francis-Joseph took no notice whatever of Moltke, whom perhaps he did not recognise, but he unbent when he found himself in the presence of Bismarck, his greeting with whom was, to all appearance, the most cordial of all.

There was, however, another unpropitious little incident. All paintings and monuments referring to the war of 1866 had been carefully removed from the Berlin palaces and other places which the Austrian Emperor might visit. Nevertheless, when the imperial party drove from the railway station to the old Schloss, the carriages proceeded towards Unter den Linden by way of the Königgrätzer-strasse, so named in memory of Austria's crushing defeat by the Prussian arms. Further, before Francis-Joseph quitted Berlin, Kaiser William considerably appointed him Colonel-in-Chief of the Schleswig-

Holstein Hussars—another name which must have awakened unpleasant memories. Those little incidents and sundry others were but examples of the lack of tact which has always distinguished the Hohenzollerns and which is conspicuous also in their Prussian subjects. Like master, like man.

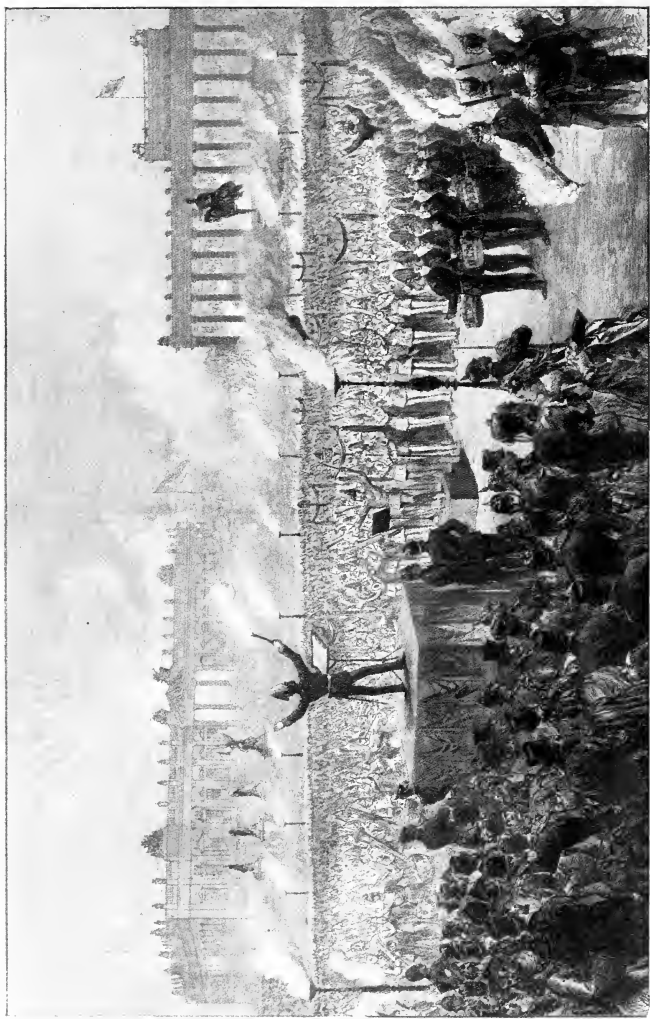
In another chapter I propose to say something of the German army as it was in the last seventies. Here I will only mention that among the entertainment provided for the Russian and Austrian monarchs there was a grand review on the sandy Tempelhoferfeld, followed by some military manœuvres in the vicinity of Spandau, in whose citadel the German war-chest, formed of the unexpended residue of the French indemnity, was then carefully stowed away. At the Tempelhof affair Alexander and Francis-Joseph led their respective German regiments in the march past the Emperor William, whom they duly saluted with their swords. Once again, in the Austrian Kaiser's case, the situation was full of irony, for the regiment that followed him had fought victoriously against his own troops in the defiles of the Erzgebirge. Meantime, Bismarck was on the ground, riding hither and thither, in cuirassier uniform; and at one moment of the proceedings he drew up beside a carriage full of ladies—near to the droschke occupied by my father and myself—and after exchanging compliments with his fair compatriots he inquired if they had such a thing as a sandwich to spare. Butterbröde and sausage were at once tendered to him; but when he inquired for Chambertin—the wine which agreed with him better than any other, said he—it had to be procured from another equipage.

Whilst the Chancellor was thus refreshing himself,

a poorly clad individual, who stood beside our droschke, smoking a bad cigar, turned to me and said: "He looks as if he does not deny himself the good things of this world." I nodded assent (to have spoken might have been imprudent) and the man who had addressed me, feeling highly satisfied with his remark, thereupon blew a big cloud of smoke from between his lips. Now it so happened that the Crown Princess (later Empress Frederick) was seated in her carriage only a few yards away, and although she did not object to tobacco *per se* (her husband's habits precluded it) she had sensitive nostrils, and could not endure the aroma of so foul a weed as that which the man I have mentioned was smoking. So she spoke to a lackey who conveyed a message to a policeman, and the latter at once seized the offender by the collar and hurried him away—perhaps to durance—whilst exclaiming: "How dare you smoke your bad cigars here!"

That evening a grand banquet was given in the famous Weisse Saal (White Hall) of the old Schloss of Berlin. We were privileged to view the table prior to the repast, and also the arrival of the guests. Blue and white satin predominated among the ladies, who included the Empress Augusta, the Crown Princess, and the Grand Duchess of Baden. The first named was then a good featured old lady of sixty-one who, in her youth, had been as noted for her beauty as for her wit. She belonged to the house of Weimar, and had sat at the feet of Herder and Goethe, and patronised many artists, scientists, and men of letters. But although she was averse to warfare and distrustful of Bismarck, she had few, if any, real liberal sympathies, the bent of her nature being decidedly aristocratic.

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At the close of the banquet in the Weisse Saal the Emperor William rose from his seat and exclaimed rather brusquely: "Animated by the most sincere feelings of gratitude, I drink to the health of my imperial guests." Haydn's hymn—the Austrian anthem—then sounded and Francis-Joseph stood up to return thanks. "From the bottom of my heart," said he, "I thank his Majesty for the words he has spoken. May God protect and preserve his Majesty the Emperor-King of Prussia, the Empress Augusta and the whole Royal House of Prussia!" When the Czar's turn arrived he contented himself with saying: "I drink to the welfare of the gallant Prussian army!" The point which struck me in those replies was that the word "German" was not once pronounced. But, of course, to all intents and purposes, Germany had already become Prussia, and the Germans Prussians.

The banquet was followed by a ballet performance at the opera house; but the great feature of the evening was the Zapfenstreich, a processional performance of twenty-two military bands (1100 men), who, after assembling on the Opern-platz, formed themselves into three columns headed by some hundreds of guardsmen carrying tall flaring flambeaux. A gun was fired as a signal, and the men at once got into motion amidst the loud strains of their instruments. But above that huge volume of sound those who, like my father and myself, were awaiting the procession on the terrace below the Schloss, suddenly heard the most piercing cries of distress. The police had allowed far too dense a crowd to assemble in the Schloss-freiheit and when the procession of bandmen came up there was no room for it to pass. But the brave mounted Berlineser police did not hesitate.

They deliberately charged that seething mass of unfortunate men and women, and soldiers came to help them by belabouring the helpless crowd with the butt-ends of their rifles. When eight people had been killed outright, a dozen mortally wounded, and some scores injured more or less severely, the representatives of law and order condescended to desist from their efforts.

I must acknowledge that however severe the Prussian Press *régime* might be at that period, the Berlin papers of the following day fearlessly censured the police, casting on them the entire blame for what had happened. One caricaturist represented Herr von Madai, the Police President, squeezing the people in a huge screw press, whilst another showed him riding brutally over his dead and dying victims. It was afterwards reported that the Kaiser had given Madai a good "blowing-up," and had told him never to do such a thing again. Apart, however, from spending a *mauvais quart d'heure* the President received no punishment.

This tragical affair cast a cloud over the imperial visit. But the Russian and Austrian guests were speedily whisked away to the military manœuvres, of which I shall speak hereafter, and when they returned to Berlin it was time for them to depart to their respective countries. Francis-Joseph was the first to go off with his minister Count Andrassy; * the Czar and Gortschakoff remaining a day longer in order to have "the last word" with the Emperor William and Bismarck. Then, the visit over, Berlin tried to settle down to its usual life.

My father and I remained there for some weeks

* I shall refer to both of them more particularly in the section of this volume dealing with Austria.

longer. We made a brief visit to the city again in 1873, and a much longer one in 1874. We were there again on two other occasions down to 1877; and the result of those visits, and of a number of investigations which we were able to make (having at one period a detective placed as guide at our disposal), was that my father produced, in 1879, a couple of volumes (long since out of print), entitled: "Berlin under the New Empire." Several chapters of the work were drafted by myself, and there was to have been a third volume, dealing more particularly with the dark sides of the city's life. Other calls on my father and myself prevented that project from being carried out. Nevertheless the two volumes which were published contained a great mass of information concerning Berlin and its inhabitants, their manners, customs, and peculiarities. I remember that when the work was issued a reviewer writing a signed article on it in an English weekly journal, remarked that somewhere in north Germany the author had discovered a race of savages. He then proceeded to castigate the work in his very best style, freely abusing the writer, and holding Berlin and the Berlinese up to admiration as a model city and model people. As for the work's alleged unfairness, I can only say that while re-perusing it here and there recently in order to refresh my memory, I have been struck by its impartiality and restraint. Virtually every censorious passage contained in it is quoted from a German writer—preferably a native of Berlin itself. That fact was overlooked by the reviewer referred to, who, by the way, bore one of the most German of names.

I have spoken of the old Emperor William and his personal appearance in 1872. I saw him many

times during my various stays in Berlin. He survived until 1888 in full possession of his mental faculties, but some physical decrepitude became apparent after the two attempts made on his life, in May and June, 1877, by the Anarchist tinsmith Hödel and the Anarchist Dr. Nobiling, both of whom fired at him while he was driving along Unter den Linden.* Hödel's shots left the Kaiser uninjured, but Nobiling's wounded him in the head, the face, the back, the arms and the hands, and at the first moment it was thought that he had been killed. It became necessary to remove him to his castle of Babelsberg, and the Crown Prince acted for him until his recovery, when he made a triumphal return to Berlin, whose inhabitants received him with enthusiasm.

In July, 1879, he and the Kaiserin Augusta celebrated their "golden wedding" with a great display of pomp, which included a state *defilicour*, or *levée*, in the great Weisse-saal at the Schloss. The Kaiser did not actually reside at that palace, which is the only old monument of any importance that Berlin can boast, some portions of it having been erected by Elector Frederick "Iron-teeth" in the fifteenth century. The Schloss was greatly enlarged by subsequent Hohenzollerns. Peter the Great came there as a guest, Wallenstein and Napoleon as conquerors, and ever since its foundation it has been closely associated with the history of Berlin. At the time of Kaiser William I it was used almost exclusively for state functions, festivals, receptions, weddings and christenings, the Emperor and Empress

* Full accounts of those attempts will be found in the author's book: "The Anarchists: Their Faith and their Record." (Lane, The Bodley Head, 1911.)

residing personally in a small unpretentious stuccoed palace in the Linden avenue. The Kaiser's rooms were on the ground, and the Kaiserin's on the first, floor, and I believe that these apartments have remained in the same state as they were when those sovereigns died. I visited the rooms in 1874. Some windows of the Emperor's study faced the Opernplatz, but there were two looking out on the Linden. Near the last was the Emperor's work-table partially covered with photographs and miniatures of his children and grandchildren. Busts, statuettes and medallions of various Prussian, Russian and Austrian monarchs were displayed round the walls, from one of which hung a large portrait of the Empress Augusta. There were very few books—I only saw a Bible, a psalter, a court almanack, a history of the different regiments of the Prussian army, a volume of army regulations, and a collection of Bismarck's speeches. However, on a couple of tables in the centre of the room there were newspapers, petitions, reports, telegrams, and maps. I also perceived a large map of France lying open on a sofa. The imperial bedchamber was furnished in the simplest manner, and, even as in the days of his youth, the old monarch slept (like Wellington) on a small camp-bedstead. It was in this room that he died on March 9, 1888, and here, according to tradition, the famous White Lady appeared to warn him of his approaching dissolution.

A good deal has been written at various times about this family ghost of the Hohenzollerns, and there have been numerous disputes as to her identity. This seems to have been established, however, by the latest investigations, according to which the lady was originally a certain Kunigunde, daughter of

Landgrave Ulrich of Leuchtenberg, and married in 1321 to Otho IV, Count of Orlamünde, who was connected with the ancient house of Meran, with which the Hohenzollerns became allied when they were merely Burggraves of Nuremberg. Previous identifications with other women of the Orlamünde family—such, for instance, as a certain Agnes and a certain Beatrice—have been discarded. Kunigunde, it is said, became a widow whilst she was still young, and forthwith set her cap at Albert the Handsome of Hohenzollern, who after some extensive travels, which included journeys to England and the Holy Land, succeeded one of his elder brothers in the Nuremberg Burggrafschaft. He replied to Kunigunde's overtures by saying that they were parted by "four eyes," and she, imagining that he referred to her two young children by her first marriage—whereas he alluded to his elder brothers, who were then still alive, and who took precedence of him in respect to the family claims on Nuremberg—she, I say, murdered her children, and then wrote to Albert to tell him that the obstacles of which he had spoken had been removed.

Horrified by what she had done, he explained her mistake to her, whereupon, overcome with remorse, she sought the forgiveness of Heaven by dedicating her remaining years to religious observances. After purchasing the castle and village of Grundlach, she founded there a convent which to this day is known by the name of Himmelkron, which she gave it. She remained there, leading a life of severe penance, until 1350 when she died; and it is related that before her death she sought, as a sign of the divine forgiveness, a promise that her spirit might be privileged to appear to all members

of the house of Hohenzollern in order to warn them of their impending death, so that they might have time to reconcile themselves with God before being summoned before Him.*

The first recorded apparition of the Weisse Frau (she was called the Weisse Klosterfrau in her lifetime) took place at Plassenburg in the fifteenth century. Later she appeared to a Hohenzollern who died at Baireuth, in which town, it is alleged, she also showed herself to Napoleon when he was on his way to conduct the fateful campaign which ended so disastrously in the retreat from Moscow. Numerous apparitions of the White Lady were chronicled at the old Schloss of Berlin from 1598 onward, these always occurring before the death of one or another member of the Hohenzollern family. Coming to our own times the Weisse Frau is said to have appeared to Frederick William III and Frederick William IV of Prussia. She showed herself occasionally at Cleves and at Ansbach when a Hohenzollern was lying ill there. She came to warn Prince Albert of Prussia in 1872, Prince Adalbert in the ensuing summer, the widow of Frederick William IV a little later, Princess Carl (grandmother of the Duchess of Connaught) in January, 1877, and Prince Waldemar in March, 1879. The Emperor William was somewhat disturbed by the numerous apparitions which were reported to him, and, as the more recent ones had taken place at the old Schloss, he ordered each of its seven hundred rooms to be carefully searched. But nothing suspicious was discovered. No trace of any imposition could be found. All remained mysterious, save that one or another sufferer, nigh

* Albert the Handsome married Sophia of Henneberg and survived till 1361.

unto death, affirmed that he or she had seen a woman of waxen countenance, clad in white robes embroidered with the letters H and O (Hohenzollern and Orlamünde), and raising with a warning gesture a slender black-gloved hand. At the Eremitage palace near Baireuth there is preserved an alleged portrait of the Countess Kunigunde, attired in some such style. As I previously indicated, she is said to have shown herself to the old Emperor William as he lay on his little camp-bedstead a few days before his death. However, I do not find it recorded that she appeared to his son, the Emperor Frederick.

It is just possible that the legend of the White Lady, embracing as it does the alleged permission granted to her by Heaven to warn the Hohenzollerns of impending death and thereby enable them to prepare for it, may have been one of the factors conducing to the marked religiosity displayed by so many members of the house. They have long regarded themselves as being under the special protection of Providence, and no sovereigns have ever been more emphatic in their claims to rule by divine right alone. It is true, of course, that they owe their elevation to the imperial dignity solely to the more or less willing votes of the other German rulers, who, in January, 1871, acclaimed William I as Emperor at a great gathering held in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles—which was then the German headquarters in France. There was no imperial coronation at that time, nor has there been one since. As Kings of Prussia, however (whatever history may say), the Hohenzollerns claim to derive their crown direct from God, as is shown by the formula which each new King repeats at the Coronation ceremony held in



THE WHITE LADY

After the reputed portrait at Bairreuth

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the church of the old castle-palace of Königsberg, where the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Order once resided. In presence of his officers of state and the members of the Prussian Landtag (which only dates from the revolutionary period of 1848) the new sovereign takes the crown from off the simply draped communion table and sets it himself upon his head, proclaiming the while that he does so to mark that the rulers of Prussia derive their crowns solely from the Divinity, this signifying sovereignty by the grace of God and the inviolable sacredness of the royal person. Napoleon, we know, also crowned himself, though the Pope was present, and further, he crowned his consort Josephine. It is possible that he may have heard of the Prussian custom.

The religiosity of the first Hohenzollern Kaiser was very marked during the war with France in 1870-71, when he was for ever sending pious telegrams of jubilation to the Empress Augusta. His display of religious sentiments has been greatly surpassed by the present Emperor, whose invocations of the Deity, both in peace and in war, have been innumerable. Of no ruler could it be said more truly that he has always had the name of God upon his lips, and seldom if ever the fear of Him before his eyes. I have suggested that the Weisse Frau legend may have helped to develop the religiosity of the Hohenzollerns, but it should also be remembered that they count a particularly favoured saint among the earlier members of their race. Few of the royal houses of Europe are without a family saint. There were several saints among the Anglo-Saxon predecessors of King George V, and the Hohenzollern who was beatified belonged to the same distant period. His story is worth recalling.

The first Hohenzollerns were, of course, Catholics, and one branch of the family is still Catholic to-day. Now, in the ninth century, about the time of Charlemagne and when western Germany had been Christianised,* a certain Berchtold of Hohenzollern married a daughter of the Lord of Sülchen, somewhere in Swabia, and had by her a son who was christened Meginrad, signifying "good counsel"—a name afterwards shortened into Meinrad. His parents sent him to Switzerland to be educated at the then famous Benedictine abbey of Reichenau, on the Untersee, a branch of the lake of Constance. While Meinrad pursued his studies some of the writings of Joannes Cassianus (the author of the "Monastic Institutes"), who had at one time led a hermit's life in Egypt and the Holy Land, inclined him to a similar existence, and he ultimately plunged into the Swiss wilds, dwelling for a time on the Etzel slopes, and afterwards in some sequestered forest-land below the Mythen peaks and the Glarnisch glaciers.

The young hermit differed greatly from other members of his race. A man of peace, not one of war, he practised the Gospel of Love, not that of Frightfulness, and so well did he justify his name of "good counsel" that people came from long distances to

* The Englishman Winfrid of Crediton (Devon) who, under the name of Boniface, became the apostle of Germany and Archbishop of Mayence, belonged to the seventh and eighth centuries. During the present war, on the occasion of St. Boniface's festival (June 5), the German Catholic prelates assembled at his shrine in the crypt of the cathedral of Fulda, to invoke (as they stated in a telegram to the Kaiser) his blessing on the German arms. If their prayers included the familiar "Gott strafe England," the saint from Devonshire may well have turned in his grave, besides deploring how greatly the common precepts of Christianity had been discarded by the descendants of those whom he strove to evangelise.

solicit his advice as well as his prayers. Before long he was venerated on all sides. Hildegard, a daughter of Louis the Germanic and Abbess of Zurich, took great interest in him and built, beside his cell, a little chapel for his use. His usual companions were two ravens (one account says crows) which had been taken as fledglings from their nest. But, according to the legends, Meinrad was frequently favoured with celestial visitations. A monk of Reichenau stoutly asserted that, on peeping into the hermitage one night, he had seen Meinrad kneeling before an angel who was accompanying him in his prayers. Meinrad himself related that the angel had appeared to save him from a host of demons by whom he had been assailed.

Some eighty-four years ago, when Fenimore Cooper visited Meinrad's abode, which had long since become the abbey of Einsiedeln, he was assured that the Redeemer also appeared to the hermit, held communion with him, and quenched his thirst at a spring beside the hermitage—a miracle-working spring which still exists. In Cooper's time, however, a silver vessel, alleged to have been used by the Saviour and to have borne the imprint of his fingers, had disappeared.

A heavenly warning—the later Hohenzollerns, as particular *protégés* of Providence, lay claim to something of the kind—is said to have been given to Meinrad to the effect that he was predestined to martyrdom. Two miscreants, a German and a Switzer of the Grisons, bethought them that as many precious gifts were tendered to this popular hermit he must assuredly be possessed of considerable wealth. They therefore plotted to kill and plunder him. But, unlike the hermit of Chambly, who in our own

time was murdered and despoiled by Ravachol, the famous Anarchist (whose real name was Königstein, and who was not a Frenchman but a Bavarian), Meinrad had no hoard whatever, for he invariably rejected valuable offerings. Nevertheless, he was murdered. His faithful ravens uttered piercing cries when, towards daybreak on the Feast of St. Agnes in the year 861, the aforementioned miscreants came stealthily through the snow towards the little hermitage. On seeing them Meinrad bade them enter, and offered them food. But they immediately felled him with their clubs, and then searched the place for valuables. They found none, and becoming alarmed when a candle near their victim's body was (according to the legend) miraculously lighted by a spark from heaven, they rushed away, pursued, however, by the two ravens who, croaking loudly, endeavoured to peck out their eyes. The murderers were seen by a carpenter, who discovered their crime, followed their track across the snow to Zurich, and there found them at an inn, in front of which the accusing ravens were fluttering wildly. By order of a certain Adalbert, then Lord of Zurich, they were seized, broken on the wheel, and committed to the flames.

Other beatified cenobites, Bennon of Metz and Eberhard of Strasbourg (it is curious to find Alsace-Lorraine associated with the legend of the Hohenzollern saint), succeeded Meinrad at his hermitage; and under the protection of Otho the Great, a Benedictine abbey known as that of "Our Lady of the Hermits" sprang up there. Its third abbot is said to have been a certain Prince Edmund, a son of our much-married King Edward the Elder, and a stepbrother of the Princess Editha, who became

Otho the Great's first wife. Edmund, having disappeared, was long sought by another sister named Angela, who eventually found him, as yet a mere monk, at the abbey of the Hermits. I have long thought that in that story lies the germ of Goldsmith's famous ballad of "The Hermit," otherwise "Edwin and Angelina." He was accused of having borrowed it from the "Friar of Orders Grey," a charge which he indignantly denied. It is known that he passed through Switzerland during his travels, and it is not at all unlikely that he heard the old monastic tale of Prince Edmund and Princess Angela. With literary license he changed their names, and made them lovers instead of brother and sister. The ballad ends with a suggestion of wedded bliss, but the conclusion of the Einsideln story is such as befits a Church legend. Having found her long-lost brother, the Princess, we are told, established a nunnery near the abbey where he dwelt.

This abbey became famous, and towards the close of the tenth century Meinrad's original little chapel with its statue of the Virgin and Child was incorporated in a large church which was to have been consecrated by the Constance and Augsburg Bishops. But these prelates on reaching Einsideln were, it is asserted, overcome by astonishment on seeing the Redeemer officiating in it, attended by St. Peter and other saints, whilst, facing the altar, the Blessed Virgin sat enthroned. The Bishops reported the miracle to Pope Leo VIII, who pronounced it to be authentic, a decision which was repeatedly confirmed by the Holy See down to the end of the eighteenth century. Among many later saints who prayed at the shrine of St. Meinrad (he was canonised by Benedict VIII in the eleventh century) were

Elizabeth of Hungary and Charles Borromeus. Philip III of Spain and other potentates enriched the abbey with precious gifts, and although the buildings were wrecked during the Revolutionary era, St. Meinrad's statue of the Virgin and Child was saved and may still be seen in the new church built in 1817. Below it the skull of the Hohenzollern saint is enshrined in a reliquary resting on an altar which was given by Charles Albert, the great-grandfather of the present King of Italy.

Before the Great World War St. Meinrad's shrine was visited at each recurring anniversary of his death (January 21), by pilgrims from all the Catholic parts of Switzerland and by many from Germany, the Tyrol and Piedmont. The miracles performed there, notably the cures effected by the spring at which Christ is said to have quenched his thirst, have been said to equal those of Lourdes. That the present German Kaiser remembers his family saint is certain, for he paid a private visit to Einsiedeln when he was in Switzerland a few years before the war. Officially, of course, he is a Lutheran, yet he can but have felt flattered at having among his collateral ancestry one whom the Catholic Church deemed worthy of canonisation. Meinrad's life of humility and good deeds can scarcely have appealed to him ; in his estimation it must have mattered little that the hermit of Einsiedeln gave good counsel, prayed for others, comforted the sorrowful and tended the sick. But one can well imagine the vain-glorious War Lord of Germany being struck by the marvels which legends had grafted on the simple story of Meinrad's career. Here was a man of his race of whom wondrous things were told, a Hohenzollern who had been a very familiar of the Deity.

That must have appealed to the imperial pride, and he, William II, must have found in it ample justification for the familiarity with which he himself had so often referred to the heavenly Power in his speeches, proclamations and telegrams. Those, however, who try to persuade themselves that they are not as other men, finally have their mistake brought home to them. Not in vain was it written that pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

III.

BISMARCK, ROON, MOLTKE, AND OTHERS.

The War Scare of 1874—An Introduction to Bismarck and what came of it—*The Times of Germany*—The famous Wilhelm-strasse—Bismarck's Residence—A surreptitious Survey of his Apartments—His Study and his Knick-knacks—The Table and the Clock of the Devil's Peace—The Chancellor in the Sulks and at the Reichstag—Moltke at the Reichstag and at the General Staff Offices—His Reputation as a Strategist—Roon, the Organiser of the Prussian Army—Papa Wrangel, the Army's Father—Treitschke, the Apostle of German Unity—Lasker and some early Socialists.

I FIRST saw Bismarck in Paris in 1867, the Great Exhibition year, when he accompanied his royal master on a visit to Napoleon III, and when he danced the last waltz of his life at a ball given at the Tuileries, his partner being Mme. Carette, the Empress Eugénie's reader. I next saw him at Versailles during the siege of Paris, as mentioned in the book which I called "My Days of Adventure." During my stays at Berlin I again saw him frequently, but I was never fortunate enough to "interview" him, an opportunity to do so in the late autumn of 1874 being lost owing to his sudden departure from the German capital. My father and I had been visiting the vineyards of the Moselle and the Rhine, in order to describe them and their produce in a series of articles commissioned by Frederick Greenwood for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We passed into the Palatinate, and eventually reached the wine-growing district of Deidesheim, provided by Deinhard & Co., the well-known shippers of Coblenz,

with an introduction to one of the principal vineyard proprietors, a certain Herr Jordan, who had previously been a partner in Deinhard's house and had become a member of the Reichstag. There was a steadily growing war scare at that moment, induced by MacMahon's reorganisation of the French army; and in many places people, with whom we became acquainted, inquired, on hearing that we had come from France, whether we thought that an early attack might be expected. Herr Jordan put the same question to us, and did so, I am convinced, in all good faith, arguing that the large increase in the French army boded ill for the continuance of peace. I knew something of the question, having had occasion to study it and write about it before leaving Paris, and I pointed out that in reality only a small increase of the French effective was intended, and that the apprehensions which seemed to be current in Germany were due to a misunderstanding, caused by the erroneous assertions of the German Press.

The newspapers of the new empire were at that time so completely under Bismarck's thumb that the assertions in question may have been made wilfully, with the deliberate intention of misleading German opinion. On the other hand, the papers were often so very badly informed that their inaccurate statements may have arisen merely from a misinterpretation of the announcement that in the future all the French infantry regiments were to be composed of three instead of two battalions, as had hitherto been the case. This was taken as meaning that a third battalion was to be added to each regiment, in such wise that the effective of the French infantry would be increased by one-third.

I replied that nothing of the kind was intended, and that there would only be a small increase in the effectives; as the chief purpose of the French War Office was to break up the existing battalions so that three might be formed out of two. I pointed out that the Franco-German war had left France with a scarcity of officers, in such wise that there had only been sufficient for two battalions per regiment. Time had changed the situation, however, and an ample supply of officers now being available, it would be possible to have smaller battalions and smaller companies, in which the men would be more under control, to the greater advantage of discipline and efficiency. The previous war, said I, had shown that the French soldier was sometimes inclined to kick over the traces, and as a mere matter of organisation, it was necessary that each regiment should be well and fully officered.

Herr Jordan was much interested in those explanations, and a few days later he announced that he had invited several notabilities, who were suffering more or less from war scare, to meet us. We were at the time his guests. He was, I think, the tallest man I have ever seen save in a giant's booth at a country fair; and he had, I remember, two equally tall daughters, comely, well proportioned girls, either of whom might have posed with credit for a statue of Germania. I recollect how very small I felt, with my paltry five-feet-seven, when I was first introduced to them. They had pleasant dispositions, however, and soon put me at my ease, though I still felt that I could not attempt even the slightest flirtation with anything so very fine and large. Now the compatriots whom Jordan had invited, arrived one evening to partake of what

was rather an early supper than a dinner, following which there was to be a kind of *conversazione*. There were perhaps fifteen or sixteen persons, landowners, functionaries, a judge, and three officers, one of whom was a saturnine-looking Bavarian general from Spires, and another a sturdy Badener colonel from Mannheim. I much regret that I cannot find their names among my notes. The great subject was broached at supper, but only afterwards did we really plunge into it. A few of those present knew English, and with them my father conversed. The others knew French, often quite as well as I did, and feeling that my German was too weak for a prolonged harangue, it was in French that I spoke to them. Premising that the opportunity was one not to be missed, I endeavoured to rise to the occasion, and I believe that I spoke fluently and without nervousness. After all, if one-and-twenty lacks confidence in self, what age can hope to acquire it? Besides, the wines served at supper had been excellent, and helped to increase my assurance.

All these people desired to know whether they might expect the French across the frontier in another month or two. I repeated to them all that I had previously told Herr Jordan. I said, quite frankly, that the idea of *la Revanche* undoubtedly prevailed in France, and that another war would probably, if not inevitably, come in course of time; but I told them that they need not expect it that year, or the next year, or the year afterwards. I described to them the internal condition of France, the antagonism prevailing there between Republicans and anti-Republicans, and thus passed in review all the circumstances which made an early French declaration of war not only unlikely but actually impossible.

Both the general and the colonel put numerous questions to me respecting the reorganisation of the French army, and I answered them as I had answered Jordan. They seemed as little aware of the truth as he had been. I dare say that a few persons went home that evening still harbouring misgivings as to the intentions of France, but I believe that I persuaded the majority, including the officers, that there was no occasion for any war scare.

I now return to Bismarck. We intended to go to Würzburg on quitting Deidesheim, and then make our way to Berlin. My father had already decided to write a book on the German capital, and this was mentioned to Herr Jordan. During our conversation he suggested that we ought to see the Chancellor, and offered us a letter of introduction, which, said he, would assuredly procure us an audience. As a member of the Reichstag he belonged to one of the principal parties then supporting the Prince, whom he also knew well personally. It appeared, too, that he occasionally supplied Bismarck with wine, for although the Chancellor's preference was for Burgundy (notably Chambertin, Napoleon's favourite wine), which he procured through a French wine merchant named Chéberry,* he did not disdain at times such German growths as Forster auslese and Deidesheimer Kirchenstück. We accepted Herr Jordan's offer, and one morning soon after our arrival at Berlin, having enclosed his introductory letter in another one which duly solicited an interview, we betook ourselves to the

* It was this Chéberry who tried to negotiate a meeting between Bismarck and Gambetta, and who, according to his own account, conveyed certain communications from one to the other. They never met, owing, I have always understood, to Gambetta's fear of making a *faux pas*.

Wilhelm-strasse in the hope of being able to deposit the missive with some secretary, and trusting that we might, in this way, secure for it more consideration than if it had been consigned, like many similar applications, to the care of the post office.

I may say that in those days we received many facilities from Prussian functionaries. I still have a bundle of permits, official returns, and other documents signed by Falk, Forckenbeck, Camp-hausen, Madai, Caprivi, Wartensleben and others. At that time the new Empire wanted to stand well with England, and Bismarck himself, however great his latent dislike of us, was—in a similar fashion to Napoleon III—rather partial to advertising himself in our country. He even financed (out of secret service funds)* a journal in the English language which was issued at Frankfort-on-the-Main and entitled *The Times of Germany*. It was established ostensibly for the purpose of cultivating good relations between Germany and Great Britain, and on the strength of that programme, my brother Edward Vizetelly, who, by the way, had fought with the Garibaldians against the Germans in 1870–71, became its first editor. He threw up his appointment in disgust, however, on discovering that the journal was to be one of the “reptile” description.

At the period of which I am writing, Bismarck resided at No. 76 in the Wilhelm-strasse, a thoroughfare which he made quite as famous as either Downing Street or the Quai d’Orsay. It had always been regarded, however, as one of the most prominent

* Presumably out of the £2,500,000 belonging to the ex-King of Hanover and other money of the Elector of Hesse’s estate. These funds had been sequestrated, and it was generally understood that Bismarck employed the income in subsidising or bribing newspapers both in Germany and abroad. He himself called the money the Reptilien-Fonds.

parts of Berlin, as its houses comprised several palaces and ministries. Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, Prince Radziwill, the Prince of Pless, and Prince Charles of Prussia—father of the “Red Prince” Frederick Charles—may be mentioned among past or present inhabitants of the Wilhelm-strasse. There also, in 1873, the millionaire Herr Pringsheim ventured to exhibit his wealth by erecting a wonderful palace with a polychrome façade. No. 70, moreover, was, and may still be, the British embassy, whilst the ministers of Justice and of the Household had their residences close by. In or about 1877 the Radziwill palace was purchased and fitted up for Bismarck’s accommodation and it was in its large circular saloon that the famous Berlin Congress for the settlement of the Eastern Question assembled in 1878. When Bismarck was in Berlin, he resided there until the present Kaiser dropped him as pilot. Previously, however, that is from 1862 onward, he had occupied No. 76, and there we sought him. The house was one of seedy aspect, contrasting unfavourably with those in its vicinity. Its stuccoed front, decorated with pilasters and a commonplace classic frieze, was rapidly crumbling into decay. Up above was a high-pitched tiled roof with projecting mansard windows.

At the time we went there (1874) the Berlin Directory stated its occupants to be as follows:—

Bade—coachman.

von Bismarck-Schönhausen, Prince, Chancellor of the Empire,

Engel—valet.

Grams—house-servant.

Lindstaedt—porter.

Niedergesäss—servant.

Spitzenberg—house-servant.

Zimmermann—gardener.

It will be observed that no mention was made of the Princess or the Chancellor's children. His sons were already in the army and may not have lived with him, but his only daughter was still unmarried.

He himself complained that his residence was inconveniently small. It was also very poorly furnished with old and mostly commonplace things taken over when the house itself was acquired by the Government. On entering a covered passage leading from the street we turned to the door-porter's quarters, but found nobody there. It had not surprised us to see no sentry outside, for there had never been one. But the Herr Lindstaedt mentioned in the directory, ought certainly to have been on duty. After waiting a few minutes, thinking that somebody might appear, we walked to the vestibule, opened a glass-door and found ourselves confronted by a flight of steps, guarded by a couple of stone sphinxes, which, like the cat playing with a mouse emblazoned on the armorial bearings of Bismarck's great-great-grandmother, Sophia Dorothea von Katte, seemed symbolical of the Chancellor's policy. We ascended the steps, still expecting to meet some one, but nobody was to be seen, and on opening a door we found ourselves in one of the reception-rooms. We went on through another room and yet another one, still without perceiving a living soul. The silence was profound, the stillness complete. Although, plainly enough, the Chancellor himself was absent, we had at least expected to find some attendant or secretary.

I remember that when we at last sat down in a room containing a billiard-table, covered up and laden with innumerable knick-knacks, presents of every kind, old curios and specimens of modern

German art in metal, wood, glass, and porcelain, I began to feel rather uncomfortable. We had made our way almost surreptitiously into the home of the man who was virtually the arbiter of Europe, and if somebody should suddenly appear and find us there we might have an unpleasant time of it. At the least we might be charged with burglary, if not with a plot to assassinate the Man of Blood and Iron. My father, however, retained his usual imperturbable demeanour, rose from the chair on which he had seated himself, examined the knick-knacks, the furniture, the hangings, and dictated to me sundry notes about the chief characteristics of one or another apartment. The scantily furnished dining-room was hung with old figured Chinese silk, on which women were shown sauntering along a river margin in the midst of birds arrayed in gorgeous plumage. To the billiard-room I have referred already, and need only add that among its bric-à-brac we noticed a bronze model of Rauch's statue of the great Frederick and a black marble inkstand surmounted by a dying lion. This, we afterwards ascertained, was a cheap present made to Bismarck by the Kaiser at a time when he, the Chancellor, was very ill. The recipient, who rather resented it, afterwards remarked: "His Majesty thought that I looked like the lion; but, thank God, I am well again, as he shall know, for he is not yet quits with regard to some other presents which he owes me."

We entered a little gallery where the furniture was upholstered in red damask and the walls hung with family portraits, and we penetrated also into the *sancta sanctorum*, the Chancellor's study, and inspected the large but plain mahogany writing-table and the carved revolving armchair beside it.

In front hung a portrait of a lady—the Princess, showing her in all the brunette beauty of her younger years. There was a great rack of meerschaum pipes, a collection of military caps, a small arsenal of swords and sabres, and several pairs of buckskin gloves lying upon the articles of furniture, which included a very large iron couch on which the Chancellor occasionally rested.

One of my wife's deceased kinsmen, Victor Tissot, mentions in a popular French work on Germany, which was the outcome of a stay he made there after the war of 1870–71, that Bismarck preserved in one of his rooms in the Wilhelm-strasse a table purporting to be the very one on which he and Thiers signed the preliminaries of peace * at Versailles in 1871. Tissot adds, however, that the French owner of the house where this took place, refused to let the Chancellor have the real table, and he mentions a story to the effect that Bismarck had another one made to serve as a substitute for the original, which last he left behind him. I cannot say what truth there may be in that assertion, but I well knew the owner of the house in question, and I never heard her say that the Chancellor had taken, or even wished to take, one of her tables on his departure from Versailles. Mme. de Jessé, as she was named (she was the widow of a French general officer), told me, however, the story of a certain bronze clock,

* These should not be confounded with the final Treaty of Frankfurt. They were ratified by 546 members of the National Assembly sitting at Bordeaux, but as they ceded Alsace-Lorraine to Germany, 107 members (including all the Alsatian and Lorraine representatives) voted against them. I forgot to mention this last fact when glancing at the question of the lost provinces in the first chapter of the present volume. I believe that M. Clemenceau and M. de Freycinet are now (1916) the only survivors of the 107 who rejected the terms of peace.

surmounted by a figure of Satan, in front of which the preliminaries of peace were signed. I have given that story in some detail elsewhere.* Suffice it to say here that Bismarck (who shared the German passion for clocks) coveted the timepiece I have mentioned and wished to purchase it. Mme. de Jessé, however, stubbornly refused to part with this memento of what she appropriately styled the "Devil's Peace"—in reference of course to the figure of Satan, in whose presence it had been signed. Had there been any question of a table I am confident that the vivacious old lady would have mentioned it. I believe, however, that the Chancellor accumulated a variety of things, obtained in all sorts of ways, in the room to which he chiefly confined himself during his stay at Versailles, so it is possible that the so-called "treaty table" now in Berlin was not Mme. de Jessé's property. Otherwise it may merely be, as Tissot suggested, a spurious historical curiosity.

When my father and I had examined all our surroundings we quitted Bismarck's rooms. Had we been his compatriots we might have slipped several little "souvenirs" into our pockets, for there was an abundance of pipes, miniatures, paperweights, ash-trays, and other portable articles within our reach. Not being, however, even New Yorkers smitten with the "souvenir" craze, we abstained from taking anything, and closing the doors behind us we made our way out. In the entrance passage we suddenly perceived the "Herr portier," approaching from the street. He wore neither livery nor badge of office, being simply dressed in ordinary civilian clothes, which were rather the worse for

* In an historical volume entitled: "Republican France, 1870—1912." London, Holden & Hardingham.)

wear. As he approached us I saw him wipe his mouth with the back of his hand. He had evidently just returned from some neighbouring *bier-lokale* or *wein-stube*. Naturally enough, we didn't mention that we had been upstairs, but merely inquired if we could be received by one of the Prince's secretaries. "*Ach, nein!*" was the reply. "There is nobody here. His serenity left suddenly for Varzin this morning." And speaking to himself rather than to us, he added in a guttural undertone: "*Er grollt.*"

That expression, meaning "he is sulking," was a current one in Berlin at that period, being often employed when, as the result of some difference with the Kaiser, the Chancellor hastily departed to his Pomeranian estate and shut himself up there until his imperial master tendered terms of peace. On these occasions the newspapers usually announced that he was suffering from overwork and had sought a little rest. Few, if any, people, however, were deceived by that assertion.

The possibility of obtaining an interview did not occur again, for the Prince remained at Varzin until the term of our stay at Berlin had expired. One of the best and longest views I ever had of him was on an occasion when I attended a sitting of the Reichstag in the temporary building assigned to it for a time on the site of the Royal Porcelain Factory in the Leipziger-strasse. Bismarck came in through a small door opening on to the kind of balcony occupied by members of the Bundesrath,* and after passing the ushers, who at once drew themselves up at attention, he sat down in his place, to which a couple

* I write that word as it was written then, but I believe that the terminal *h* of *rath* has nowadays been dropped. In the same way *thier* is now spelt *tier*. These alterations were made, presumably, for phonetic reasons.

of portfolios were speedily carried. He unlocked them with a little key attached to a chain under his uniform, took out a number of papers and continued examining, annotating or signing them while the debate, one of no great moment, was proceeding. In 1867 his complexion had inclined to pallor, but in 1872 he had become florid and also somewhat bloated. His ears projected and were very large. Only a few hairs strayed here and there over his massive cranium—indeed the Berlin caricaturists generally depicted him with but three hairs on the top of his head. There was, however, a fringe of grey hair at the back and near the ears. His brows had remained quite black and his eyes, I noticed, were bright and lively.

He intervened in the debate to which I have referred, but it was only for a few minutes. Rising abruptly to his feet, he began to speak—softly and pleasantly enough, yet rather awkwardly it seemed to me—shifting the while from one leg to another, occasionally tugging at his moustaches, and at other moments twisting a big lead pencil between his fingers. That was a kind of habit with him. He apparently needed occupation for his hands while he was speaking. At other times, I was told, he would twirl a quill pen, or take a sheet of paper, roll it up and brandish it like a field marshal's *bâton*. He showed no excitement on the occasion I am mentioning, but whenever he was provoked he warmed up, ceased to hum and haw, and launched into cutting sallies and open threats of the most unparliamentary description. A German writer compared him on one such occasion to a volcano belching blocks of stone.

At the Reichstag I also saw Moltke, who sat quite still, listening with the utmost attention to every

word which was said and never allowing even any slight play of his facial muscles to indicate what his opinion of it all might be. He remained as immovable and as enigmatical as a sphinx, and it was only when a brief pause occurred that he rose and stretched himself, afterwards settling down again for the renewal of the discussion. It was a question in Berlin, in those days of the so-called *Grosse Zeit*—the Great Period*—whether Bismarck or Moltke was Germany's greatest man. Moltke is sometimes described as a Dane, but though his father was a Danish general, the family, I believe, was of German stock, and the eminent strategist certainly had a German mother, and was born in Mecklenburg. It is true that he began life in the Danish army, which he quitted, however, as it offered him but little prospect of advancement. It will be remembered that his wife, to whom he was deeply attached, was an Englishwoman, Mary Burt, whose father had taken Moltke's sister as his second wife. Moltke was responsible for the strategy of the Danish and the Austrian wars, and it was in 1868 that he began to plan the invasion of France. He certainly had no reason to love the French. In his childhood his home at Lübeck was pillaged by some of Napoleon's soldiers, who in the following year burnt down his father's property at Augustenhof.

Born in 1800, he was a septuagenarian when I saw him at Berlin, where he might often be met, wearing an undress cap and a plain military frock, and hurrying, perhaps, along *Unter den Linden* as fast as his years permitted, in order to escape recognition

* The expression always reminds me of our similar one, the "Age of Queen Anne," and the French one, the "Age of Louis XIV." The Germans undoubtedly used it in much the same sense.

or salutes, whilst at other times you perceived him sauntering more composedly, with his hands behind his slim and somewhat bent figure, along some secluded path in the Thiergarten. His general appearance was ascetic and somewhat melancholy; but according to his few intimates he had a genuine sense of humour and could tell many a good story. That he was an excellent as well as a concise letter-writer is well known.

For years, even after his elevation to high rank, he resided in a modest-looking house in the Behrenstrasse, where he led a life of Spartan simplicity. Always frugal, he became in his last years inclined to miserliness. In 1871 he transferred his quarters to the new General Staff building, a somewhat imposing-looking structure outside the Brandenburg Gates of Berlin. We visited his apartments there. His sanctum was a lofty room with three windows, the walls being decorated with a frieze depicting the growth of the science of warfare from the time of the catapult to that of the mitrailleuse or machine gun, the latter appearing in a representation of an encounter between French and Germans in 1870. There was a table in front of each window, two covered with maps and plans, the one at which the Marshal usually sat being bare save for some writing materials, a few unopened reports, and a pair of spectacles which had been left there. One of the plans of which I have spoken, was that of the fortifications of Strasbourg, such as they had been in 1870, and we noticed that it was kept in position by some bronze paper-weights, which were really fragments of French and Austrian guns. There was a book-case containing some military works, and having a ledge on which was a box of Havana

cigars—virtually the only luxury which Moltke allowed himself. He could not smoke what he one day described as the “Hamburg abominations.” On being allowed to peep into a bedroom near the study we espied a camp bedstead, a leather kit-bag, and a tin cylinder, which, we were told, contained some maps—perhaps such as might have been needed should France have suddenly declared a war of *revanche*, which might have necessitated the Marshal’s immediate departure for the front. He had an estate in Silesia, where he took great interest in farming and led an extremely active life as long as his health allowed. In Berlin, even in the quietest times of peace, he would often work in his study for nine hours a day with just a brief interval for a light two o’clock dinner.

In the war of 1870–71 Moltke was virtually responsible for all the strategy down to the investment of Paris. He had never imagined that the French capital would offer any serious resistance, but had made up his mind that its investment would virtually imply immediate peace. He was not prepared for what ensued, and thus he afterwards made numerous mistakes, which were remedied largely by the old Kaiser. In my book “Republican France,” * I pointed out that fact on the authority of many German military writers. In my Berlin days, however, Moltke was regarded as an impeccable master of strategical science, and it would then have startled his admirers had publicists hinted that “the mistakes of 1870–71 must not be repeated.” Yet expressions of that kind were used by more than one German writer at the advent of the Great War in 1914.

It should be remembered that Moltke did not

* See *ante*, p. 58.

organise the armies which proved victorious in Denmark, in Austria, and in France. That was the work of Albert Theodore von Roon, who, if Moltke was somewhat a Dane, was somewhat a Dutchman, being the last representative of an old Netherlands family settled for a few generations in Germany. Born in 1803, he was as a child slightly injured by a French projectile. His first commission was given him in 1821, and some eleven years later he served with the Prussian army of observation which was despatched to Crefeld to watch the progress of revolution by which the Belgians threw off the Dutch rule. Roon was struck at the time by the great lack of discipline which he observed among the Prussian forces. The men did not obey their officers. On one occasion (as Roon himself recorded in a letter), a landwehr commander could only get his men along by ordering the inhabitants to place barrels of beer ready for them at certain points on the road. There were frequent excesses, and, briefly, insubordination was the rule.

Roon afterwards became the military instructor of the Red Prince Frederick Charles, and accompanied him on his travels, but it was only in 1858 that he at last took up what may be called his life-work. Whilst he was on leave at Potsdam he waited on the Prince Regent of Prussia, as the first Kaiser then was, his elder brother, the so-called "King Clicquot," who sometimes washed his face with his soup, having become hopelessly mad. On seeing Roon the Prince Regent, who was on the point of returning to Berlin, asked him to accompany him, and they set out on what proved to be a very memorable ride, for from it sprang all the Prussian victories of after-years. Even Moltke's strategy would have been of

no avail had the material—the men—needed to ensure its success, not been at hand. Briefly, during this ride, Roon expounded his views on army reorganisation to Prince William, who instructed him to discuss them with the army committee. His scheme was to create a standing army by universal military duty with a three years' term of service, and to retain the landwehr as a defensive force only, unless circumstances should require its employment to strengthen the army in the field. The plan was adopted, and in 1859 Roon was appointed Minister of War.

He had to face a host of difficulties. However pliant the Prussians in general may now prove to be in submitting to the behests of their rulers, such was not the case when Roon began his work. The nation did not see the necessity of it, and thus the new War Minister was confronted by strenuous opposition in both branches of the Prussian legislature. He was even subjected to no little personal insult; but he kept on his course and ended by enforcing his views, although for some years the lower house of the Landtag steadily refused to grant him subsidies, in such wise that the reorganisation of the army was really carried out in an unconstitutional manner, that is in defiance of the votes of the deputies. Although the Prussian Crown, however, grudgingly granted a Constitution after the revolutionary troubles of 1848, it has never hesitated to brush it aside on any serious opposition being offered to its more important projects.

The Schleswig-Holstein War of 1864 already showed that the organisation of the Prussian forces was much superior to that of the Austrian army, and this was demonstrated yet more conclusively

when two years later war with Austria supervened. Roon then, for the first time, secured popular recognition. After the Franco-German campaign he was created both a Count and a Field Marshal, although, like Moltke, he had never actually commanded an army. In 1873, when Bismarck decided to limit his own activities to the Chancellorship, Roon was appointed Prussian Premier, but it was little more than a nominal post as he greatly disliked it, and was also in failing health, suffering from chronic asthma in such a way that this tall, broad shouldered, determined, and vigorous looking man was often quite unable to discharge any parliamentary duties. Yet in a way he was well fitted for them, for of all the chief men around William I during the *Grosse Zeit*, he, Roon, in his days of good health, was by far the most eloquent speaker. By the way, it was he who employed the phrase "Might goes before Right," which has so often been ascribed to Bismarck, the occasion being a Reichstag debate. Roon lived on until February, 1879, when he died at Berlin.

One of the most curious figures of the Prussian army in those days was its "father"—the so-called "Papa" Wrangel, who when I first saw him tottering in a cuirassier-colonel's white uniform with blue facings towards the Kaiser's palace, followed by an escort of admiring urchins, was already eighty-eight years old and lived to be more than three and ninety. He looked little more than a skeleton, and his eyes seemed dim, but that conveyed a false impression. Deaf, stone deaf, he certainly was, but he could see well enough, for whenever a pretty girl happened to pass him he at once became aware of it, and gallantly kissed his hand to her. When his dotage had grown more pronounced he would sometimes ride out of

his house on the Pariser-platz in his field marshal's full-dress uniform, and scatter pfennige among his urchin admirers. That, said the Berlinese, was a sure sign that "Papa's" second childhood had set in, for his absolute miserliness had been proverbial during many years. Curious stories were related in that connection. Although Wrangel's sordid economy had made him very rich, he refused on one occasion, so it was said, to advance his only son the money necessary to discharge a debt of honour. Thereupon the son, in despair, blew out his brains. It was also asserted that when Wrangel in his dotage distributed pfennige among the street urchins of Berlin, he imagined that he was supplying them not with money but with bullets to return the fire of an imaginary enemy. That is rather suggestive of the more recent "silver bullets" of Mr. Lloyd George; but Heaven forbid that the reader should draw a wrong inference from any such passing remark of mine.

I used to look at Wrangel with curiosity and interest. In my childhood I had seen a few English soldiers who had fought at Waterloo; later, in my Parisian days, I had seen the relics of the Grande Armée doing homage before the Napoleonic column on the Place Vendôme; and now here was one of Blücher's hard-riders, a man who as a lieutenant of cuirassiers had first fleshed his sword in an encounter with some of Ney's cavalry in 1806, and who had become a colonel in the year of Waterloo.* Field Marshal General Count Frederick von Wrangel, to

* Of course the old Kaiser was also a link with the Napoleonic period. He had his "baptism of fire" at Mannheim when the Allies crossed the Rhine in pursuit of the French, and secured his Iron Cross at the Battle of Bar-sur-Aube.

give him his full style and title, was born at Stettin in 1784, that is five years before the first decisive events of the French Revolution. I do not know whether he was absolutely of German origin, but the name of Wrangel figures not unfrequently in Swedish history, and Stettin certainly belonged to the Swedes from the middle of the seventeenth to the earlier years of the eighteenth century. Like Moltke and Roon, therefore, Wrangel may have been a descendant of foreigners. He entered the army (first serving with some dragoons) when he was only twelve years and six months old, and as he remained on the "list" down to the hour of his death, his record was one which the services of other countries would find it hard to beat. He was already eighty when he was appointed to the command of the Austro-Prussian forces in the Schleswig-Holstein war of '64, but the winter campaign proved too severe for him, and he had to relinquish his post to the Red Prince. In '73 he had a stroke of paralysis, and few people expected his recovery, but he rallied in a remarkable fashion, and lived on, full of years and honours, but with declining faculties, until November, 1877.

A name which may well be linked with those of Bismarck, Moltke and Roon is that of Treitschke, respecting whom several books have been published in Great Britain of recent times, though for many years he remained unknown to the general British public. In his case, as in others, one finds a man of foreign extraction among the foremost artisans of Prussian ascendancy. Like Nietzsche, Treitschke was on his father's side a Slav—to be precise, a Czech, one of his forebears having quitted Bohemia to settle in Saxony, on account of his religious belief, soon after the famous battle of the White Mountain when

the Bohemian Protestants suffered an overwhelming defeat. Treitschke's father married a Saxon lady, and became a Saxon general, absolutely devoted to Saxon interests. Thus it was a blow to him when he found his son becoming the apostle of Prussian predominance in Germany. It is true that for some years the son remained quite opposed to Bismarck's home policy ; nevertheless, throughout his long advocacy of German unity, he invariably laid it down that this had to be effected under the aegis of Prussia. He was one of the most active partisans of the Franco-German War, and one of the most zealous in demanding the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine.

During my Berlin days, after professing politics and history at various German universities, he at last took a chair at that of the Prussian capital. He also sat (for a Baden constituency) in the Reichstag, and it was there that I saw him. He was pointed out to me by a friend as one of the curiosities of the assembly, for he was as stone deaf as was Papa Wrangel, and whereas the latter's loss of hearing had simply come with advancing years, Treitschke's had begun in his childhood (after an attack of measles) developed during his youth and early manhood, and become total by the time he was three and thirty years old. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with black hair and eyes (the latter quick and flashing), a fine brow, a sharply cut nose, and a firm mouth overshadowed by a full black moustache. One of his biographers, I notice, describes his appearance as being distinctly Slavonic. To me, in 1872-4, he suggested the Italian type. In the Reichstag he might be seen sitting in an indolent, careless manner until, from time to time, one of the official shorthand reporters, near whom he generally

took his place, handed him a sheet of paper which he scanned very rapidly. This inspection of the shorthand notes acquainted him with the progress of the debate, and if anything of particular interest had been said during the last few minutes his listlessness departed, and his eyes began to glow. Occasionally I noticed him trying to detect a speaker's words by watching the movement of his lips; but this exertion seemed to fatigue him, and he relied mostly on the shorthand script. As is the case with many deaf people his voice was very loud, quite sonorous, and would have been audible in the largest hall; but as his words no longer found a sympathetic echo in his own ear his intonation tried one's patience by its unvarying monotony.

As I have reverted to the Reichstag, I will here add a few remarks about some of its other members. The National Liberals were then the most numerous party, whose most conspicuous member was Edward Lasker, the son of a Jewish tradesman of the province of Posen. He was of faulty build, short and thin, with a big head covered with a huge crop of black frizzly hair. My father remarked of him that he suggested Fagin. His ill-looks did not shield him from the shafts of Cupid. He sighed at the feet of a large number of beauties of his own religious persuasion and others, but invariably with the same tragic ill-success. That was scarcely remarkable, but he foolishly made his unrequited amours conspicuous by publishing a book containing quite a catalogue of them, and entitling it "Confessions of a Manly Soul!" The Reichstag then counted fifteen deputies from Alsace-Lorraine, three of them, Bishop Raess, and Abbés Simonis and Winter, being the most openly declared sympathisers with France. The

Polish members and a Schleswig Dane named Krüger were seldom to be seen at the sittings. At one moment, in fact, they issued a declaration saying that they had nothing in common with such an assembly. There was an idea of punishing them for their abstention, but the majority decided to treat it with contempt.

The Socialists were perhaps the most interesting of the parliamentary "groups." There were just a few (allied with the Progressist party) in the lower house of the Prussian Landtag, but in 1874 Berlin had not yet returned a single Socialist candidate. Its less aristocratic quarters placed confidence in ordinary democrats, among whom Eugen Richter was already prominent. At that time there were only nine Socialists even in the Reichstag, and though the election of 1877 increased the number to twelve, that of '78 (following a dissolution) reduced it to nine again, for a considerable increase in the number of Socialist votes on that occasion was met by quite a rally of electors opposed to Socialism, due in part to the attempts made on the old Kaiser's life by the anarchical Hoedel and Dr. Nobiling. In later years, as we all know, the Socialist vote increased by leaps and bounds in various parts of the Empire; and we are also aware that, as a body, the Socialists, in spite of all their professions of humanitarian and pacific principles, and their constantly increasing numbers, did not make the slightest protest when war broke out in 1914. Only one of their leaders, the son of the original Liebknecht, ventured to raise his voice against the Kaiser's policy, and he was speedily shouted down by his associates. In the seventies the elder Liebknecht was already a member of the Reichstag, and edited

first the Leipzig *Volkstaat*, and afterwards the *Vorwärts*. He was a native of Hesse-Darmstadt, a university man, and when not in prison, a most zealous and persistent agitator.

The foremost German Socialist at the time of which I am writing was, however, the puny-looking little Bebel. A turner by trade, he worked as a journeyman in a Berlin shop during the Reichstag's sessions, and at other times he was to be found at a shop of his own in the Peter-strasse at Leipzig. At the Reichstag sittings he always spoke effectively, and at times with great boldness, braving the anger of the majority with the most perfect composure, and only subsiding when he was censured by the President. He would then effect a dignified exit, and from the deference with which one of the attendants (perhaps a fellow Socialist) helped him on with his overcoat, one might have supposed him to be some great noble of the Empire. A couple of firebrands, Hasenclever and Hasselmann (surnamed the German Marat), sat with Bebel and Liebknecht in the federal parliament. The party also included Reimer, a journeyman cigarette-maker, Valteich, a shoemaker, and Johann Most, a bookbinder. The last named came to England after the attempt on the Kaiser's life in 1878, and incurred a sentence of sixteen months imprisonment for approving, in an Anarchist journal which he established in London, the assassination of Alexander II of Russia. He subsequently went to the United States, became a thorough-going Anarchist, and was punished with a year's imprisonment for urging, in his writings, the assassination of the heads of States. That occurred about the time of the murder of President MacKinley.

A final impression of the first Reichstag lingers

in my mind. If the National Assembly of Versailles was the baldest assembly I ever saw, the German Parliament of 1872 was the most hairy. The bald men included Bismarck, Windthorst, and a few others. Nearly all the rest, let me say 350 members, displayed huge mops of ill-combed hair, black, brown, red, grey and white. The beards were equally numerous, very full, and of corresponding hues. They were, however, better tended, pocket-mirrors and pocket-combs being constantly in use during even the most absorbing debates. Picture such a practice in the House of Commons!

IV.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY AS IT WAS.

Strength of the Forces—Benefits of Universal Service—The Officers and their Training—The Cadetten-Haus—The “Vons” and the “non-Vons”—A Private’s Rations—The Infantry—Troopers and Horses—The Cavalryman’s Breviary—Some Artillery of the Time—Autumn Manœuvres—Some Work of the Great General Staff.

ACCORDING to official statements, in the early seventies of the last century, the German army, when on a war footing, was expected to number 1,325,000 men of all arms and ranks, with 2740 guns. The peace footing was stated at about 400,000 men, and it was calculated that the others could be mobilised in eight days. When war broke out in 1914 the peace footing was about double that of 1874, and mobilisation was expected to bring the effectives up to nearly five millions of men. Such was the difference brought about by forty years of strenuous military preparation, assisted by the great increase in Germany’s population. In ’74 there were only 18 army corps, of which Prussia contributed 12; in 1914 there were (on a peace footing) 25: 19 being supplied by Prussia, 3 by Bavaria, 2 by Saxony, and one by Würtemberg. Frederick the Great, be it noted, never had more than 172,000 men under his standard, and in the Napoleonic period, at the time of Leipzig, Prussia’s total resources were under 240,000. The figures for 1874 already showed a vast increase over those of the early years of the nineteenth century; and, in discussing militarism

generally with various German officers to whom I was introduced, they invariably insisted that, quite apart from the increase of strength which had been given to the country by compulsory service, the latter benefited the nation in all sorts of ways. I do not wish to convey that I endorse all the arguments and assertions which I heard, but it is as well to glance at some of them. I was told, for instance, that by universal service young men were taken out of the way of temptation at critical moments in their lives; that, to the great advantage of their health and strength, they were compelled to work hard, and live frugally and soberly; that their lungs and muscles were developed by constant exercise; and that at the end of their term of service they returned home improved in every way. They then, for the most part, married, and as a rule begat large families. I was assured that the levies of the seventies were physically much finer men than those who fought at Jena, Leipzig, or Waterloo. The infantry of the Prussian Guard Corps averaged 5 feet 9½ inches in height, many men, however, having a stature of over six feet. The average weight of the men was 11 stone 8 lbs., but 12 stone was easily reached in the Brandenburg, Pomeranian, and Westphalian regiments. Even among the men coming from the poor and barren districts of East Prussia and Prussian Poland, where meat was seldom eaten, it had become rare to find a recruit standing under 5 feet 6 inches.

Frederick the Great was more particular respecting the non-commissioned than the commissioned officers of his army, and indeed he generally nominated cadets of noble families to fill up the vacancies among his "non-coms." But after his

days caste prejudice became much greater, and it was necessary to find "non-coms" among men of so-called "lower birth." In my time at Berlin there were six schools for the express training of non-commissioned officers. Those men who passed the final examinations with credit were at once appointed to "non-com." rank, whilst the others joined the service as privates with prospects of more or less early promotion. A man who had served twelve years and had held the rank of *unter-offizier* for three-quarters of that term was assured of Government employment afterwards, but many preferred to enter private employment, some, for instance, becoming bank-messengers and foreman-carriers, and others securing from railway companies situations as station-masters and ticket-clerks.

The commissioned officers of the Prussian army were derived from two sources, first the Cadettenhaus, and secondly the so-called "advantageur" class. The Berlin Cadettenhaus, or Cadet School, supplied about two-thirds of the number of officers required. There were six similar establishments located at Potsdam, Culm, Wahlstatt, Bensberg, Ploen, and Oranienstein, the whole of the students constituting the Royal Cadet Corps. In addition to the ordinary paying cadets there were others called King's cadets, who were taken at reduced fees, being usually the sons of people with some kind of claim upon the Government. Foreigners were not debarred from being trained at a cadet school, but they could only obtain admission with the royal sanction. The Berlin Cadettenhaus was in my time an eighteenth century building in the Neue Friedrichs-strasse in Berlin. It had become, however, much too small for its purpose, and a new school

was being erected—at Lichterfelde in the suburbs of Berlin—for the accommodation of cadets from all parts of the Empire excepting Bavaria. I do not know what the young men who were at Sandhurst or Woolwich at that period would have said of the regimen prevailing in the Berlin Cadetten-haus when I visited it with my father. From eight to ten cadets occupied each bedroom. Three meals per day were provided. Breakfast consisted purely and simply of soup and bread. This was followed by a trifling lunch of bread and butter only. Next came dinner, consisting of soup, meat and vegetables, with pastry on Sundays; and finally, just before bed time, there was a light supper. The canteen only sold coffee, fruit and confectionery. No wine or beer was ever allowed in the establishment. The only beverage supplied by the State was water. In summer the hour of rising was 5.30, in winter 6 a.m. Prayers in the chapel followed the roll-call after breakfast, then lessons continued until nearly dinner-time, with a brief interval for the little lunch to which I have referred. Shortly before dinner there was parade, when the daily orders were read out. In the afternoon there was fencing, gymnastics, and marching exercise, excepting on Wednesdays and Saturdays which, although nominally half-holidays, were usually given up to battalion drill. Leave was often given on Sundays, or parties of cadets were then taken by one or another officer to visit places of interest. Occasionally large parties were treated to a play or an opera, also under the supervision of officers.

The number of cadets lodged in the Friedrichsstrasse was about 700; but when the establishment was transferred to Lichterfelde there was

accommodation for many more. Other schools located in seven or eight towns of the empire were chiefly used for training the young men of the "advantageur" class to which I previously referred.* A candidate for this class had to serve for six months as a private and then pass an examination to enable him to enter a training school. After ten months' instruction and a second examination to test his fitness for a commission, he returned to his regiment to await a vacancy, but before he was recommended for promotion he had to pass through a further ordeal—the officers of the regiment meeting to decide whether he was worthy of admission among them. Thus class spirit asserted itself even as it does to-day, exercising a marked influence on the character of the German officer.

Before finishing with this section of my subject I should add that would-be artillery and engineer officers had a special school in Unter den Linden, and obtained practical training in the field near Berlin and Spandau. Above all these training-schools there were the various local war-schools, at the head of which was the Berlin War Academy. This was not a staff institution although in order to obtain a staff appointment it was usually necessary to pass through it. Its declared object was to raise the scientific spirit of the army by giving extra instruction to really talented officers of all arms in order to fit them for higher rank and positions of increased responsibility.†

* See p. 76, *ante*.

† Among other army schools should be mentioned the Gunnery School, the Central Gymnastic School, the important and of more recent years much developed School of Pyrotechny (laboratory work, study of high explosives, poisonous gases, etc.), and various medical and veterinary institutions.

At the time of which I am writing only about half the German officers were entitled to write "von" before their names, but although commoners were plentiful among the subalterns, there were few of them among the colonels, and above that rank the "von" was universal. Nevertheless this did not mean that every general was of noble stock. A good many had been ennobled on promotion to the rank they held, this being a constant practice in the Prussian service. To take a recent instance, Alexander von Kluck, who figured prominently in the campaign of 1914, was born a commoner and was only granted the "von" after he had been made a general. As many commoner officers failed to secure field rank, it was generally their practice to retire after a certain number of years, and to secure some civil service appointment, this being a recognised thing, and accounting for the military bent to be observed in so many German officials. When an officer found himself passed over two or three times with respect to promotion, he usually took it as a hint to retire without waiting to be gazetted out of the service. Promotion, it should be added, went by seniority, tempered less by selection than by rejection, based on a man's physical or mental shortcomings. The authorities held that it was better to hurt one particular individual's feelings by sternly weeding him out, than to risk in wartime the loss of possibly a large number of men owing to that individual's lack of competency in any manifest respect.

I remember visiting a few of the Berlin barracks, notably one occupied by a fusilier regiment. The diet allotted to the men would not have appealed to our boys. Breakfast consisted of some bread and a canful of coffee or gruel. Lunch (during an interval

between drill) was limited to dry bread, excepting when the men had the money to buy a few slices of sausage. At dinner meat (never more than half a pound) was served with pea, bean, or lentil porridge. Occasionally there were potatoes.* Supper consisted of a slice of bread with a little ham or sausage, and one glass of beer. By the way, if I remember rightly, schnapps was served with the dry bread luncheon. I am not certain, however, whether this was at the expense of the men or of the Government. The above-mentioned rations and the pay given to privates— $4\frac{1}{8}d.$ per diem—out of which each man had to provide quite a number of things, may be contrasted with the allowances current in the British army. With respect to the various army funds established for a number of purposes, such as for medical attendance and medicine for the wives and offspring of soldiers, also for swimming-baths, and for the ornamentation of soldiers' graves, each was administered with the idea of securing the very best value for the outlay, and the accounts were looked after very strictly. Items were always disallowed if they trenched in any way upon the regulations. After the Franco-German War it was related that a sum of one thaler ten groschen had been charged to the general war fund for a pound of snuff forwarded to Moltke. A board of inquiry thereupon wrote to the great strategist informing him that the State could not sanction this expense,

* It should be remembered that in peace time a very large part of the German potato crop (and of other root crops also) was not consumed as food but employed for the distillation of spirit. Bismarck largely increased his fortune by the extensive manner in which he distilled potatoes, etc., on his country estates, and on one occasion he was publicly charged with exporting the crude spirit to Africa for the consumption of the natives.

and that he must pay the amount out of his own pocket.

One thing about the Prussian infantryman of that time which particularly struck me, was his excellent footgear. Immediately a man joined the army he was examined and tested in order to ascertain whether his feet would bear the strain of long and rapid marching. Then he was supplied with boots, and every care was taken that they should fit him properly. It was the great superiority of German over French marching in 1870, that compelled MacMahon to give battle so disastrously at Sedan. Of their cavalry I found the Prussians particularly proud, and in that branch of the service the old names of Ziethen, Seydlitz, and Blücher still remained household words. I remember an officer asserting that Murat and Lassalle had merely plagiarised the cavalry leaders who served Frederick the Great. In 1866, however, the Prussian horse did not shine, though it certainly established a reputation four years later—particularly with respect to the venturesome Uhlans, who served as the eyes, ears, and feelers of the armies invading France. Two kinds of saddles were in use in the cavalry, one of a very simple Hungarian pattern for light horse, such as the Uhlans and the Hussars, and the other much more elaborate and of a German model for cuirassiers. The horses, procured from Government breeding-studs and by purchase, were sound well-tended animals of considerable endurance. At the Government stud-farms the mares were often served by carefully selected English stallions. The authorities had a right to claim the foals of private people whenever these foals had been sired at an official stud. They were generally bought (at about

150 thalers apiece) when they were between three and four years old. Not until they had completed their sixth year did they take their places in a regiment. There were fixed standards in regard to height and condition, and directly a horse became at all unsound it was condemned and sold. Nevertheless, I seldom saw a German cavalry horse that really came up to our old English standard.

The Prussian trooper's breviary was then a textbook written by General von Mirus, in which it was laid down that a soldier should always imagine during his peace studies that he had an enemy before him. In war time no man was ever to surrender as a prisoner unless he were disabled by a wound or had lost his horse. If the latter were killed it was the trooper's duty to try to save the saddlery, or else to catch a riderless horse and appropriate it. In cases of single combat between cavalymen, wrote Mirus, a lancer should strike his adversary's horse on the head so as to make it shy. As for a swordsman-trooper, his best course was to make a thrust at his antagonist's stomach, or else to deliver a cut over the back of his head, or on his bridle-hand. The General supplemented his practical advice with some curious instructions on all sorts of matters. He wrote for instance: "If a superior should offer a glass of wine, beer, etc., to a trooper, or should cause the same to be offered him, the trooper must accept it without saying a word, and empty it at a draught(!). He must then hand the glass to a servant, or deposit it on a window-ledge, or on a side-table—*never on the table at which his superior is seated.*"

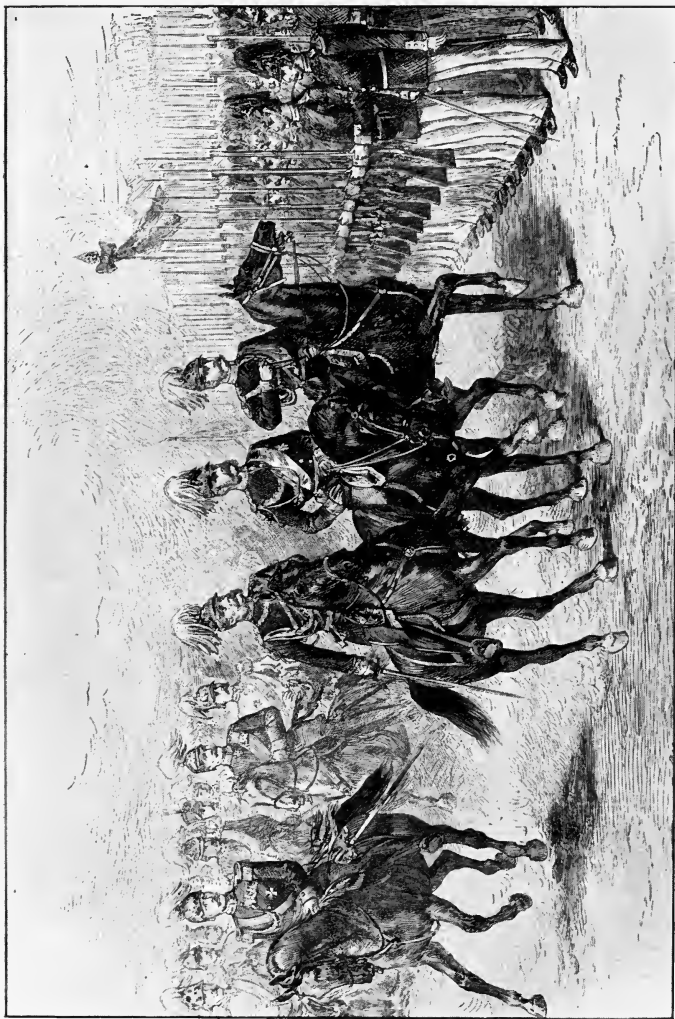
The Prussian artillery of those days was not equal to that of the present time, but it was undoubtedly much superior to the French—that

superiority, added to preponderance of numbers, having been a decisive factor at Sedan. Four- and six-pounder steel guns from Krupp's were chiefly used at that battle, but after the war a field gun throwing an eleven-pound shell, and yet another discharging a seventeen-pound shell (shrapnel) were introduced into the service. The army was not entirely dependent on Krupp's for its artillery, the Government having a cannon foundry at Spandau. The Engineer Corps was very competent. On one occasion I recollect seeing quite a number of shelter trenches dug in little more than ten minutes. This, it is true, was in the loose sandy soil of the Berlin region. Nevertheless it was good work. I was also struck by the efficiency of the Railway Corps, which laid down a line from Berlin to Zossen, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in a remarkably short time. This line served as an admirable school of practice for the "railway-men" of all categories, so that, whenever occasion might require, a line might be speedily laid down or repaired and worked in enemy country.

The idea of autumn manœuvres originated with the Prussians, for the name of manœuvres could not be given to the yearly assemblage of French troops on the plain of Châlons which was initiated by Napoleon III. The visit of the Russian and Austrian Emperors to Berlin in 1872 was marked by some manœuvres which I witnessed. Those which took place near Spandau were of a more or less mock character, for there was only an imaginary enemy, who was supposed to be besieging the fortress, whilst the Prussian Guard Corps advanced from the line of the Oder in order to relieve it. The enemy was then supposed to fall back beyond the confluence

of the Spree and the Havel, and to take up position on the heights of Staaken and Amalienhof, whereupon the Guard Corps' appointed duty was to attack his right wing so as to prevent him from withdrawing his siege train and artillery. This implied the favourite outflanking movement of the Prussians. It was on this occasion that I saw trenches dug so rapidly. All the "Imperialities," including the Empress Augusta, were present to witness the show, which, shortly before one p.m., when the Guards had taken Amalienhof, ended in a theatrical charge of 4000 troopers, followed by infantry whom the old Kaiser led onward, waving his sword the while.

The manœuvres on the morrow in the neighbourhood of Doeberitz, Beestow, Dallgow, and Nauen were intended to be taken more seriously. Two forces, a Western one under General von Pape, and an Eastern one under von Budritzki, were in presence, and the former, having advanced towards Spandau and halted to give battle, was to be thrown back. Pape's infantry equalled Budritzki's in strength, and included four Guard regiments, a fusilier regiment, and a jäger battalion. His artillery, however, was inferior to his opponent's, and he disposed of only one cavalry brigade, whereas Budritzki had a couple, in addition to four grenadier regiments and a large share of the Guard artillery. The system—employed still to-day—of beginning an action with an overwhelming cannonade, and following this up with a violent infantry attack, was employed very efficiently by Budritzki's force. I was struck by the manner in which the Grenadiers crossed a streamlet by hacking down some boughs of trees, then constructing a light bridge of them,



WILLIAM I, FRANCIS-JOSEPH AND ALEXANDER II
At a parade of the Prussian Guard Corps

70 700
ANATOMY

and crossing over one by one in rapid succession until they formed up again and vigorously assaulted one of the supposed enemy's batteries.

In writing of Moltke I alluded to the Prussian General Staff, of which he was the head. He brought its organisation to a very high state of efficiency. Three of its sections were charged with studying and reporting on the strength, organisation, recruiting, equipment, drill and distribution of virtually every army in the world. Section I dealt with the north, the east, and the south-east, that is with such countries as Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Russia, Austria, Turkey, and Greece. It also reported on the forces of Persia, China, etc. The sphere allotted to Section II included Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; whilst that of Section III comprised France, Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Spain, Portugal, and the states of North and South America. A minute account was kept of the effective forces of all the above-named countries. Their systems of reserve and reinforcement, their armament, the time their troops would require to mobilise and concentrate on different points, their fortresses, magazines and lines of communication—all those matters received the most careful attention. The question of foreign lines of communication was particularly studied both from the strategical standpoint and from that of the transport of troops and *matériel*.

Among the numerous duties assigned to the particular sub-section entrusted with these matters, was that of preparing and correcting to date, for use in war-time, a tableau of the various halting-places, which were preferably to be selected in any foreign country, this selection being regulated in part by

strategical considerations, and in part by both the material and the pecuniary resources of the different districts and towns. Levies of money might in some instances be imposed in addition to levies of supplies, and it might also be necessary to fine a town if any of its inhabitants should assume a hostile attitude.

To obtain or perfect all the information officers were despatched to foreign countries in order that they might travel there and acquire a practical acquaintance with every transport facility or difficulty that might exist, and also to institute all kinds of inquiries that might place the General Staff in possession of the latest particulars on every subject germane to its purpose. It must not be supposed that the Staff kept all the information which it gathered together locked up in its strong boxes. From time to time secret reports on foreign armies were issued to generals and certain staff-officers not on the establishment, in order that they might study them and be ready whenever occasion should require. Briefly, spying was organised on the most elaborate scale that has ever been known. Thus, under the aegis of the ever-toiling Moltke, did Germany prepare for her dreamt-of Conquest of the World.

One can but admit the thoroughness of the German military system. A section of my readers may think, perhaps, that I have referred in too laudatory a strain to some of its features. In no instance, however, have I desired to bestow undue praise upon an enemy. But the British nation has long suffered from the besetting sin of belittling and under-rating its antagonists. The consequences of this have often been very serious. Such was the case

in the Boer War, and such has almost been the case again in the World War which began in 1914. It is well that a man should have confidence in himself, but he should also bear in mind that some proposition which he may be called upon to face, may prove to be an extremely stiff one, and necessitate the employment of all his acumen, energy, and strength.

V.

AMONG THE BERLINESE.

Berlin in the Seventies—Its People and their Ambition—The Financial Crash of 1873—Quistorp and Strousberg—Commerce and Industry—The Berlinese Generally—Betrothals, Marriages, Births, and Deaths—The Jews—The Students.

AT the period I am dealing with in this volume, Berlin was, more or less, in a transition stage. It contained a good many monumental-looking palaces and public buildings, and, in the central districts, the streets were generally broad, straight, and convenient. But there were still many thoroughfares which were deficient even in foot pavements; and in the summer dry, and in the winter wet, sand was to be found all over the place, often very much to one's discomfort. Before the Franco-German war the Berlinese generally were a modest people, who recognised the limitations of their city. After the defeat of Austria, at Königgrätz, they began to raise their heads a little, but they were not particularly self-assertive until the defeat of France and the elevation of King William to the Imperial dignity. Then ambition burst forth in a hundred guises. Berlin was to be a "World City," and the words *Ich bin Berliner* were to be the modern equivalent of *Civis Romanus sum*. At the time of writing these lines I read of the elimination of all English words and expressions from the German language. In

1871-72 the Berlinese vowed that no French words or expressions should in future be used by them. They decided, moreover, that with the help of the commercial clause of the treaty of Frankfort they would capture French trade, in fact, drive France entirely out of commercial contests. There were to be no more Paris fashions, Berlin was to become the world's *arbiter elegantiarum*, and flood it with Moltke costumes and Bismarck mantles. Moreover, a period of general extravagance set in. The war indemnity paid by France, the famous five milliards of francs (£200,000,000), seemed to the Berlinese of those days a fabulously colossal sum, and somehow or other everybody deluded himself into a belief that he would in one or another fashion obtain a share of all that French gold. Thus a time of hitherto unknown extravagance, accompanied by often senseless financial, commercial and building speculations, to which I shall refer by and by, was inaugurated upon every side. It brought about a great influx of poor folk from the provinces—the Mark of Brandenburg, Posen, and Pomerania—where the conditions of life had always been hard, and seemed more bitter than ever now that Berlin was reported to have become a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground. Thousands of peasants and artisans resolved to betake themselves to the new Weltstadt in full expectation of immediately securing good lodgings, fine clothes, the best of food, and wages five times as considerable as they had ever earned in their remote country districts.

In 1870, when the war with France began, the city contained 763,000 inhabitants, which figure rose to 910,000 in 1873, and to 965,000 in 1875. Many disappointments awaited the new arrivals in the

capital, and during the very first year following the war the Berlinese municipality had to disburse nearly £200,000 in relieving the necessities of new immigrants. The deficiency of house accommodation, already existent in previous years, became greater and greater, and rents went up by leaps and bounds. So tremendous, indeed, was the increase that hundreds of families, being quite unable to pay the sums demanded of them by voracious landlords, had to camp in the suburbs, on open spaces, in stables, temporary huts and so forth. This led to the flotation of scores of building companies, which were often far from well planned, and several of which came to grief during the great financial crash of 1873. By that time there had been a wild dance of millions, chiefly paper millions, on the Bourse, and it still continued when, in the year I have mentioned, there came a first crash at Vienna, where I was then sojourning. Austrian finance was at this period shaken almost to its foundations, and I remember that the shares of one of the principal Viennese banks fell abruptly from 213 to 7 florins only!

There had already been signs that all was not well with many of the speculative enterprises in which Berlin had become absorbed. Early in the year there was a scandal respecting certain state grants of railway contracts to speculators, and the Prussian Minister of Commerce, Count von Itzenplitz, Privy-Councillor Wagener, Prince Biron and Prince Putbus, became involved in serious charges of corruption and fraud. The Government had to institute a Committee of Inquiry, and although a good many matters were hushed up, Itzenplitz, Wagener and others had to retire from the public service. Nevertheless, the frenzy of speculation

continued in Berlin for a few months after the Viennese disasters. Then the shares in all the new building and commercial companies began to decline, at first slowly, and later with increasing rapidity, until they stood at last at 50, and even 60 per cent. less than the prices which they had previously commanded. One of the very first institutions to go was Quistorp's Vereinsbank, which had run up two new districts on the outskirts of Berlin, named "West End" and "New West End." These were moderately successful, and some other enterprises initiated by Quistorp were praiseworthy ones, but he had overdone things and had got into difficulties by investing large sums in real estate in the provinces. He ended at last by appealing for assistance. The Prussian Bank realised that several of his ventures were of public utility, and made him certain advances, but they were insufficient to avert his failure. Before that he turned to Camphausen, the Finance Minister, representing that if he should have to suspend payment, 15,000 people in his employment would be thrown out of work, and that elections being imminent the Government might find itself in an embarrassed position. Camphausen, however, refused to help him, and his parent company and all the affiliated ones failed. Shares representing nearly two millions sterling were held by the public, which, when everything had been straightened out, secured only a very small dividend indeed. Two members of the reigning house, who had invested money with Quistorp, lost heavily, the Queen Dowager of Prussia, widow of "King Clicquot," being the poorer by over £100,000.

Quistorp's failure, however, was only the signal for others. They came down upon the terrified

Berlinese like swift sledge-hammer blows ; depression ensued in every branch of commerce and industry, and countless families were ruined. The Prussians had always been a thrifty race, but now the accumulated savings of years were swept away. Circumstances had, in a sense, avenged the French. Their five milliards had proved the undoing of a generation of Berlinese, whom the war indemnity had infected with "swelled head." Forty-eight old banks, which in 1872 were paying dividends of over 10 per cent., were paying less than $5\frac{1}{2}$ in 1875. Ninety-five new banks, established after the war, saw their dividends drop in that same period from $10\frac{1}{2}$ to a fraction over 2 per cent. Iron and coal companies floated in Berlin fell to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and 225 trading companies dating from 1871 showed in '75 a return of even less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ on their capital.

One of the last collapses, but also the greatest of this period of failure and ruin, was that of Baruch Hirsch Strausberg, a Jew of Neudenberg in East Prussia, who when twelve years old went to live with a maternal uncle in England, throve there fairly well, married an Englishwoman, and became at one moment proprietor of *Sharpe's London Magazine*. When he returned to Berlin after the lapse of a score of years, he called himself Dr. Bethel Henry Strousberg, and professed the Christian religion. After working for a time as an insurance agent he turned to railway making, and in fourteen years he constructed wholly, or in part, quite a number of lines, beginning with that of Tilsit-Insterburg and ending with that of Paris-Narbonne. He was a combination of Hudson, Law, and Sidonia. He lived in a princely style, entertained lavishly, wormed his way into every Government office and

corporate body, started newspapers, bribed contributors to others, and became among the Berlinese even Bismarck's rival for celebrity, people actually arguing as to which was the greater man, the "Iron Prince" or the "Railway King." Popularly, Strousberg was known as the "Man who Buys Everything," from the multiplicity of undertakings which he purchased and turned into public companies.

He appeared upon the scene prior to the Franco-German War, and when that began his position appeared to be very flourishing. But not only did the advent of hostilities sweep his regiments of workmen into the army, thus compelling him to close several of his works, but for a time many markets ceased to exist, and much capital which he had sunk in various enterprises became unproductive. By desperate exertions he managed to complete some of his railway lines and to carry on others, but he was paid in shares, which during the war period could only be disposed of at heavy loss. When peace returned he again essayed higher flights, embarking in undertakings which necessitated prodigious expenditure, and almost unlimited credit. He became very heavily involved as contractor for the Roumanian railway lines, and failed to pay interest on several million bonds which he issued in that respect in conjunction with the Duke of Ujest, the Duke of Ratibor, and Count von Lehndorff. Thousands of people who had taken up those "Roumanian" bonds were ruined. After some sharp falls in the quotations they were converted in an ingenious manner which enabled Strousberg and his confederates to pocket some millions of thalers; but the creditors ultimately banded themselves together, and compelled the rogues to disgorge at least a portion of their plunder.

In 1872, Strousberg was already in considerable difficulties. He mortgaged some estates which he had acquired in Bohemia, and mines in various parts of Germany, sold works at Dortmund, Hanover and Neustadt, ceded a Hungarian railway line for which he had secured a contract, and forfeited large deposits with respect to other railway undertakings which he could not carry on. His work, by the way, was often very defective. When the Russians invaded the Balkans to free the ungrateful Bulgarians, they passed through Roumania, and availed themselves of the railway lines which Strousberg had constructed there. But again and again these lines broke down, the Russian advance was greatly delayed, and the Turks were thereby enabled to make a much stouter resistance than would have been possible otherwise.

The "Wonderful Doctor," as Strousberg was called, made a last attempt to withstand fate by taking over some more mines and iron and steel works in Bohemia and Silesia. He also carried on various undertakings in Russia, and in 1874 the Moscow Commercial Bank advanced him quite a large sum on some debentures in a projected Paris-Narbonne railway line. But Strousberg's difficulties increased, he failed to turn his Bohemian mines and ironworks into a joint stock company as he desired, and proceedings in bankruptcy were at last instituted against him. At this moment the Russian bank, which was in a desperate position, owing to his default with respect to the advances it had made to him, telegraphed to him to go to Moscow. He went, was arrested on his arrival, and lodged in the "nobility quarter" of the debtors' prison, whilst the bank, being insolvent, closed its doors. Before

Strousberg's final collapse he had sold his picture gallery, which contained several famous works of art, for £120,000. The personal property remaining to him of all his former splendour was valued at less than £10,000. There was, however, all the real estate in Germany, Bohemia, etc., and this represented £850,000, but it was mortgaged for nearly four-fifths of its value. Strousberg and two fellow-Germans ultimately underwent a term of imprisonment at Moscow for "cheating honest Russians." On being released the Wonderful Doctor returned to Germany and attempted to launch a gigantic scheme for connecting Berlin with the Elbe and the Oder, and thereby making it a "seaport." But he had already ruined too many people to inspire confidence, and thus his plan—which it must be said, seems to have been a feasible one—came to nothing.

The foregoing imperfect sketch of the financial crashes of 1873 and the ensuing years suggests a few words respecting the trade and industry of Berlin. These, as I have already pointed out, were depressed for a time by financial causes, but subsequently revived and acquired great expansion. I remember that in my time the neighbourhood of the Oranienburg and Hamburg gates was called the Feuerland from the number of iron works located there. By far the most important establishment was that of Herr Borsig, the so-called Locomotive King, who was then building himself a new residential "palace" in the style of the Italian Renaissance, in the Voss-strasse. The original Borsig came to Berlin as a poor workman, and the factory he founded in 1836 was at first merely a sawmill in which horses supplied the motive power. In 1872, however, the works were turning out virtually every kind of

railway plant—locomotives, bridges, turntables, rails, axles, etc. Another interesting establishment was the Royal Iron Foundry where a good deal of work of an artistic character, though much inferior to the French, was produced. Altogether there were some fifty foundries and kindred establishments for the production of metal work in or near Berlin in 1872. I may also mention the royal porcelain manufactory, the many cloth and woollen factories, the wool market held every year being the most extensive in Germany, and also the numerous tanneries and leather-dressing works. Paper and paperhangings, pianos, cigars, and chemicals were among the other Berlinese articles of manufacture. The city's industry had increased tenfold before the advent of the Great World War, but in my time it was, as I have indicated, already very considerable, particularly in the districts known as Feuerland and Moabit. The former name I have explained, the latter, signifying land of Moab, was given to the spot, on account of its sterile sandy soil, by some French Huguenot immigrants (mostly agriculturists) to whom it was allotted by Frederick the Great.

As a rule the visitor to a foreign country only sees what may be called the public, outdoor life of the people. Their home life remains unknown to him. This remark may be well applied to the Berlinese, who rank as the most inhospitable community in all Germany. In various respects, however, they largely live away from their homes, and thus one sees a good deal of them, and their characteristics can be noted and appraised. In my time class distinctions were evident upon all sides. The aristocracy kept itself as far aloof as possible from the untitled bureaucracy, and also from the *nouveaux*

riches who, for the most part, belonged to the Jewish persuasion. The military class, moreover, kept itself equally aloof from the civilian element, just tolerating such officials as were privy counsellors or first secretaries, but regarding all underlings and private people with contempt.

Now it happened whilst I was in Berlin that a certain young Count von Eulenberg, a captain in the Uhlans of the Prussian Guard, fell head over heels in love with a certain Fräulein Schœffer, the daughter of the proprietor of a journal called *Der Bazar*. She and her parents accepted him, and he applied to his superiors, as the regulations required, for permission to marry the young lady. Two days later he was visited by a couple of officers of his regiment, who explained to him that the traditions of the Prussian Guard did not allow one of its officers to marry any young person whose father might be the author of his own fortunes, and who, moreover, was not possessed of that distinguishing prefix, "von." This lecture fired Count von Eulenberg with indignation, and he at once challenged his visitors. The regulations, however, required that Baron von Alvenslœben, then commander of the Guard, should give permission for the duel. Instead of doing so, Alvenslœben sent for Eulenberg and told him that the two officers were right, and had acted as the representatives of the whole Guard Corps, as a marriage between a member of their body and the daughter of a newspaper man who had formerly been a bookbinder, could not be tolerated. It mattered little that Herr Schœffer had since accumulated a fortune, and that two sons of his had become army officers, and had been killed, one at Königgrätz and the other at Sedan. Eulenberg, regarding the

reproof as an insult to his intended bride, challenged Alvensløben also ; but the latter, far from consenting to fight, committed the young Count to be court-martialled for insufferable presumption, with the result that the unlucky lover was sentenced to a year and a half's imprisonment in a fortress.

The affair would probably have had no other aspect in the eyes of such an exclusive set as the officers of the Guard Corps, even if Fräulein Schœffer's father had secured letters of nobility, like Bleichröder, Krause, Carstenn and other financiers and speculators of the time. Men of that stamp certainly wormed their way into some of the upper circles of Berlin society, but the older aristocracy looked with ill-disguised contempt on these "fresh-baked" nobles, particularly as they were mostly of Hebrew origin. I found the Prussian nobility not a whit more proud of their "vons" than the members of the bureaucracy were of their various official titles, which they never set aside even in the most ordinary circumstances of private life. "Councillors" and "Directors" were to be met on every side, even a clerk employed in the opera-house offices styling himself "Theater-intendantur-rath," or "Councillor of the Administration of the Theatre." It was (and is) also the German practice to bestow on every official's wife the equivalent of her husband's title, in such wise that a woman may be styled "Mrs. Inspector of Sewers Müller," or "Mrs. Consulting-Architectess Schultz." Everybody, moreover, expects to be addressed as "Well-born" at the least. I may add that the practice of referring to the Kaiser as "All Highest" is no recent innovation, for it was current at the time of the present Emperor's grandfather.

Count von Eulenberg's misadventure in attempting to marry a plebeian Fräulein suggests the subject of courtship and marriage generally. I used to notice every morning quite a number of betrothal notices in the newspapers. Instead of the English formula, familiar to readers of *The Morning Post* and *The Times*: "A marriage has been arranged between — and —, etc.," one observed such a notification as the following: "We hereby have the honour to announce respectfully the betrothal of our eldest daughter, Elisabeth, to the Rittergutsbesitzer (Lord of the Manor) von Bismarck-Kniephof, Lieutenant in the First Guard-Dragoon Regiment.— (Signed) Karl von der Osten, Marie von der Osten, born von Kessel." Then came a similar notice from Bismarck-Kniephof himself.

In my time there were already many matrimonial agencies in Berlin, and during more recent years these have greatly increased in number. The same may be said respecting the newspaper advertisements for wives and husbands. Occasionally, too, one would come upon such an offer as the following: "I have an excellent daughter to marry, who refused several good proposals when she was younger. She is now twenty-nine years old, and I would give a reasonable dowry with her hand to a suitable husband, a tradesman if possible, who must be pious and abstemious from alcohol." The latter qualification was often, and the former seldom, specified—Berlin, from a general standpoint, being probably the least religious town in all Germany. I may add that many of the matrimonial advertisements emanated from members of the Jewish persuasion, three-fourths of the advertisers of this category being, curiously enough, women.

The marriage announcements, like the betrothal notices, differed very much from ours. You might read, for instance: "Emil Werner and Pauline Werner, *née* Braumüller, announce themselves a Wedded Pair"; or else: "Oscar Laasch and Clara Laasch, *née* Bauerlin, present their respects as newly married." As for births, one found them published to the world in this fashion: "I have the honour to announce the happy delivery of my dearly loved wife, Lina, of a stout boy at 5.15 this afternoon." If the father was of a religious turn of mind the notice would take some such form as this: "With God's gracious help, my tenderly loved wife Sophie was safely delivered at 4.30 this morning of a fine, healthy girl. Hallelujah!" In almost every instance one observed that the exact time at which the birth took place was specified—this being apparently in accordance with the principles of German Kultur.

Whilst walking through the streets of Berlin I was often struck by the highly ornate coffins which were displayed to view in the shops of the undertakers. They were frequently of metal with elaborate gilt or bronze ornamentation; those of the poorer classes, however, being of wood, painted in bright colours. The death announcements appearing in the newspapers were often extremely fulsome, though now and again one or another struck a genuinely pathetic note. Turning to the present-day advertisement pages of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, which a Dutch friend frequently sends me from Holland, I find many notifications respecting the officers and men killed in action. These notices have thick black borders, and often include a representation of the Iron Cross. The following kind

of form is frequently used: "Of a hero's death for the Fatherland, at the storming of a height in the forest of Argonne, on July 26, died our beloved son, brother, uncle and nephew, Hellmut Flohr, Lieutenant of Reserve in an Uhlan Regiment, Knight of the Iron Cross"—this being followed by the names of a number of relatives. I also observe similar notices issued by business firms respecting the death in the field, or in hospital, of some partner or manager, and the expression, "a hero's death for the Fatherland," occurs repeatedly.

One cannot glance through those numerous announcements without some feeling. I do not share the opinion of the Emperor Vitellius that the corpse of a dead enemy smells sweet. Like most other people I regard Death as the great Pacifier and Reconciler. Fragments of some verses which I read in my childhood—their theme was either the battlefield of Magenta or that of Solferino—have often recurred to me when I have stood on some battlefield of more recent times:

"Swathes of Death's scythe wielded throughout the day,
 The dead lie thick and still, foes all at peace with foes. . . .
 So many nameless dead! No need of glory,
 For all that blood so freely shed, is theirs;
 Yet each life here linked many in its story
 Of hopes and loves and joys and woes and fears.
 Of those unhonoured sleepers, grim and gory,
 Who knows, out of the world, how much each with him bears?"

Such lines as those come back to me when thinking of the thousands of our own brave lads who

* The poem appeared in *Once a Week* in or about 1859. It impressed me strangely in my childhood, but nowadays I only remember a few snatches of its four or five stanzas. I do not recollect whether it was signed.

now lie side by side with enemies in the burial trenches on some western or near-eastern battle front; and then my mind reverts to the gorgeous looking coffins of the Berlin undertakers, and the pompous funerals which I used to see parading the streets of the Prussian capital. Some of our poorer classes have often and rightly been censured for unduly lavish display when burying their dead, but the ostentation to be observed at most Berlin funerals was far greater.

I alluded previously to the inhospitality of the Berlinese. In that respect they may have changed somewhat owing to their increased prosperity during the years preceding the present war. In the mid-seventies, however, their strictly limited means naturally inclined them to niggardliness. I find that in 1874, when the population of the city was about 950,000, there were only 3000 families (10 per cent. of the inhabitants) whose incomes exceeded £150 per annum; whilst no fewer than 104,000 families (or 52 per cent.) had to subsist on as little as £45 a year. Nearly all the wealthy people—apart from some forty or fifty families of the older aristocracy—were of the Jewish race, some of the richest being renegades, though the majority adhered to the religion of their forefathers.

It was after the war of '66 and the establishment of the North German Confederation that the Jews began to come to the front in any marked degree. In previous times the authorities had held them in check. Until about 1860, indeed, there existed a law or regulation by which no Jew domiciled in Prussia might even marry without the permission of the King, the object of this provision being to prevent the chosen race from "increasing and

multiplying" in accordance with Old Testament instructions, and thereby competing unduly with the Christian community. Frederick the Great used to enforce this regulation in a somewhat amusing fashion. After he had purchased the Berlin Porcelain Manufactory and turned it into a royal institution, he was worried to find that customers were not so plentiful as he had expected. He therefore made it a rule, whenever a Jewish couple petitioned him for permission to marry, to refuse his consent unless the petitioners were willing to buy of him a certain quantity of china, and, according to Carlyle, he himself used to note on the margin of each petition the quantity that should be purchased, according to the assumed means of the petitioners.

After the Berlin Jews came to the fore, they embarked largely in land-purchase and building enterprises—becoming, indeed, prime movers in all the wild speculation which ended in the financial crash to which I previously referred. They acquired, moreover, a great hold over the Press by establishing new or purchasing existing journals, and it was by reason of their venality that Bismarck found it so easy to convert what should have been a free and independent institution into a "reptile press."

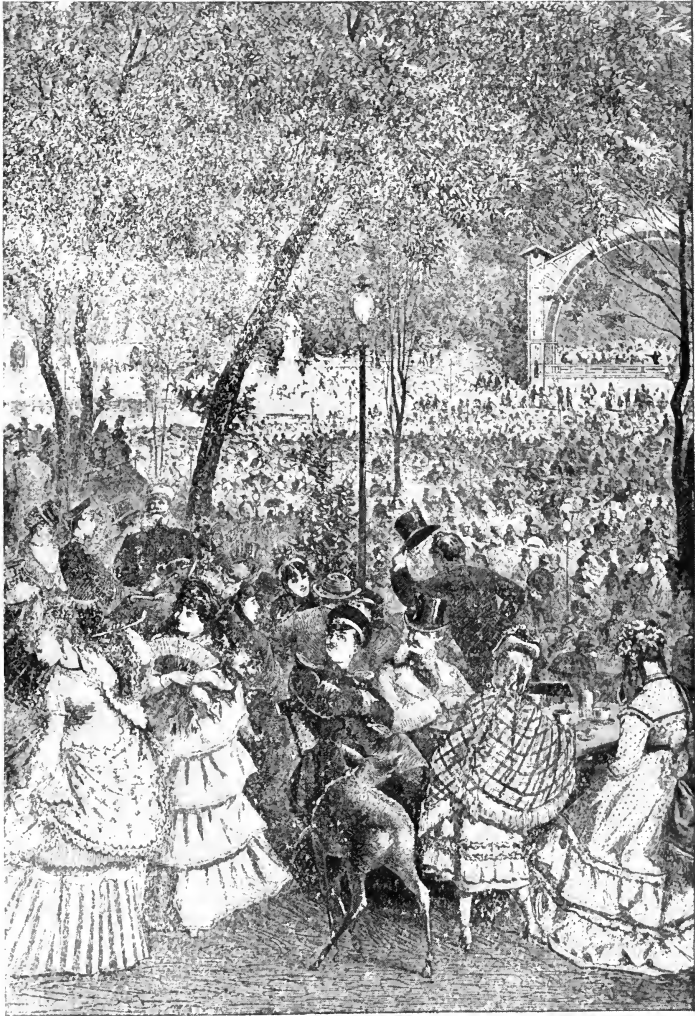
In the seventies there was only one Berlin newspaper that was entirely free from Jewish influence—this being the *Neue Preussische Kreuz Zeitung*. Matters are very much the same to-day. The great bulk of the Berlinese newspaper proprietors and journalists are Jews. I found the Berlin Jews to be of a somewhat peculiar type, usually short in stature and sharply featured, with oblong heads, very sensual lips, extremely prominent noses, and scrutative eyes ever on the move. I seldom saw a really

good-looking Jewish girl in Berlin, though in Vienna I noticed many.

Less conspicuous than the Jews in Berlin were the students of the University, for although they were supposed to wear caps of distinguishing colours, according to the province whence they came, the great majority of them never did so, and therefore, unless they bore the marks of duelling, they could not be identified among the thousands of young men thronging the city streets. Their number, moreover, was temporarily declining owing to the increased cost of living in Berlin after the Franco-German War. For that reason many who wished to study theology, law, medicine, or philosophy—the usual faculties at German Universities—betook themselves in preference to Leipzig or Halle, both of them much older institutions. The Berlin University dates no further back than 1809, when Fichte was so strenuously advocating education as a means of regenerating the Teutonic race. Among its more distinguished professors and students in its early days were numerous descendants of the French Huguenots who colonised the Moabit district of Berlin*—such men as Savigny, Chamisso, De la Motte-Fouqué, Baron de Reumont, Count Brassier de Saint-Simon, Count Renard, and later, Du Bois Reymond, who, in spite of his French ancestry, applied himself particularly to expunging all French words and expressions out of the German language.

In the '70's most of the Berlin professors were very badly paid, the highest salary then being about £350 a year, whereas the university of Leipzig, being the richest in Germany, paid £600, and even £800. The famous Mommsen was Rector at Berlin

* See p. 96, *ante*.



VANITY FAIR AT THE BERLIN "ZOO"

in my time. Lean and bilious looking, speaking in a dry, harsh, and very unpleasant voice, he was of Danish origin. He had given Napoleon III some assistance in preparing his "Life of Julius Cæsar," and in recognition thereof, the French Emperor made him a very acceptable allowance of £400 a year out of his privy purse. That, however, by no means deterred Mommsen from strenuously advocating the bombardment of Paris in 1870, and shouting demands for the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. At a ceremony commemorative of the Berlin students who were killed during the hostilities, he delivered an oration in which he propounded the theory that the House of Hohenzollern had "never declared an unjust or unworthy war." Were he still alive he would probably repeat the same nonsense.

Virchow, the distinguished Pomeranian scientist—the discoverer of *trichinosis*, which for a time so greatly alarmed the pig-eating German race*—was one of the phalanx of professors surrounding Mommsen—a phalanx which then also included Buchner the Darwinian, Gneist the professor of Law and admirer of the British Constitution, Curtius the Greek scholar, Lepsius the Egyptologist, Duncker the historian, Helmholtz the authority on physics, and Treitschke of whom I previously gave some account.† Unlike Mommsen, Virchow was not carried away by excessive admiration for the Hohenzollerns. Under Bismarck he often had to bridle his caustic tongue, but it was recorded of him that during the revolutionary turmoil of 1848 he summed

* We are, of course, excessive pig-eaters ourselves, but the English passion for the flesh of the unclean beast is less intense than that of the Germans.

† See p. 68, *ante*.

up the mentality of the Prussian reigning house in these words: "I know a family in which the grandfather [Frederick William II] had a softening of the brain, the father [Frederick William III] a hardening of the brain, and the son no brain at all." The last reference was, of course, to the fourth Frederick William, otherwise the lunatic King Clicquot. It is a pity that Virchow is dead, for we might otherwise have had his opinion respecting the mentality of the present All Highest head of the Hohenzollern family.

In my time the Berlin students resided mostly on the upper floors of more or less dingy houses in the Luisen, Marien and Karl-strasse, north of the Spree, this district being known as the "Quartier Latin" among those folk who did not object to use a French expression. The rental for an attic in this neighbourhood had risen to forty-five shillings a month, which will help to explain why so many young fellows with very small allowances betook themselves to Leipzig, where they could secure decent quarters for less than half the above amount, besides obtaining food much more cheaply. Bad manners were conspicuous in virtually all Berlinese restaurants in those days, and in those frequented by the students they were considerably worse than elsewhere. It was quite common to see young men smoking horrible cigars at their meals—not merely between the courses, but virtually between every bite. Billiards were freely patronised by the student class, but fencing and shooting took the *pas*. In winter there was also skating, but otherwise the Berlin student indulged in virtually no sport at all. The duels must have been frequent, judging by all the strips of black plaster which one commonly saw on the faces of

young fellows leaving the University in the afternoon. The reader who has never been in Germany may be reminded that, according to prescribed rules, the swish of the *schläger*, with which the students fight (often merely to pass away the time) may only be delivered on the face. To be visibly scarred and seamed, is, however, the student's especial pride, and this, I believe, endears him to the better-looking sex.

In summer the Berlineses were seen to most advantage, perhaps, in the drives and paths of the Thiergarten, the city's park, where in former centuries deer and other animals ran wild, the umbrageous expanse then serving as a hunting and shooting ground for the Brandenburg Electors. Kroll's adjacent establishment, a respectable kind of Cremorne in my time, was then much patronised; and so were the Zoological Gardens, across a narrow arm of the Spree, beyond the Thiergarten. The open-air concerts given there three times a week attracted most of the Berlineses *beau monde*. In winter the Christmas Fair was one of the city's great attractions. However irreligious the Berlineses might be, they never failed to celebrate the Feast of the Nativity with banquets, balls, Christmas trees, and other forms of rejoicing; and, as with us, the day was one to which children looked forward eagerly, thinking of all the presents they would receive.

VI.

SOME LIGHT AND DARK SIDES OF BERLIN.

Furnished Apartments—Family Meals and Catering at Restaurants—
The Famous Army Sausage—Bibulous Berliners—Bock-bier and
Weiss-bier—Winehouses—Devrient the Actor—The Court and the
Popular Theatres—Music and Dancing Halls—Immorality and
Irreligion in Berlin—The Press, Serious and Humorous.

WHEN my father and I were in Berlin we usually put up at hotels, but on one occasion, intending to make a really long stay, we rented some rooms in the Dorotheen-strasse, where Hegel, the philosopher, died. I remember to this day the hideous wallpaper in my bedroom—paper fit to fill one's slumbers with the most horrid nightmare imaginable. My bedstead was of the usual barbaric type, a kind of box too short to allow one to stretch one's self out at full length, and provided with sheets of about the same size as towels, whilst the place of blanket and counterpane was taken by a voluminous bag of feathers, which was too short to keep one's feet warm, and which fell upon the floor invariably every night. By staying, however, in a private house we obtained some glimpses of the surroundings and the domestic economy of middle-class people. Crochet-work, bead-work, and embroidery of a kind were conspicuous in the so-called drawing-room, which was otherwise bare of ornamentation save for a number of family photographs, most of which represented

young men in full uniform. The dining-room also was very plainly furnished, the most prominent of its contents being a monumental stove of clay and gypsum with an outer glazing of white porcelain. Our landlady, the widow of a "Councillor" of some description, knew nothing of comfort.

I never saw any napery whatever on the dining-room table, which was merely covered with some oilcloth. At dinner—the hour for which was two o'clock in the afternoon—extremely little fresh meat was served unless some had been used for making the soup. A slice or so of ham or sausage, or some raw pickled or salted herrings followed the *bouilli*, and there was a great frequency of *sauerkraut*, greasy if warm and reeking of vinegar if cold. Berlineser cookery was indeed compounded of three kinds of dishes, the salt, the greasy, and the sour ones. Meat soup was not always provided; what was supposed, I fancy, to provide a pleasant—though it proved a very unpleasant—change, was supplied in the form of some soup made chiefly of beer, thickened with eggs and sweetened with sugar. The puddings were generally heavy and always odious, whilst the preserves had an unnatural stickiness about them. Baked goose was the best dish that I ever tasted at dinner in the Dorotheen-strasse; it was, by the way, at that time a favourite one among the Berlineser, who, I dare say, still derive a fairly plentiful supply of this particular bird from its favourite habitat, Pomerania. White wheaten bread was provided, but the Berlineser of those times affected more particularly rye-bread full of caraway seeds, which latter, they asserted, helped to calm the nerves. A change of knife and fork was most unusual, but it being the common practice to heap half a dozen things of the most conflicting

flavours upon one and the same plate, to be eaten at one and the same time, to have changed the implements employed for conveying different viands to the mouth would have been a superfluous proceeding, entailing unnecessary labour in "washing up" on the part of one or the other of the two buxom, bright-petticoated girls from the Spreewald, who acted as our landlady's servants.

However, we only dined in the Dorotheen-strasse on the days when writing kept us busy within doors. At other times we patronised the restaurants and hotels. There were several where the cookery was really good, and the charges seldom exceeded three shillings—without wine, of course. Meinhardt's *table d'hôte* had quite a reputation, and the catering at Dressel's was to be commended, whilst the Imperial restaurant in the Kaiser Gallerie (Unter den Linden) laid itself out—at least so it announced—for supplying the favourite dishes of any nation in the world, having engaged, it alleged, expert cooks of all possible nationalities. When we went from the chief hotels and restaurants to others of a lower category we had some amusing experiences. A huge *Speisenkarte* was always presented, but there were many chances that when you had decided to sample some particular dish, the waiter would respond: "*Ist nicht mehr da!*" My father's favourite viand was beef, but beef was seldom to be obtained, unless it were in the form of some weird stew. It was as if a cattle plague were raging throughout Germany. When you entered a restaurant at a slightly unusual hour the probabilities were that you would secure little or nothing. Nevertheless, the waiter imper-turbably tendered the usual *Speisenkarte* on which hundreds of items were enumerated. You would

think perhaps of beginning with *Gänseleber*, otherwise goose's liver. "*Ist nicht mehr da!*" the waiter would reply. "And *junges Huhn* (chicken)?" "*Ist nicht——*" "Well, let us say *Hasenbraten* (roast hare)." "*Ist nicht mehr da!*" At last you asked the man what there was left. "Swiss cheese and butter," he invariably answered.

In these war days the Berlinese have apparently had to content themselves with some strange provender. But in those times of plenty there were already some fantastic compounds. Boiled red cabbage, for instance, would be soaked in vinegar sweetened with sugar, flavoured with garlic and served surrounded with sardines or bristling. *Geklopftes Rindfleisch* (well-beaten beef) was cooked with lemon peel, cloves, pepper, onions, sardines and eggs. After being well browned it was served with a sauce composed of broth and wine, to which grated nutmeg, lemon juice, butter, cayenne pepper, sugar and yet more sardines or bristling were added. The Berlinese regarded this mess as particularly tasty, and so, in a sense, it was. Nowadays, however, it may be impossible for them to procure some of its necessary ingredients.

Whilst on the subject of food I may well mention the famous *Erbswurst*, or pea-sausage, the chief element in the rations which are served out to German soldiers in the field. This sausage was the invention of a Berlin cook named Grünberg, whose recipe was purchased by the Prussian Government for a sum of over £5000. The War Office erected an establishment capable of producing 75,000 sausages per diem, each of 1 lb. weight, in accordance with Grünberg's formula, and the army was largely fed upon them—particularly when on

the march—during the Franco-German War. The ingredients of these sausages consisted of pea-flour, chopped beef-fat, smoked pigs' breast, onions, herbs and salt, all well mixed and pressed together by means of cylindrical moulds, before being enclosed in paper. The cooking was very simple, each sausage being cut into pieces, which were thrown into boiling water and well stirred up, with the result that in a few minutes there was a thick soup. One such sausage constituted a soldier's daily ration.

Apropos of sausages, an enterprising Berlin caterer of the "popular" kind, initiated in my time a so-called "Golden Sausage Dinner." In every thirtieth sausage with which his customers were served, he enclosed (according to his own statement) a small gold coin, which became the property of the lucky individual who discovered it in his "portion." It was a study to observe the careful manner in which the diners masticated their sausages in the hope of suddenly finding the little bit of gold between their teeth, and not without a fear that if they should eat too fast it might slip unawares down their throats. However, I never met a man who admitted having found any of the coins in question.

I alluded in my previous chapter to the bad manners of the students at their habitual eating-houses. Bad manners prevailed also at many restaurants of a much higher category, for the German is seldom, if ever, a clean eater. The army officers displayed their Kultur (then, by the way, written Cultur, for *k* had not then virtually expelled *c* from the German alphabet) in a manner peculiarly their own. At that time they were for the most part heavily whiskered, in imitation of the old

Kaiser, or full-bearded like the Crown Prince Frederick, and directly they entered a restaurant or an hotel dining-room they would produce pocket combs and comb out what the writers of a former day might have called "their hirsute appendages." This occurred whilst they stood in front of the mirrors in the room before sitting down. But some of them were so greatly enamoured of their bristles, that whilst they were at table they would again produce their combs, and little pocket-glasses also, and proceed to a further combing. I saw captains and colonels of the Guard behaving in this fashion at the Hotel du Nord and the Hotel de Saint Petersburg, two leading hostleries of those times.

I found the Berlinese to be a bibulous as well as a voracious race. The *bier-lokalen*—both above and underground—and the *bier-gärten* were innumerable. Most of the beer consumed was of the ordinary Munich type, for in previous years many a young Berliner had gone to the Bavarian capital to become a brewer's apprentice there, and on returning home had applied himself to brewing in the Munich style. Bavaria had also infected the Berlinese with a passion for *bock-bier*, a beverage of extra strength brewed in the spring time only, and requiring to be drunk at once. It was principally procured at Deibel's establishment, a large building in park-like grounds, on the south side of Berlin; and to this "Bock Berg," as the place was familiarly called, the Berlinese repaired in thousands from the latter part of April until the first week or so in May. Men and women, soldiers, *bourgeois*, artisans, cooks, nursemaids, mothers with their children, all betook themselves thither in endless processions for the one sole purpose of getting "gloriously drunk." The scenes which

ensued may be left to the imagination. London, however bibulously inclined it may have been, never witnessed such carousing as that which prevailed during Berlin's Bock-bier Carnival.

There was yet another kind of beer affected by the Berlinese. This was the famous *weiss*, a liquid as pale and as clear as Rhine wine, and surmounted by a huge crown of froth suggestive of a prize cauliflower. A quart of the actual liquor filled but a third of the glasses in which it was served, the froth, however, rising to the top and foaming over the sides. So huge were the glasses that they might easily have fitted a head of ordinary dimensions; and a novice could only raise them to his lips with the help of both his hands. The experienced drinker, however, had a knack of balancing the bottom of the receptacle on the little finger of his right hand, and of clutching the side with his thumb and his remaining fingers. The *weiss-bier* appeared to be drunk largely as a morning "refresher," when a man had consumed too much liquor on the previous evening. Before imbibing the first quart, the habitual *weiss-bier* toper sipped a little kummel. Then he was ready for the attack, and three or four quarts in succession would disappear into his capacious paunch. I tasted *weiss-bier* on just a few occasions. It had been brewed, perhaps, two or three years previously, and had a peculiar sharp, dry flavour. Largely impregnated with carbonic acid gas, it was to the Berliner much the same as brandy and soda to an Englishman.

I also visited some of the *weinstuben* which were mostly old-fashioned underground places, patronised by those who preferred grape juice to the produce of malt and hops. At one establishment at the

corner of the Friedrichs-strasse one could procure genuine old Cape wine, such as sweet red Constantia and bitter golden Cape Stein—the last named produced from vines which had been sent out to South Africa from Würzburg in Bavaria. The most famous *wein-stube* of the period was, however, Lutter and Wegener's in the Gensd'armen-markt.

It had been the chief resort of Berlinese actors from time immemorial, and I was shown the table at which Devrient, a famous impersonator of classic characters, used to sit in the company of the celebrated Hoffmann, the fantastic poet who in ordinary life was a civil servant with the title of Kammergerichts-rath. Hoffmann's criticisms, often of a most dictatorial description, were the only ones which Devrient ever tolerated. One story of the latter is worth repeating. On a certain afternoon he was sitting with some friends in the *wein-stube* I have mentioned, when he noticed a man who, with mallet and chisel, was engaged in some repairs at the theatre—the Schauspiel-haus—opposite. After plying his mallet half a dozen times, this man invariably laid down his tools, took out his snuff-box, and treated himself to a pinch. Devrient maintained that the time given to the snuff-taking was exactly equivalent to that in which the six mallet blows were delivered, and by way of proving this assertion he offered to bet that he would drink a bottle of champagne during each performance. The challenge was taken up, and after imbibing a bottle of the wine during the man's snuff-taking, Devrient despatched a second one during the mallet-strokes. History does not record whether his performance at the Schauspiel-haus was marked by more than his usual fire that evening, but the anecdote shows that the Berlin

workman of that time was occasionally quite as leisurely in his ways as his British contemporary.

This reference to Devrient brings me to the theatres of the Prussian capital.* Three of them, the Opera-house, the Schauspiel-haus, and the concert hall in the latter building, were then under Crown control, the General Superintendent being Herr von Hülsen, an ex-officer of the Guard Corps, who also had charge of the "annexed" theatres of Wiesbaden, Cassel, Hanover, and Frankfort-on-the-Main. I never saw him attired otherwise than in uniform, or heard him addressed otherwise than as Excellency, and I soon ascertained that he invariably endeavoured to rule the performers under his control in an absolutely military fashion. He reduced the internal decorations and comforts of the royal theatres to a minimum, for in his opinion, all such things distracted the attention of the audience from the stage; and in a like spirit he banished orchestras from the houses where dramas and comedies were performed, as music between the acts was, he held, incompatible with the cult of either Melpomene or Thalia. As for the companies which he got together, he usually aimed at securing a standard of level mediocrity, setting his face as much as possible against "stars"—who, by the way, were then known to the Berliners as "matadors."

Although I have always had quite a slim figure I never found any seats so uncomfortably narrow as those in the Berlin Opera House, nor did I ever sit in a worse ventilated theatre, for the temperature rose to that of the hottest chamber of a Turkish bath, and the atmosphere was generally impregnated

* I contributed a series of articles on them to the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, whose Paris correspondent I was for a few years.

with odours of a most nauseous kind. There were no regulations as to attire. Among the male spectators very few appeared in evening dress, though, of course, those who were officers (and who, by the way, were only allowed on the second tier) wore their uniforms. As for the women, many were quite dowdily attired. The audience was generally credited with being highly educated with regard to music, nevertheless it suffered the vocalists to indulge in all kinds of faults without protest. It came to pass, however, that Pauline Lucca, the *prima donna*, repeatedly tried the public patience, until she at last sinned more egregiously than ever. She and a certain Fräulein Mallinger became bitter rivals on account of their respective interpretations of the rôle of "Marguerite" in Gounod's "Faust," and this rivalry led to some extraordinary scenes at the Opera-house. On one occasion the partisans of the two vocalists almost came to blows and had to be turned into the streets by a posse of police. A year or two later, during a performance of "Les Huguenots," Lucca without waiting for her cue walked on to the stage and started singing before another air was finished. This proved too much for even the patient Berlin public, and the capricious *prima donna* was loudly hissed. Thereupon Herr von Hülsen stepped up to the footlights and lectured the audience on its rudeness.

Lucca at first refused to appear again, but was pacified by an engagement for life with enhanced emoluments and four months' leave of absence annually. She then apparently thought that she might do as she pleased, and repeatedly behaved and sang in a most outrageous fashion. This led to renewed protests, in revenge for which the lady deliberately treated us to a series of fainting fits.

The first time I heard the loud thud when she flopped down upon the stage, I thought she must have injured herself, but a companion remarked to me that she was far too fat for that, and so it proved. Eventually she flung her contract at Hülsen's feet and fled across the Atlantic, to the chagrin of many Berlineses who, in spite of her capricious ways, could not forget that in earlier years she had made herself very popular among them. This she had achieved in part by learning the horrible Berlineses dialect, compared with which the Cockney speech of some parts of London is almost blameless.

The orchestra at the Berlin Opera-house was on the whole efficient. Wagner's "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were favourite operas, but his "Tristan und Isolde" had a very mixed reception when it was first performed in 1876. Two years previously I heard Verdi's "Aïda" at Berlin, it being produced there long before it was given in Paris or in London. The *répertoire* was certainly varied and quite cosmopolitan. I heard several of the compositions of Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber, Ambroise Thomas, and Gounod, as well as Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" in the same year as "Aïda." The ballets, which old Taglioni planned and produced during fifty years, were often remarkably well staged, but the ladies who appeared in them were mostly antiques. The Berlineses called them the "Old Guard," but added, sarcastically, that instead of imitating Napoleon's men at Waterloo, they always surrendered and never died.

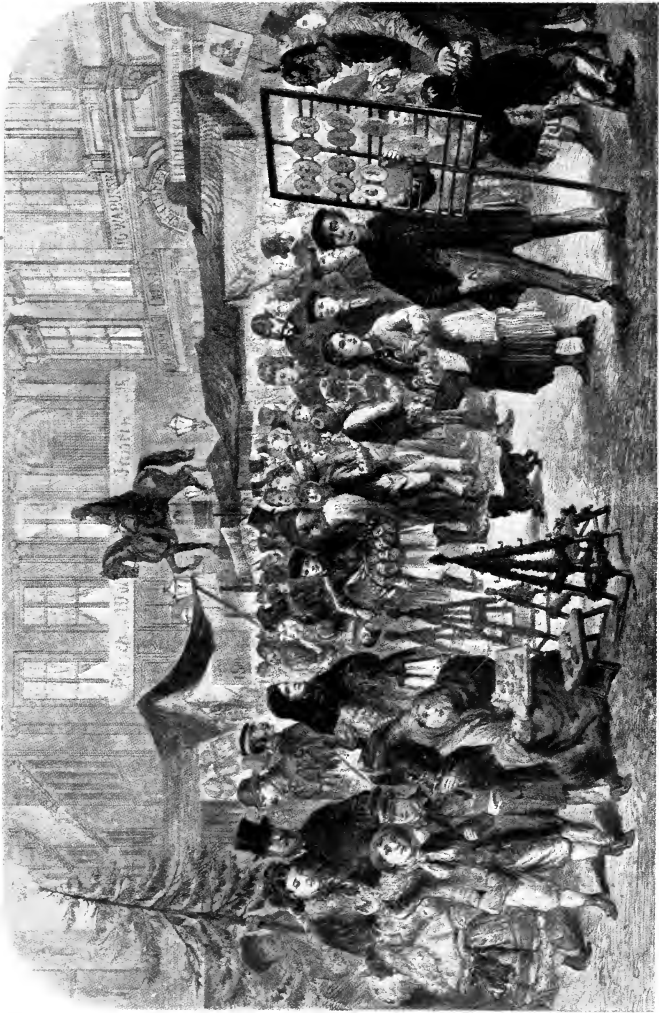
The Königliches Schauspielhaus or Royal Playhouse claimed a position similar to that of the Comédie Française. Shakespeare was often staged there, and I remember seeing performances of plays

by Schiller, Kotzebue, Rudolf and Paul Lindau—the last named then being the most popular of the modern German playwrights. There was a house in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt where Offenbachian *opéra-bouffe* prevailed, and where the famous Meiningen court-players appeared on one or two occasions, to the amazement of the Berlinese, who then realised how much their own court theatres were behind the times. The Wallner Theatre, which staged local comedy and farce, was one of the most popular houses in the city. Bismarck's crony Helmerding—a counterpart in some respects of the English Robson—here became the idol of the audience. French *féeries* like “La Chatte blanche” were to be seen at the huge Victoria Theatre; the Residenz gave plays by Dumas *fils* and Sardou as well as by native authors; whilst the National and the Stadt Theatres were homes of tragedy and melodrama. There were also many popular houses where you might smoke, sip kummel, swill beer and gorge on *kuchen* during the performances, the average entrance fee to these places being sixpence or little more. Farce and melodrama alternated at such establishments, the farces often partaking of the nature of *revues*—that is to say, topical subjects and topical characters (such as Bismarck, Count Arnim, Don Carlos, and Deputy Windthorst) would be introduced into them. There were also a couple of circuses—Renz's and Salamonsky's—as well as the Walhalla Theatre, where the most striking novelties in the acrobatic and monstrosity line were exhibited nightly.

A German writer of the time roundly denounced the evil influence exercised by the Berlin “popular” houses on social life. “Every evening,” said he,

“ marriage, morality and religion are trampled under foot in these places, amidst the fumes of tobacco and alcohol, and the laughter of the spectators. It is scarcely enough to say that the greatest city in Germany offers up twenty millions of thaler every year on the altar of that unclean divinity, Astarte.” Those remarks applied to some of the theatres I have mentioned, and also to the many music and dancing halls dispersed through the city.

In the halls singers and public were generally on intimate terms. Fräulein Irma would descend from the stage, embrace her lover who was among the audience, sit on his knee if there was no chair vacant, and then, at his expense, regale herself with a blade bone and pickled cabbage, in partaking of which she needed the assistance of three successive pints of beer. Then, after Fräulein Alma had in her turn warbled a ditty with the customary refrain of “ Zum Tinglingling, Zum Tinglingling ! ” (which was taken up by everybody present), she likewise descended from the stage and, after collecting a number of silver groschen, in a like fashion fed upon raw herring powdered with yellow sugar, and imbibed some kind of schnapps. Meanwhile the racket in the auditorium increased, and when somebody had imitated the bleating of a sheep, another followed with the cackling of a hen, until there arose a babel of sounds compounded of the speech of every known animal and bird, the lights meantime growing quite dim amidst the ever-increasing volume of tobacco smoke. Some years later much the same scene was to be witnessed in the *caboulots* of the Butte Montmartre, and Paris imagined that it had given birth to something novel. Not at all. The famous Parisian “ Chat noir ” and all the smaller dens of that category were purely



A CHRISTMAS FAIR IN BERLIN

and simply imitations of what had long existed at Berlin, and had merely been transplanted from the banks of the Spree to those of the Seine by the unceasing migration of Germans, who as "Alsations," "Austrians" or "Switzers," betook themselves to France, sometimes to spy out the land, and sometimes to better their positions.

Dancing was a passion among the Berlinese of those days, and public dancing-halls were as numerous in their city as they once were in Paris also. Nobody could say that the Parisian dancing places were ever schools of morality, but in my young days they were at least policed by Municipal Guards, and overt acts of indecorum were promptly checked. In Berlin, however, I found the greatest license prevailing. Scores of the half-drunk were to be seen leaning over scores of the half-dressed at such places as the Orpheum, the Ball-haus, the Villa Colonna, the Flora Saal and the so-called Vauxhall; and many and often quite shameless were the endearments in which one and another of the crowd publicly indulged. I also recollect witnessing an extremely *décolleté* ballet at the Orpheum, and on my commenting on its impropriety to a friend, a person who sat near us remarked: "Ah! but that is necessary in Berlin. No matter how low one may cut the bodices of the ballet girls or how high one may cut their skirts, the Berlinese are never satisfied!"

The prevalence of the social evil was evident in all parts of the city, and the coarser manners of the Germans—compared with those of the Parisians—made it appear all the worse. Figures given in the statistical annual issued by the municipality showed what a cancer was gnawing at the vitals of the new

Weltstadt. The Church appeared to be powerless. Prussian Protestantism had been undermined by philosophic speculation and scientific rationalism, and at each recurring visit which I paid to the city, pure atheism seemed to be more and more in the ascendant. No cathedral as yet existed. In all Berlin, towards the close of the "seventies," there were but fifty-eight Lutheran and other Protestant churches, with four Roman Catholic ones, and two synagogues. Some curious things might be observed. A few years after the passing of a Civil Marriage Law the number of religious marriages had declined by one half. Out of an annual average of some 30,000 burials, ministers of religion officiated at only 3000 ! As for the church-goers, these (apart from the Catholics) represented only about 0·5 of the population. The church of a certain parish inhabited by 7000 people remained absolutely empty Sunday after Sunday. The Kaiser at last ordered all shops to be closed during the religious services, but this measure had little or no effect. Indeed, however great might be the personal devotion which the Berlineses generally professed for the victor of Sedan, they steadily refused to imitate his religious observances. On the other hand, they enthusiastically supported Bismarck during that Culturkampf with the Vatican, which was so largely brought about by Catholic hostility to the new Empire, and which Pius IX so greatly envenomed by his fulminations.

The Berlineses Ultramontane journals suffered very severely during these hostilities, being frequently prosecuted, fined, suspended and suppressed. For some years Abbé Majunke, editor of the *Germania*, spent most of his time in prison. Socialist journalists had a similar experience, and as in spite of this the

attacks on the Chancellor became more and more frequent, he had a special form of prosecution order lithographed and filled it in whenever occasion required, that is, as a rule, several times every week. It ran as follows :—

The Chancellor of the Empire directs the attention of the State Attorney of the district of — to No. — of the — newspaper. This number contains on page —, column —, an article constituting the offence of —. The State Attorney is therefore directed to commence proceedings in accordance with paragraphs — and — of the Penal Code of the Empire. (Signed) V. Bismarck, Chancellor.

Under this system Clericalist and Socialist writers knew no respite whatever. In six weeks no fewer than thirty-seven warrants were issued against Herr Sonnemann, the Socialist editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*; and in one day five convictions, each carrying with it consecutive imprisonment, were secured against a clericalist scribe, Dr. Hager of the Silesian *Volks Zeitung*. With editors belonging to other parties Bismarck had less trouble. He simply purchased them with the help of his Reptile Fund, as I mentioned in a previous chapter. The Press Bureau was then already an institution of long standing, having been placed originally under the direction of a Dr. Ryno Quehl, who was succeeded for a time by two men named Aegidi and Hahn, until in 1875 a certain Herr Carord appeared upon the scene and perfected the machinery. People talk nowadays of the Prussian Press Bureau and its Wolff, Bjornsen, and other agencies, as if these were quite novel things. But their practices are simply survivals of Carord's time. He did not merely exercise a control over the German Press, he also inspired many Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, and United States journals, his

influence extending even to German periodicals issued in Australia.

The chief Berlinese papers of my time were the old *Vossische Zeitung*, which already then hated all things English; the *National Zeitung*, which was reputed to "devour Great Britain raw once every week;" the democratic *Volks Zeitung*; the *Social Demokrat*, a predecessor of the *Vorwärts* of to-day; the Junker organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung*; the *Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, which was Bismarck's favourite mouthpiece; the clericalist *Germania*; the *Tribune*, and the *Tageblatt*, the last named then being smaller and less read than it is nowadays. The most extensively circulated journal was, however, without doubt the *Intelligenz Blatt*, which, contrary to its appellation, contained very little news indeed; its score of pages being given chiefly to advertisements, hundreds and hundreds of which were for domestic servants, clerks, tutors, governesses, apprentices, journeymen, and so forth. Quack medicines and similar articles were also advertised throughout the Berlin Press in a far more extensive and ambitious manner than was then the practice in Great Britain, and the fortune-telling announcements of prophets and prophetesses were innumerable.

The *Kladderadtsch* was, and, I suppose, remains, Berlin's leading comic journal. For many years a certain David Kalisch acted as its editor, writing the satirical verses which usually appeared on the front page, as well as the dialogues between "Schültz" and "Müller," two typical Berlinese citizens (one a bourgeois and the other a militarist), which were among the paper's chief features. Kalisch, however, was succeeded by a man named Dohm, who being a

Professor of Theology imparted a much heavier tone to the publication's letterpress. The chief draughtsman was a certain Scholz, whose productions no editor of *Punch* would ever have thought worthy of print and paper. For twenty years Scholz caricatured Napoleon III both in and out of season, and when the Emperor died he made the inoffensive young Prince Imperial his favourite butt. The *Wespen*, whose principal draughtsman, Heyl, was a better artist, appeared as a supplement to the *Tribune*, just as the *Ulk* was, and is, a supplement to the *Tageblatt*. In those days the *Ulk's* cartoons were perhaps the best appearing in the Berlin satirical journals. German wit, however, is usually a very heavy affair, lacking the sprightliness of French *esprit* and the caustic dryness of much of our English humour. Thus one seldom found anything really "smart" in the productions of the Berlinese writers and artists.

I recall, however, a significant cartoon which the *Ulk* published apropos of some pacific declarations which the old Kaiser made in one of his speeches from the throne. Prussia was typified as a female carrying an olive branch, and reading from a tablet, whilst in front of her were gathered the representatives of various countries, among them being France, who was peering through a telescope at a shadow which rose behind the peaceful figure of Prussia—this shadow taking the form of a very determined-looking infantryman, in marching order, with rifle raised and bayonet fixed. There was also, I remember, a clever series of irreverent caricatures of that sacred institution, the army—privates, non-coms., and officers, all figuring as cockchafers, or, as the artist put it, as varieties of the *scarabeus explodens militaris*.

Bismarck was frequently caricatured, but, as a rule, either in a flattering or an inoffensive manner. On one occasion, however, when he had retired to Varzin in a fit of pique,* and the semi-official journals announced that his physician had been summoned thither by telegraph (although his illness was merely a diplomatic one), the *Wespen* was bold enough to portray him seated in a room with two friends and a pack of cards. The doctor had simply been summoned to make up a whist party! Another somewhat humorous caricature depicted the Chancellor's "Christmas tree," from which hung cages full of imprisoned Clericalist and Socialist editors. These, by the way, were often confined in adjoining cells at the same prison, and one caricaturist represented Abbé Majunke tendering from his barred window an impressive sermon to his fellow prisoner, Sonnemann, who, not to be outdone in zealous proselytism, responded by offering the Abbé a violent Socialist manifesto. Below ran the legend: "They will end by converting one another."

* See p. 59, *ante*.

VII.

HERE AND THERE IN GERMANY.

The Spreewald and the Wends—A Glimpse of Silesia : Breslau—Ahr and Moselle—Rhineland and Palatinate—Württemberg and Bavaria—Their Royal Houses—The Mad King and his Death.

MY acquaintance with Germany in the “seventies” and afterwards did not begin and end with my visits to Berlin. Every now and again I had occasion to travel in other parts of the country, and among my most interesting experiences were a couple of sojourns in the Spreewald district, which was a favourite place of resort among the Berlinese during the summer months. My first visit was made, however, in winter-time, with my father. The district was then inhabited almost entirely by Wends, of whom there were said to be 180,000 in Upper and Lower Lusatia, which the Spreewald fringes on the Northern side. I also came upon colonies of Wends in various parts of Austria—some not far from the more western reaches of the Danube, and larger ones to the south of Gratz, a region which I visited after going to Gorizia to attend the funeral of the Comte de Chambord. These Wends are Slavs, and claim to be remnants of that ancient race of the Vandals, whose principal hordes invaded Gaul, passed thence into Spain, and gave their name to Andalusia.* Their first known habitat was the region spreading between

* Previously Vandalucia.

the Oder and the Vistula, and the Spreewald district is at no great distance from the former river.

As its name implies, it was originally forest land, but has been largely cleared during recent centuries. The Spree, which ends by joining the Havel near Spandau, rises some seventy miles away in the Lusatian hills. After penetrating a range of heights known as the Niederlausitzer Grenzwall, near Cottbus, it enters a broad valley, which the Wends call the Blota, and it there branches out into two or three hundred arms, which extend hither and thither through a stretch of country some thirty miles in length and eight in breadth, until they finally unite again near the little town of Lübben. In my time this region was of interest from the fact that its inhabitants retained their ancient manners, customs, language, and habilaments, and that, intersected as it was by innumerable water-courses, it formed, as it were, a rural kind of Venice. There were only one or two roads; the rivulets served as highways and byways, along which you travelled in flat-bottomed boats, called *kahns*, which were navigated by means of poles. Cattle, poultry, corn, hay, and vegetables were all conveyed to market by water. It was in boats that the children went to school, that the postman made his round, that the doctor went to visit the sick, and the tax-gatherer to levy the imposts. Bride and bridegroom travelled to church in a *kahn*, and the same means of transport was employed to convey the dead to their resting-place.

The journey from Berlin is one of less than fifty miles, chiefly across sandy plains planted here and there with firs and larches, and watered by broad lakes and winding streams. Now and again one sees a factory chimney, and in the distance are some

low hills covered with pines. On the way one passes Königs-Wusterhausen, where stands the shooting lodge in which the first Frederick William of Prussia held his famous "Tobacco Parliament." Beyond Brand the Spreewald begins, but we found it best to go on past Lübben to the station of Lübbenau, whence the driver of an antique droschke conveyed us to Lübbenau town, skirting on his way a sinuous rivulet spanned by numerous little bridges which were invariably raised in the centre to allow a fully laden boat to pass under them. Lübbenau proved to be a quaint little place with a schloss, a church and an inn known as the Brown Horse. There was a main street and half a dozen side ones, with rivulets galore, and at least a hundred wooden bridges. At the Brown Horse we engaged a boatman who, as the weather was very cold, and ice had formed at the bottom of his *kahn*, spread a thick layer of straw over it in the hope of thereby keeping our feet warm. We jumped into the little craft and were soon shooting along a poplar and willow-fringed stream on our way towards the village of Lehde, which was to be our first halting-place.

I remember being overtaken that day by a funeral procession, composed of three boats. Raised on a stand in the first one was a small coffin—that of a child—decked with wreaths of greenery. In the second *kahn* were the male and in the third the female mourners. The men wore tall fluffy hats, and the women white coifs falling in a point behind, together with white kerchiefs crossed over their breasts. In other respects one and all were dressed in black. We drew aside to let the party pass, then followed in the same direction, for at some little distance ahead there was a small quaint-looking

church of the Russian type, and near it, on the bank of the stream, stood a pastor gowned in black. These Prussian Wends were for the most part Lutherans, but those whom I found in Austria belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. In both instances, however, their Christianity was tainted by a number of superstitions, plainly dating from Pagan times. Near the pastor whom I have just mentioned, stood a party of schoolchildren, boys and girls, accompanied by their master, and while the remains of their deceased schoolmate were being removed from the boat to the river bank they joined in singing a doleful Wendish chant. Some of the Wendish superstitions to which I have alluded are associated with the subject of death. When, for instance, a beekeeper dies, one of his relatives goes to the hives, strikes the combs, and exclaims: "Bees, arise and come forth! Your master is dead!" Again, if the deceased has owned a few cows, a relative goes to their shed, makes them stand up if they are lying down, places some cheese made from their own milk before them, and then announces that their master's body is about to be removed for burial.

When I visited the Spreewald in summer I observed that a great deal of the land beyond Lübbenau and Lehde—a monotonously flat stretch of country—was not unlike a South American savannah, being covered with a thick growth of long coarse grass. As a rule this provided two crops of hay every year, and at times, after the first one had been cut, I saw a few sheep—infrequent animals in this part of Germany—browsing among the stubbles. However, one occasionally came upon arable land where rye, wheat, and vegetables were grown. In the late autumn and winter the expanse was dotted

with a profusion of ricks, and hay was always being carried by water hither and thither—that is, to Lübben, to Lübbenau, to Cottbus, and even, I fancy, as far as Görlitz and Bautzen. The hay boats went generally in couples, lashed together, side by side—each couple being guided by a sturdy Wend wearing, as a rule, a round fur cap, a short tight jacket—somewhat after the Spanish pattern—and boots reaching to his knees. For the cereals there were a few picturesque watermills near which flotillas of grain and flour boats were often moored.

In summer the village of Lehde, to which I previously referred, presented an aspect which might well have appealed to the brush of Constable or that of Théodore Rousseau, for all around it rose lofty and umbrageous trees—relics of the forest primeval which had once spread over the entire region. If the quaint one-storeyed timber houses sometimes looked rickety they were at least extremely picturesque. In the late autumn and the winter their high thatched roofs with projecting eaves peered above huge stacks of firewood. Under the eaves stood ladders by which one might occasionally reach a string of tobacco leaves, hung there to dry. At either end of each house the apex of the roof was surmounted by a couple of small cocks' heads, of wood roughly carved, and often coloured red. Generally speaking, these dwellings suggested a Slavonic origin. There were times, indeed, when they closely resembled Russian isbas. A box was always fixed on the tree nearest to each house, this provision being made for the storks, which frequented the district in the warm weather. At intervals one came upon a brick-built house which, in most instances, was a *schenke* or tavern. I recollect more

than once regaling a boatman with *krock*, otherwise grog, at one of these houses, where the buxom hostess was a very pleasant and comely woman, wearing a bright parti-coloured scarf in turban fashion on her head, whilst below her short skirt, gathered into many pleats at the waist, she displayed a pair of very bright scarlet stockings.

I cannot now recall the particular significance of the various headgears of the Wendish girls and women, but I believe that each coiffure had a meaning attached to it—one implying a certain state of life. There were times when a scarf would be worn merely in turban fashion, as already indicated; but in other instances it would be tied in front in a kind of bow, with long projecting ends or wings, suggestive of a pair of horns. There were also various sorts of white coifs of different sizes and shapes, and I believe that one kind was assigned to unmarried girls, another to recently married wives, another to women who were both wives and mothers, and a fourth to widows. Some of the caps were of quite a mediæval type, such as the Wendish women must have worn in the old days when their race came under the sway of the Bohemian Crown, whose possessions stretched, at one time, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, in such wise that Shakespeare's reputed blunder about the "coast of Bohemia" was really no blunder at all. He and Robert Greene, from whom he borrowed the idea of the "Winter's Tale," knew more on that subject than did their critics of a later day.

Strong and well-developed folk, the Wends with whom I came in contact appeared to be inoffensive, good-hearted and honest. Their chief pleasures were music and dancing. I recollect staying at an inn at Oldendorf, and witnessing some merry-making

there. The front of the house was lighted up for the occasion, and the musicians, whose instruments comprised a violin, a guitar, and a couple of horns, installed themselves on a raised stand at one end of the principal room, round which were ranged a number of forms for the accommodation of the expected company. The men, clean shaven or wearing small moustaches, displayed as a rule more cheek and less brow than they should have done; but the sturdily built girls were often quite attractive with their healthy complexions and their bright eyes. While the young fellows mingled together, smoking their long porcelain pipes, the damsels gathered apart with some affected coyness, but by and by, after one or another admirer had offered a *seidel* of beer or a sip of kummel, they became less demure and exclusive. I was, let me add, much astonished to find that the favourite beer in the Spreewald was the notorious frothy *weiss* of Berlin. The Wends, however, instead of drinking it from huge tumblers as was the practice in the Berlinese *stuben*, patronised narrow glasses about a foot in height.

The entertainment which I witnessed at Oldendorf began with some singing, first in German and then in Wendish—both languages then being taught in the Spreewald schools, though all that may well have changed under the Germanising rule of the present Kaiser. After a few songs dancing began, at first with slow and measured steps, which gradually increased in velocity, and ended in a wild whirl—youths and girls then linking their hands above their heads whilst their toes and heels clattered loudly on the polished floor. I recall also another kind of dance—a kind of “merry-go-round” affair—in the graveyard of Burkow, after a wedding at the church

there. Weddings and christenings, by the way, seemed to interest the entire community, every such ceremony supplying a pretext for a holiday of some days' duration.

On the occasion I have mentioned I set out by boat from Leipe, going thence to Reiga, which is on the outskirts of the remaining forest land. The many rivulets course among the trees and lead one to the deepest recesses of the sylvan tract. Every now and again the water, which is perpetually washing and denuding the roots of these centenarian growths, ends by undermining them so much that one or another forest giant suddenly sways and falls with a crash or a thud across the startled stream.

The bride and bridegroom whose wedding I attended belonged to the village of Zehni-Kaupam, and there, early on the morning of the auspicious day, a singular little comedy was enacted. Whenever a Wendish marriage has been arranged, the families on either side choose a friend to fill a peculiar kind of office, in which the duties of a procuror and those of a master of the ceremonies appear to be united. This official is styled the Probratrka, and on the wedding morning to which I have referred he presented himself at the house of the bridegroom's father, and after partaking of refreshments, addressed the old gentleman on his son's behalf, asking forgiveness for all the trouble and sorrow he might have caused during his bachelor days, and returning thanks for the many marks of affection which he had received. The father in his turn addressed a pious exhortation to his son and gave him his blessing, after which, amidst strains of music and the discharge of fowling pieces and pistols, the whole family repaired with the Probratrka to the dwelling of the bride. Some

pretended negotiations ensued there, the Probratrka urging the young man's suit and offering all sorts of gifts for the purchase of the blushing damsel. These matters being at last adjusted, the bridesmaids adorned the young men with flowers and favours, and Mr. Probratrka addressed the bride's father in much the same way as he had previously addressed the bridegroom's.

The journey to the church at Burkow was made, of course, by water, and people congregated along the river banks and on the many tiny bridges in order to acclaim the party and discharge firearms as a sign of joy. The little church was so inconveniently crowded that I did not see much of the actual ceremony, but directly the young pair had been declared man and wife, we all had to defile before the altar and deposit an offering—a silver groschen or something similar—upon it. Then, on reaching the church door we found a merry party of village girls holding ribbons across it in order to prevent our egress, and each had to pay a small toll before being allowed to depart. When I at last reached the cemetery I found to my amazement the bride and bridegroom and all the principal members of the party, including Mr. Probratrka, dancing in a ring round some of the tombs. It was a wild and jubilant dance, and also a symbolical one. There lay the dead, but here was life—life attended by love and marriage, which meant a renewal of life, and its triumph over death yet once again.

We returned to Zehni-Kaupam in our kahns amidst more music and incessant detonations, and on approaching the house where the bridal pair were to reside, there came another *al fresco* dance. This time, however, the bride's partner was not her

husband, but the Probratrka—a middle-aged individual whose badge of office was a white scarf. I need hardly say that the women wore their very smartest clothes. Their bodices were often of black velvet, their kerchiefs and aprons were embroidered with flowers, their bright skirts had borders of contrasting hues. Some of them wore large ruffs suggestive of the Tudor period, and all of them displayed white stockings, these being *de rigueur* on such an occasion. On ordinary days in summer time bare legs and feet were the rule. In winter, however, mauve and magenta stockings with sabots and occasionally high boots, were patronised; but I noticed that, even then, the girls remained bare legged whilst they were in their boats, and only put on their stockings after landing. In summer they usually walked to church barefooted, carrying their shoes and stockings with them, and sitting down to put them on before entering the building. A few years later I observed the same practice in my wife's native province of Savoy, and on one occasion I asked a rather comely Savoisienne the why and wherefore of the practice. "Why?" she vivaciously answered in patois, tossing her head the while. "Shoes and stockings cost money, and *the leather of one's feet* is quite good enough for trudging along the roads!"

To conclude my account of the Wendish wedding I must mention that most of us sat down to a copious repast whilst others had food given them to take away. No second "helps" were allowed, however. Towards the evening there was a general adjournment to the village *schenke* and beer and kümmel were partaken of freely. Then the whole party escorted the bridegroom and bride processionally

to their home again, and the young person was "bedded" with much ceremony. When her husband had joined her some curtains disposed in front of the bed were drawn by Mr. Probratrka in accordance with old time custom. The jollification lasted two days longer, and at its close the relatives and friends of the newly married pair produced their wedding presents, which ranged from a couple of cows to various small articles of finery. I was told that it was invariably the usage to defer the presentation of gifts until the third day of the festivities, but I do not remember whether any particular reason was assigned for this practice. Everything being concluded, Mr. Probratrka delivered a final oration, in which he praised everybody present, and libations were offered yet once again to Hymen and to Eros. On my departure the bride and her mother shook hands with me quite *à l'Anglaise*, but at the outset of our acquaintance they, like the landlady at my inn, had merely proffered a single finger of the right hand, that being the usual custom among the Wendish women until they regard you as a friend. Indeed, if I remember rightly, girls never offer more than a finger, even to their lovers, so long as they are not married.

After one of my Spreewald trips I went as far eastward as Breslau, breaking the journey for a few hours at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, which was founded by the Wends and was, I believe, originally their chief town. One of the annual fairs was then being held there, and as I found the place too crowded with Jews from Posen to suit my fancy, I hastened my departure for Breslau—the capital of Silesia and one of the chief eastern bases of the Prussian forces in 1914. Here again I found many Jews of

the poorer classes, but the city proved an interesting one, well planned and laid out, yet picturesque in parts with its old houses, late Gothic and early Renaissance churches and other public buildings, besides a number of bridges connecting the little islands on the Oder with the mainland. Religious and political feelings were running high in Breslau at that time, for Bismarck's contest with the Vatican was in full swing, and Förster, the Prince Bishop of Breslau, like Ledochowski, the Archbishop of Posen, had openly defied the Chancellor and the new laws which so largely subordinated the Catholic clergy to the control of the civil authorities. On Bishop Förster refusing to pay the fines imposed upon him by a so-called ecclesiastical court, his carriages, plate, pictures, furniture, and wines were seized and carried away, and his salary—a matter of £2000 a year—was suspended. He thereupon went to Berlin and officiated for a while at a Catholic church there, but on returning to Breslau he was arrested for his opposition to the appointment by Government of a certain parish priest, and was eventually deposed from his episcopal authority.

All this greatly agitated his diocese, the Protestant and Jewish inhabitants siding with the Chancellor, whilst most of the Catholics, including many nobles, supported the Bishop. Some of the Catholics, however, were on the side of the State, and several riots took place between the contending factions, the police and the military thereupon intervening and treating all and sundry in the same brutally drastic fashion. The struggle was not without its humorous side, however. A State Catholic of Frankenstein (nothing to do with the creator of Mary Shelley's monster, but a pretty little town in

the Breslau diocese) desired to have a son of his baptised by the name of Bismarck. Bursting with indignation, the priest to whom he applied flatly refused to do so, declaring that Holy Church forbade the bestowal on children of any obscene or ridiculous names, or those of impious pagans. Quite a hulla-balloo ensued, and, of course, the conscientious ecclesiastic was committed to durance.

In the end, after the death of Pope Pius IX—who publicly called old Kaiser William “the modern Attila,”* thereby anticipating the nickname so generally bestowed nowadays on the monarch’s grandson—Bismarck, in alarm at the great progress of Socialism in Germany, gladly came to a compromise with Leo XIII, who, in his wily way, addressed the German Emperor as “the powerful Sovereign of the glorious Teutonic nation.” Bishop Förster was then restored to his episcopal position and emoluments, in which respect he was more fortunate than his colleague Ledochowski of Posen, whom Pius IX had created a Cardinal, and who had to remain in Rome until the end of his days, shorn of his German stipend and his personal belongings, and reduced to the £1600 a year which was paid to him as a Cardinal out of the Peter’s Pence. Not that Ledochowski grumbled thereat, for he was a man of grit, had borne imprisonment without complaint though not without protest, and whilst residing in Rome continued to annoy the German Chancellor by formally excommunicating every priest who accepted from the civil authorities a benefice in his former diocese.

Apropos of Bismarck’s struggle with the Catholic

* An audacious German romance writer of the time, named Conrad von Bolanden, preferred to give the Kaiser the name of Diocletian and Bismarck that of Marcus Trebonius.

Church, Thiers used to tell a story which will bear repetition. Towards the end of the battle of Waterloo, when Napoleon realised his defeat, Ouvrard, the great army contractor, said to him: "The English have lost an enormous number of men, sire." "Yes," the Emperor replied; "but I have lost the battle." "Some day," added Thiers, "Prince Bismarck will be re-echoing Napoleon's words." That prediction was, in the main, fulfilled.

When previously writing of the Chancellor * I mentioned that late in 1874 I visited the Rhineland vineyards with my father. We made excursions, too, along the Moselle and up the Ahr valley in connection with the wines vintaged there; and I also recall a later visit to the Ahr region for the purpose of inspecting the spring which yields the well-known Apollinaris water. We went there by the desire of Mr. George Smith, who was then proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and had a large interest in the Apollinaris Company. This, I believe, has been essentially a British one from the day when the spring was acquired from the brothers Kreuzberg. On the other hand, German labour was necessarily employed, and at the time of my visit one of the Kreuzbergs was acting as manager. Every year, in connection with some other springs in the vicinity, there was a short cure season, when a good many people visited the district, which is remarkably picturesque, the Ahr flowing rapidly into the Rhine along a narrow and sinuous valley, girt with steep heights which are mostly planted with vines and are occasionally crowned with woods. To Herr Kreuzberg, however, the prospect had become monotonous

* See p. 48, *ante*.

and dull, and he knew not how to expend the handsome income which he had acquired by selling his share in the Apollinaris-brunnen. The visit paid by my father and myself came, then, as a kind of Godsend to relieve his *tædium vitæ*.

Being a bachelor he had but a small establishment, so we took rooms at the local hotel, which, the cure season being over, was deserted. During our stay, however, Herr Kreuzberg invited himself to dinner every day, and expended as much money as he possibly could in ordering champagne. He appealed to us, indeed, to assist him in discriminating between the merits of every procurable brand of the wines of Reims and Epernay, and thus every day at dinner some seven or eight bottles were opened in succession. Very little was actually drunk, except by the waiters, who appropriated all that remained when our "tasting" was over; nevertheless, there were times when Herr Kreuzberg failed to carry what he consumed as well as he should have done. Every evening after the repast it was his practice to go into a neighbouring orchard, perch himself on a fruit tree there, armed with a loaded gun, and wait for the rabbits to come out. There were times, however, when he dozed off during the interval, and when, turning in his sleep, he overbalanced himself and had an unpleasant tumble. On one such occasion his gun went off, and he narrowly escaped a nasty injury. His case was one of an *embarras de richesse*. When my father expostulated with him one day, he replied: "But I do not know how to spend my money! I am condemned to live here. I have some fine English trotters, for which I gave a high price, but there are only a few miles of flat road along which I can drive them. There is no society

excepting for a month or so in the year, and I get bored to death during the rest of the time.”

At the hotel at Altenahr, not far from the Apollinaris spring, I remember coming upon an English couple who were virtually in hiding there—a tall, athletic, bearded man and a pretty, fair and slightly built woman, who seemed to be rather sad. One night there was a violent altercation between the pair, and in the morning we found that the man had gone, and that the woman had shut herself in her room. A few days later another man, her brother, so the hotel people asserted, came to take her away. She had stooped to folly—fled from her husband and her only child with a British peer. In those days such couples were to be met in out-of-the-way places on the Continent more frequently than one might imagine. At times, too, I have met solitary Englishmen who, calling themselves Brown, Smith, or Robinson, have related the most singular stories to account for their presence in some locality well removed from the beaten track of the ordinary tourist. Probably Scotland Yard would have liked to discover several of them.

During our trip along the Moselle, which was made mostly on foot, we visited the vineyards of such localities as Piesport, Graach, the Brauneberg, Zeltingen, and Bernkastel—the latter being celebrated for a so-called “doctor wine,” the origin of which name is legendary. A certain knight, it is said,* fell very ill, and on being told that he could not hope to recover, resolved to treat himself to a final potation of some wine grown on the slopes below the stronghold of Bernkastel. He did so, and instead of dying, found himself restored to perfect

* Another version says a priest, which some may think more likely.

health. Whether that be true or not, "Bernkastler Doctor" is certainly one of the best growths of the Moselle. We observed, however, that various objectionable practices were current in the district, the muscatel perfume of sparkling Moselle being, for instance, produced by means of chemicals. As a matter of fact, the muscatel vine is seldom, if ever, cultivated in the district where the Elbling, the Riesling, and the red Pineau varieties predominate. Looking back on that Moselle excursion, I retain the impression of a rugged country, one presenting in parts very considerable difficulties from a military standpoint, though hostilities were certainly waged there during both the Thirty and the Seven Years' War. To those people, however, who think that Germany might be invaded easily by way of the so-called "gap of Treves," I would answer—yes, as far as Treves; but not so easily farther.

Among the many spots visited by my father and myself during our rambles among the Rhine vineyards, was the old Bernardine Abbey of Eberbach, which Longfellow, I think, introduced into his "Golden Legend." The Dukes of Nassau had turned the remaining buildings into presshouses and store-places for the fine Rhine wines—such as Steinberger—vintaged on their domains, which were afterwards seized by the Prussian Crown in order to punish the Duke who had dared to support Austria against Prussia in the war of 1866. I believe that the Duke was allowed to retain some part of his famous "cabinet" of old wines; but when we reached Eberbach we found an old white-whiskered Prussian functionary in command there. I recollect that the buildings were entered by an archway, and that in a niche near by there stood a statue of St. Peter holding

the keys of heaven and hell. I remarked to the manager of the domains that it seemed rather irreverent to turn the apostle into a master-cellarman (for such he appeared to be) standing at the entry of a great wine-store with those keys in his hand. "No, no!" the functionary replied, "there is no irreverence. The statue is quite appropriate. Do you not remember the dictum of the early Church that wine was the gift of God, but that drunkenness came from the devil? With one of those keys St. Peter admits the temperate drinker to felicity, with the other he consigns the drunkard to perdition." For a German the jest was not, perhaps, a bad one.

From Eberbach we went to the great walled Steinberg vineyard, which had also passed into the possession of the Kaiser. Its wine ranks as the second growth of the Rheingau, though in some years the quality even excels that of Schloss Johannisberger, the *premier crû*. We visited both the Schloss and the vineyard of Johannisberg. The latter, planted by an archbishop of Mayence as early as the ninth century, passed into the possession of some Benedictines and became at last the property of the Princes of Orange and the Dukes of Nassau. Napoleon, however, in his days of conquest, gave the estate to Marshal Kellermann, Duc de Valmy—and Kellermann's name (cellarman)* made the gift somewhat appropriate. In any case, the Marshal lived up to it in regard to Johannisberg, for he replanted the land (which is under forty acres in extent) with French vines, and employed French vine-dressers to attend to them, the result being the modern Schloss Johannisberger wine. After the Napoleonic wars the Austrian Emperor bestowed

* He was an Alsatian, born at Strasburg.

the property on the famous Prince Metternich, and at the time of my visit it belonged to his descendant Prince Richard, the husband of that witty *singe à la mode*, Princess Pauline, the friend of the Empress Eugénie and one of the Graces of the Second French Empire.*

Only the wine sealed and branded with the Metternich crest can be regarded as genuine Schloss Johannisberger, though far more than any estate of forty acres could produce, has for well nigh a hundred years been palmed off upon credulous purchasers. The same has happened in the case of many other German wines. The most unscrupulous frauds have been currently practised by the trade, only a few houses, like Deinhard's of Coblenz, really being dependable. I remember the little Marcobrunn vineyard, whose extreme annual production was never more than 10,000 bottles of wine, whereas half a million bottles labelled Marcobrunner might have been found on the market. Again, as to Liebfrauenmilch, another widely consumed wine, produced in the outskirts of Worms, the total area in which the genuine article is grown does not exceed eight acres, though millions of bottles with "Liebfrauenmilch" on their labels must have been exported throughout the world.

Germany produces very few good red wines,† and excepting in the districts where they are vintaged the red growths are generally retailed under French names, two favourite ones being Château Léoville and Château Larose. I have drunk so-called Léoville even in the Spreewald, but it had certainly not come

* See the author's work: "The Court of the Tuileries, 1852-1870." (Chatto & Windus.)

† Those of Assmannshausen on the Rhine and of Walporzheim, Ahrweiler and Bodendorf in the Ahr valley.

from Médoc or from anywhere in France. My father and I used to find trickery rampant in regard to wine in the German hotels. In nineteen cases out of twenty, directly you applied your fingers to the label on the bottle which had been ordered, off it came, quite moist, having simply been applied during the bottle's transit from the cellar to the dining-room. At the same time it may be admitted that a good deal of the best Rhenish and Moselle came to England before our wine trade began seriously to decline, owing to the competition of whisky and other spirits. On the other hand, the falling off in our imports of the better German wines during several years preceding the outbreak of war in 1914, would not appear to have affected the growers. Time was when they willingly sent us wine of good quality because we were almost the only people who could afford to pay for it ; but some years ago I was struck by the extremely high prices which first-class vintages were fetching in Germany itself. The explanation was that, thanks to the great expansion of their trade, German merchants had been waxing wealthier and wealthier, and virtually fought one another for possession of genuine Johannisberger, Steinberger, Rüdesheimer, and other expensive wines, the competition becoming in some instances so keen as to double the former market prices.

It goes without saying that during our sojourns in Germany we visited, my father and I, most of the chief cities and show places. Like most visitors to Dresden, where there used to be a large colony of English people and a considerable one of Americans, I have always retained a favourable impression of the Saxon capital. I have also long had a better opinion of the Saxons than of any other branch of

the German race. I remember Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, speaking very positively on that point not long after the hostilities of 1870-71. Subsequent to the surrender of Metz, which he witnessed, he joined the Saxon forces investing the eastern side of Paris, and spoke extremely well of their behaviour at that time. French opinion corroborated his view. There are perhaps, comparatively speaking, more Socialists in Saxony than in any other part of the Empire; but whatever may be the political views of the people, the latter, broadly, are more humane, more polished, and less inclined to excesses than other Germans. In warfare the Prussian is always intent on plunder, whilst the Bavarian, though bred on what is supposed to be innocuous lager beer, often gives rein to bestial passions. During the war of 1870-71 more outrages were committed on women by Bavarians than by any other element in the German armies; and I believe that the same has been the case of recent times.

It was in 1873 that I first passed through Southern Germany. I was with my father and our friend Jules Pelcoq, the *Illustrated London News* artist, and our destination was Vienna, where an international exhibition was about to be held. We made the journey by easy stages, taking Stuttgart, Munich, and other places on our way. Pelcoq, who was a Belgian by birth, had been in Paris throughout the German siege, and I remember his many glances of intense dislike and his extremely caustic comments when he found himself in the land of the enemy. Happily for him he did not live to see his wrecked and pillaged country under the brutal invader's heel. It at least gave him some little satisfaction

to find himself before long in Würtemberg, which seemed to him to be a less guilty state than Prussia ; and he even took a passing interest in the associations with Schiller which were found in the vicinity of Stuttgart. That pleasantly situated little capital presented, however, a very dead-alive aspect, and woke up, apparently, only to imbibe beer and to listen to military music for an hour or two in the afternoon. Remembering that Würtemberg, long ruled by mere Counts and Dukes, only became a kingdom during the Napoleonic period, we marvelled at the extreme pretentiousness of the royal palace, which was capped, we found, with a gilded crown, and contained from 350 to 400 rooms. The King (Frederick I) was reputed to be poor, yet in the private royal stables there were as many horses as Napoleon III usually kept, and in a large mews also belonging to his Majesty there were as many more. They appeared to be "eating their heads off," as the saying goes, for the petty monarch seldom displayed himself to his subjects, some of whom hinted that his reason was impaired. Absolutely direct succession in the royal house has now come to an end, William II having had but a daughter, Pauline—by marriage Princess of Wied—so that his nephew Duke Albert (born in 1865 and commander of the Würtemberger contingent of the German armies) is heir to the throne.

We went on to Munich, where in attempting to see too much at both Pinakotheks, the Glyptothek and other museums, we contracted unpleasant headaches ; but I recall that we were impressed by the master-pieces in the older picture-gallery—the "Tempi Madonna" of Raffaele, the "Beggar Boys" of Murillo, the "Mourning for Christ" of

Poussin, the "Descent from the Cross" of Rembrandt, and all the examples of Dürer, the Holbeins, and Rubens. It was an infliction to pass afterwards to the crude pretentious paintings of Kaulbach and Cornelius.

The Bavarian throne was then occupied by the second Ludwig, Wagner's patron, who eventually met his death in the Würmsee, otherwise the lake of Starnberg. He happened to come to Munich for a few days on some state business while we were there, and we obtained just a glimpse of him—well-built, broad-shouldered, and quite handsome facially. There was as yet—so far as I am aware—no question of his sanity or insanity, but his younger brother, Otho, had been in confinement for some years. The unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria always contended that her cousin, Ludwig II, was not insane, but had simply been shut up to gratify the ambition of his relative, Prince Luitpold, who aspired to the regency. Ludwig's patronage of Wagner, though attended by some eccentric features, was assuredly no proof of insanity. Like his grandfather, Ludwig I, and his father, Maximilian II, he had artistic perceptions and indulged extravagantly in a taste for building and for decorating existing buildings. Some men, however, have spent money in far more foolish ways without being declared mad. Ludwig was responsible for some of the embellishments of the castle of Hohenschwangau; but the paintings there depicting the legend of Lohengrin (to whom, without rhyme or reason, the king was often likened) were commissioned by his father. He certainly built the castle of Neu-Schwanstein, and had it decorated with paintings of various German legends and incidents in the lives of the Minnesingers. I believe,

too, that he was responsible for the château of Berg, near the lake in which he perished. He also erected Schloss Linderhof and decorated it with statues and busts of Louis XIV, and pictures representative of events in that monarch's reign. Moreover, before he was seized and placed in confinement, he completed a large part of Schloss Herrenchiemsee, there again giving rein to his admiration for the Grand Monarque, taking Versailles as his model, decorating one room like Louis' bed-chamber, and insisting also on a replica of the famous Galérie des Glaces. The larger part of all this work having been executed after the Franco-German war it may have given great offence in Bavaria, and even greater in Prussia, where possibly Bismarck and the old Kaiser interpreted this partiality for French models as an intentional protest against Prussianism.*

King Ludwig, however, had other peculiarities. He not only cared nothing for women, but absolutely shunned them, in that respect imitating his grandfather's practice in his later years, though, earlier in life, Ludwig I, whose connection with Lola Montès will be remembered, had shown himself a very amorous monarch. Further, Wagner's patron liked to seclude himself altogether, attending little to affairs of State, and preferring by far his various lake and mountain castles to the early seventeenth century Alte Residenz, and the modern Königsbau and Festsaalbau at Munich. Dislike of women, extravagance, and neglect of State affairs are by no means sure signs of madness, though the latter faults must certainly have rendered King Ludwig an

* After all, the Bavarian King merely followed the example of many German princes of the eighteenth century, who freely built their palaces and laid out their gardens in the French style.

undesirable sovereign. And in connection with his case it should be remembered that since the latter part of the 18th century at least twenty members of the House of Wittelsbach have undoubtedly become insane, and that every branch of the family, without exception, has given more or less proof thereof. This insanity has been intermittent, at times skipping a generation, and afterwards reappearing.

The present King's father, Prince Luitpold, who became Regent as soon as Ludwig II had been placed under restraint, was supposed to be free from the family misfortune; but a few years ago I was told by more than one Bavarian that the old man occasionally evinced signs of dementia. He certainly became afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. I do not say that an epileptical affection necessarily implies insanity; time will show, however, what fate is reserved for the present King, Ludwig III, and his son, the Crown Prince Rupert. In the course of the Great War the last-named has issued orders and indulged in utterances which seem to indicate a predisposition towards the family complaint. That said, I will for the present leave the subject, though I must refer to it again in connection with the Austrian Empress. She, as already mentioned, claimed that King Ludwig II was quite sane; and only a few years back, in the vicinity of the Lake of Starnberg, people still related in whispers that when the unfortunate man was drowned with Dr. von Gudden, in June, 1886, he was seeking to escape from durance with the intention of reasserting his rights, in accordance with a plot in which the Empress Elizabeth and sundry high-placed Bavarian personages, as well as villagers of the district, were secretly leagued together.

BOOK II—AUSTRIA, HUNGARY
BOHEMIA.

“Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nube ;
Nam quae Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.”

AUSTRIAN CONCEIT.

“Extra Hungariam non est vita.
Nullum vinum, nisi Hungaricum.”

HUNGARIAN BOASTS.

“Gone are the days of Ottokar’s brief reign,
When fair Bohemia’s kingdom reached the main.”

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

VIENNA AND THE HAPSBURGS.

To Vienna by the Danube—Durrenstein and Cœur-de-Lion—The Pretty Jewesses of the Leopoldstadt—My Friend Nevlinsky—The Prince of Wales and the Viennese—A Royal Cigar and a diffident Colonial—The Duke of Connaught as a Dancer—The opening of the Welt-austellung—A Reproof from an Admiral—The Career of the Emperor Francis-Joseph—The Empress Elizabeth—Crown Prince Rudolph.

MAKING our way from Munich towards the Danube we came at last to the picturesque town of Passau, near the Austrian frontier, it being our intention to reach Vienna by the river steamboat service. Until we arrived at Linz, where we broke our journey, the Danubian scenery was for the most part very striking, at times even of an imposing character, the river flowing through a hilly country, past rocks or precipitous wooded cliffs with now and again a stretch of lower pasture land. Here and there were old towns and villages, venerable abbeys, feudal castles or isolated towers, and when we came to Aschach we caught a distant glimpse of some snow-capped Alpine heights rising to the south. Hereabouts also, as the river took its course through a broad plain, islands covered with underwood appeared upon its bosom. Then its bed contracted once more, and a few miles farther on the town of Linz was reached.

We arrived there at about seven o'clock in the evening, and stayed the night, putting up at the hotel of the Archduke Charles, where we were waited upon with great alacrity by a posse of bustling young women of Upper Austria—vivacious, comely, short-skirted creatures with bare legs, bright eyes, gleaming teeth and pink and white complexions. Pelcoq's artistic feelings were aroused at the sight, and he gave a smile of satisfaction. "*Enfin,*" said he, "we are no longer in Bismarck's empire!"

Of Linz we saw little or nothing, for the boat to Vienna started early the next day, and we then found ourselves passing less picturesque scenery than before. The river's left bank became quite flat, and we skirted numerous islands until we left Ardagger behind us. From that point the scenery again became hilly and wooded. Beyond Grein we kept close to an island in order to avoid some once dangerous rapids and a whirlpool; then we went our way again past a succession of towns, villages, ruined castles, and modern châteaux. When the afternoon arrived I examined spot after spot with some eagerness, for I was anxious to catch a glimpse of one closely associated with our English history. At last, a little below the town of Rossatz, it was pointed out to me. There on a rock, as it were, above a village with a conspicuous church and a lordly pleasure-house, was all that remained of the once formidable stronghold of Durrenstein, and at the sight of it I thought of our Cœur-de-Lion immured there, held to ransom by the Archduke of Austria, and of Blondel singing some plaintive song under the castle wall.

By and by we once more passed through some flat country, and island after island was skirted.

Then the height of Klosterneuburg with its ancient Augustinian monastery arose on our left, and presently, on reaching Nussdorf, we were transferred to a smaller steamer which, following the Danube canal, deposited us at last on the Franz-Josefs Quay at Vienna. We at first installed ourselves at an hotel, but as we intended to remain in the city for some months, and terms were high on account of the approaching Exhibition, which the Viennese (not anticipating the coming financial crash and the cholera scare) imagined would greatly enrich them, we soon took some rooms in a private house.

It was very near Renz's Circus in the Leopoldstadt, the Jewish quarter of Vienna, which we selected by reason of its proximity to the Prater, where the Exhibition was to be held. We lunched and dined at restaurants—as a rule either in the Exhibition grounds or in the adjacent Haupt Allée of the Prater—merely taking the customary matutinal roll and coffee at home. The people of the house were Jews, the husband being connected with a bank, and the mother devoting most of her time to eating, drinking and sleeping, in such wise that she had very little left to bestow on her two pretty daughters, who before long became my frequent companions. My father had supposed that I should improve if not perfect my knowledge of German during my stay at Vienna; but I am afraid that I greatly neglected that matter, as my friends, the young Jewish belles, set their hearts on learning French from me. The family was fairly well connected, one of its members being a prominent contributor to that well-known journal, the *Neue Freie Presse*, whilst Johann Strauss, the famous composer of the “Beautiful Blue Danube,” “Wiener Blut,” and so many other

popular waltzes, was a relation by marriage. Before long I was introduced to him, and heard him on several occasions play his own compositions *en petit comité*.

We had come to Vienna, however, with introductions to various official personages, and in that way I became acquainted with a young *attaché* of the Austrian Foreign Office, named Nevlinski. He was a Pole by birth, a remarkably good linguist, handsome and capital company. We speedily fraternised, and made many pleasant excursions together through the Viennese environs, taking with us occasionally the young Jewish beauties whom I have mentioned. For some years after leaving Vienna I corresponded with Nevlinski, but at last I heard nothing more of him until I learnt one day that he had quitted the Austrian service and entered that of the Turkish Sultan, otherwise Abdul the Damned, who employed him in negotiating loans from which he, Nevlinski, derived substantial pickings.

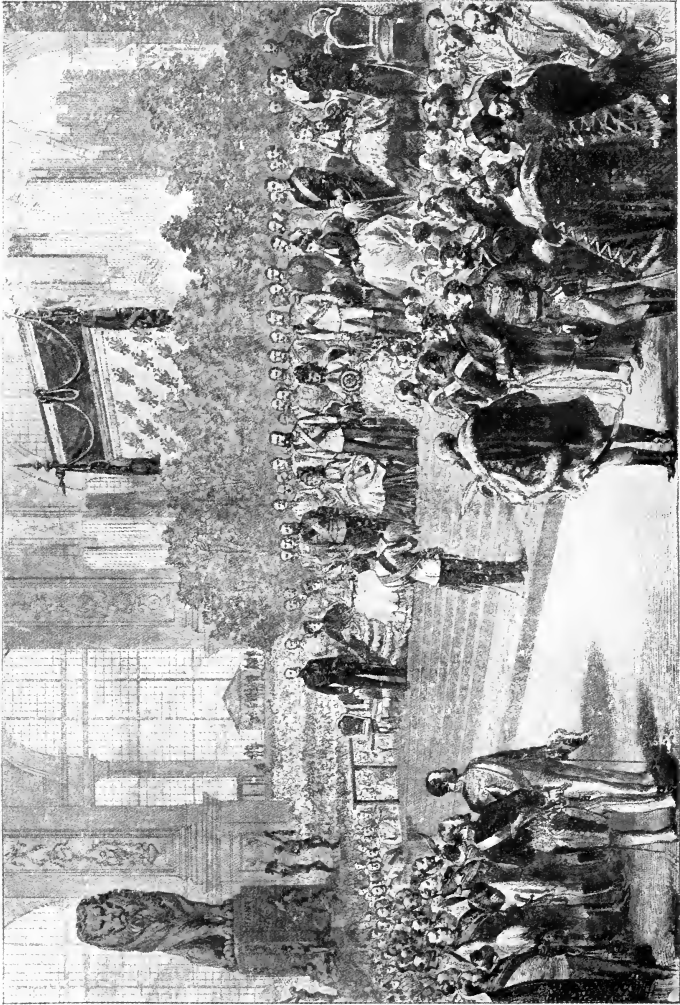
With his help and that of the young Jewesses and their relations, life at Vienna became very pleasant, though there was a great deal of work to be done for the *Illustrated London News*, much of it being cast upon me, as my father was requested to act for Great Britain on the international jury which was to determine the merits of all the specimens of wines sent from many parts of the world to the exhibition. The results of his labours in that respect were embodied in a report which was presented to both Houses of Parliament, and subsequently reprinted in a popular form. The Prince of Wales (Edward VII) was President of the Royal British Commission, and I had several opportunities of seeing

him and even of speaking with him during his sojourns in Vienna. He became extremely popular there—as he did wherever he went—but the Viennese marvelled greatly at the manner in which he so often dispensed with State and ceremony. He might be seen at times driving to the Exhibition in an ordinary public fiacre, having with him perhaps just one attendant; whereupon the *habitués* of the Ring or the Prater-strasse would exclaim in astonishment: “How different from our Archdukes! They never ride otherwise than in their own carriages and escorted by mounted troopers! And they are always in uniform, whereas this Prince of Wales goes about like any one of us!”

I remember a somewhat amusing incident in connection with the Prince's stay at Vienna. The Royal Commission held a reception which was attended by all the more prominent British people connected with the Exhibition. On arriving at the meeting-place, the Prince retired for a moment to a room reserved for him, and when he emerged from it we saw that he was smoking a cigar and was carrying a box of cigars in his hand. We were all drawn up in somewhat formal fashion around a large room, and as the Prince went by he tendered the box of cigars to one and another member of the company. At last he came to a certain Mr. M——, a gentleman of Dutch ancestry, who represented the Cape of Good Hope, and who was duly presented by the Royal Commissioners' secretary, Mr.—afterwards Sir—Philip Cunliffe Owen. Mr. M—— appeared to be much impressed by this honour, and although he helped himself in a hesitating way to one of the Prince of Wales's cigars, he stammered that he would never dare to smoke it in his royal highness's

presence, but should preserve it for his posterity as a family heirloom. On hearing this, the Prince could not help laughing. "I am afraid," said he, "that keeping will spoil it, for judging by the one of the same brand which I am smoking, you will find it to be now in prime condition." The Cape Town man protested, however, that he could not think of smoking the royal cigar, but should keep and treasure it for his children as he had already stated. "I cannot prevent you from doing so if you wish to," the Prince retorted, "but you may just as well smoke now. Take another cigar and do so." After more bowing and scraping Mr. M—— complied, and although a little later he repeatedly protested his *bona fides* during the incident I have related, he became known throughout the whole period of the Exhibition as "the artful dodger," who had cunningly contrived to extract two cigars from the Prince of Wales, whereas nobody else had secured more than one.

When the Prince came to Vienna for the inauguration of the Exhibition he was accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Connaught, who was then known simply as Prince Arthur, and who won golden opinions among the young Austrian Archduchesses by the skill he showed in waltzing, both at the Hofburg and at the British Embassy, where our representative, Sir Andrew Buchanan, entertained the court with a ball. Going to Pesth a little later, Prince Arthur there gave a further display of his choregraphical talents by taking part in the Hungarian national dance—the *csardás*—like one to the manner born. I remember also that when I was in Rome some years afterwards, an Italian lady somewhat astonished me by referring to the young Duke



INAUGURATION OF THE VIENNA EXHIBITION



of Connaught's proficiency as a dancer. It appeared that during some visit paid by him to the Eternal City he had distinguished himself in this respect at a masked ball given by one of the Roman princes. I cannot say whether he afterwards went on to Naples and participated in a *tarantella* there; but had circumstances required it, his royal highness would doubtless have risen to the occasion.

Several violent showers fell on the morning of May 1—the day fixed for the opening of the Viennese Weltaustellung—and spoilt much of the display intended for the occasion. Nevertheless, a very brilliant-looking company—including ladies in all the colours of the rainbow, prelates in violet cassocks, Hungarian magnates in bright velvet tunics and pelisses, and officers and diplomatists in full uniform— assembled in the great rotunda, where the inaugural ceremony was to take place. This rotunda, which still exists and which, I believe, has been used during the present war as a military magazine, was (apart from its decorations) the work of our great engineer, Scott Russell, and ranked at the time of its erection—as it may even nowadays—as the largest structure of its kind ever built. Supported by thirty-two iron columns resting on foundations of cement, it has a diameter of 354 feet, and a height of 250, its area thus being more than treble that of the dome of St. Paul's, and more than double that of St. Peter's—their areas being respectively 111 and 156 feet. At the time of the Vienna Exhibition the structure was surmounted by an imperial crown formed of coloured and gilded metal and glass, the height of this “bauble” being some seventeen feet, and its weight a couple of tons.

Scott Russell, then an elderly man, short and

lean, with clean-cut features and an expression betokening high talents, was good enough to take some notice of me—why, I do not know; but, for some reason or another, I have been treated with kindness by distinguished men all through my life, and have found consolation for many mishaps in friendships beyond my expectation. A few evenings before the inauguration of the Exhibition, Scott Russell took me to the summit of the rotunda, the ascent being made from the outside, and each of us carrying a lantern to light us on our way. When we reached the base of the crown we seated ourselves and looked down on Vienna, which spread out with its many lights beyond the Prater deer-park.

We could plainly trace the course of the Danube canal, and, farther away, that of the little river Wien from which the Austrian capital takes its real modern name; whilst, more to the right and yet more distant, the tower of St. Stephen's cathedral shot up to a height nearly twice as great as that to which we had ascended. I believe that I began to think of the siege of Vienna by the Turkish vizier, Kara Mustapha (whose skull I had already seen at one of the arsenals), and of the relief so chivalrously undertaken by Sobieski. But Scott Russell's conversation was eminently practical. He was particularly interested in the Danube improvement works, and spoke of all the possibilities attaching to that great water-way. What he said proved useful knowledge to me when, somewhat later, I had a conversation with the Archduke Karl-Ludwig, father of the Franz-Ferdinand who was assassinated at Sarajevo.

On reaching Russell's rotunda on the morning of the inauguration of the exhibition my father secured

a seat in a kind of "tribune" near Edmund Yates and Beatty Kingston of the *Daily Telegraph*. But the position did not suit Jules Pelcoq, who had to make a sketch of the ceremony, and so, after a little hesitation, he and I moved into the *pourtour* and gradually made our way nearer to the raised platform which was reserved for the imperial party. We took our stand in front of some partitioned seats crowded with people, and whilst we were talking together in French, an old Austrian naval officer behind us leant forward, and said in the same language: "I am surprised that Frenchmen should be so impolite. You gentlemen arrive late and place yourselves in front of my wife and myself to block our view, when we have already been waiting quite forty minutes to see our Emperor!" We—Pelcoq and I—were greatly taken aback by this reproach; but I mustered sufficient courage to answer: "A thousand apologies, *monsieur l'amiral* (that was a chance, though, as it proved, an accurate shot), but I myself have been waiting all my life to see his majesty!* We will certainly move, however, as we inconvenience you." We then withdrew a few steps into an adjacent gangway. In remembering the incident I feel rather astonished at the "cheek" I showed in addressing the admiral as I did. It was certainly presumptuous for me to talk of "all my life" when I was as yet only in my twenty-first year. The admiral, however, took everything in good part and, presently, as we were still near him, he became quite affable and pointed out to us several Austrian dignitaries and celebrities.

At last the imperial procession appeared. The Emperor walked with the German Crown Princess

* As a matter of fact I had seen him at Berlin in 1872.

(Empress Frederick and mother of the present Kaiser), and the Prince of Wales with the Empress Elizabeth, who, though living most of the time apart from her husband, had come to Vienna specially for this occasion. She was then in her thirty-sixth year, beautiful, slim, and queenly in all her movements. Among the other royalties present were the future Emperor Frederick, the Crown Prince (now King) of Denmark and his wife, the Count and Countess of Flanders, parents of King Albert of Belgium, the Duke of Connaught, and a handsome lad of fifteen—the ill-fated Austrian heir, Crown Prince Rudolph. The ceremony was compounded of speeches, interspersed with music, Haydn's famous hymn opening and closing the proceedings. Those who spoke were the Emperor, his brother, Karl-Ludwig, who was styled "protector"—we should say "patron"—of the Exhibition; Dr. Felder, the burgomaster of Vienna, and Count Julius Andrassy, the Foreign Minister. The last named, dressed as a Hungarian magnate, carried himself right jauntily, making a great show of his curly locks, several of which fell over one side of his forehead, and spending most of his time (as was his habit) in ogling all the good-looking women he could see. When everything was over, and while the imperial party was driving away in six-horse carriages escorted by cavalry, we hurried, my father and I, to the telegraph office, where, after despatching a couple of short messages on our own account, we held a wire for Edmund Yates, who had been commissioned to send a cablegram of a few thousand words to the *New York Herald*.

At the time of which I am writing Francis-Joseph of Austria was forty-three years old, but had already reigned some five-and-twenty, for he was only

in his late teens when he ascended the throne at the beginning of December, 1848. A Hungarian insurrection and other revolutionary troubles had led to the abdication of his uncle Ferdinand, who had been reigning since 1835, and his father, the Archduke Francis-Charles, having refused the throne, he found himself next in the line of succession. Old Ferdinand, who had known Napoleon and the Duke of Reichstadt and who survived until June, 1875, lived for the most part in retirement at Prague; but he came to Vienna during the Exhibition season, and I remember noticing that his appearance was suggestive of senile imbecility. Moreover, he was the first member of the imperial house whom I saw clad otherwise than in uniform, and I was struck by the extreme shabbiness of his civilian garments, which were completed by as dilapidated a hat as was ever worn either by Baron James de Rothschild or the late Marquis of Salisbury. Ferdinand's one *penchant* was for music, and since abdicating he had taken no part whatever in State affairs.

Francis-Joseph was confronted by quite a sea of troubles upon ascending the throne. The Hungarian insurrection was not quelled until the following year, when Russia came to Austria's assistance, it then being predicted that the Hapsburg empire would before long astonish the world by its ingratitude—which it displayed, indeed, directly Russia became involved in the Crimean War. Prince Schwarzenberg, Francis-Joseph's first chief minister, died in 1852, when only in mid-career, and from that time onward the Emperor assumed a more and more preponderant share in governing his heterogeneous states. The famous Metternich was still alive, and Francis-Joseph freely imitated his methods. He

spoke fair words, but he clung as long as possible to authoritarian rule and courses of duplicity. Misfortunes fell upon him, however: he had to surrender Lombardy in 1859 and Venetia in 1866; and Hungary again becoming restive and there being no hope of further foreign help to keep that country in subjection, the alarmed Emperor had to consent to a dual system of Government.

Whatever may be the case now that Francis-Joseph is eighty-six years old, most of the statesmen whom he raised to the highest positions during the greater part of his reign were merely pawns in his hands. He made them, broke them, cast them aside at pleasure, according to the changes of policy which he himself deemed advisable. Excepting in Hungary, where he encountered too much opposition, he invariably turned constitutionalism into a fiction, exercising a more personal rule than any other sovereign of the time. Nicholas I, who was the last really autocratic Russian Tsar, died in 1855, but for long years afterwards Francis-Joseph persisted in despotic courses, never conceding anything to his subjects gracefully, but virtually compelling them to wring from him every little liberty and right. On the whole, given the heterogeneous character of his empire, he showed himself very ingenious, an adept in playing off one nationality against another, in crippling the powers of the aristocracy, and granting here and there a few little advantages to the middle-class, but at the same time drawing a line beyond which it might not pass, and invariably keeping down the masses—sometimes even at the bayonet's point.

When I first saw this Austrian Kaiser he certainly had a dignified presence. He looked what he was—

a ruler of men. His face could scarcely be called handsome, but it wore a firm and manly expression. He was tall, also, well built and vigorous, and showed to advantage in a field marshal's white tunic. His life was an extremely active one. He used to rise at daybreak, and those to whom he granted private audiences had to be at the Hofburg by seven o'clock in the morning. His personal tastes were very simple. He seldom partook of more than a couple of dishes at any meal. But he always sat down to table alone. A court official once told me that even if one of the Emperor's brothers happened to be at the Burg at lunch-time, he did not sit with the Emperor, but was served in another room. Exceptions were only made on the occasion of some special state banquet. I was also assured that the Emperor seldom drank wine. On the two or three occasions when I saw him drinking—notably at a great reception at Schönbrunn—the beverage was Pilsener beer, which he affected, and I noticed that he smoked one of those cheap long, narrow, dark cigars, intersected by a straw, which the Viennese usually call "Virginias." Close by, however, were boxes of choice havannahs for his guests, together with an unlimited supply of imperial Tokay and champagne.

There was no approach to family life at the Viennese Burg, which I found to be an extensive medley of buildings dating from various periods, though, owing to a great fire which occurred in 1668, there was little of any antiquity to be seen. The Emperor's private rooms were (and I suppose still are) on the first floor of a building called the Reichskanzlei Palace, where the State archives are kept, and where, I believe, such men as Kaunitz and Metternich actually resided. It forms the northern

side of the Burg, and near it, on the north-west, is a smaller building called the Amalienhof, where the Empress Elizabeth had her private apartments.

The story of her marriage has often been told. I had occasion to say something about it in a previous book of mine.* Here it will suffice to mention that Francis-Joseph was four and twenty, and that she had not completed her seventeenth year when their espousals were celebrated in April, 1854, at the old Augustiner Kirche in Vienna. On the Emperor's side the marriage was an *affaire passionnelle*. There had been some expectation that he would propose to Elizabeth's elder sister Helen (who afterwards became the wife of the Duke of Thurn and Taxis), but he preferred the fresh and charming "Rose of Possenhofen," as Elizabeth was called,† and there could be no refusal of his suit. The young monarch was far from being an innocent at this time. More than one *grande dame* of the Austrian court had previously set her cap at him, and he had willingly taken one and another as a mistress *en passant*—abruptly casting them aside whenever any other fancy gained hold of him. Briefly, he changed his mistresses much as he changed his ministers.

Nevertheless, it seemed at first as if his marriage would prove a happy one. Popular it certainly was at the outset, for hundreds of political offenders were pardoned, and notable hospital reforms were carried out, in addition to which, at the young Empress's intercession, flogging was abolished in the Austrian army—this reform preceding ours by many

* "The Anarchists: Their Faith and their Record." Lane, 1911.

† Possenhofen, where most of her girlhood was spent, is on the western side of the lake of Starnberg. Almost opposite it, on the eastern bank, is the castle of Berg where Ludwig of Bavaria was being detained at the time when he was drowned in the lake.



CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA

years. In July, 1856, Elizabeth gave birth to her first child, the Archduchess Gisela, who, in the spring of 1873, just before my arrival at Vienna, married Leopold of Bavaria, second son of the Luitpold, who became Regent during King Ludwig's insanity. I saw the "happy pair" not long afterwards. Neither was of attractive appearance. Gisela, scarcely older at her marriage than Elizabeth had been at hers, had a fat round face with the Hapsburg lip, and a short neck, while Leopold's clean-shaven sensual countenance appeared to be all breadth. The Empress's next child, Crown Prince Rudolph, was born in August, 1858, and nearly ten more years elapsed before Elizabeth, as the result of a temporary reconciliation with her husband, gave birth at Budapest to the last of her offspring, the Archduchess Maria-Valeria, who in 1890, when two and thirty years old, became the wife of her cousin the Archduke Francis-Salvator.

From 1860 until the summer of 1867, when the Empress went to Budapest with her husband for his long-deferred coronation as King of Hungary, she remained completely estranged from the Emperor, whose conduct, in her estimation, had become unpardonable. Like many another royal consort she had tried to close her eyes to certain amorous intrigues in court circles; but when she obtained indisputable evidence of the Emperor's conduct during the shooting and hunting expeditions which took him now to the Tyrol and now to Styria—he was a great stalker of chamois—she felt outraged in her womanly dignity. Information was conveyed to her respecting *passades* in which strapping Tyrolean and Styrian peasant wenches were concerned, and respecting the provision made more or

less secretly for one and another illegitimate child born in some obscure mountain hut or chalet. Her feelings revolting at the thought that the culprit was the husband who had pretended to marry her for love, she forgot even her children who, in accordance with Austrian etiquette, had been largely taken out of her charge, and fled from Vienna to Trieste, where she embarked on her yacht, sailing in the first instance to the Ionian islands.

Francis-Joseph, thunderstruck by this flight, at once muzzled the Press for fear of a terrible scandal, and then took ship in pursuit of his runaway consort. Curiously enough about that same period the Empress Eugénie, rendered indignant by the repeated infidelities of Napoleon III, fled from France to England.* She, however, was soon persuaded to return to the Tuileries, whereas Elizabeth steadily refused to be reconciled to Francis-Joseph. She went on to Minorca, then into the Atlantic, and having become quite ill, eventually repaired for a time to Madeira. Some years were spent in roaming, but in 1865, when her son Rudolph fell very ill, she returned for a while to Vienna. The imperial misfortunes—the defeats of 1866, and the tragic death of the Emperor's brother, Maximilian of Mexico—led gradually to somewhat better relations between wife and husband, and it seemed for a time as if the reconciliation effected in Hungary might be permanent. But Francis-Joseph could not curb his passions. He was no luxurious sybarite like Louis XV, but a man of very strong masculinity, and various incidents led to further estrangements. For a time the Empress did not leave Austria but roamed hither and thither through the imperial

* See our "Court of the Tuileries, 1852-1870."

dominions. Her health, however, often became bad. Nervous disorders slowly fixed their hold upon her, and in order to secure some relief she went abroad again—to England, Ireland, France, and elsewhere. When Crown Prince Rudolph and his mistress Maria Vetsera perished at Mayerling at the end of January, 1889, the Empress was sojourning in seclusion at her beautiful semi-renaissance castle of Lainz, south of Vienna, and it has been said that the news of the Mayerling tragedy was first conveyed to her by Count Hoyos, who had been at Mayerling with the Crown Prince, and that she was the first to break the tidings to her husband. She certainly stood by him in that crisis of affliction.*

Some eight years later another misfortune fell upon her. The Duchesse d'Alençon, her youngest sister, perished in the conflagration of the Paris Charity Bazaar. Elizabeth then drew nearer to her remaining sisters, ex-Queen Maria of Naples, and Matilda, Countess of Trani, and often travelled about with them. Her health became worse and worse, however—rheumatism, sciatica, and neuritis preyed upon her—and no treatment gave her any permanent relief. At last, as will be remembered, she went to Switzerland at the end of August, 1898, and on September 9 was assassinated by the Anarchist Luccheni at Geneva.

It has been asserted that this woman of highly-strung sensitive nature, was more or less insane during her last years, and it is quite possible that physical suffering, following her other troubles,

* I do not propose to discuss the Mayerling affair here. I gave the best evidence respecting it that I could collect in that section of my book "The Anarchists" which is devoted to the Empress Elizabeth and her assassination.

weakened in some degree her mind. Moreover, even the younger branch of the royal house of Bavaria, to which she belonged through her father, was not free from the hereditary family taint. The reason of her grandfather, Pius-Augustus, "Duke in Bavaria," had been overclouded for several years. Further, her mother belonged to the elder branch, in which insanity was notorious. On the other hand, her father, Duke Maximilian-Joseph—traveller, musician, poet, and private circus manager—was only somewhat eccentric, like many other men of artistic temperament. My own view is that whatever may have been the Empress's condition in her last years, its real *causa causans* was her husband's conduct. It has often been held that queens and empresses should overlook their husbands' infidelities. At the outset Elizabeth tried, but afterwards failed to do so. Her nature would not allow it. That being the case, it may be said that she ought not to have been an empress. But that was her misfortune, not her fault, for Francis-Joseph virtually compelled her to become his wife. Naturally, he was deeply grieved when she was assassinated; and at that hour, perhaps, on recalling his faults, he may have regretted them.

As I have already related, the first time that I saw the empress was at the inauguration of the Vienna Exhibition. The second occasion was at a grand gathering in the great Rittersaal at the Hofburg. As I wrote in my book on the Anarchists, she then appeared before us, "imperial in her bearing, and effulgent like an idol with all the glitter of the diamonds and emeralds which she wore in such profusion." Beside her stood a tall commanding figure, that of Alexander II, Tsar of all the Russias.

We all knew that he had come to Vienna closely guarded in an iron-clad railway train, and day by day ran the risk of assassination. But who, at that hour, could have imagined that the beautiful and resplendent woman who entered the Rittersaal by his side was threatened, or ever likely to be threatened, with a similar fate ?

Let me add a few words respecting Crown Prince Rudolph. He was certainly gifted in many ways, possessed of artistic perceptions and literary talents, which he may have derived from his Bavarian ancestry. But he was also impulsive and self-willed. There being, as I said before, no family life at the Austrian court, his father was to him simply the head of the House of Hapsburg and nothing more. It is virtually certain that they were estranged at the time of the Mayerling tragedy, though one cannot say positively whether it was on account of the young Prince's connection with Maria Vetsera. The Emperor undoubtedly learnt a lesson from that tragedy as well as from his own matrimonial troubles, for in later years he generally refrained from interfering with the love-affairs of members of his house, and authorised more than one morganatic marriage.

II.

FROM HIGHBORN TO HUMBLE FOLK.

Some Austrian "Imperialities"—Archduke Albert and Marshal Benedek—Rainer and Maria Christina—The Emperor's Father and Mother—A Dinner with Archduke Karl-Ludwig—His Enthusiasm for the Danube—His Marriages and the Austrian Succession—Alexander II of Russia—The Shah of Persia—King Victor-Emmanuel—Princess Clémentine of Saxe-Coburg—Laxenburg and Schoenbrunn—The Vault of the Capuchins—Corpus Christi Day—Count Andrassy—Sir Richard Wallace—Baron Schwarz-Senborn—The Cholera Scare—Viennese Life—The Graben—The Stock-im-Eisen—The Esterhazy Keller—The Neue Welt and Johann Strauss—The Danube Baths—The Prater—The Ghetto Jews—The *Neue Freie Presse*—My *Yorkshire Post* Connection.

NUMEROUS Archdukes and Archduchesses were to be seen in Vienna when I first went there; but not so many as in later years, for the Hapsburgs are a prolific race, always increasing and multiplying, and as a French scientist, Dr. Galippe, pointed out in a memoir which he read to the French Academy of Medicine in 1905, their prepotency is so great that whether they be male or female, and no matter whom they may marry, the Hapsburg type always appears in their offspring. In that respect Dr. Galippe held that the Hapsburgs even surpassed the Bourbons, amongst whom a family likeness was formerly so frequently observed.

One of the most interesting of the Austrian princes whom I saw in 1873 was the veteran Archduke Albert, who, like the ex-Emperor Ferdinand,

was a living link with Napoleon's son the unhappy Duke of Reichstadt—the latter, by the way, a Bonaparte on whom his mother, Marie-Louise, conferred an unmistakably Hapsburg face. Archduke Albert was the son of Napoleon's adversary the famous Archduke Charles, and was supposed to have inherited some of his father's military genius. He was, however, perhaps less popular for that reason than for the very liberal opinions which he openly professed, to the chagrin of the Emperor and his other conservative relations. Archduke Albert's chief military exploit had been the victory of Custoza over the Italians in 1866—the Viennese striving to derive from that success some consolation for the crushing defeat which Prussia at the same period inflicted on Austria at Königgrätz.

My uncle Frank Vizetelly * used to tell a curious story in connection with those battles. In 1866 he was with Benedek, who commanded the Austrians at Königgrätz, and the marshal's defeat, said he, was not surprising as he had known little or nothing of the country in which he had to move his forces, having only recently been summoned from his command in Austria's Italian dominions, with which, on the other hand, he had in the course of years made himself extremely familiar. In fact, Benedek had prepared elaborate plans for an Italian campaign in the event of King Victor-Emmanuel declaring war, fully anticipating that in such a case he, Benedek, would command the Austrians in that direction. That certainly was at first the Emperor's intention, but at the eleventh hour the Italian command was given to Archduke Albert, and Benedek was sent to face the Prussian forces. Profiting by Benedek's

* See "My Days of Adventure."

arrangements and following his plans, the Archduke defeated the Italians, whereas the unfortunate Benedek, transferred without any time for preparation to a sphere in which he found himself almost lost, reaped only defeat and obloquy. The inference drawn by my uncle, who, I understood, had the story from Benedek himself, was that the Archduke's military talents were less considerable than people currently supposed, and that Benedek had been very scurvily used by his sovereign. On the other hand, Archduke Albert afterwards evinced considerable gifts as an organiser, and he certainly acted with a good deal of common sense in his negotiations with Napoleon III, shortly before the war of 1870.

The mention of the Austrian dominions in Italy reminds me of another archduke whom I saw in 1873—the younger Rainer, who for some years had governed those provinces, having been specially selected for the duty as his mother was by birth a princess of the House of Savoy, and he himself had first seen the light at Milan—circumstances which it was imagined might possibly ingratiate him with Austria's restless Italian subjects. He could do little good, however, in that respect, as his powers were strictly limited; and, besides, the Italians of Lombardy and Venetia detested the Tedeschi without exception, and hungered for union with the Motherland. I remember my friend Nevlinski, of the Austrian Foreign Office, pointing out to me at an entertainment at Schœnbrunn a couple of young Archduchesses, one or the other of whom, he facetiously remarked, I might well desire as a wife, as I appeared to be an inordinately ambitious young man. I declined the kind suggestion with

many thanks, for both ladies appeared to be extremely plain, and like most young fellows of my age I was on the look out for beauty and not for a Hapsburg face. I forget the name of one of the Archduchesses in question, but the other I know was Maria-Christina, who a few years afterwards married Alfonso XII of Spain, and became the mother of that country's present sovereign.

Francis-Joseph's father, the Archduke Francis-Charles, who had refused the imperial crown, survived until March, 1878, but his consort, the Archduchess Sophia (*née* of Bavaria), had passed away a twelvemonth before I arrived in Vienna. As for Francis-Charles, I cannot remember having ever seen him, and believe that he was then living in very strict retirement. On the other hand, I was presented to the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Karl-Ludwig, and had quite an interesting conversation with him. It came about in this fashion.

The Archduke, as Protector of the Exhibition, gave a series of dinners to the more or less prominent people connected with it, and on one such occasion my father found himself invited. The honour of attending a reception which was to follow the repast was accorded to me, and I therefore betook myself at the appointed hour to the Archduke's palace. I there found my father among a small crowd of people, and he informed me that the dinner (one of about five and twenty covers) had been a most elaborate affair, that there had been a profusion of gold and silver plate, and that each guest had been provided with three servants to minister to his individual requirements, in such wise that, allowing for special *maitres d'hôtel*, *officiers de bouche*, and so

forth, quite a hundred servants had been mustered in the spacious dining hall. On repairing to the reception rooms the Archduke held a kind of *levée* there, all the guests who were strangers to him then being duly presented by a *secrétaire des commandements*. One of the latter—there were two or three—eventually came up to my father, and led him off to be presented, whereupon I turned into a smaller room and sat down at a table on which several books and albums were lying. A little time elapsed, I saw no sign of my father, who, his presentation over, had been buttonholed, I believe, by Mr. Cunliffe Owen, and I was still inspecting the albums, which contained views of Austrian scenery, when one of the secretaries approached and said to me: “I do not think that you have been presented to his imperial highness.” I had to admit that he was right, but added that I was nobody of consequence and would rather be spared the ordeal of any presentation. As a mere lad I had virtually served my apprenticeship to that kind of thing at the Tuileries and at Compiègne, but that evening at the archduke’s palace I felt unusually diffident.

There was no escape, however. I was asked, like all other foreigners, in what language I would prefer to converse with the Archduke, who appeared to be as great a linguist as his brother the Emperor. When I had suggested French, I was led into the room where Karl-Ludwig was standing. He shook hands with me very cordially, and then put the questions which he apparently put to all the guests. What did I think of the Exhibition?—Did I like Vienna?—What had struck me most since my arrival in Austria?—and so on. I answered as well as I could, and by some chance or other I happened

to mention the Danube and the improvements of which Scott Russell had spoken to me. From that moment the Archduke's expression and manner changed. His demeanour had previously been that of a man endeavouring as politely as possible to conceal the boredom attaching to the discharge of a somewhat tedious duty; but now his face became quite animated, and expressing himself in fluent French he began to sing the Danube's praises: What a magnificent river it was! How it had been neglected: what fine work there was to be done, and what a source of wealth it might prove when that work was accomplished! There were difficulties, certainly: some with respect to navigation, others of a political character, which could only be overcome by agreement between different states; but the day might arrive when there would be properly organised transport services across the Black Sea, and when the noble river would become a great highway of commerce between Central Europe and the East, when Vienna would flourish as an emporium for all the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, and as a port for the shipment of an infinity of Continental merchandise to various parts of Asia. All that would require much time, and much money would have to be expended, but what a harvest would be reaped by future generations! Such, briefly, was the dream of the Archduke Karl-Ludwig in the year of grace 1873.

Great Britain had not then secured control of the Suez Canal, and Austria had not yet thought of extending her sway across the Balkans to Salonica. To me, at the time, the Archduke's idea seemed a generous one, from which several states might reap advantage. From the manner in which he spoke I

feel sure that he harboured no idea of undue political aggrandisement. His mind was fixed on the commercial advantages of the scheme and the prosperity which would accrue to Vienna.

At that time Karl-Ludwig was forty years of age. He had a Hapsburg face with the inevitable "lip," but his nose differed in shape from the Emperor's, and his whiskers were much bushier. He seemed also to be stouter, perhaps, more massively built than Francis-Joseph. He had already been twice married when I first met him, but both his wives were dead, and he was almost on the eve of taking a third one. The first, a Saxon princess, who had passed away in 1858, had given him no children; but the second one, Princess Annunciata of Bourbon-Sicily, had presented him with two sons, the elder being Francis-Ferdinand, who was born in 1863 and assassinated in 1914, and the younger, Otho-Francis Joseph, who was born in 1865 and died in 1906. Francis-Ferdinand, it will be remembered, contracted a morganatic marriage with Maria-Josephine, Countess Chotek of Chotkova (afterwards created Duchess of Hohenberg), and had by her a daughter and two sons, neither of whom could succeed to the Austrian throne, to which Francis-Ferdinand had become heir apparent at the death of Crown Prince Rudolph. It follows that after the Sarajevo affair the succession passed to the son of Francis-Ferdinand's previously deceased brother, Otho-Francis-Joseph, this son—Charles-Francis-Joseph, born in 1887—now being the Austrian heir apparent. His mother was a Saxon princess, and by his marriage with the Princess Zita of Bourbon-Parma he already has two sons and a daughter, so that the succession would seem to be assured to his line. I may add

that Archduke Karl-Ludwig's third marriage—contracted in 1873 with the Princess Maria-Theresa of Braganza (Dom Miguel branch)—resulted only in the birth of two daughters, one of whom is now an abbess of “noble ladies” at Prague, whilst the other is the wife of Prince Liechtenstein.*

In my account of the Empress Elizabeth I referred to the presence of Alexander II of Russia in Vienna. He arrived there on June 1st, having travelled, as I mentioned, in an armoured train, of which my father and myself were, by the good offices of Nevlinski, privileged to make a brief inspection. It was an elaborately constructed affair, supposed to be absolutely bomb-proof, the very windows of the carriages having metal shutters. Several Cossacks with loaded rifles were stationed in front of it, whilst two others crouched on either side of the doorway of the Emperor's special saloon. Between them lay three formidable-looking wolf hounds, who served as further protection for the menaced sovereign. His stay at Vienna was extremely brief, but for several days before his arrival the police scoured the city from end to end, arresting or expelling all the undesirables they found, and notably all the refugee Poles. So overpowering became the Chief of Police's anxiety that it brought on a nervous disorder, and he took to his bed and actually died not long after the Russian Emperor's departure. On the day when the Tsar visited the

* I have often read that Karl-Ludwig was a narrow-minded bigot, but that statement was gross exaggeration. He was certainly a practising Catholic, and he sided with the Emperor on the question of religious and civil marriages and divorce. A man may hold, however, very strong views on such matters as marriage and divorce, and yet retain an open, liberal mind on other questions.

Exhibition with Francis-Joseph the most extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure his safety. Police and soldiers thronged both the building and the grounds, and before the Emperors entered any one of the galleries it was cleared of everybody excepting the officials and the military, not a single exhibitor even being allowed to remain at his stall. Thus, if the Tsar asked any questions he had to rest content with the explanations of the officials who were on duty. It will be remembered that during the ensuing years several attempts were made on his life in his own dominions, and that finally on March 13th, 1881, after being terribly mangled by the bombs of a gang of Nihilists, he died at the Winter Palace at Petrograd. As I had witnessed Berezowski's attempt on his life in the Bois de Boulogne in 1867,* I could well understand the anxiety of the Austrian authorities during his stay at Vienna. At the Hofburg entertainment I certainly obtained a good view of his tall, athletic, martial figure; but when he visited the Exhibition I saw him only from a distance, yet sufficiently well to notice that, in spite of the warmth of the day, he was wearing a long and probably bullet-proof great coat, which fell about him ponderously. It is to be hoped that henceforth no Russian sovereign will ever be condemned to live, as Alexander II had to do for many years, under an unceasing threat of assassination.

Nassr Eddin, Shah of Persia—another potentate who ultimately came to a violent end—was, I think, the next notable visitor to Vienna. He had previously been in other capitals, including Berlin and Paris, and his extravagance had already seriously

* See "My Days of Adventure."

diminished the contents of a once well-filled purse. Nevertheless, his Persian majesty made no small display of Oriental magnificence whilst he was in Vienna, and he at least evinced some shrewdness in his dealings with jewellers there, for he knew good stones when he saw them, and was not to be put off with rubbish. In other respects, also, notably in regard to certain inventions, he showed intelligence, but whenever he fixed his mind on obtaining anything he bought it regardless of its price. Thus it came to pass that before he returned home he had to pledge his wonderful diamond aigrette and other adornments with some Venetian Shylocks.

Less importance attached to the Shah than to the next sovereign who came to Vienna, for this was Victor-Emmanuel, the first King of United Italy. I related previously that he had declined to join the three Emperors at their meeting in Berlin in 1872,* but he had since visited the Prussian capital, and Bismarck had there prevailed on him to go and shake hands with his old adversary Francis-Joseph. There were serious political reasons behind the Viennese visit. The relations of France and Italy were not good—owing in part to French Royalist intrigues and in part to French commercial policy—and Victor-Emmanuel's advisers deemed it necessary to draw closer to the Emperors' alliance. The Italian sovereign roused no little curiosity among the Viennese, who were favourably impressed by his very manly appearance. Only seven years or so had then elapsed since Austria's surrender of Venetia to Italy, and as she retained her hold on Trentino and Istria there were still many Italians under her sway. I remember that the officials at

* See p. 25, *ante*.

the Viennese post-offices and the postmen themselves generally pronounced my name in the correct Italian fashion, and at times even addressed me in the Italian language. There was one individual, however, for whom I was always Herr "von" Vizetelly.

Whilst I was at Vienna I paid a visit to the Princess Clémentine of Saxe-Coburg, to whom I had been presented at one of Thiers's receptions at the Elysée Palace in Paris, during the previous year.* Third daughter of Louis-Philippe, King of the French, by Marie-Amélie of Bourbon-Naples, the Princess Clémentine was at this time in her fifty-sixth year. Her father had created her Duchess of Beaujolais and provided her with a husband in the person of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, the head of a Catholic branch of that house long resident in Austria. For several years there was no issue of the marriage, but when the Princess Clémentine was about four and forty, she gave birth to a son who was christened Ferdinand, after his mother's fondly loved brother, the Duke of Orleans, who was killed in a carriage accident at Neuilly, just outside Paris. This son of the Princess Clémentine is now King of Bulgaria. At the time when I first saw him, lounging about the huge colonnaded Coburg palace in the Seilerstätte at Vienna, he was a pale and thoughtful-looking lad, some twelve years old. The manner in which he and his mother bore themselves when they were together showed how deep was their reciprocal attachment.

Fine featured, witty and affable, the Princess Clémentine was the most astute woman-politician I ever met—a born plotter, always intent on one or

* See the author's work "Republican France, 1870-1912."



ALEXANDER II OF RUSSIA

another big scheme. Returning to France after the war of 1870-71, she worked zealously for the restoration of the monarchy. Carefully avoiding plain speech whenever that might have been in any way compromising, she nevertheless had a way which allowed certain things to be inferred—that is, the things she wished one to infer, and no others. No professional diplomatist could have been more expert in that respect, and I was not surprised when I one day heard her called a “Talleyrand in petticoats.” As a young girl she had virtually sat at the feet of that very unscrupulous diplomat. Working behind the scenes in France, she participated in the overthrow of Thiers and the accession of MacMahon to the Presidency of the Republic, as those steps seemed likely to conduce to a monarchical restoration. Before then she had helped to promote a reconciliation between the rival royal houses as represented by the Count de Chambord and the Count de Paris. She was the only member of the Orleans family with whom the Count de Chambord had had any intercourse since the downfall of his grandfather Charles X and the accession of Louis-Philippe. Even the bigoted Countess de Chambord, *née* Este-Modena, tolerated the Princess Clémentine, and this prepared the way for what was called at the time the French Royalist Fusion.

When in August, 1872, the Count de Paris repaired to Austria to make his submission to the Count de Chambord and acknowledge him as head of the “House of France,” he at first took up his residence with his aunt, Princess Clémentine, and was schooled by her as to how he should approach his august relative, and what words he should employ in addressing him. There was quite a negotiation on

that subject, and a hitch which occurred in the first instance was overcome by Princess Clémentine's suggestions. There was one thing, however, which she could not effect, and that was to induce the Count de Chambord to give up his White Flag for the Tricolour, and this, as it will be remembered, led to the collapse of all the monarchical schemes.

At the time when I waited on her at Vienna, after first writing to solicit an audience which she readily granted, the Royalist reconciliation seemed to be complete, and there was even a prospect that the Count de Chambord would end by renouncing his "napkin," as Pope Pius IX derisively styled the White Flag. Thus I found the Princess in excellent spirits and already picturing a Bourbon installed once more on the throne of France. A few months later, however, all her hopes were frustrated, and from that time onward she devoted herself chiefly to the education of her son. She reared him in the expectation of being some day a ruler. She set her heart on his elevation to some royal position—as a Prince Consort, for instance, if not actually as a King. The military side, which some deem so essential to kingship, was neglected, however, in Ferdinand's education, in order that he might be schooled more particularly in tortuous arts of intrigue. However strong his frame might be he never excelled in physical accomplishments. Talleyrand and Metternich were chosen as his models, and being essentially his mother's son and gifted with a precocious intelligence, he became a quick as well as a docile pupil. The result of his education is known. His mother grasped for him the chance of the Bulgarian throne, and down to her last years—she passed away in 1906, when she was eighty-nine

—she continued to watch over his welfare with the utmost solicitude.

Whilst I was living in Vienna I often made a trip with my friend Nevlinski to Laxenburg on the south side of the city. We once went over the old castle together and inspected all the Hapsburg family portraits there, and at other times we rowed about the lake and through its grotto as far as the Marianen island, where we found an old pavilion containing some interesting Roman mosaic pavement. I remember that on one occasion when we were very merry and had my two young Jewish friends with us, we all sang the Marseillaise together whilst we crossed the lake. I doubt if the famous French war song had ever been heard in that neighbourhood since the days of Napoleon I.

I was also several times at Schoenbrunn, on some occasions attending receptions there, and I remember visiting the room in which Napoleon slept when he made the palace his headquarters in 1804, and in which also his son expired in 1832. There are mementoes of both of them in some of the Viennese galleries. At the Imperial Treasury, for instance, you are shown Napoleon's insignia as King of Italy, and his son's cradle, formed of some 5 cwt. of gilded silver. The Austrian regalia is there also, with many and many other articles in gold or silver and precious stones—the latter including the famous diamond (more than 130 carats in weight) which once belonged to Charles the Bold of Burgundy. If old Blücher had ever set eyes on all the diamonds, rubies, and emeralds stored away in the Hofburg Treasury he would assuredly have deemed it a fit place to plunder. In that respect the Hapsburg wealth equals that of one of the great Moguls; and in

default of money it might provide a very substantial contribution towards a war indemnity. One of these days, perhaps, the Florentine brilliant and the Frankfort solitaire will be found in the possession of one of our millionaire American cousins.

But quit the Hofburg Treasury and go to the paltry-looking, rococo Capuchin Church which is at no great distance. There, instead of the symbols of the world's pomp, vanity and wealth, you will find the nothingness in which all such things invariably end. A monk takes you down into a vault where in addition to a few sarcophagi—in one of which, a large double one, Maria-Theresa and her husband repose—you see quite a number of coffins, mostly fashioned of copper and of a uniform type, so that they are only distinguishable one from another by the plates affixed to them. Here, with some silver wreaths lying on it, is the coffin of Maximilian, sometime Emperor of Mexico but shot at Queretaro by the partisans of Juarez; here also, at rest at last, lies the once restless and unhappy Elizabeth, assassinated by the Anarchist Luccheni; and beside her are the remains of her son Rudolph who so passionately loved the beautiful Maria Vetsera.

A little farther on, yet another mother and her son repose close together. She entered the world as an Archduchess of Austria, became for a few years Empress of the French, and ended as Duchess of Parma and Guastalla. He was born King of Rome, and died an Austrian colonel. On three occasions attempts have been made to procure the removal of the Duke of Reichstadt's remains from the Capuchins in order that they might be laid beside those of his father under the dome of the

Invalides. Twice did the third Napoleon apply to the Emperor Francis-Joseph to that effect, and subsequently the French Republic made a similar suggestion; but the Austrian Kaiser always refused the requisite permission. After all, it is perhaps as well that this throneless Prince should still remain beside his mother at Vienna. France saw little of him: his life was essentially an Austrian tragedy.

The Hapsburgs have been laid to rest in the vault of the Capuchin Church during the last two hundred years. Previously they were buried in St. Stephen's cathedral. The church generally attended by the Court has, however, long been the Augustiner Kirche, and it was there on each recurring Maundy Thursday, during the greater part of his life, that Francis-Joseph used to make profession of humility by washing the feet of twelve poor men, who, in advance, had taken particular care to cleanse themselves. I believe that the Emperor has ceased to perform this duty, since advancing age has rendered it difficult for him to stoop and kneel. Unless, however, his health happens to be very bad he still walks in the Holy Sepulchre and Corpus Christi processions, following the Archbishop of Vienna with a lighted candle in his hand. I recollect witnessing one of the Corpus Christi celebrations. All the male members of the Court took part in it. The Archbishop walked under a canopy preceded by ecclesiastics swaying censers. The Emperor followed, with Archdukes and Princes in his wake—all of them attired in gala uniforms and bearing long candles. That day again I observed the jaunty bearing of Count Andrassy, the chief minister, who carried his candle over his arm and often

carelessly thrust it in the face of a guard or a spectator, whilst he ogled the beauties of Vienna and complacently ran his fingers through his curly locks. There was a great concourse of sightseers that day, and a brave show of the military, conspicuous among whom were the Hungarian hussars with their leopard skins over their shoulders.

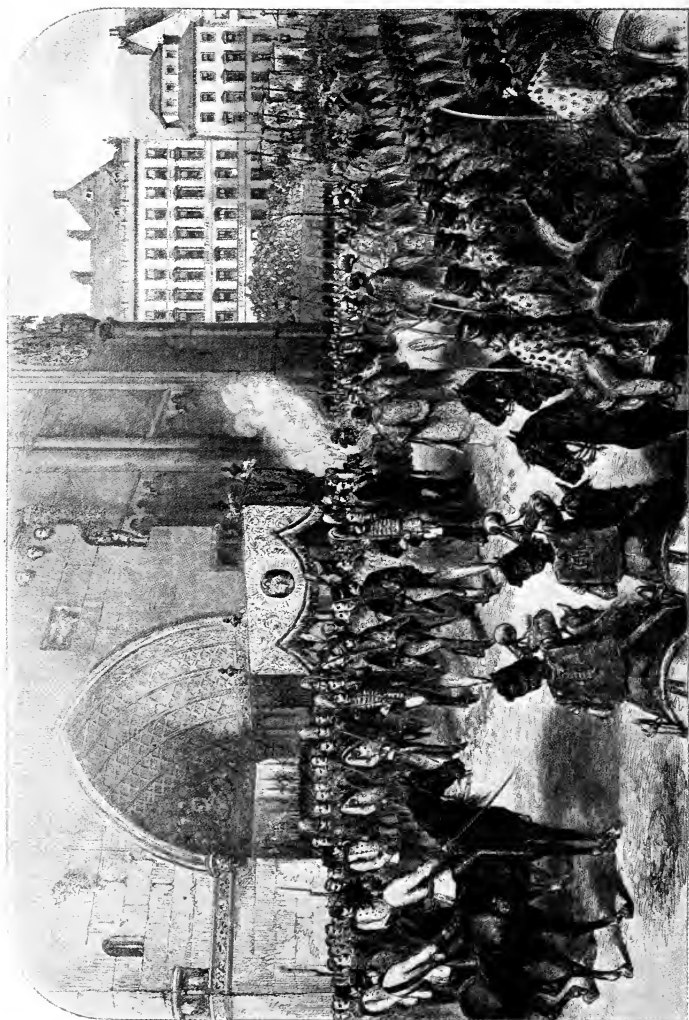
In spite of a financial crash and a cholera scare which was scarcely justified, for there were comparatively few cases of the horrible malady and not more than seven or eight fatal ones, numerous public dinners were given during the Exhibition year. At one offered, if I remember rightly, by our exhibitors to their Royal Commission, I was delighted to find myself seated beside Sir Richard Wallace, whose connection with the Hertford family is well known. I had seen him in Paris more than once before—first during the German siege, when he did so much to alleviate the sufferings of the Parisian poor. He had the unobtrusive and quietly genial manners of a well-bred man, and although his knowledge of art was undoubtedly very extensive, I have heard him speak quite diffidently on artistic subjects when they were mooted in the course of conversation. For the rest, Sir Richard always expressed himself in polished language. Now, at the dinner to which I have referred, a speech (or rather what was supposed to be one) was delivered by a financial magnate, who, however distinguished he might be in his own particular line, was as clumsy an orator as I ever heard. He seemed to be entirely at a loss for adjectives, and referred again and again to the Exhibition and to Scott Russell's wonderful rotunda as this or that "big" building. To him "big" seemed to sum up everything, he could

think of no other word. That sempiternal "big" ended by jarring the nerves of Sir Richard Wallace. I could see him frowning, but presently, on glancing across the table he perceived Beatty Kingston of *The Daily Telegraph* seated there with his face wreathed in smiles. The sight of Kingston—who, by the way, was acquainted with nearly all the royalties and statesmen of Europe, and who once, I think, wrote a book on the many monarchs and other high-placed personages with whom he had hobnobbed—inspired Sir Richard Wallace with an idea. The "young lions" of *The Daily Telegraph* were renowned in those days for their flowery language, and this prompted Sir Richard to write a few words on a menu card which he passed over to Kingston whilst the great financier was still speaking. Kingston scribbled a brief reply, and I saw the card when it had been returned to Wallace. He had written to this effect: "Cannot you supply the orator with a few adjectives out of your illimitable store?" And the reply ran: "What will he pay if I do? Millionaires are scarce." The allusion, of course, was to the story of the king who, while on his travels, was charged an exorbitant price for some eggs, whereupon he surmised that eggs must be remarkably scarce in that part of the world. "No, your majesty," was the answer, "but kings are."

The cholera scare, which deterred thousands of people from visiting Vienna, and the money market trouble, which ruined many financiers, contributed to make the Exhibition a pecuniary failure. There was no little bad management also on the part of the general director, Schwarz-Senborn, a fussy white-whiskered little man whom the Emperor had created

a Baron without the "von." Nevertheless, to whatever straits some people might be reduced, the ordinary life of Vienna remained fairly gay until far into the autumn, and the cafés, restaurants and *conditoreien* never seemed to be in want of customers. Briefly, the Viennese appeared to take misfortunes very lightly. My father and I often patronised Pfob's café in the Graben (which was then still very old fashioned in appearance), as few English people went there, and we thus had a better chance of speedily securing *The Times*, *Punch*, or one of the other English journals which were then to be found in most Viennese cafés. At the corner of the Graben—which was once the moat of the city's fortifications—there was a curious relic of bygone times. It was called the "Stock-im-Eisen," and consisted of the stump of an ancient pine tree, bound with cramps and closely studded with nails. There was also a sixteenth century inscription.

I was told by a Viennese friend that the nails had been driven into this tree by students and young fellows just out of their apprenticeship when they reached Vienna during their *Wanderjähre*; but the why and wherefore of the practice was not explained to me. One story runs that this pine tree originally marked the extremity of the ancient Viennese forest, and that some particular sanctity or superstition attached to it. I never came upon anything similar in Northern Germany, but the reader will be aware that during the Great War the nail-driving practice has been applied at Berlin and Hamburg to huge wooden effigies of Marshal von Hindenburg and Admiral von Tirpitz. The custom, whatever its origin, at least appears to be singularly at variance with that kind of sorcery known in old-time France



THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION AT VIENNA

as *envoûtement*, for when that was practised and a wound was inflicted on any waxen or wooden effigy, it was with the idea of compassing the misfortune or death of the person whom the effigy represented; whereas no German of the present time can have desired to inflict injury on either Tirpitz or Hindenburg. Why, then, drive nails into their statues? Is it to protect them by casing them, as it were, with gold, silver, and iron mail from head to foot? The Viennese *Stock-im-eisen*, however, was no effigy but merely the stump of a tree, and students and apprentices may have driven nails into it simply to mark that they had passed that way.

I remember going now and then to the Esterhazy Keller in the Haarhof, a dark kind of vault where Prince Esterhazy's Hungarian wines were sold "from the wood" at very low prices. The place was only open for two hours in the middle of the day and two hours in the evening, but it was then invariably thronged with customers of all classes intent on drinking Ruster, Nesmelyer, and other vintages. The poorer customers often brought provisions with them, and lunched in one or another corner, an odour of Hungarian *salami* frequently mingling with the vinous fumes which permeated the cellar. At the Vienna restaurants, by the way, the popular dishes were somewhat less barbarous than those of Berlin. Nevertheless anchovy paste did not seem an appropriate adjunct to veal cutlet or *schnitzel*, nor did juniper berries appeal to me with roast pork. On the other hand, the cookery at some of the better class restaurants was excellent, and I treated myself in those days to more caviar than I have ever since partaken of. There were numerous popular restaurants and shows in the so-called Wurstel-Prater,

which was crowded with the poorer classes on high-days and holidays. Music abounded throughout the city and its suburbs. There was good singing and orchestration at the handsome Opera House, then quite a young building ; and the acting at the Hofburg, Stadt, and An der Wien theatres was often extremely clever. Sometimes, on Sunday afternoons, I betook myself to the Neue Welt at Hietzing, where Johann Strauss's orchestra then performed, he himself conducting it and at the same time taking the part of first violin. He got some remarkable effects out of his musicians, and the energy, the *bravura*, or the grace which he himself displayed, as occasion might require, left a lasting impression on one.

There was one other feature of Viennese life to which I may just allude. The houses were then seldom provided with bathrooms, but there were a number of public baths, deriving their water from the Danube, and in some of these establishments masked balls were given at winter-time, the large swimming baths being boarded over for the occasion. From the very extensive patronage which was bestowed on the public baths one could but infer that the Viennese were a more cleanly race than the people of Berlin. That remark, however, does not apply to the poorer class of Jews, who coming from Galicia or Roumania positively infected some parts of the Leopoldstadt, the one district where they were officially allowed to reside. You met them there clad in long soiled and well-worn *talars*, or gaberdines, and phenomenal hats which were almost as bad as those of the ex-Emperor Ferdinand ; and on either side of their faces dangled long cork-screw ringlets—so called *pejes*, which were intended,

I was told, to indicate the owners' orthodoxy by being worn before instead of behind the ears. With those curls and their frowsy matted beards, their wondrously hooked noses, their long, bony, clutching hands, their stooping shoulders and their shuffling gait, these men seemed to represent the lowest stratum of the "chosen people," degraded by long centuries of ill-usage and neglect.

On becoming acquainted with a few writers of the *Neue Freie Presse*, I found that they also were Jews—the great Viennese journal being essentially a Jewish organ. From a literary standpoint it certainly had its merits, but as was the case with all other Viennese periodical prints its news was often very unreliable. Whatever the city's attractions might be it displayed one serious blemish. Every English newspaper correspondent who has lived in Vienna will agree with me, I think, in pronouncing the Austrian capital to be essentially a city of lies—a city where at times the most circumstantial reports, and at others the most mysterious rumours are constantly being circulated, and whence the telegraph has carried them all over the world in order to bamboozle other nations, for they have often contained few elements of truth, and, more often still, no such element at all. I do not think there is any other capital city where such an atmosphere of inventive mendacity could be found. To Vienna, in that respect, even Berlin in war-time must yield the palm.

As I am referring to journalism, I may add that my first stay at Vienna brought me a newspaper connection which lasted for eleven years. I was asked to supply a few articles on the Exhibition to *The Yorkshire Post*, and until 1884 I continued

writing for that journal from various parts of the Continent, most of my letters, however, being dated from Paris, which was really my headquarters. During nine of the eleven years I have mentioned the editor of *The Yorkshire Post* was Mr. John Ralph, who did much to increase the paper's influence and popularity. In a letter which he wrote to me, explaining the reasons for his retirement in 1882, he was good enough to call me a "most able and valued" contributor; but I find in other letters from him certain passages in which he criticised some of my work and cautioned me respecting failings. Like Frederick Greenwood, too, he impressed on me the necessity of working hard and carefully if I wished to rise to any standing in my profession. I doubt if present-day editors take as much trouble with contributors as some of mine took with me. Looking back, I have no doubt that I profited in some degree by their teaching, though not nearly so much as I ought to have done.

III.

IN SOUTHERN AUSTRIA.

Viennese Wines—The Semmering Railway—The Foolish Motto of Frederick III—The Shrine of Mariazell—Styria and its Wines—Wends and Germans—The Last Illness of the Comte de Chambord—His Abode near Gorizia—The Comtesse de Chambord—A Childless Marriage—The Comte de Paris at Gorizia—Mme. de Chambord's Vindictiveness—Gorizia and the Obsequies of "King Henry V"—The Duke d'Orléans and the Order of the Holy Ghost—Gorizia in War Time.

AMONG several interesting spots in the vicinity of Vienna which I visited with my father, was the old palatial Augustinian monastery of Klosterneuburg to which two-thirds of the city's environs were supposed to belong. The monks were great wine-growers, and in their vast three-storeyed cellars we found numerous quaintly carved mediæval tuns containing vintages from all the neighbouring districts. Attached to the monastery was a school for instruction in the cultivation of the vine and cellar-management, this being a State foundation which was then in the charge of Baron von Babo, one of the most learned œnologists in Europe, and one who by scientific methods of cultivation and treatment did much to improve the quality of various Austrian wines. The best growths produced near Vienna—and indeed in the whole of the original Austrian archduchy—are those of Vöslau and Gumpoldskirchen, two localities near the summer spa

of Baden on the southern side of Vienna. Red Vöslauer is a full bodied, deep coloured wine with a fruity bouquet, and in order that it may develop properly it should be kept for four years in cask and afterwards for a like period in bottle before being consumed. It improves with age, and when it is a score of years old it possesses no little delicacy. A small quantity of white wine is also produced at Vöslau, but the red variety, particularly that known as Oberkirchner, is the most popular; and as happens in the case of many hocks and moselles, far more wine is sold as real Vöslauer than the local vineyards could possibly produce. The same occurs with the wine of Gumpoldskirchen, which is exclusively a white growth, the finer qualities equalling the best Sauternes, though, as a rule, Gumpoldskirchner is simply a delicate pleasant wine of no particularly high character.

Among other excursions which I made with my father was one along the Semmering railway line—the oldest mountain railway in Europe and also a remarkably fine piece of work, for it is carried in an audacious fashion, with the help of numerous bridges and tunnels, along the face of precipices over a distance of some five and twenty miles. On the way to the Semmering range—which, by the way, marks the boundary between the archduchy of Austria and Styria—one passes a little town called Wiener Neustadt, which claims to have been the birthplace of that Emperor Maximilian of whom there is a very famous monument in the church of the Franciscans at Innsbruck. He was not interred there, however, but in the chapel of an ancient castle of the house of Babenberg near Neustadt. This castle came into the possession of the fifteenth

century Emperor, Frederick III, and he altered it considerably. Maria Theresa subsequently established there one of the chief military academies in Austria. The pile presents one curious feature. On various parts of the walls encompassing the courtyard the visitor sees the vowels—A.E.I.O.U.—inscribed in large letters, and may well wonder why they appear there. As a matter of fact, they were taken as a motto by Frederick III, and admit of at least three interpretations. One of these is that the letters stand for the words: *Austria erit in orbe ultima*, while another gives the much more bombastic reading: *Austria est imperare orbi universo*. The third rendering is a German one: *Aller Ehren ist Oesterreich voll*. Imperial pride could go no farther, but nobody nowadays would be willing to admit either that the empire of the whole world belongs to Austria, or that Austria is full of all honours. Such, however, were the extravagant pretensions of the Hapsburgs in olden time.

We travelled, my father and I, by the Semmering railway on the occasion when we visited the famous shrine of Mariazell, the most frequented of all such places in the Austrian Empire. There is nowadays, I believe, a branch railway line covering a considerable part of the distance from Mürzzuschlag, at which station the Semmering range is left behind. In 1873, however, we had to make the entire journey from Mürzzuschlag by diligence. On the way we passed through Neuberg where, during the shooting season, the Emperor Francis-Joseph often took up his quarters in some abbey buildings. More than once, too, on the road, among the mountains, which rose around the picturesque and gradually contracting valley, high-perched imperial shooting

boxes were pointed out to us. The scenery was often striking and agreeably diversified by river and forest, pine clad mountain, pleasant dale and wild and rugged ravine. It was, I think, about the 29th of June when we arrived at Mariazell, it being our desire to witness the great pilgrimage from Vienna on the 1st of July, and to reach our destination in good time to secure proper board and lodging. We found no difficulty in that respect, however, for Mariazell contained almost as many inns and taverns as Canterbury, where, of course, most of the hostelries also owed their origin to a famous pilgrimage. It is recorded that the Canterbury jubilee of 1420 drew no fewer than 100,000 people to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and this must have been a vast number for the period. Mariazell, however, is said to attract quite as many pilgrims every year, but they do not repair thither all together, for there is a succession of pilgrimages—that from Vienna in July being followed by one from Styria in August, and so on. The object of adoration at Mariazell is a small wooden image of the Virgin and Child, which is said to date from the twelfth century. One of the Margraves of Moravia built a chapel in which it was placed; but in the fourteenth century, after a battle in which Louis the Great of Hungary defeated the Turks, he erected a large Gothic church for the accommodation of the Mariazell Virgin, to whose intervention (as *auxilium Christianorum*) he attributed his hard-won victory. A part of the edifice in question—notably a large tower with sculptured representations of the Hungarian monarch's success—existed at the time of our visit; but most of the pile had given place to a lofty building of much later date.

I had previously seen pilgrimages in Brittany. I had also, whilst in southern France in 1871,* visited the then comparatively obscure shrine of Lourdes; and excepting that there were more people at Mariazell, and that the majority of them waxed merrier and far less quarrelsome over their Styrian wine, than the Bretons did over their tart cyder and the Pyreneans over the bad beer which they insisted on drinking instead of wine, I noticed no great difference from what I had observed in western and southern France. There were the usual cures, miraculous or reputed to be such, the usual prayers, processions, offerings and consumption of candles; and on the other hand, as the great majority of the pilgrims had come from Vienna, there was nothing approaching the novelty and variety of peasant costume which, I was told, usually imparted so much picturesqueness to the scene during the Styrian pilgrimage in August.

I passed through Styria in after years, when going as far south as Gorizia to attend the funeral of the Comte de Chambord, and I found it to be a striking region, with a very varied climate, due to the constant alternation of mountain land and valley. Some of the best wines of the Austrian dominions are vintaged in Styria, which is not surprising, as they are often the produce of the same variety of vine as that which is cultivated at Tokay in Hungary. Luttenberger, rich and syrupy but with a somewhat spirituous and sub-acidulous flavour, may be mistaken at times for genuine Tokay, and I can imagine it being occasionally palmed off as such in foreign countries, though in Austria it enjoys a sufficiently high reputation of its own.

* See p. 5, *ante*.

Most of the Styrian wines, certainly the finer ones, are white; and there are also some muscats which fetch high prices. The best red growths are those of Marburg, Gonobitz, and the Sausal mountains. These heights, situated beyond Gratz on the way to Marburg, are covered with vines, and very picturesque in autumn is the appearance of the hillside village houses, whose walls and even roofs, at times, are covered with the dense foliage and the clustering fruit of the rambling blue Wildbacher. Again, at Gonobitz, a pleasant little town not far from Cilli and the Santhal Alps, the vines climb a mountain height known as the Vinarie, and whereas the produce of the Sausal slopes resembles an ordinary Bordeaux claret, that of the Vinarie, where a little black grape called the Kauka is chiefly grown, is quite a distinct vintage—rather sweet and with a peculiar spicy flavour. The chief wine grower hereabouts in my father's time was Prince Windischgrätz, whose name reminded one that the people of the surrounding region were mainly Wends. The best Styrian red wine I ever tasted was probably that of Marburg, which has long been the centre of the province's trade both in wine and in fruit.

At the time of my tour the actual wine growers were seldom proprietors of the soil, which belonged for the most part to one or another family of the Austrian aristocracy. The system usually in vogue was for the landlord to provide his tenant with a house, a piece of ground for his own needs, a few cows, a supply of fuel, and perhaps a very small sum of money; the tenant in return performing all needful work in the vineyards excepting the digging and the vintaging. Half of the manure yielded by the cows was used for the vineyards and the remainder

for the tenant's "allotment." The grapes when vintaged were usually thrown into vats and trodden in them by bare-legged labourers, hired for the vintage season.

Marburg, which I previously mentioned, ranks as the second town in Styria, and when I visited it the inhabitants particularly prided themselves on the fact that Admiral Tegetthoff had come into the world there—he having for many years held the record as the last naval commander to win a battle in European waters—the engagement in question being that fought off the Dalmatian island of Lissa in 1866, when the Italian fleet was defeated. Tegetthoff's Slavonic name suggests the possibility of a Wendish extraction. In any case, on going further southward until I reached the Italian region, I observed that the bulk of the inhabitants were not Germans, but Slavs. On the other hand, I certainly found Gratz, the Styrian capital, to be a German town, and one where many retired Austrian officers resided on account of the cheapness of the excellent living which was to be obtained there. Styria, by the way, is famous for poultry, and turkeys are plentiful. In the more mountainous parts the inhabitants appeared to me to be a finely developed race, muscular and active, with bright, clear, healthy looking faces. It used to be said that the Styrian women were in the habit of taking some preparation of arsenic in order to improve their complexions. But I believe that to be a fable. Their native climate and the simple life which they led would have sufficed to account for their healthy appearance.

It was on my return from the Comte de Chambord's funeral at Gorizia that I loitered for a short

time in the old Styrian duchy. On my way from Vienna to Gorizia I travelled chiefly through Carinthia. The titular King of France, the last heir of the senior line of the Bourbons, had been ill since the end of June that year—1883—and a fortnight later it had been reported in what some journalists call “well-informed circles” that there was no hope at all of his recovery. Born at the Tuileries, subsequent to the assassination of his father the Duc de Berri, on which account Victor Hugo called him “the child of the miracle,” the Count, at the time of his last illness, had not completed his sixty-third year, and in spite of his lameness (due to a fall from a horse) he had always appeared to be so strong and robust that the prediction of his approaching death was not generally credited. For many years he had resided in Austria, chiefly on the estate of Froschdorf, near the Leytha mountains which form the Hungarian boundary; but he eventually installed himself at the so-called Villa Bachmann, a far from commodious little place situated about half a mile from Gorizia and now perhaps destroyed by the havoc of war. The Count took this step for the sake of his wife’s health which required a mild climate, but the change proved fatal to his own. Except at the times when the wind known as the Bora blew from the north-east, he felt (so he frequently complained) as though he were half-stifled. Shut in as it is on most sides by great heights and ridges, Gorizia may claim to be a sheltered spot, but although its climate is usually said to be dry, such is not exactly the case by reason of the comparative proximity of the Adriatic. Thus the still and at times humid atmosphere of the region gradually undermined the Count de Chambord’s

health, whilst, in the meantime, his wife's seemed to be improving.

She was the eldest daughter of Duke Francis IV of Modena, a petty sovereign, notorious for his despotism and bigotry, and one who had been kept upon his throne by the help of Austrian bayonets. His daughter, trained in views akin to his own, brought no progressive influence to bear upon her husband. Moreover, there was never any issue of their marriage. I heard it said more than once by prominent French Royalists, both in Paris and in Vienna, that if a son had been born to the legitimate heir of the monarchy the latter might have proved a different man, less obstinately attached to antiquated principles, for in such a case he would have desired to ensure his son's succession to the throne, and with that object might well have taken the path of compromise which, as it happened, he scarcely ever approached. Throughout the eight and thirty years of his married life, however, his heart was not once gladdened by the prattle of a little child. Disappointed he certainly was, but he bravely called it the will of God, and proved a most devoted husband to his wife, who, perhaps, was even more disappointed than himself. In fact, much of her bitterness may have sprung from her childless life.

The Comte de Paris, being better informed than others, had no reason to doubt the serious character of the illness which had fallen on his cousin Chambord. They had been reconciled,* and the Comte de Chambord had virtually acknowledged the senior Orleans Prince as the next heir to the French throne. Thus it was only natural that the Comte de Paris

* See p. 185, *ante*.

should decide on a visit to Gorizia ; but on hearing that such was his intention, Mme. de Chambord, who hated all the Orleans Princes, and who was particularly furious at the idea of one of them succeeding her husband as Head of the House of France, telegraphed to ex-King Francis II of Naples, then residing in Paris, to do all he possibly could in order to prevent the Comte de Paris from making the journey. Francis of Naples acted as he was requested, but the Comte de Paris would not change his intentions, and thus it happened that during the first week in July (1883) he arrived at Gorizia. Mme. de Chambord found it impossible to deny him admission to the patient's bedroom, and so there was a brief and painful interview, at which the chief of the Orleans Princes renewed his professions of allegiance.

The Comtesse de Chambord had resolved, however, upon a means of gratifying her vindictiveness. As a first step she prevailed on her husband to disinherit the Comte de Paris entirely so far as all personal possessions were concerned ; and as soon as the Comte de Chambord had passed away on August 23, she threw off the mask and denied to the Orleans Prince the place of honour * at the obsequies—giving it instead to the Comte de Bardi, one of the exiled Italian Bourbons, to whom also most of the deceased's personal estate had been devised. When I quitted Paris *en route* to Gorizia *viâ* Vienna, the general impression in the French capital was that the funeral would supply an occasion for a great demonstration at which all the partisans of a monarchy in France would acclaim the Comte de Paris as heir to the throne. But Mme. de

* That of chief mourner.

Chambord, by the course she took, prevented anything of the kind happening. The Comte de Paris and all the other Orleans Princes refused to participate in the obsequies directly they heard of the position which the Comte de Bardi was to assume. Thus the only members of the house of Bourbon whom I found at Gorizia were the aforesaid Comte de Bardi, Duke Robert of Parma, and Don Carlos, Don Juan and Don Alfonso of Spain—the two last named being respectively the son and the brother of Don Carlos.

Nor were any members of the Orleanist nobility present. Only strict Legitimists were to be seen—conspicuous among them being General de Charette and some of his former Pontifical Zouaves who had brought with them that same banner of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which they had carried right gallantly through the latter part of the Franco-German war, whilst fighting beside the regular troops of the Loire Army. Gorizia, a town of steep streets and spacious squares, was then to all intents and purposes Italian. Even now its Italian name prevails in spite of the many German attempts to alter it to Görz. I heard an Italian dialect spoken all around me. The buildings were chiefly of an Italian style. The white churches and convents bore Italian names—Sant' Antonio, Monte Santo, Castagnavizza and so forth. The public garden, shaded by pine and palm and laurel, and bright with roses and asters, was called the Giardino pubblico and the principal square, the Piazza. The hotel where I lodged was known as the Posta. Briefly, I immediately realised that I found myself in a corner of "unredeemed Italy."

It was in the convent of Castagnavizza that the remains of the uncrowned monarch, His Most

Christian Majesty Henry * V, by Divine Right King of France and Navarre, were laid to rest with all due ceremony. I remember that whilst gazing on the strange scene I wondered whether some of the old Legitimist noblemen who were present, felt as a Jacobite might have felt on witnessing the obsequies of the last Stuart. The procession was interminably long, though there was only one vehicle—the hearse. Drawn by eight horses it was surmounted by a gold crown and its panels were emblazoned with golden lilies. The Legitimists who followed it—behind the Bourbon Princes—were certainly numerous, but the great length of the procession was due to the surprising concourse of monks and friars, belonging to all sorts of orders, who passed slowly in double files. All the monasteries in the region must have sent contingents to swell that army of “regulars.”

Among the personages figuring in the procession I remarked the Comte de Blacas, who had long been at the head of the deceased prince’s household. He carried a velvet cushion upon which lay a collar of the old Order of the Holy Ghost. The death of the Comte de Chambord left only one surviving member of that all but forgotten order of chivalry—the Orleanist Duc de Nemours, who had received it in his childhood from Charles X. Thus, when Ferdinand of Bulgaria plunged into the Great War in the autumn of 1915, I was rather surprised to find the present Duc d’Orléans writing to him and virtually expelling him from the Order of the Holy Ghost. Since the fall of Charles X of France no Court in Europe has officially recognised such an order. It

* Like Henri Quatre the Comte de Chambord always spelt his name “Henry” in accordance with the original French custom.

does not appear that even the Comte de Chambord ever claimed the privilege of conferring it upon anybody—he himself had derived it from a reigning king, his grandfather. It would seem, therefore, as if the Duc d'Orléans (as King of France *in partibus*) had revived and bestowed it at some time or other on the Bulgarian sovereign. The proceeding reminds one of the titles which James II was pleased to confer on favoured partisans after he had lost the British crown. A few such titles, having been formally recognised by Louis XIV, may have had some validity in France and elsewhere; but, as I previously indicated, no European sovereign has formally recognised the Order of the Holy Ghost since the day when Charles X brought about his own downfall. In the days of Bourbon rule the "Holy Ghost" ranked as the premier French order, though having been established only in 1578, it was less ancient than the order of St. Michael which dated from 1469. At one period, however, the latter was relegated to the second place,* the third eventually being taken by the order of St. Louis, which was founded in 1693. When a nobleman had secured each of those forms of knighthood he was styled "Chevalier des ordres du Roy." Sky-blue, black, and red were the colours of the respective ribands.

The above digression, into which I was tempted by the action of the Duc d'Orléans, has carried me away from Gorizia, which I can still picture hushed and impressed amidst the solemn tolling of bells and the mournful chanting of monks, whilst the Comte de Chambord was being carried to his rest. Since then war has burst upon the little town,

* Probably because its chosen patron was only an archangel.

which appears to have taken both bombardment and destruction in a far more cheerful manner than is usual. In 1915 the newspapers chronicled the conflagration of the convent of Monte Santo, the damage done to Sant' Antonio, the Ursulines, Castagnavizza and many other buildings, both public and private. Yet it was added that amidst each successive disaster the inhabitants—some 20,000 all told—endeavoured to continue leading much the same lives as they led in peaceful days: the barbers shaving as usual, the flower shops remaining open, the cafés catering for their customers, and the children running to and fro in the streets, although every now and again a shell exploded with terrible consequences. Possibly one reason of the composure shown by a population so largely of Italian stock was a consciousness of deliverance impending even in the midst of death and destruction. While I pen these lines the Italian attack continues, and up at Castagnavizza, the uncrowned King, the last of the French Henrys, sleeps on. He cannot hear the thunder of the guns even though their projectiles have rent the roof above his tomb. What would he, the upholder of so many olden things, have thought of a war by which assuredly the old order must definitely depart, giving place to new?

IV.

IN HUNGARY.

The Magyars and other Inhabitants—The Huns and Magyar Characteristics—Mr. John Paget's Views of them—Their Supposed Indolence—From Vienna to Budapest by the Danube—Pressburg and Francis Joseph's Coronation—Komorn and "Come To-morrow!"—Gran and its Wealthy See—Visegrád and the Story of Clara Zacs—Budapest and its Municipal Hospitality—A Toast to the Prince of Wales (Edward VII)—Former Popularity of the British in Hungary—Magyar Pride and Dislike of the German Race—The Great Hungarian Plain—The Peasantry—The National Dance—Tokay and its Famous Wine—The Er-Mellék.

THE Magyars are one of the dwindling races of Europe. They did not await the coming of Malthus to put into practice such theories as he expounded. They had acted upon similar ones long previously. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether they ever occupied the whole of the territory of the modern Kingdom of Hungary. At all events, centuries ago other races obtained a footing there, and nowadays form a large proportion of the population. Hungary, in fact, is peopled by a medley of folk, as happens in most countries which have figured in history as frontier or buffer states. To talk of a Hungarian people is absurd, though one may find at Budapest and elsewhere thousands of people who claim to be Hungarians simply because they were born on Hungarian soil. The same kind of thing often occurs in England, and according to political and

diplomatic laws anybody born in this country is accounted a Britisher, although he may not have in his veins a single drop of blood derived from any of the nations which in former times overran the greater part of our island. With respect to Hungary it may be said that something approaching an amalgamation of races may be noticed in the capital and a few other centres of population, but otherwise the different breeds largely keep apart.

They are numerous—the principal elements of the population (in addition to the Magyars, who may be called the Hungarians proper) consisting of the German settlers, the Slovacks, the Ruthenians, the Wallachs or Roumanians, the Croatians, Slovenes, and Serbs. The Slovacks are kinsmen of the Czechs or Bohemians, the Ruthenians of the Russians, the Roumanians are really descendants of the ancient Dacians with a slight admixture of old Roman blood, which, in a vainglorious spirit, they declare predominates among them. The Magyars inhabit principally the west-central and western parts of the kingdom. The Germans are conspicuous in the extreme west and on a number of isolated points where they have established colonies. There are also Saxon settlements in Transylvania on the east, but in that direction one finds a great many so-called Wallachs or Roumanians—in which connection it may be pointed out that Roumania is simply a modern name for the united provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia which were formerly subject to the Turks. On turning to a map of Europe as it was in the seventeenth century, one cannot fail to observe how great was then the extent of Turkey's European Empire. It included all the central part of Hungary and all the west excepting a narrow band of territory

which Austria had managed to retain. Both the great lake Balaton and the huge Bákony forest then belonged to the Turks. On the north and the east they held the Carpathians as far as the spurs extending into the Kingdom of Poland. Moldavia and Wallachia were tributary states, and so was Transylvania, whose area was three times as considerable as that which is assigned to it to-day.

Any visitor to Hungary who has previously travelled in Turkey will be struck by several lingering signs of the former Turkish domination. Hungarian writers will not admit this to be the case, but my own view is that a considerable amount of Turkish and also Tartar blood is blended with that of the Magyars and of some of the other elements in the population. The main facts of Hungarian history tend to confirm that view.

I believe the Magyar to be a descendant of the historical Hun. Present-day British journalists, however, have assigned the name of Hun to the north Germans, on account, no doubt, of the latter's Hunnish practices. But there surely is no racial affinity corroborating such a designation. If the north Germans may be compared to one of the ancient migratory and predatory races it should be to the Vandals, a remnant of whom—the Wends—still exists in Prussia proper and eastern Brandenburg, whilst kindred groups, as previously pointed out in this volume, may also be found in certain parts of Austria. No Huns, however, are to be met either there or in the Prussian dominions. They are confined to Hungary and Transylvania and are simply the folk who on one side call themselves Magyars and on the other Szeklers.

Recalling the Hunnish invasions under Attila,

it will be remembered that great trains of waggons accompanied his armies on their marches, and that with the help of all those vehicles the Huns formed, as it were, zareebas or lagers whenever they were attacked in force. Now, until the development of the railway system, travellers in modern Hungary were always struck by the infinity of waggons, generally of a light character, which were found there. It was a mistaken idea that the Magyar was a born horseman. As a matter of fact, few of his race can ride at all, and then only indifferently well. The greater part of the light cavalry of the old-time Austrian armies was formed not of Hungarians, but of Croats. It was they who in the seventeenth and the eighteenth century wars chiefly took the part which the Russian Tsars on their side assigned to the Cossacks.

The Magyar was formerly accounted a very indolent individual, and the comparative isolation of Hungary and its backwardness in education and civilisation certainly tended to a lack of energy on the part of a race which had for a considerable period succumbed to the Turkish yoke, and which, although freed from it, had not yet found itself again, and only retained a rather vague legendary knowledge of the aspirations of its ancestors. Towards the middle of the last century the standard work on Hungary in this country was one written by Mr. John Paget, a member of a junior branch of the Anglesey family, who ended by settling in Transylvania, where he acquired considerable property. I met Mr. Paget at Vienna in 1873, when, like my father, he was serving on the international wine jury connected with the Exhibition. Curiously enough, most of the wood engravings illustrating

Mr. Paget's book on Hungary had been cut by my father in his early days when, like Linton and others, he was a pupil of Orrin Smith. Of course the latter's name alone appears in the work, in accordance with the general custom in such cases. However, it so happened that my father, who naturally retained a lively recollection of the first engraving work entrusted to him by his master, made the facts known to Mr. Paget at Vienna, and the most cordial intercourse ensued.

Mr. Paget's book was written before the great Hungarian insurrection of 1848-9, which, as he admitted in conversation, considerably modified some of his estimates of the Magyar character. He had previously been a great believer in the innate indolence of the race, and the latter's vigorous rising against Austrian tyranny had really surprised him. We know, however, that other races—seemingly slow, plodding and narrow-minded—rouse themselves at times and evince the greatest energy. We have only to think of the South African Boers for an example of the kind. When occasion requires it, the Magyar peasant becomes a vigorous fighter, although in peace time he may seem as supine as it is possible for man to be. It has been said of him that he prefers to sit rather than to move, and that if motion becomes necessary, instead of using his legs or even riding, he harnesses four horses to his little waggon, and then sets out on a journey of merely a few miles. Briefly, he is opposed to physical exertion when it can be avoided. Another point is that although he has his moments of great excitement and enthusiasm he lacks doggedness, tenacity. If an enterprise does not speedily succeed he prefers to relinquish it.

My first trip to Budapest was made with my father and others by way of the Danube, on board one of the steamboats plying between Vienna and the Hungarian capital. The title of Johann Strauss's famous waltz might incline the reader to picture the great river's water as beautifully blue, but its habitual colour is really a dingy grey. At sunset, however, a pinkish glow sometimes suffuses its surface. My steamboat trip must have lasted some fourteen hours, that is from early morning until dusk, so that there was ample opportunity to observe the river under every aspect. The left bank was at first monotonously flat, but the right one was hilly and occasionally picturesque, particularly at Hainburg, a little place which has some legendary associations with Attila. Then, for a short distance, several lofty heights—spurs of the Little Carpathians—arose on the left, and we passed the mouth of the March or Morava, whose junction-point with the Danube below the ruined castle of Theben marked the Hungarian frontier. Soon afterwards we reached Pressburg, which the Magyars call Pozsony, and which was originally their capital and the spot where their Kings were crowned. There, indeed, in 1867 was performed the long-deferred coronation of Francis-Joseph, who, with the crown on his head and his robes of state waving around him, rode, sword in hand, up a terraced incline overlooking the Danube, and lunged with his weapon towards the four points of the compass to indicate that he promised to defend the kingdom against all enemies, no matter whence they might come. This had been a customary feature of the olden Hungarian coronations.

After we had left Pressburg behind us, the river

banks became, for some hours, uniformly flat on either hand. Nevertheless there were features of interest in the scenery. Curious looking water-mills appeared on the river banks, the two extensive Schütt islands were dotted with little white houses standing in garden ground, beyond which were tracts of marshy land, where cattle and sheep could be perceived. And presently the ancient fortified town of Komorn rose up on the left at a point where the Waag falls into the Danube. Komorn is a maiden fortress, having always successfully withstood besiegers; and at one point of the ramparts there is a figure of the Virgin with the inscription *Kom morn!* signifying "Come to-morrow!" That is a German pun—a play upon the words *Komm morgen*. The Magyars themselves call the old fortress Komárom.

A couple of hours after quitting Komorn we were off Gran, a town of legends and miracles, with an imposing domed cathedral rising boldly against the pale sky. Here St. Stephen, Hungary's first Christian king, was born and baptised, here also Kaiser Frederick Barbarossa and the Hungarian monarch Bela met in crusading days. Gran was once a city of splendour, boasting many marble palaces and counting its great merchants by the score. But sweeping across the Hungarian plain from Transylvania there came a horde of Tartars, who put the inhabitants to the sword and wrecked every edifice. The cathedral is quite modern—in fact not yet a hundred years old. The archiepiscopal see, however, has long been that of the Hungarian Primate, who is always entitled Prince and takes rank immediately after the King and the Archduke-Palatine, otherwise royal deputy and commander.

Gran is also an extremely wealthy see, its revenue, comparatively few years ago, amounting to no less than £60,000 per annum.

From this point the Danube's bed contracted, steep hills arose on either side, and beyond a bend in the river's course, Visegrád the "lofty fortress" rose on a rocky crag. The Arpad race of kings made this town their abode. King Matthias Corvinus is said to have converted the barren site into an earthly paradise. But other kings were imprisoned there, and horrible stories are still told of dark deeds in its grim dungeons. The tragic muse, moreover, has been evoked by more than one poet to celebrate the awful fate of the unfortunate Clara Zacs, who in the days of King Charles Robert of Hungary ranked as the greatest beauty of the Court of Visegrád. Charles Robert married the sister of King Casimir of Poland, and in or about 1330 the last named came to Visegrád on a visit. He then set eyes on Clara, and inflamed with an insensate passion he carried her off and made her his victim. She escaped at last, and on reaching her home told her father what had happened. On hearing that his own sovereign, Charles Robert, had been privy to the abduction, Zacs, in a fury, hurried to the royal abode, sword in hand, and burst in upon the King and Queen whilst they and their children were seated at a meal. He struck the King down with a fierce blow of his weapon, and then turned upon the Queen, who raised her arm to defend herself. With a sweep of his sword, however, Zacs cut off her fingers. The next moment the royal guards rushed into the room, and slew him without ceremony.

Terrible reprisals were at once ordered by the wounded King. Clara and her young brother were

seized, their hands, their noses, their ears, their lips were cut off, and when they had been exhibited to the people as examples of the royal punishment, they were bound to horses' tails and finally cast to the dogs. Even that, however, did not satisfy Charles Robert. Every member and connection of the Zacs family was apprehended, tortured and put to death, more than thirty innocent people thus becoming victims of the royal vengeance. Such was Hungary in some of the good old times.

Beyond Visegrád is Waitzen, a town of many churches and diverse forms of religion. Then, after skirting the long Andreas isle, the combined cities of Budapest appear—Pest spreading out on the flat ground lying on the left of the river, whilst on the other hand Buda with its fortress climbs aloft. On the occasion of that first visit to the Hungarian capital, we, my father and myself, belonged to a large party of people of various nationalities connected with the Vienna Exhibition. We were the guests of the municipality of Budapest, which entertained us all with the most lavish hospitality. There was quite a succession of banquets, at each of which covers were provided for some hundreds of guests. The toasts were endless, and in connection with them speeches were made in numerous languages, though French was used by all who could express themselves in that tongue. The leader of our party, a captain in the British army attached to the Royal Commission, preferred, however, to speak in English, with which language the mayor of Budapest was fortunately acquainted. I well remember an occasion when the mayor toasted the Prince of Wales (Edward VII). It was a toast honoured by bumpers. The whole company sprang up, and

again and again, through the vast hall in which we were assembled, the Hungarian *vivat*: "Eljen! Eljen!" resounded. I do not think that I ever witnessed such another outburst of enthusiasm. The British were in those days intensely popular throughout Hungary, and the Magyars—our alien enemies in present times—were regarded by us as fine fellows, who had made a brave stand to secure national independence. It cannot be said, however, that after gaining rights for themselves they showed any solicitude for the rights of others. For several years prior to the Great War the Magyar ascendancy in Hungary was largely utilised to oppress the other races established in the kingdom. Magyar ambition, moreover, has expanded to a degree which few people anticipated, for it aims nowadays at predominance throughout the whole Austrian Empire.

The Magyar is an intensely proud individual and deems his race and his country to be the first in the world. *Extra Hungariam non est vita* has long been one of his sayings. The Latin tongue, I may mention, has been cultivated in Hungary for centuries. Less than a hundred years ago it was still the language used at the meetings of the Diet. I myself heard it spoken even by peasant farmers. German, on the other hand, was held in contempt. A settler of German birth was always called a *Schwab*, or Suabian, instead of by the generic name of his race. Such settlers, by the way, were often anxious to pass as Hungarians, but gave themselves away sometimes by their appearance and at others by the faulty manner in which they spoke the Magyar language. There is an old story that on a certain occasion one of these folk, trying to ape the

real Magyar manner, said to some luggage-porter at a town on the borders of Hungary and Austria, "Here, German! Carry this bag!" The porter, who detected the truth by the manner in which the other spoke Magyar, looked him up and down, and then retorted: "German yourself!"

The Magyar language has certain peculiarities. For instance, the pronoun follows the substantive and the preposition the pronoun in such a case as this: *Kalap*, a hat; *kalap am*, my hat; *kalap am ba*, in my hat. That custom may well seem strange to Western people. Mr. Paget, to whom I previously referred, used to relate that the Protestant or Calvinistic Magyar was convinced that his language (however peculiar it might be) was the only one that found favour in heaven; this view, of course, being utterly at variance with that of the Roman Catholic Magyar, who offered up his prayers in Latin. One of Paget's stories was to the effect that on a certain occasion a Calvinist Magyar heard a German woman complaining: "*Ach Gott, ach Gott!*" Forthwith he turned on her exclaiming: "How can you expect Heaven to help you when you pray in a language which is not understood there?"

The development of the Hungarian railway system during more recent years may well have modified the aspect of much of the great plain known as the Puszta or the Alföld. Extending from as far south as Belgrade to the Hegyallja heights on the north-east, it spreads westward from the Transylvanian border to Budapest. In some parts the soil is sandy, in others of a rich black loam, and in others again of a boggy nature. Soda lakes may be found here and there excepting in summer, when they dry up, leaving soda incrustated in the earth.

It has been held that in prehistoric times the plain was really the bed of a succession of huge lakes or inland seas ; and it is certain that three of the principal rivers, the Danube, the Theiss (or Tisza), and the Maros, have repeatedly shifted their beds—the Danube, for instance, now flowing over towns and castles which were once well known.

It used to be held that the great Hungarian plain was the only spot in Europe where the traveller could experience an impression of utter solitude and immensity, such as that which Fenimore Cooper strove to convey in describing the original aspect of the American prairies. In the Puszta no stone, wood or other material existed for proper road-making. Thus there were only occasional rough tracks, all sand in summer, and in winter streams of mud. The expanse sometimes offered the appearance of a steppe and sometimes that of a savannah covered with thick grass. On the south-western confines of Hungary, that is towards Croatia, you would find broad fields of the Indian corn and the tobacco plants introduced there by the Turks, and straggling camp-like villages of white mud-walled, one-storeyed houses, buried at times in vegetation, for hereabouts there were woods of oak trees under which the herdsmen rested whilst their swine went hither and thither, nosing for acorns. In the loamy part of the Puszta appeared solitary farm-houses standing amidst far stretches of grain-bearing land, where now and again there would be a tall wooden crane or *ciga* for the purpose of drawing water from a primitive well. The semi-Asiatic nature of the people was shown by their practice of storing their grain in bottle-shaped holes dug in the ground. Elsewhere spread pasture, sometimes of sparse vegetation and at others

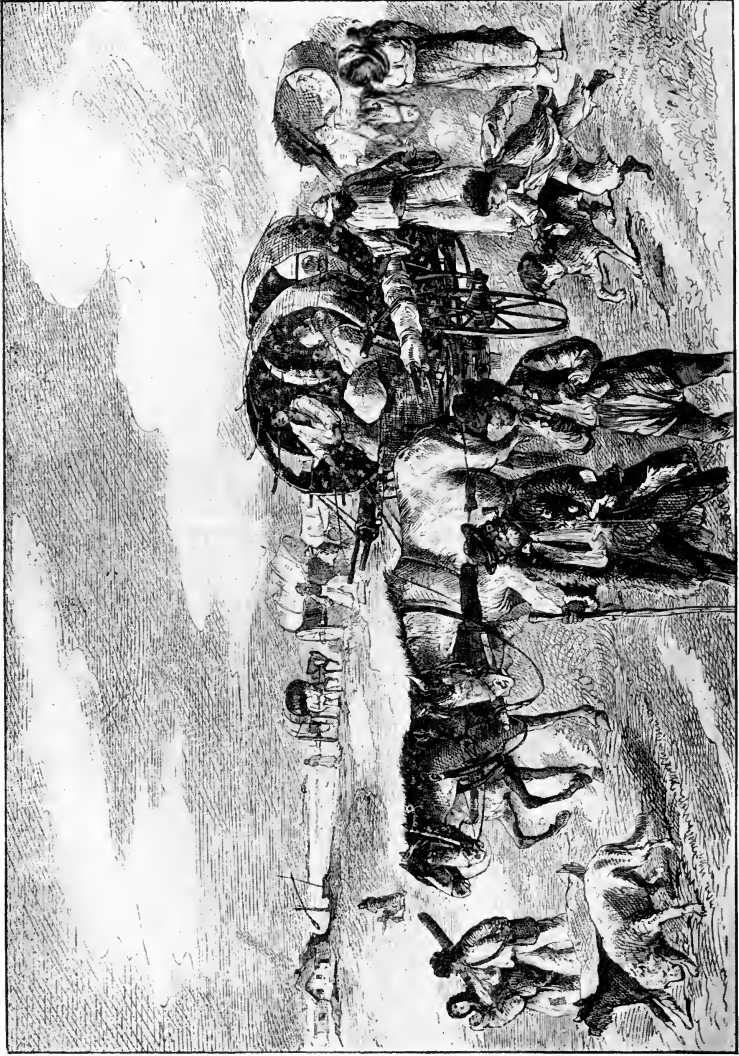
offering an abundance of grass by reason of the waters lurking beneath the surface. Storks frequented some of the swamps. Herons and plovers might also be occasionally espied, but there were few small birds owing to the predatory hawks which were often to be seen overhead. The soil harboured a little burrowing marmot, not unlike a squirrel in appearance save that it was earless. For the rest one found the Puszta peopled only by huge herds of cattle and great flocks of sheep with their attendant guardians.

Each herdsman had in his charge some hundreds of beasts, who all knew him but fled from strangers. Very picturesque looked Miska,* the *gulyás*, with his huge broad-brimmed hat (often used for drinking purposes) from under which fell his long oily hair which was plaited and crossed over his chest, whilst from his shoulders hung his ample white cloak embroidered with flowers. His belt was likewise embroidered, and so was the large tobacco pouch attached to it in front. Again, there would be embroidery on his waistcoat or his jacket, and even on the front of his short shirt. Tall and generally spare of figure, but none the less athletic and robust, he had brilliant dark eyes set in a bronzed face. In summer the sun beats down fiercely on the Puszta; but even then the nights may be quite cold, bleak winds often sweeping across the great expanse. To warm themselves at such times the herdsmen made fires with bricks formed of straw and cow-dung. In winter one found both men and women wearing sheepskin jackets with the wool inside; and their *bundas* or cloaks, falling from their necks to their

* Just as the Irishman is called Paddy and the Scotsman Sandy, so is the Magyar currently called Miska, otherwise Mike.

ankles, were formed of sheepskins also. It has been said that the *bunda* is house and bed to the Hungarian peasant. He utilises it even in the summer, for it then serves him as a kind of screen against the fierce noontide heat. When a shepherd sets out on a mild morning a solitary donkey will be seen in the midst of his great flock. The animal is carrying his master's pelisse; but at night when the flock returns home the donkey has no burden, for the shepherd has then put on his cloak to guard against a chill.

The sheep are often of the merino breed and some of the great territorial magnates used to have flocks of 20,000 animals. Merinos are somewhat difficult to rear, however, and at times thousands have been carried off by disease, resulting usually from faulty feeding. Kept under cover in as equable a temperature as possible during the four winter months, the practice has been to feed them at that time on corn, straw, potatoes, and hay, or, as a substitute for the last named, dried leaves. The sheep were formerly bred almost exclusively for their wool, their coarse flesh finding little favour in Hungary. But the scanty days of war bring changes; and of recent times Budapest, Vienna, and Berlin may well have welcomed supplies of the once despised mutton of the Puszta. The Hungarian sheep-dog should also be mentioned here. He is a somewhat curious looking animal, about the size of a Newfoundland, but having a sharp, almost pointed, nose, short erect ears, and a bushy tail. When he is white you readily identify him as a dog, but when he is brown or brownish he might be mistaken for a wolf. Paget recalled instances in which Hungarians had actually taken a wolf to be one of their own dogs.



HUNGARIAN GIPSIES ON THE TRAMP

The Csárdás dance, which is to the Magyars what the waltz is to the Viennese, ranks among the chief character dances of Europe. I regard it as being of gipsy origin, like most of the dances of Spain. The figures may differ, but the themes are identical—love, desire, coquetry, surrender. Though the dancers whom I saw in Hungary were generally true Magyars I never heard the music of the Csárdás played there otherwise than by gipsies. Generally speaking, the Magyar is not a musician. At Budapest when waltzes and quadrilles were danced the orchestra, I found, was usually composed of Czechs—Bohemians; but the Csárdás required to be played by Czegány musicians.* There are some permanent settlements of gipsies in Hungary, and yet more in Transylvania. In Paget's time some colonies were engaged in gold-washing in the auriferous streams of the Carpathians; but in Hungary as elsewhere certain bands have always led a more or less nomadic life, practising in their wanderings the callings customary to their race all Europe over. In Hungary, as afterwards in Spain, I found them acting as horse-dealers and doctors, farriers, fortune-tellers, thieves, and itinerant musicians. In the last respect, however, the violin was their usual instrument in Hungary, whereas in Spain the guitar and the tamburine prevailed.

To form an idea of the Csárdás as I saw it danced occasionally in a Hungarian inn, with a black, smoky and heavily beamed ceiling and mud walls covered with a kind of glaze, the reader should picture a young, tall, lithe Hungarian peasant in all the glory of attire embroidered with coloured

* Czegány is the Hungarian name for a gipsy. The French have changed it into Tzigane, and in Spain it becomes Gitano.

silks, and a peasant girl with a suppleness of motion which no weight of petticoats could possibly hamper. The measure is at first a slow and somewhat melancholy one. The two dancers, each on his or her side, take a few turns up and down, occasionally clicking their heels together. But all at once the youth clasps the girl by the waist and twirls her round as by right of conquest. For a brief interval they pirouette together, and then abruptly separate. It is as if there had been a quarrel, as if, for instance, the youth had been too pressing in his suit on such slight acquaintance, and as though the girl had resented his presumption. But she has no mind to let him leave her for another. A few more turns are taken as before, and then she brings all the resources of coquetry into play. She advances encouragingly, hesitates, retreats; then again she comes forward, fanning her admirer's passion with alluring motions, and as her *abandon* increases his excitement grows until, carried away by it, he strikes the back of his neck with both hands, giving utterance the while to guttural cries of ecstasy. And suddenly he once more clasps his charmer round the waist, and they whirl away together in a rapturous transport.

It was only in almost wild neighbourhoods that I saw the Csárdás danced as it should be danced. At balls at Budapest I found but a pale imitation of it. As a matter of fact, the city was already more German than Magyar; the Germans constituting at least half of the population and the remaining inhabitants consisting of Magyars, Slovacks, Serbs, and Jews. The last named were increasing and multiplying rapidly, and of later years the laws against the Jews in Roumania, and the emigration of many members of the chosen race from that

country, further augmented the number of Jews in the Hungarian capital. Reverting to the Csárdás, I remember seeing it danced at a ball given at the Redoute Buildings in Pest, but the great ladies who then figured in it evinced none of the *laisser-aller* of the Magyar peasant girls. Among those who were present on that occasion was the famous Princess Pauline Metternich, who had been so conspicuous in the Parisian society of the Second Empire. She was of Hungarian birth, being the daughter of a nobleman well-known for his daring horsemanship. Often had she figured in a *quadrille d'honneur* at the Tuileries, and waltzed at the *petits Lundis* of the Empress Eugénie; but when I again saw her at Budapest, her dancing days were evidently over, for in a few years she, once so slim, had become extremely stout. She therefore contented herself with promenading about the great hall at the Redoute, escorted the while by quite a flock of young fellows, whom she entertained from time to time with some of the pointed witticisms for which she was famous.

It was the last time I ever saw her; but some years later, at a charity fête in the garden of the vanished Tuileries, I came upon the two ladies—the Marquise de Galliffet and the Comtesse de Pourtales—who had been her rivals and intimates in the days of Napoleon III. Still charming and exquisitely gowned, they were in charge of some stalls, and I remember obtaining their smiling permission to sketch them, or rather their frocks, for one of the fashions' supplements which, at my father's suggestion, Frederick Greenwood decided to issue from time to time with the then recently founded *St. James's Gazette*. Those supplements

were the forerunners of the "Ladies' Pages," which have more recently constituted a recognised feature of the British daily Press.

As the guests of Count Francis Zichy, we—my father and I—spent some days on an estate of his in the extreme east of Hungary, that is in the region where the Carpathian spurs descending from Transylvania unite with the great Hungarian plain. On the outskirts of the latter at this point there is a ringlike chain of hills, known as the Er-Mellék. For a considerable distance the slopes are gentle and the summits nearly level, in such wise that both sides and plateaux are well suited to the cultivation of the vine. Several pretty villages and small towns are scattered over the Er valley, and at the time of our visit the bulk of the inhabitants were undoubtedly Magyars, though there was a sprinkling of Roumanians. Even these, however, used the Magyar language, and followed Magyar customs, excepting in regard to religion, their faith usually being that of the Greek Church. Across the Transylvanian border the Roumanians were (and are) extremely numerous, and it is claimed for them that they were settled there long before the Magyar conquest.

We travelled by rail as far as Grosswardein, which the Hungarians call Nagy-Várád—an apparently thriving town spread out on both sides of the river Körös. There we were met by Count Zichy with a carriage drawn by three swift Hungarian horses, and to the accompaniment of their tingling bells we drove towards Er-Diószegeh where the Count's property was situated. For a wonder the road was a good one, but that was explained by the fact that it was constantly used by the President of the district, and was therefore kept in proper

repair. After passing Püspöki and Bihar we entered a wide valley, where the Transylvanian mountains could be seen on our left, whilst on the other hand the Puszta spread into the far distance. Presently, however, after leaving Félégyháza we came into some deep open country, with a little stream coursing through fields of grain and pasture land, dotted with a few farmhouses. In this way we reached Er-Diószegh, a petty town whose sole attraction was the surrounding landscape.

The cultivation of the vine in the so-called Er-Mellék then extended over some 6000 acres, and gave employment to almost all the inhabitants of the little district. The wine produced averaged a million and a half gallons annually, and that yielded by Count Zichy's vineyards was invariably sound, fresh, too, and clean tasting, though deficient in specific character. The Count had introduced many improvements both in cultivation and in vinification—importing and experimenting with several foreign vines and procuring also the services of expert vine-dressers from the Rhine. Our time at Er-Diószegh was at least agreeably spent, for it gave us some insight into the manners and customs of the petty townfolk and the peasantry, and with the help of Count Zichy's fleet horses we made some interesting excursions, obtaining on one occasion a glimpse of the beautiful hills and valleys, the hanging woods and the deep gorges of Transylvania. Mr. Paget had repeatedly pressed my father to visit his estate at Szökefalva where he had brought viticulture and wine-making to a high state of perfection; but it was our design on leaving Count Zichy's to proceed northward to the famous region of Tokay.

With this object we at first set out for Debreczin,

which in old times ranked virtually as the capital of the Puszta. In the "forties," according to Paget, there was no real road leading to it or going from it in any direction, although it had contained for centuries one of the oldest Calvinistic colleges in Hungary. It simply stood in the midst of that great plain where the traveller seeking his way had to depend on the chance prints of a horse's hoofs, or else on the position of the sun, or simply on his own instinct. Nowadays Debreczin is doubtless an important town, for the maps show that three railway lines meet there. In the year of grace, 1873, however, it still displayed many of the features which Paget had noticed long previously. There was no pavement in any street. You trudged through sand in summer and through slush at other seasons. Calvinistic Protestants predominated among the townfolk, but there was also a Catholic element. We visited the chief Protestant church for the purpose of seeing the pulpit from which Kossuth, at the time of the great insurrection, proclaimed the downfall of Austrian rule in Hungary. We also saw the dying lion set up to commemorate the battle of Debreczin fought during the same revolutionary period, and then we took a train going northward to Tokay.

We found the little town to be one of some 5000 people, who constituted a remarkable medley of races, for they included Magyars, Germans, Jews, Greeks, and Armenians—the two latter elements being, however, largely Magyarised. Their settlement in this district may have dated, perhaps, from the time of the Turkish sway. In one respect the different races kept apart, for there were churches for half a dozen religions, including two branches of

the Greek faith. The town stands at the confluence of the rivers Theiss and Bodrog, below the most southern spur of the volcanic Hegyallja Chain, which stretches southward from the Carpathians. The district is over a score of miles in extent, and about a fifth of the area is planted with vines, the steeper slopes being terraced for that purpose. The first Tokay vineyards were planted in the thirteenth century by King Bela IV, who is said to have obtained vines and vine-dressers from Italy; but the principal vine nowadays is of the Furmint variety, which is common all over Hungary, and which may also be noticed in various parts of France, such as Languedoc and Touraine. Several other varieties of vines will be found, however, in the Tokay vineyards, the soil of which is mainly a kind of powdery brown dust, suggesting that of parts of northern Africa. It is free from sand and gravel, but fragments of basalt and porphyry, with such stones as cats'-eyes and cornelians are to be found in it.

Philip-Augustus of France once proclaimed Cyprus to be the Pope of Wines; but at Trent, during the famous Council of the Church, Pope Paul III declared to the prelates whom he met there that Tokay alone was worthy of the Papal throne. Several Russian sovereigns were equally infatuated respecting the wine's merits, and there is a story that they constantly kept a detachment of troops on the Hungarian frontier in order to be sure of securing a share of the Tokay vintage. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, however, an English traveller named Townson, who visited Hungary, expressed the opinion that Tokay was not worth the price it cost, and that most of his countrymen would much prefer good claret or burgundy. There were, he

added, just as good liqueur wines in Spain, and unless Tokay was very old it was far too syrupy to appeal to the English palate. There is considerable truth in Townson's remark.

The softest wine of the district has always been vintaged on the slopes known as Mézes-Mále (the honeycomb) in the parish of Tarkzal near Tokay ; the produce of the Tállya slopes has a deeper colour ; and that of Zambor more strength. Three principal kinds of Tokay are made—the Essenz, the Ausbruch, and the Máslás, the first-named being remarkable for its lusciousness, its powerful flavour and its rich bouquet. Ausbruch may be sweet or dry according to the quantity of dried grapes (from which all moisture has departed) that may enter into its composition. Máslás is the produce of ordinary ripe grapes, steeped in the lees of the finer varieties of wine. There is also a kind called Szamorodner made from grapes from which the ripest berries have not previously been plucked for either Essenz or Ausbruch, and this wine—if there are many shrivelled berries on the bunches—will at times equal the higher priced Ausbruch.

During our visit we inspected the vineyards of the Emperor Francis-Joseph and found that they were favoured by a remarkably good aspect and were extremely well cultivated. But they were of no great extent, and it has not infrequently happened that the Emperor has had to buy wine of other growers in order to prevent any diminution of the stock kept at Vienna and known as Imperial Tokay. It used to be his practice to send presents of this wine to fellow monarchs and sundry personages of inferior rank whom he condescended to honour. Of somewhat more recent years it was

decided to place small parcels of Imperial Tokay, bearing the labels of the Court cellars and distinctive seals, at the disposal of the wine trade. I have before me an English wine-merchant's list of the latter part of 1915, and I notice that against the "Imperial Dry" and the "Imperial Szamorodny" there figures the significant mention: "Shipment stopped." The firm in question, however, was still offering a small quantity of the Imperial Essenz (imported prior to the Great War) at the extremely moderate price of 250s. a dozen! Our defunct compatriot, Townson, would doubtless have declared that it was not worth the money.

Owing to the uncertain climatic conditions the quantity of wine vintaged in the Tokay district varies extremely—ranging from 500,000 gallons in bad years to four times as much in abundant ones. The really superior wine represents but 15 per cent. of the entire produce, and only a quarter of the superior wine is of the finest quality. This circumstance, combined with the elaborate system of vinification, naturally tends to augment the price of the best kinds. Moreover, only seven or eight vintages of really fine quality occur in a period of twenty years. Tokay, I may add, has one merit from the medical point of view: It contains more phosphoric acid than is to be found in any other wine, excepting Malaga.

V.

A GLIMPSE OF BOHEMIA.

Bohemian Sway in the Thirteenth Century—The Great Przemysl or Ottokar—Shakespeare, Greene, and the Bohemian Coast—Prague and John Hus—The Two Defenestrations—The Winter King and the White Hill—Austrian Rule in Bohemia—The Czechs of Prague in the Seventies—Police Spies and Conspiracies—The Great Bridge of Prague and St. John Nepomuk—The Hradschin, the Tyn Church, and George of Podiebrad—Pilsen and its Beer—Memories of Wallenstein—His Assassination at Eger—Brünn and the Moravians—Austerlitz, Königgrätz and their Battlefields.

THERE was a period in the thirteenth century when the sway of the Bohemian crown extended from the Baltic to the Adriatic. It was the time of the second King Ottokar, a prince of the Przemysl line, and one whom patriotic Czechs still call Przemysl II—Ottokar (Otto Karl ?) being a German name which he is said to have assumed after espousing an Austrian duchess of the Babenberg house. What connection there may have been between this monarch and the Galician fortress which figured so prominently in the earlier stages of the Great War I cannot say. Przemysl town was then, we know, inhabited chiefly by Ruthenians, professing the Greek faith and having a bishop belonging to that Church, though a Catholic prelate was also installed there. Of the significance of the name of Przemysl I know nothing, but I have noticed in maps of Poland more than one place-name ending

with the letters "mysl." The Poles, of course, are Slavs, like the Czechs, and some names may be common to both nations. It was, as I mentioned in a previous chapter, in honour of Przemysl or Ottokar II that the Teutonic Knights bestowed the name of Königsberg on the capital of Prussia proper, he being their ally and upholder. He proved an extremely ambitious monarch, and carried his authority far and wide. There is historical warrant for asserting that the Venetians were greatly perturbed when the Bohemian ruler secured possession of a part of the Adriatic shore. The fear of any powerful monarch installing himself thereabouts, prompted their subsequent annexation of some of the Dalmatian islands and certain points on the coast, but they often had trouble with the Slavs who dwelt there, Zara, for instance, repeatedly revolting against Venetian rule.

I do not know who was the first to hold our great national poet up to ridicule for alluding to the "Bohemian coast" in "The Winter's Tale." It might at least have been conceded in his favour that he had only followed in this respect the story by Robert Greene on which he undoubtedly based his play. Greene, it is known, travelled in northern Italy, and, though he lived three centuries after the time of King Ottokar, it is not impossible that whilst he was in Italy he heard some legend, some story, of the days when Venice had regarded Ottokar's proximity as a threat to her Adriatic sovereignty. Passing to Shakespeare, we find the opening scenes of "The Winter's Tale" laid in Sicily. When King Polixenes flees with Camillo to Bohemia he should be pictured sailing past the toe-cap and the heel of the Italian boot, and thence up the Adriatic to some

point of the Illyrian shore. And thither also goes the infant Perdita in the storm-driven ship which carries her. Briefly, Shakespeare would never have been subjected to derision had his critics known something of Bohemian history. It is true, however, that the sway of the ambitious Ottokar did not last very long. He was overthrown in 1276 by Rudolph of Hapsburg, who then made Vienna the seat of his dynasty. Behind the high altar in the cathedral of Prague the visitor is shown the reputed tomb of one who was the greatest of the old Bohemian rulers.

Prague is a city of abiding memories. It bulks largely in the history of the Reformation, for there, following Wycliffe, and preceding Luther and Calvin, arose John Hus and his friend Jerome. It will be remembered that both were in turn arraigned before the Council of Constance, convicted of heresy and burnt at the stake, their ashes being afterwards cast into the Rhine. But the seed they had sown bore fruit. Their martyrdom only served to increase the number of their adherents, and a long religious war ensued. I recollect seeing at Prague an old tower attached to a modern courthouse, and being told that the Hussite wars originated in that tower in 1419. It seems that a number of Hussites had been arrested and imprisoned there, but their friends, led by John Ziska of Trocknow, who had become chief of the more democratic Reformers, burst in and delivered them after throwing the representatives of King Wenceslas IV out of the windows. That precedent for "defenestration" was followed on a much better known occasion. Two centuries had almost elapsed when Matthias of Hapsburg, German Emperor, and also King of Bohemia and

Hungary, despatched four counsellors to Prague to report concerning the complaints of the Bohemian Protestants. These envoys were deliberating in the council chamber at the Burg when the Count of Thurn came in, followed by an armed multitude. He inquired if it were true that the counsellors had ordered the Protestant places of worship to be pulled down, and when instead of replying to that question they angrily ordered him and his adherents to retire, two of them, named Martinitz and Slawata, and one of their secretaries, were summarily seized and bundled out of a window like the royal representatives of Ziska's time. They were precipitated, it is said, from a height of forty feet, but escaped with their lives, as (the Burg being moated) they fell into some mud from which they were extricated by their friends. Nevertheless, this act of violence—the historic Defenestration of Prague—had momentous consequences, for it immediately led to the Thirty Years War.*

Little more than twelve months elapsed, however, before the fate of Protestantism in Bohemia was sealed. The Protestant Czechs had elected as their ruler Frederick V of the Palatinate, the husband of James I's daughter Elizabeth, and commonly known as the "Winter King." He attempted to defend Prague against Maximilian of Bavaria, chief of the Catholic League, and gave battle on the famous White Hill which rises about a mile or so from the city on its western side. In less than an hour, Frederick and his men were routed by the Bavarians, and he had to flee for his life. Jubilant Catholics

* Inside the Burg, when I visited it, I was shown the portraits of Slawata and his colleagues, and outside I perceived two obelisks commemorating their fall.

set up a painting of his flight in the cathedral of Prague, and erected a pilgrimage church on the site of his defeat. From that time onward the Czech nation had to submit to the German, otherwise Austrian, yoke. More than a score of nobles who did not flee the country immediately after the battle of the White Hill were executed in the market place of Prague. The population was reduced from four millions to less than one million people. Thousands wandered into exile. The lands of Protestants were confiscated and given to German settlers. Germanisation and forced conversion to Catholicism went on apace. The Czech language was suppressed, the schools were closed, and the University founded by the popular Bohemian King Charles IV, was appropriated as a college by the Jesuits.

Ferdinand of Hapsburg declared that the crown should no longer be elective, but hereditary in his own line. Nevertheless the Austrian rulers never fully effected their purpose. Since Hus's time there had often been estrangement between the nobility, the burghers, and the peasantry, and the German or Austrian party had done its best to fan antagonism and to profit by it. But the oppressive rule which followed the battle of the White Hill tended to bring all classes together again.* During the revolutionary turmoil of 1848, a great Slav congress was held at Prague and resolutions were passed claiming freedom and independence for every Slav nationality. Francis-Joseph's reply to that demand was to disperse the congress by force. Another unhappy period ensued. The efforts to Germanise the Czechs were

* Prague experienced great sufferings during the Seven Years' War, when it was eventually taken by Frederick the Great. The retreat effected by Marshal de Broghe with the much diminished, emaciated, and famished French army, ranks as one of the great retreats in military history.

prosecuted yet more vigorously. Prague, too, was overrun by soldiery and police-spies. Nevertheless the Czechs did not waver in their aspirations, but sedulously preserved both their language and their customs.

When I visited Prague in 1873 there was some relaxation of the hitherto rigorous Austrian rule, and the Czechs, who formed rather more than half of the population—the remainder being Germans—nourished hopes of much better times. They had been inspired by the establishment of constitutional rule which Hungary owed to the efforts of her last great patriot, Francis Déak, and the willingness of Count von Beust. The Emperor, however, was by no means prepared to grant to the Czechs what he had been constrained to grant to the Magyars. He had adopted the pet policy of his dynasty—the Germanisation of the whole Bohemian race. The Magyars were not Slavs, but the Czechs were, and that made all the difference, particularly as certain Czech leaders had more than once looked beyond their country in the direction of Russia, the great Slav empire, and this although Russia could not at that time be regarded as a liberal State.

In the seventies I found the German element lording it in Prague, and treating the Czechs with contempt. Each nationality had its separate societies, clubhouses, restaurants, and cafés, those frequented by the Czechs being constantly haunted by police spies, several of whom were perfectly well known, in such wise that when one of them entered some crowded establishment the hubbub of conversation abruptly ceased and was followed by dead silence. Such incidents reminded me of Paris in the last years of the Second Empire. That there

was some plotting goes without saying, and in the ensuing decades the Austrian authorities had difficulties with various secret societies, notably that called the "Omladina," a word signifying rejuvenescence. On the other hand, the police spies often stumbled upon what was really a mare's nest, though they would never admit that such was the case, the result being that petty offences were visited with excessive punishment.

During the early stages of the Great War the Austrian authorities courted favour with this stubborn little nation, which has for so many centuries persisted in its ideals and refused to be Germanised in spite of the great influx of Germans in its midst. After the Russian retreat from Galicia, however, the ruling race speedily revived its system of oppression, arresting many Czech deputies and municipal councillors and suppressing even athletic societies on suspicion of disloyalty to Austrian rule. How far these suspicions may have been justified it is impossible to say. It is known that a Czech regiment was censured by the Emperor Francis-Joseph and disbanded owing to a charge of cowardice preferred against it; but that cowardice may merely have been a refusal to fight for a monarch from whose sway the men would have preferred to be delivered.

One of the most striking features of Prague is the old Karlsbrücke, spanning the Moldau. It is so called in memory of the popular King (and Emperor) Charles IV, in whose reign it was begun. You are impressed by its towers of defence and the statues and groups of saints which on either side surmount its many buttresses. A number of these statues are modern, but others date back to quite

the seventeenth century, as does a crucifix which, according to an inscription below it, was set up in 1606 at the expense of a Jew who was thereby punished for reviling the holy cross. Among the statues is one of the patron saint of the three kindred states of Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia—St. John Nepomuk—who is, I think, also regarded in some parts as the patron of bridges. In any case, in 1382 he was flung into the Moldau from the Karlsbrücke by order of Wenceslas IV on account of his refusal to reveal what the latter's wife had confided to him in confession. There is a legend that St. John was borne down the Moldau, floating on its surface, with five bright stars hovering above his head.

Another feature of Prague which I recall is the old Hradschin or capitol, to which one climbs up a couple of hundred steps, and where one finds the imperial Burg, the cathedral, the archbishop's and other palaces. The cathedral is full of shrines, monuments, tombs, mosaics, frescoes and old wood carvings. Another interesting church is the so-called Teynkirche in the Ring, a fifteenth century edifice, now given over to Catholicism but formerly associated with the Hussites. The remains of George of Podiebrad, the King of Hussite faith, who maintained it during a reign of fifteen years, rest in Prague Cathedral, but he was crowned at the Teynkirche * in 1458, and it was over its front that he set up a large gilded chalice as an emblem of the people's right to receive the Blessed Sacrament in both kinds—that being an essential point of Hussite doctrine. A figure of the Virgin has long replaced King George's cup. His heart, I believe, was for a time preserved at the Teynkirche, but after the

* The Czechs call it the Tyn church.

defeat of Protestantism the Jesuits appropriated and burned it.

From Vienna we made—my father and I—a trip to Pilsen, famous for its beer. Wine being scarce in Bohemia and Moravia, beer is the staple beverage there. Pilsner lager is known in England, but I never knew any tasted by me in this country to equal that which was served to me on the spot, or even at Vienna. Pilsner has less strength than the ordinary Viennese beer, and whereas there is nothing in the latter's taste to suggest the hop, genuine Pilsner is distinguished by a strong bitter flavour, imparted to it by the hops grown at Saaz, a little town on the Eger, which like Pilsen itself was once a Hussite fortress. At Pilsen we visited three or four breweries—including a very old one hewn in the rock—for the purposes of my father's Exhibition report; and then, having a day or two to spare, we decided to go on to the old town of Eger, which is so closely associated with the memory of the famous Wallenstein.

Prague and Pilsen also are connected with him. In the Bohemian capital stands a palace which he built for himself in his days of magnificence, and at Pilsen, it is said, originated the conspiracy which, according to his accusers, was to have made him an independent sovereign prince. There, at any rate, a score of his alleged adherents were executed soon after his assassination at Eger. Schiller has helped to immortalise the memory of this doughty captain of the Thirty Years' War, to whom life meant but "a battle and a march," and who could say of himself and his companions:

" We stormed across the war-convulsèd earth
Like some fierce blast of never-resting wind."

He was of Slavonic extraction and a native of

Bohemia, the ancestral castle of his family—still represented by the Counts of Waldstein, which form of the name is the more correct one*—standing near Turnau on the Iser between Reichenberg and Prague. Several relics of the great commander are preserved there, but the best portrait of him, and one of the few really authentic ones, is at the ancient and stately castle of Friedland, just within the northern Bohemian border. Wallenstein derived his title of Duke of Friedland from that mediæval stronghold which he acquired by purchase, and which now belongs to the Clam-Gallas family.

His parents were in modest circumstances, and one of his uncles, Count Slawata, largely took charge of him during his boyhood. He derived his earlier education from the Moravian Brethren, but disliked their strict rules, and in his youth became converted to Catholicism. Marriage made him a wealthy man. His first wife, Lucretia Nikossie von Landach, was a very rich Moravian widow, and on her death he inherited all her property. Further worldly advantages were conferred upon him by his second marriage, for on this occasion his bride was the daughter of Count Harrach, one of the most princely of the Austrian nobles. Thus, at a comparatively early stage in the Thirty Years' War, Wallenstein was able to raise an army of some 50,000 men, with whom he fought successfully against the Saxon Protestant League, relieved his compeer the famous Tilly, and afterwards conquered the Duchy of Meckenburg, which the Hapsburg Emperor, Ferdinand II, momentarily bestowed on him by way of reward. When, however, he laid siege to Stralsund, the second of the Baltic Hanse ports, vowing that he

* Among the variants are Waldenstein, Wallenstein, and Walstein.

would capture it "even though it were chained to heaven," its inhabitants, with the help of some Danes and some Swedes, resisted him so stoutly that, after losing more than 10,000 men, he was forced to abandon his enterprise.

Later, having incurred the imperial displeasure, he withdrew to Bohemia, where his wealth enabled him to lead a life of almost regal magnificence. Suddenly, however, his sovereign again appealed for his assistance. Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Protestantism, had defeated the imperial commanders, Tilly and Pappenheim, at Breitenfeld near Leipzig, and was pushing southward. Forthwith Wallenstein raised another army and marched against the Swedish monarch. Circumstances compelled him to entrench himself between Fürth and Nuremberg, and Gustavus vainly attacked him there. The Catholic lines were assailed six times in succession, but they proved impregnable, and the Protestants were compelled to retreat.

Two months later the fortune of war differed. To the south of Lützen, which is not far from Leipzig, a block of granite, inscribed "G. A. 1632," marks the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell—like Nelson—in the hour of victory. A willow used to overhang the stone in sorrowing beauty, but modern Germany has preferred to raise a Gothic roof above it. The battle was determined by swiftness of *coup d'œil*, in which respect it has been compared with Wellington's victory over Marmont at Salamanca, though the latter engagement was far more rapidly concerted. With Wellington, indeed, it was simply a question of inspecting the enemy through his telescope and then giving orders to charge; whereas the Swedish king's operations were spread over far

more time and space. He first ascertained his enemy's dispositions by his despatches, and then marched towards the spot where he knew he would find him. But, allowing for that difference, Gustavus hesitated no more than did Wellington, and the promptness of his decision gave his army the victory in which he himself lost his life. When the defeated Wallenstein heard of his great rival's death he remained for a moment thoughtful, and then remarked : "Heaven ordained it. Germany was not vast enough to hold us both"—words which Bismarck is said to have paraphrased in 1866, when Austria was driven out of Germany, leaving Prussia preponderant there.

From Lützen Wallenstein again retired to Bohemia, where several officers were arraigned and executed for having caused the recent defeat by their alleged cowardice. Before long, however, the general is said to have engaged in intrigues with the Saxons, Swedes, and French. He received the Emperor's orders to march against the Protestant forces, but remained inactive. He was apparently angered at certain military appointments being conferred on men with whom he was at variance, but there is also evidence to show that he desired to bring the war which was devastating Germany to an end. He was willing to march against the Swedes and the French, but he wished to arrange a separate peace with the Saxons, the Brandenburgers, and the Bohemians, by granting them the right to profess the Protestant religion. At one moment, however, he hesitated, and on the Saxons refusing to join him against the Swedes, he drove them out of Silesia. But he afterwards renewed negotiations, and when his soldiers captured the notorious Count

Thurn, the principal figure in the Defenestration of Prague, he ordered the prisoner's release instead of sending him under escort to Vienna. The Jesuits, who were very powerful with Ferdinand, thereupon denounced Wallenstein as a traitor. The charge was supported by the fact that on being ordered to march against Bernhard of Weimar he did so faint-heartedly and speedily retreated. The truth appears to be that he had reverted to the scheme of joining the German Protestants in order to impose a peaceful settlement on the ultra-bigoted Emperor.

His accusers asserted, however, that he was bent on severing Bohemia from the Austrian dominions, and assuming the crown of the old Czech kings. That charge must be regarded with some suspicion, for it emanated from the Jesuit party which surrounded the Emperor. The story runs, however, that an astrologer who was attached to Wallenstein's household had prophesied to him that he would some day wear a crown. This astrologer, called Seni by Schiller and others, was really named John Baptist Zenno, and was a native of Genoa. He had studied at Padua, and entered Wallenstein's service in 1629. The evidence that the general attached any real importance to Zenno's predictions is of the flimsiest character; and there is nothing at all to show that he consulted him on military matters. Nor is there aught to prove the allegation that Zenno ultimately prophesied to his patron that he would soon be cast into a dungeon from which he would never emerge. Towards the end of January, 1634, however, the Emperor signed a secret patent removing Wallenstein from his command. At that time the general was occupying the fortified town of Eger with a considerable part of his forces, and it is

alleged that his junction with the Protestants was imminent.

I now come to matters which are of more interest to British readers, and which must be my excuse for having dealt in some detail with Wallenstein's previous career. His troops included about 1000 Scotch and Irish, officered chiefly by countrymen of their own. With them, or at the head of other regiments, were several men whose names have come down to us in connection with the assassination of Wallenstein and his principal adherents. One of these men was a certain Major Walter Leslie, born in 1606, and second son of John Leslie, laird of Balquhain. Leslie, who was an ardent Catholic, is said to have discovered Wallenstein's intention to betray Eger to the Protestants, and to have revealed this to his superior officer, Colonel John Gordon, who had a force of 800 dragoons under him, and was also in command of Eger. Gordon lived and died a Protestant, resisting all attempts to convert him, though, as a soldier of fortune, he fought quite willingly for the Catholic cause. He was a collateral ancestor of Lord Byron, his father being a certain Captain John Gordon, and his great grandfather, Sir William Gordon, first laird of Gight. The record of these Gordons of Gight was largely one of acts of violence, murder, assaults, duelling, and suicides.

Among the comrades of Leslie and Gordon were several Irish officers, the most prominent of them being Colonel John Butler, son of Peter Butler, of Roscrea, in the province of Munster, and a member of the historic Butler family. He was a particular friend of the Lord Taafe who entered the Austrian service, and whose descendants may still be found

in Austria. Among Butler's other friends was Major Walter Geraldine, who served under him at Eger. There also might be found Captain Walter Devereux, Captain Edmond Bourke, Captain Daniel Macdonald, an Ulster Catholic, and a Captain Brown, who may have been an Englishman.

Now, when Major Leslie informed Colonel Gordon that Wallenstein meditated treason, he also urged, it is asserted, the necessity of preventing any such thing by despatching the general and his more trusty officers. These included Colonel Count Tertzky (or Trezka), Colonel Count Kinsky, Colonel Illo (or Ilow), and an officer named Neumann or Niemann, who acted as Wallenstein's secretary. Leslie, it is alleged, pointed out to Gordon that immediate steps must be taken to get rid of these men, for there was no time to communicate with the Emperor, as the Protestant forces might arrive at any moment. Gordon at first refused to entertain Leslie's suggestions, then hesitated, and finally adopted them. Schiller depicted Gordon as a man of weak character, and Leslie as his *ame damnée*. The same view was taken long previously by Henry Glapthorne, whose tragedy "Albertus Wallenstein" was performed by "his majesty's servants" at the old Globe theatre on Bankside five years after the assassination. There are, however, reasons for doubting the theory that Leslie alone conceived the idea of murdering Wallenstein and his adherents, and that the Emperor Ferdinand knew nothing of the matter until all was over. Several facts tend to show that Ferdinand was privy to the deed, which was quite in keeping with his character, though, of course, everything was done to relieve the Emperor of any direct responsibility.

The tragedy took place on the evening of Saturday, February 25, 1634. Gordon was in command of the castle of Eger—a now ruined pile, built chiefly of blocks of lava by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa—the same who, according to the legends, sleeps under the wooded Kyffhäuser pending the dawn of Germany's true greatness. To this castle Kinsky, Tertzky, Illo, and Niemann were invited by Gordon. A fine supper was served, wine flowed freely, and the guests were in high spirits when all at once twenty-four of Gordon's dragoons entered the banqueting hall. With a shout of "Vivat Ferdinandus!" they rushed upon Wallenstein's friends. The latter's entertainers had already sprung to their feet. Geraldine seized a partisan, which he had in readiness, and despatched Kinsky on the spot. Illo was also immediately slain. Tertzky tried to escape, and managed to join his orderly, but they were both put to the sword. Niemann met with a similar fate whilst trying to reach the kitchens where a servant of his was waiting. So far, then, the conspiracy proved completely successful.

Wallenstein remained, however; and he was a doughty man, not only one of high abilities as an organiser, a strategist, and a statesman, but one who by his inflexible character inspired the respect of the soldiery and commanded their obedience. It was therefore possible that at the last moment they might hesitate to strike, and that he might exercise his wonted ascendancy over them. However, when the tragedy at the castle was over, Gordon, Butler, Geraldine, and Devereux set out for the house where the general had his quarters, taking with them a party of six dragoons who, according to one account, were of Dutch nationality. It is probable that the

regiment was composed of soldiers of fortune belonging to various countries.

The house where Wallenstein had installed himself was one in the so-called "Ring," a little marketplace. It had belonged to a former burgomaster of Eger named Pachhebel, and the general had rented it from the latter's widow. His bedroom was on the second floor. That evening, it appears, he had spent some hours with the astrologer Zenno, and after drinking a glassful of *weissbier**—his favourite beverage—had announced his intention of retiring for the night. According to one account, however, he first took a bath, and was scarcely out of it when the conspirators reached the house. It was now about ten o'clock, the tragedy at the citadel having occurred an hour or so previously. Gordon did not enter the house, but remained watching (perhaps with some of the soldiers) outside. The others went in, but it is uncertain whether Geraldine accompanied his accomplices upstairs. On the way to the second floor the party met one or two of the general's body-servants, who were instantly despatched by the soldiers. One or two other servants † were found in an anteroom and subjected to the same fate. Wallenstein was standing near the window, listening to the noise which had suddenly arisen both in and outside the house, when the intruders suddenly appeared before him. He had a sword in the room, but did not attempt to use it, probably because he was not given time to do so. All accounts agree that it was Walter Devereux who headed the band. "Art thou the scoundrel,"

* See pp. 114, 133, *ante*.

† The accounts vary, some saying that only two retainers were killed, whilst according to others the victims were three in number—two body-servants and a page.

he exclaimed, "who would deliver the Emperor's soldiers to the enemy, and set his crown upon thine own head?" It has been urged that if Wallenstein had only replied to that question he might have averted the catastrophe, his ascendancy over his subordinates being usually so great; but it is extremely probable that there was no time for him to answer any more than there was for him to arm himself. In any case Devereux rushed upon him, stabbed him in the heart, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. He was only fifty-four years old, yet had already, for several years, filled Europe with the renown of his exploits and his magnificence.

We saw at Eger, my father and I, the room in which the tragedy is said to have taken place. Like one or two other apartments of the house it had been turned into a kind of museum, and was decorated (if one may use such a word) with some wretched daubs depicting the so-called "executions" of the general and his lieutenants. Of course a Hapsburg Emperor could not allow such a word as "murder" to be applied to deeds countenanced by one of his forefathers. Whether the few relics of the great commander which we found preserved in his death-chamber, among a heterogeneous assemblage of curios, were authentic is a moot point. In some accounts of the crime Devereux is said to have used a poniard; but the weapon shown to us at Eger was a partisan, that is a halberd of the Italian shape.* A sword reputed to be the one with which Wallenstein failed to defend himself also figured in the collection.

* The word "partisan" is derived from the Italian *partigiana* through the French *pertuisane*. The partisan lacks the axe which figures on the heads of other halberds.

At the time of the murder Wallenstein's wife, *née* Harrach, was at her father's *schloss* at Bruck on the Leitha, south-west of Vienna. Her husband's remains were at first deposited at a Carthusian monastery, but a kinsman, Count Waldstein-Wartenberg, caused them to be removed to St. Anne's chapel at Münchengrätz, somewhat south of the so-called Saxon Switzerland, and they are still there to-day. However, Baner, the Swedish general, had the tomb opened in 1639, and after causing what remained of his former adversary's right hand to be cut off, sent it as a trophy to Sweden.

And what of the assassins, it may be asked? For their part Gordon and Butler promptly issued a proclamation to the army, justifying the crimes on the ground of Wallenstein's traitorous intentions. Butler moreover sent an "official" account of the affair to Count Gallas, who transmitted it to the Emperor. A little later Butler and Devereux repaired to Vienna, where Ferdinand received them effusively. In order to reward the assassins the bulk of Wallenstein's property was confiscated. His widow was only allowed to retain the lordship of Neuschloss in Werthe, with an appanage of 180,000 florins, and a small amount as a dowry for her young daughter, who eventually married Count Rudolf Kaunitz, a forerunner of Maria Theresa's famous minister. Gordon, for his share in the bloody business, was created a Marquis and High Chamberlain to Ferdinand. In 1644 he visited his kinsmen in Scotland, but finding that civil war raged in this island, he preferred to return to Germany, and died at Dantzic. He never married and so his title lapsed at his death. Leslie, however, having been created a count and a magnate of the Empire, contracted

a union with the Princess Anna of Dietrichstein, daughter of Ferdinand's chief minister. There was no issue of this marriage, and Leslie's title passed to his nephew James, who married a Lichtenstein heiress and left posterity. The last of the Counts Leslie died in our own time. Butler, who also took a title, married Maria, daughter of Count Karl Hannibal von Dohna, but he died at Schorndorf in Württemberg, during the Christmas season following the assassination of Wallenstein. By his will he bequeathed 20,000 florins to his friend and accomplice, Geraldine. His regiment was divided at his death, Geraldine taking command of one half of it, and Devereux of the other. Devereux, the actual assassin of Wallenstein, was wounded at Nordlingen in the year of the crime, and was then nursed by Countess Butler. He survived until 1639, when he was carried off by the plague. Zenno, the astrologer who is said to have fanned Wallenstein's ambition, was, like other adherents of the deceased commander, arrested and carried off to Pilsen. It is said that he was one of those put to death in the market-place of that town.*

Another interesting locality within easy access from Prague by rail, is Brünn the capital of Moravia, which, on ethnographical grounds, the Czechs claim as part of their heritage. There is certainly an affinity between the respective populations of Bohemia and Moravia, and also between them and

* One of the best, and, I believe, one of the most authentic accounts of the Wallenstein tragedy is that given in a short work entitled "Wallenstein's letzte Tage," by Richard Wapler, Leipzig, 1884. I have also derived information respecting Gordon and Leslie from a very interesting article contributed by Mr. J. M. Bulloch to the *Aberdeen Free Press* on December 2, 1898. Wapler's book would supply a good foundation for an English "life" of the great Catholic general.

the Slovaks who people north-western Hungary. In passing here and there through Bohemia I remember being struck by the embroidery, usually of flowers and foliage, which so often decorated the attire of the peasantry of both sexes. In Moravia and among the Slovaks this was yet more frequent, and in some Moravian villages one found the walls of cottagerooms covered with floral patterns, whilst articles of furniture and crockery were similarly treated. I alluded in a previous chapter to the embroidered garments of the Magyar peasantry. Much of the embroidery worn by them is, I believe, the work of Slovak women, who are particularly talented in this respect.

The chief interest of Brünn, which I visited with my father, centred in its citadel, standing on a height called the Spielberg, a part of which we found laid out as a pleasure ground. The citadel, however, can have been no "pleasure-house" for the many captives imprisoned there. Trenck—not the unfortunate Frederick, who died by the guillotine in Paris in 1794—but his cousin Francis, the commander of the savage Pandours, renowned for his ferocity, turbulence, and great muscular powers, which rivalled those of Augustus the Strong, died a prisoner in the Spielberg citadel; and there for nearly nine years, at a later period, was confined that victim of Austrian tyranny, the unhappy Silvio Pellico, who immortalised his name by his narrative of his sufferings. In going to Brünn, however, an object which my father and I had in view was to visit a much more renowned spot in its vicinity—the battlefield of Austerlitz.

We had previously seen that of Königgrätz which is much nearer to Prague and in Bohemia

proper. A certain resemblance may be found however, between these two famous battlefields, each of which was the scene of disaster to Austria. In both cases there are heights of no great elevation, covered with fir woods, rivers of varied importance, and patches of marshy ground. There is, perhaps, more arable land near Königgrätz than near Austerlitz, but broadly speaking the one stretch of country is distinctly suggestive of the other. There were also some corresponding features in the battles, though it is true that they were fought at very different seasons—Austerlitz on December 2, 1805, Königgrätz on July 3, 1866—and that the strategy of Napoleon differed from that of the Prussians.

The French Emperor triumphed chiefly by a wedge-driving frontal attack, which largely cut his antagonists, the Austrians and the Russians, in halves. The Prussians, on the other hand, were unable to overcome the Austrians on the main front, and owed their success to a flank attack delivered by the army of the future Emperor Frederick. For their part, however, the Austrians were on both occasions worsted owing to their all absorbing idea of barring the road to Vienna. The advance of the French in the earlier battle was largely facilitated by fog, which screened them from view until all at once the memorable "Sun of Austerlitz" shone out in all its pale wintry brilliance. The Prussians, on the other field, were shielded from observation by woods, by which they profited as the French had profited by the fog.

Napoleon foresaw that his opponents would try to drive him from the Vienna road, in which event he would have to withdraw into Bohemia, and he purposely left a space almost unguarded, the better

to tempt the enemy to execute the movements which he anticipated; whilst on his side he directed his main efforts on the central position of Pratzen—a kind of plateau, whence the ground gradually descends to some ponds and marsh lands, Austerlitz itself appearing just on the horizon.

On the eve of battle Weirother the Austrian commander was bumptiously confident of victory and jubilantly detailed his plans to Kutusoff, the Russian commander, and the other generals. Few of them listened, however; in fact, Kutusoff dropped into a doze, and the only man who raised any objections to the Austrian plan was a French *émigré* named Langeron who commanded a Russian corps. The morning utterly falsified Weirother's anticipations. When, after advancing through the fog down to the little stream called the Goldbach, Soult proceeded to attack Pratzen, his success was so rapid that he captured the plateau within an hour.

I remember standing there, and overlooking the declivities and the expanse whither the French hurled their antagonists. One could perceive the tract of somewhat marshy land dotted, in cuplike hollows, with the ponds, which on the battle-day of 1805 were covered with ice—ice weakened possibly by the play of the sunshine, and at all events not sufficiently strong to bear the combined weight of foot, horse, and artillery. It cracked, it broke, and 2000 retreating Russians with their guns and horses were suddenly submerged. From the very spot where I stood Napoleon had viewed that striking disaster. The actual battle did not last more than four hours, or rather at the expiration of that time the victory of the French was no longer doubtful. The Austro-Russians lost from 12,000 to

15,000 men killed or wounded,* and over 19,000 taken prisoners, among the latter being eight general officers. Further, the French captured 180 guns—a good many of which afterwards served for the Vendôme column in Paris—with large supplies of ammunition, provisions, and so forth. Thiers asserts that the Emperor Alexander of Russia took the defeat very badly, and that Francis of Austria was more philosophic. Both sovereigns hurried from the battlefield to Göding on the Hungarian frontier, in which direction Davoust pursued the beaten enemy. Napoleon had with him before the battle about 90,000 men,† and it is held that the Austro-Russian force was of slightly inferior strength. Those were not the days of millions of combatants, and the defeat of less than 100,000 men sufficed to place an Empire in jeopardy. The Emperor Francis, realising his predicament, sent an envoy to Napoleon and afterwards visited him. The upstart “Son of the Revolution” then took the heir of the Cæsars in his arms, and kissed him on the cheeks. The treaty of Pressburg ultimately followed.

There was a curious instance of Prussian perfidy in connection with Austerlitz. On the day before the battle a Prussian envoy, Herr von Haugwitz, waited on the French Emperor, seeking to beguile him with assurances as false as they were fair. Napoleon told him that he intended to fight on the morrow, and would speak with him again afterwards, that is if he were not swept away in the meantime by a cannon ball. During the subsequent peace negotiations with Austria, Talleyrand ascertained

* The estimates vary.

† Not 70,000 as Thiers asserts. On the other hand, not more than 50,000 of the French were actually engaged.

that four weeks before the battle of Austerlitz Prussia had entered into a secret treaty with Austria and Russia, promising to join them. Within a twelvemonth Napoleon replied to that double-dealing by the battle of Jena and a triumphal entry into Berlin, which his troops occupied for three years.

Königgrätz was undoubtedly a great Prussian victory, brought about largely by the earlier defeat of the Austrians under Clam-Gallas at Gitschin which at the last moment compelled Benedek to alter all his previous arrangements and act strictly on the defensive. Moreover, there was not time enough to barricade and loophole the villages in a proper manner. Nevertheless the Austrians fought well on several points of the field, and a time came when Prince Frederick-Charles, who commanded the first Prussian army, waited as anxiously for the appearance of the forces of his cousin, the Crown Prince (Emperor Frederick), as Wellington is alleged to have waited for the arrival of Blücher at Waterloo. In point of fact, the Crown Prince had made remarkably good progress unknown to Frederick-Charles, but the character of the country long concealed his movements from view. He eventually had to cross an expanse of marshy exposed ground, and the Prussian Guard was for a long time in difficulties. Even when the Austrians fell back, after being decimated by the superior Prussian armament, they did so in good order, nothing like the rout of Austerlitz occurring on any part of the field.

There were several sharp encounters with the bayonet, in the use of which weapon the Austrians were supposed to excel their antagonists. But the physical strength and heavier weight of the Prussian infantrymen proved more than a match for the

dexterity and swiftness of the more lightly built troops of Francis-Joseph. The combatants at the battle of Königgrätz were much more numerous than those at Austerlitz. The Austrians and Saxons numbered 200,000 with 600 guns, whereas the Prussians were 260,000, provided with more than 800 pieces of artillery. The former lost 40,000 men in killed and wounded, with 20,000 taken prisoners, and 174 of their guns were captured by the Prussians, whose losses did not exceed 10,000 men. It will be remembered that after Königgrätz Austria submitted as speedily to her Prussian rival, as she had submitted to Napoleon after Austerlitz.

BOOK III—SPAIN, PORTUGAL, ITALY.

“ O lovely Spain, renowned, romantic land,
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore ? ”
BYRON.

“ What heaven hath done for this delicious land ! . . .
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand ! ”
Portugal. BYRON.

“ Let us part from Italy, with all its miseries and wrongs,
affectionately . . . a noble people may be, one day, raised
up from these ruins.”—CHARLES DICKENS, 1846.

I.

IN ANDALUCIA.

A Passing Glance at "Gib" and Tangier—Cadiz—Jerez de la Frontera—Vineyards and Bodegas—Bullfights, Cockfights and Pigeon Shooting—The Jerez Club and the Gaming Table—Garcia the Gambler—Love-making *à l'Espagnole*—The Last Spanish Bandits and the Black Hand—Condition of the Peasantry—The "Show Places" of Andalusia: Seville, Cordova, and Granada.

IN 1875 I made my first visit to Spain, and, as it had happened in my previous travels, I was again the companion of my father, who on this occasion had arranged to go to Jerez de la Frontera in order to investigate the vintaging and preparation of sherry, a wine which had been roundly abused during a recent controversy in the correspondence columns of *The Times* and other London newspapers. A certain medical man, indeed, had declared sherry to be one of the most deleterious of beverages, less, however, on account of its alcoholic strength than by reason of the admixture of gypsum which the grapes received at the time when they were pressed. I shall have a few remarks to offer on that subject by and by. For the moment it will suffice to mention that the medical man's attack was scarcely a disinterested one. He himself had gone to Jerez with a fantastical plan for turning young raw wine into something approaching very fine *amontillado*, but had only succeeded in spoiling

numerous butts of sherry, which were put at his disposal for experimental purposes by a Spanish merchant, who rather foolishly placed some belief in his assurances. The discomfited experimenter being afterwards constrained to quit Jerez, as he had become an object of general ridicule, then took it into his head to revenge himself for this by attacking sherry in an absolutely extravagant fashion.

We made our way to Spain by sea, sailing in the first instance to Gibraltar on board a P. & O. vessel called the *Australia*. We had a remarkably fine passage, but after spending a day or so at "Gib" we found that some momentary interruption had occurred in the Spanish boat service by which we had intended to proceed to Cadiz. In these circumstances, on learning that an English boat plied between "Gib" and Tangier, we resolved to take a peep at the Moorish port which had once been more or less a British possession, being included at least nominally in the dowry which Catherine of Braganza brought to our graceless Charles II. In those days we constructed a mole at Tangier, and were besieged there by the Moors, in consequence of which ill-reception we eventually abandoned the place. At that time, it will be remembered, Gibraltar still belonged to Spain. Had we retained our hold on the Moroccan port its possession might have proved useful to us during various subsequent wars. On the other hand, when I visited Tangier in 1875, we at least exercised more authority there, and, indeed, in Morocco generally, than any other European power. Spain was content to hold Ceuta, which she had turned into a penal settlement. France did not display any particular desire to extend her Algerian boundaries, and Germany entertained as

yet no dream of securing a footing in Northern Africa. The British influence in Morocco was chiefly due to the sagacity and energy of our representative there, a masterly man who fully understood the Moors. His name was Sir John Drummond Hay, and after all his years of strenuous labour he may well, in these later times, have turned in his grave should he have learnt that British ascendancy in Morocco is altogether a thing of the past—a past as dead as he himself.

The boat in which we crossed the straits from “Gib” to Tangier was called the *Hercules* and had previously done duty as a tug on or near the Tyne. My father and myself were the only Englishmen crossing that day, the other passengers being Jews and Moors, who had either been making purchases at the “fortress” or selling produce there. I remember that most of them were terribly afflicted with *mal-de-mer*, and that the Moors fell upon their knees and loudly offered up prayers to Allah, who refused to assuage their sufferings. The old English mole of Tangier being destroyed—some fragments of it could be seen rising just above the water—we were compelled to embark in rowing boats in order to reach the shore, on approaching which our craft were surrounded by eager natives, who came wading through the surf in order to carry us in pick-a-back fashion to dry land. There we were once more surrounded by a shouting crowd, each member of which seemed anxious to secure possession of us and our belongings for his own particular benefit. Amidst all the confusion, however, a tall fellow, dressed much in the style of a French Zouave, appeared upon the scene flourishing a long cane with which he liberally belaboured the

backs of all and sundry until the crowd around us was dispersed. For a moment I imagined that the new-comer was a police or port official, but he proved to be merely the interpreter and tout of one of the two English hostelries which then existed in the town. He spoke just a little English, rather more French, and still more Spanish, with which last language I was, at the time, utterly unacquainted. Mr. Interpreter contrived, however, to make himself understood, and we followed him to the hotel to which he belonged.

It was kept by a West Indian negro, who told me he had been cook to the Duke of Edinburgh on the *Sultan*. There were some curious features about his establishment. The servants looked as if they had just stepped out of the "Arabian Nights." The fat head-waiter, as black as his employer, and turbaned, white robed, yellow sashed and red slippered, seemed fit to be a guardian of the harem. The rooms were furnished in a semi-European, semi-Oriental style. You could sit on an orthodox English chair at an orthodox English table of Spanish mahogany, or sprawl, if you preferred it, among rugs and pillows on the floor. There were hangings in the Oriental style (made perhaps in France) knick-knacks supposed to be Moorish, but most certainly made at Birmingham; and from the walls hung numerous coloured prints representing prize fights, Derby winners, and shooting and fox-hunting scenes. Here I may mention that foxes and boars had been sent to Tangier and set free in the surrounding country on purpose to supply sport for the British officers who frequently crossed the straits from "Gib" for relaxation.

The *pièce de résistance* of the first meal of which

I partook on African soil was broiled chicken. The birds appeared to resemble game fowl. They were extremely scraggy and had small bodies and very long legs. After they had been got ready for cooking a succession of blows with a mallet flattened them, whereupon they were placed on a gridiron over a wood fire. At my first meal, the sea trip having given me a slight appetite, I disposed, I believe, in swift succession of three of these almost meatless birds before sallying forth to make acquaintance with the town.

We saw whatever there then was to see at Tangier—the *sok* or market, the *kasbah* overlooking the port, the prison where unfortunate captives clung to the bars of a low window and besought our alms, and the bazaar where mock-Moorish jewelry and other ornaments were on sale. The Jews who, by the Sultan's orders, were then constrained to wear particular costumes, invariably of the same dark colour, proved fairly numerous, and undoubtedly held most of the town's trade in their hands. Our interpreter having arranged that we should see a Jewish wedding, we accompanied him one evening to the house where it was to be celebrated. We were received very hospitably by the bride's parents and her intended husband, who, to my astonishment, had arrayed himself for the occasion in an Englishman's national costume—that is silk hat and frock-coat. He would not have ventured into the streets in such attire, as in consequence of the Sultan's sumptuary law, it would probably have rendered him liable to arrest; but within doors he was free to act as he pleased. It happened, however, that his headgear was of most peculiar appearance, being, I believe, one of the very first silk hats that

had ever been made in this country. His frock-coat looked also as though it dated from about 1845, and under it he wore a waistcoat of purplish velvet brocade, such as I believe my father wore when he married my mother in the earlier days of Queen Victoria's reign. Nevertheless this Jewish bridegroom of "thirty years after" seemed extremely proud of his habiliments, which he must have discovered hidden away in some second-hand shop at "Gib." All the other men, if I remember rightly, wore the usual costume of the Tangier Jews, and the women were garmented in bright robes of a more or less Oriental style.

The ceremony took place in a little courtyard or *patio*, overlooked in some degree from the flat roofs of a few adjoining houses where Moorish families resided. I remember that sundry veiled Moslem women peered down on the scene from those points of vantage. When we entered the courtyard we perceived the bride seated on a number of pillows, placed upon a platform which had been set up against one of the walls. Round her were several Jewish women, one or another of whom constantly fanned her perspiring face. Gorgeously arrayed, partly in cerise silk, her wrists and her ankles loaded with glittering bracelets, she had much the appearance of an idol. Although still quite a young girl she was most prodigiously fat, and when I commented on that circumstance to our interpreter, he solemnly assured me that it was the custom to fatten brides specially for their weddings, and that this one had been nourished for fully a month on the most flesh-producing food that could be procured. There was some difficulty in removing this ponderous young lady from the platform in order

that she might take part in the ceremony, which was performed with the usual Jewish rites, and afterwards in hoisting her aloft again, for although all the men present sat down to a supper, which included some more or less European dishes, she and her female attendants had to remain mere spectatresses of this little banquet.* It consoled me, however, in some degree to think that she herself could scarcely feel hungry after undergoing for four or five successive weeks much the same cramming as falls to the lot of a pullet when it is being fattened for market.

I remember seeing at Tangier—at Sir J. D. Hay's house, I think—a photograph of the Shereef of Wazan, who was held in high veneration throughout Morocco, on account of his descent from Mahomet. Judging by the portrait, which represented him as an almost obese individual, with a full coarse face and a short frizzly beard, there appeared to be considerable negro blood in his veins. He had acquired notoriety in this country some years previously by persuading an English girl to become his wife. I believe that children were born of the union, and nowadays, perhaps, there may be various descendants of the Prophet with English as well as negro blood in their composition.

We returned to "Gib," my father and I, and there found the Spanish steamer which was to convey us to Cadiz. The first sight of that famous city fully answered the expectations which I had

* In my younger days there was nothing in English manners and customs that Frenchmen criticised more severely than our practice of sitting down to a banquet with our women folk looking on from a gallery. Time works changes, however, and in more recent years one has seen Frenchmen following our bad example.

formed from the descriptions I had read. It shone forth in immaculate whiteness between the intense blue of sea and sky. Again we had to land in rowing boats, and our luggage underwent a close inspection at the hands of the customs' officers whose palms we innocently neglected to grease. To their disappointment, however, they found nothing contraband in our belongings, though they doubtless expected to do so, Gibraltar being a free port, and having an evil reputation as a smuggler's haunt. I afterwards learnt that the chief of the customs' service at Cadiz received a salary of about £200 a year, but lived at the rate of quite £2000, keeping up a handsome establishment with horses and carriages, and playing for considerable stakes at the chief club in the city. There had been a time when a *mistico* or a *falucho* would steal at night out of the tier off the Old Mole at "Gib," sail along the coast and run in at some convenient spot, where a band of peasants would be in readiness to land the craft's cargo. That practice had been largely suppressed, however, and smuggling was then conducted with the connivance of the officials. For instance, a cargo of some description liable to pay a high duty, would be declared as something very different, or else the quantity landed would be underestimated. In one or another way perhaps only half of the duty to which the goods were liable was paid ; but of course a sum of money was handed over to the officials as a reward for their complicity.

When I returned to Cadiz a couple of years later, coming that time from Tenerife, I myself became *particeps criminis* in defrauding the Aduana. It happened in this wise : One of my boatmen inquired if I had anything with me that was liable to duty.

I nodded assent, for I had purchased a quantity of Havana cigars at Santa Cruz, which was then, like Gibraltar, a free port, and on that account a smugglers' centre. The boatman acknowledged my reply with a significant smile, and no sooner had we landed than, carrying one of my bags on his left shoulder and the other with his right hand, he rushed off through the Aduana towards the archway leading into the town. I followed in hot haste, half fearing that the fellow meant to bolt and that I should never see my property again. A couple of customs' officers stood near the exit, but my man did not hesitate. He pushed against one of them with the elbow of his upraised arm, and at the same time slung the bag which he was carrying with his right hand in the direction of the other officer, compelling him to step back. The next moment the rascal disappeared, and when I also emerged from the Aduana I could see no sign of him.

Whilst I was cursing him, however, another man turned a corner, coming straight towards me, and before I could open my mouth to question him, smilingly inquired if the caballero was looking for Pepe. I understood his meaning, and when I replied affirmatively, he faced about and led me into a neighbouring street where my man was standing in a doorway with my bags. I could not do otherwise than bestow a little palm-oil on Pepe's messenger, and afterwards a larger allowance on Pepe himself. He thanked me effusively, but most of his satisfaction proceeded from the fact that he had succeeded in "doing" the customs. For my part I salved my conscience by reflecting that even if I had paid the duty for which I was liable, the money might never have reached the Spanish exchequer.

But I must now revert to my earlier visit to Cadiz. My first impression of Spanish cookery was not unfavourable, for I breakfasted off red mullet and rice powdered with saffron; but a few hours later I discovered that Andalucian meat was absolutely unthinkable, and that the poultry was quite as scraggy as at Tangier, and not nearly so well cooked as by my acquaintance the former *chef* of H.M.S. *Sultan*. Thus, during the ensuing months I lived very largely on vegetables and fruit, including notably tomatoes, melons, grapes and prickly pears. My father was, like most Englishmen, particularly partial to beef; but at the Fonda at Jerez, where we stayed a considerable time, beef was only available when there had been a local bullfight, and not only did it possess the peculiar flavour of bull-beef, but it was as coarse and as tough as could be.

We spent a part of our first evening at Cadiz on the terraced, sea-bound Alameda, where all the fashion of the town either sauntered to and fro or sat in little groups whilst a military band played lively music. A crescent moon arose, myriads of stars shone forth, a silvery sheen spread over everything, and the atmosphere was delightful. There were hundreds of mantilla'd girls chaperoned by their mothers or duennas, and hundreds of young men very sprucely dressed, extremely particular as to their hats, boots, neckties, and gloves, and each of them carrying and twirling a rattan. They ogled the girls, and the girls spoke to them with their eyes or their fans, for the fan in the deft hands of an Andaluza has a very eloquent language of its own, one in which all these young people were absolute adepts. Not long ago, apropos of the Great War, a distinguished literary man expressed some wonder

at the manner in which many of our lads at the front paired off with the girls of Northern France and strolled with them hither and thither though neither knew aught of the other's language. What silent communion was it that they held together? Journalists gravely commented on the problem; but for my part I wondered whether the distinguished author and the journalists had ever been young men, or whether they had become mere writing-machines from the very hour when they were weaned. I do not think that in my younger days I ever needed to employ word of mouth to enable a pretty girl to know that I thought her particularly charming and had already lost my heart to her. She might be entirely ignorant of my language and I of hers, but without opening the lips there are many little ways in which a most delightful conversation may be carried on. So I find it quite easy to picture Tommy and Jeannette strolling side by side out of reach of the shells and never exchanging an articulate word, yet understanding each other perfectly and constantly repeating the one question and the one answer which, combined together, constitute the foundation of love's young dream.

There was a practice prevalent in Southern Spain when I first went there which was known as *pelar la pava*—"plucking the turkey"—and which constituted an almost silent form of courtship. Every now and again as you strolled homeward along some silent street, under the cool radiance of the stars, you would espy some cloak-muffled young fellow standing outside a barred ground-floor window; whilst within the bars—often so closely set that lovers' lips could not possibly meet between them—stood a girl, barely visible in the darkness

of her room, but extending her little hand through the bars in order that her *novio* might hold and press it. And there those two would stand for hours at a time, scarcely opening their lips unless it were to repeat at intervals "I love you." Looking back on those Spanish days, I do not remember having seen many lovers personally serenading their mistresses, guitar in hand; but I recollect some occasions when I came upon a whole party of musicians playing under a balcony where some mantilla'd beauty sat listening to them. They had been hired by her betrothed to entertain her. It was all very unpoetical, quite unlike what one had imagined, and to make matters worse, I verily believe that on one or two occasions the musicians were really a German band—yes, a German band in a picturesque old street of Seville!

We speedily quitted Cadiz for Jerez, where we were expected; and for several weeks we were engaged in witnessing the vintaging of sherry, visiting the bodegas and studying the *solera* system and other matters connected with the rearing of the wine. The result was a series of articles which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and which after some revision and extension were collected together in a little book entitled "Facts about Sherry." I provided some of the "copy," and the illustrations were chiefly from sketches made by me. Among the first bodegas which we visited were those of Messrs. Cosens & Co., who also had a shipping establishment at Oporto. Mr. F. W. Cosens, the head of the firm, had been a school-fellow of my father's, but they had lost sight of one another until at some public meeting in connection with the Shakespeare Tercentenary of 1864, in which

both were interested, they suddenly met again. They were then of middle age, and of course very different in appearance from what they had been in their youth. Nevertheless, after hearing my father speak, Cosens went up to him and addressed him by name. He had identified him by his voice. It is a peculiarity in my family that on the male side we all have virtually identical voices. I myself have been addressed by name by men whom I did not know, but who had met one or another of my brothers. My son, for his part, has precisely the same voice as I have, so that this peculiarity would seem to be hereditary in my family.

It would not particularly interest the reader of this volume to pass a review of all the shipping establishments of Jerez, San Lucar, Puerto de Sta. Maria, Montilla, and other places. Moreover, I could add but little to what was set down in "Facts about Sherry." Perhaps just a few matters may be mentioned. We naturally sampled several very fine wines, among them being the famous Napoleon sherry. This acquired its name in the year 1808, when Marshal Soult, being at Jerez, visited the bodegas of Don Pedro Domecq, who was, I think, of French origin. After being invited to taste the wines, Soult found that one of them far excelled all the others, and whilst he was still smacking his lips he took up a piece of chalk and wrote on the butt from which his glass had been filled the magic name "Napoleon." When, in my turn, I tasted the Napoleon wine in 1875 it was not the only one distinguished by a famous name in the Domecq bodegas. Subsequent to Soult's occupation of Jerez a great British soldier had expelled the French from Spain, and so there was a butt of "Wellington

sherry" beside that dedicated to Napoleon. Nor was that all, for other butts bore the names of Pitt and Fox, whilst on yet another, containing a sweetish *oloroso* wine, appeared the inscription "Georgius Quartus Rex." I may explain that in order to compensate for ullage, etc., these wines received from time to time a slight admixture of other old wines of a corresponding type, in accordance with the solera system, so that the same standard of quality was always preserved.

I also recollect tasting some very fine wine at the bodegas of Haurie Nephews, who claimed to be the oldest existing firm in the trade; the founder of the business, a Frenchman, having already sent sherry to his native country early in the eighteenth century. The same firm had also shipped the once renowned Bredalbane "stag sherry," which at the Dalhousie sale in 1875 fetched no less than £7 5s. per bottle. The old house of Garvey prided itself on some particularly choice and ancient brown sherry, which our late King Edward VII appreciated when Prince of Wales. Another very old sherry, a dark and pungent wine reared by Gonzalez Byass & Co., had been christened by them Methusalem. This firm then had the largest establishment at Jerez, and in one of their great bodegas were twelve huge casks, each holding over 1400 gallons of wine, and ranged on either side of a gigantic tun containing 3,500 gallons. At the sight of those capacious receptacles one wondered what Falstaff would have said and done if the "sack" they contained had been placed at his disposal.

There were then about 15,000 acres of vineyards within the territory of Jerez, that is a radius of from 12 to 16 miles. We visited all the principal ones,

and then turned to those of neighbouring localities—San Lucar, where we saw manzanilla vintaged at Torre Breva ; Chipiona and Chiclana, whose produce was sold to Jerez ; Rota, where we watched the curious process of making *tintilla*, otherwise “ Sacramental Tent ; ” and Port St. Mary, whose vineyards adjoin those of Jerez, and which then shipped 20,000 butts a year on its own account. This picturesque little town was full of decaying ancient mansions, reared with the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru by those *conquistadores* who returned to their native land. We next went farther afield—to Montilla, which is in the province of Cordova, and where we tasted at La Tercia (acquired by Messrs. Gonzalez from the great ducal house of Medina-Coeli) some of the centenarian wines stored in the ancient bodegas there. Finally, we explored the Seville district, whence the sherry shippers derived cheap wines, necessarily inferior to the choicer growths, for instead of the vines growing in white, *albariza* soil, as is the case near Jerez, they were grown in a reddish clay, impregnated with oxide of iron, but having a chalk subsoil. So great, however, was the demand for sherry in those days that even the distant Moguer district was exploited, and sent 15,000 butts of cheap wine to England. To-day matters are very different, for although there was a slight revival in the sherry trade a few years before the outbreak of the Great War, the market remained small compared with its extent in my younger days.

The conclusions at which my father arrived with respect to the alleged adulteration of sherry were that, whereas it had been asserted that from 30 to 40 lbs. of gypsum per butt were added to the grapes before they were trodden or pressed—with

the result that the tartar of the must was transformed into sulphate of potash, an aperient salt—the truth was that merely a small quantity of gypsum was used, the effect therefore being by no means so great. Moreover, my father pointed out that the superiority of Burton beer was largely due to the presence of gypsum in the water of the Trent. If Manzanilla had a fresher taste than sherry, this was due to the earlier vintaging, the grapes being less ripe. We also found that very little sulphuring was practised, indeed far less than in the Sauternes district in France. When the result of our investigations was published, it was reproduced by numerous Spanish newspapers and acknowledged by the Jerez Town Council with an unanimous vote of thanks. Nevertheless my father made reserves respecting the conditions and the mode of fermentation, which, he held, frequently took place at too high a temperature and in vessels too small for the purpose, the must, moreover, not being sufficiently exposed to the action of the atmosphere. He found also that the fining practised to ensure the extreme brightness demanded by British buyers, caused some wines to lose much flavour and even more bouquet.

Sherry, he wrote, was undoubtedly a wine which should not be drunk before it was quite four years old, and therefore it was necessary to pay a good price for it, as four years of nursing doubled its original cost. To do the wine real justice it was even best not to drink it until its twelfth year. Amontillados and Olorosos greatly improved when kept in bottle during from two to five years, and even longer, thereby losing their pungency and becoming softer and rounder. For the rest, it is absurd to hold that sherry is more prejudicial to

health than other wines. I do not, of course, allude to the cheap, young, immature "natural" wines of Seville and some other districts, whose fermentative action is revived by heat, and which thus become unwholesome. But to the better-class wines of Jerez no such objection could be taken.

We found life at Jerez very slack except early in the morning and in the evening. Towards the middle of the day the heat generally became too great for much exertion, and the siesta was usually prolonged well into the afternoon. Of course there were exceptional days—certain Sundays—when the very heat of the nether regions would not have kept a Jerezano within doors. Those were the Sundays when a bullfight took place either at Jerez itself, or at Seville, or at San Fernando near Cadiz. It was at San Fernando that I first saw a fight, the *primera espada* that day being the handsome Frascuelo, the foremost *matador* of his time.

We drove over in a ramshackle vehicle drawn by meagre horses, and accompanied by a nephew of the managing partner of Cosens & Co.'s business. Clemente Ivison, who was Spanish on his mother's side, was only a few years older than myself, and during my stay at Jerez we became close friends and frequent companions. On the day of the fight at San Fernando he first took us to an inn which was the rendezvous of virtually the whole *cuadrilla*, so that before going to the ring we obtained a near view of those for whom the crowd was already waiting. We saw *picadores* and *bandillereros* arraying themselves for the contest, and there, of course, was the great Frascuelo surrounded by languishing young women who craved his smiles and darted jealous glances at one another.

I willingly admit that I found the Andalusian style of beauty attractive. Nothing could be more beautiful than those large full beaming dark eyes—*ojos arabes* as the Spanish call them—and nothing more charming than the national headdress the mantilla, which then was still universally worn, though I have been told that many young girls of the *bourgeoisie* now walk up and down the alamedas of Cadiz and Seville wearing abominable *chapeaux* and *toques* from Paris. Further, the carriage of the young Andaluza was most graceful, and her walk bewitching. There were times when whilst strolling about some public promenade I felt inclined to repeat Byron's familiar lines :—

“ Oh, never talk again to me,
Of northern climes and British ladies ;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girls of Cadiz.”

Once or twice I indulged in a mild flirtation. I had no good looks to commend me to notice, but I was quite fair, with a little yellowish moustache, and thus I aroused that passing interest which every young *rubio* inspires in Spain. Of fair-haired girls (apart from a few of English birth) I saw but one during all the months that I then spent in southern Spain. She was a Sevillana, and all the black-haired young men of that famous city literally raved about her. In fact, she attracted wooers from the uttermost limits of Andalucia, and was as much talked about as if she had been another Helen. But she was closely, jealously guarded by her parents, and nobody was able to come near enough even to be denied.

Wild horses could not drag from me an account of a bullfight. *C'est trop vieux jeu*. I will only say that at San Fernando I saw Frascuelo despatch three

bulls, and that one of those animals had previously killed twelve big, bony, blindfolded horses. I witnessed two or three other fights subsequently, one at Granada where Frascuelo again officiated. If I remember rightly, some years afterwards, that hero of the ring and darling of the sex was killed by a bull either at Madrid or in northern Spain, in such wise as to give satisfaction to poetic justice. I found large numbers of women of all classes of society attending the bullfights and often joining in the cry of "*Mas caballos!*"—"More horses!" I do not know what is the position to-day, but in my time no *cosa de España*, no *pronunciamento*, no political complication of any kind could interfere with the national pastime. "*Pan y Toros!*"—"Bread and Bulls!" was the cry of the Spanish people, just as "*Panem et Circenses!*" had been that of the Romans in the days of the Decline.

Cock-fighting, which I witnessed once or twice, seemed only to interest the lower orders. Pigeon-shooting was limited to a Jerez club, whose members—chiefly Englishmen—indulged in it on Sundays when the great heat of the day had abated. An annual race-meeting was held at Jerez, and was chiefly organised by the English colony. The "stable" of Mr. Richard Davies, one of the sherry shippers, occupied the foremost position. I do not remember whether there was any theatre at Jerez at that time. Now and again I went with Clemente Ivison to some gipsy haunt to witness a concert and dancing. Jerez, by the way, had a recognised dance of its own, called the *jaleo*, and evidently of Moorish origin. As a rule, I spent the earlier part of each evening at the Casino or club, where I eventually succumbed to the attractions of the

roulette table. I believe that the authorities at Madrid had prohibited roulette altogether, but for the sake of palm-oil the *alcalde* or mayor of Jerez closed his eyes to the existence of the table at the club. In comparison with Monte Carlo the affair was a very modest one but it had its aristocratic side, the table being run by two Spanish grandees, a duke and a marquis, who officiated every evening from 8 until 10.30. My means were not large, so I could only make very small ventures, but as I lost persistently, with only a few brief intervals of success, I believe that I was ultimately about £100 out of pocket. It was just as well that this happened, for it taught me a salutary lesson.

An English friend who played at the table was for a time extremely fortunate, in fact one evening he actually broke the bank, winning a sum of about £400. Like my father and myself he was boarding at the Fonda de Jerez, and I remember accompanying him thither and helping him to count his winnings, which included all sorts of coins. Of course he was not satisfied with them, but continued playing—vowing, however, that he would never on any one evening risk more than £20. He adhered to that resolution for a whole week, during which his luck was “dead out.” On the eighth evening, having exhausted his supply, he borrowed a few pounds from me and then asked me to go to the Fonda and fetch some more money from his cash-box, the key of which he gave me. I did that on two or three occasions, but night after night fresh losses were encountered. I should mention that there was generally an early game on Sundays, and on one such occasion when the hour for ceasing play arrived my friend found that he had come to the end of his

winnings, all of which had returned to the "bank." "I shall have to begin again," he sighed. But just then the Marquis de Campo Real, who had been officiating at the table, got up and said: "Gentlemen, there will be no more play. As you are aware, a new mayor has been appointed, and we have been unable to come to any arrangement with him. He declares that he is acting under instructions from Madrid." However that may have been, roulette at the Casino became a thing of the past.

The Spaniard is, of course, a born gamester, and in default of roulette, dice and cards became the rage. A famous gambler now appeared upon the scene. This was Garcia, who several years previously had repeatedly broken the bank at Homburg vor der Höhe, when the gaming tables there were run by the original Blanc, who afterwards migrated to Monte Carlo. Garcia played *écarté*, *lansquenet*, and other games at the Jerez Casino, and in a few days won a considerable sum of money, whereupon he hastily departed. He ought never to have been allowed to play at all, for some years previously he had figured in a great Parisian scandal, when he and Calzado, the manager of the Italian Opera-house, were found with marked cards in their possession. The affair took place at a mansion in the Champs Elysées tenanted by a woman known as La Barucci, and the principal victim was the Marquis Angelo de Miranda, a young chamberlain of Isabella II. The two confederates were turned out of the house, and Calzado was prosecuted for fraud, whilst Garcia fled the country. All of that was known to my father and myself, but we had never previously seen Garcia, who came to Jerez under an assumed name. Probably some compatriot fathomed his identity

there; hence his precipitate departure with his ill-gotten gains.

During the early part of my stay at Jerez I contracted the pernicious habit of writing at night after returning from the club. At those times the mosquitoes were often a great nuisance, but the temperature was far more pleasant than during the day. When my task was finished I retired to my carefully curtained bed, for a little rest pending the advent of a servant who would come to inform me that my friends were waiting at the door. Here I should mention that many of the younger men connected with the sherry houses kept horses, and that there was often one at my disposal, particularly on the mornings when it was proposed to go and bathe in the sea at San Lucar de Barrameda. Our road thither lay across a vast expanse of uncultivated heath-like land, where on rare occasions a few cattle might be seen. In the old days, however, this great stretch of country had been cultivated, and it was still intersected here and there by broad deep ditches—the work, it is said, of the Moors who had dug them for purposes of irrigation, the water being derived from the Guadalquivir.

Now when with some friends I first rode from Jerez to San Lucar, I was ignorant of the existence of those ditches. I was mounting that morning a fine young Spanish barb, and the shipper who had lent me the animal, being short of saddlery, had only been able to provide something in the old Moorish style. We were all in fairly high spirits and some banter was exchanged, at first good-humouredly enough; but one member of the party, taking offence at something which was said and which made me laugh, impatiently flicked my horse on the haunches

with his whip. Master barb was off like a shot, and before I could gain complete control over him was taking a long jump, for which, knowing nothing of the ground, I was very ill-prepared. I was not thrown over his head, but somehow I lurched, and came down on the side in a very awkward position, and with a foot still in one of the Moorish stirrups from which I could not release it. Bumping at intervals I was dragged over the scrubby turf for a distance of perhaps thirty or forty yards, when my horse good naturedly stopped short. He was, in fact, one of the best behaved horses I ever sat, galloped well, and never needed either whip or spur. On this occasion the unaccustomed touch of a whip had naturally startled him. My friends extricated me from my plight, amazed to find that I was little the worse from the mishap. I had a couple of teeth broken, but that was a bagatelle, and when somebody suggested that perhaps we had better return to Jerez, I insisted on remounting and continuing the journey. There was a Spaniard among the party, and it would never have done for an Englishman to have shown the white feather after falling from a horse. It was annoying enough that I had failed to keep my seat. After all, I had a lucky escape, and some hours later, when I was alone with the author of the mischief, I gave him a bit of my mind.

After halting for a moment at a farmhouse and drinking a glass of wine (which I dare say did me good) we resumed our journey, bathed, feasted on freshly caught fish, whiled away the siesta, and rode back to Jerez in the cool of the evening. On the morrow I felt a trifle stiff, but suffered no further inconvenience. To say that this occasion was the only time I ever fell from a horse would be inaccurate. I well

remember that in my early boyhood in Sussex a certain pony, whom I was always desirous of capturing and riding when he had been turned out to grass, used immediately to fling me over his head—pitching me on one occasion into a hedge on one side of his paddock.

In or near the vineyards round Jerez I often noticed pleasant country-houses, the property of wine rearers or shippers, but generally deserted by them. Sometimes, perhaps, the owner would stay there during the vintaging, well-guarded, however, by trusty armed servants, for at that time there were still some bandits in Andalucia, and so-called "sequestrators" pounced on people of means, carried them off to the hills, and there held them to ransom. Only a few years previously, a plot to kidnap the sons of Señor Gonzalez had been discovered; and quite recently there had been the case of the two Mr. Bonells (father and son) of Gibraltar, who having crossed "the Lines" to buy a horse, were seized by sequestrators and conveyed at night by bridle roads to a lonely spot near Jerez. Great Britain protested vigorously about that affair, and the Spanish Government eventually had to pay Mr. Bonell's ransom to the desperadoes who defied it. Several years ago, I introduced the story into a romance which I called "The Scorpion,"* basing my narrative on a long written statement with which Mr. Bonell junior supplied me. The other information respecting the *secuestradores* and their practices which I introduced into that book of mine, was also based on actual facts, and in several instances I gave my characters the same names as those which they had borne in real life.

* Published by Chatto & Windus in 1894.

I was told one evening at the Jerez Club that a few of the members were regarded with suspicion, it being thought that they were in league with certain gangs of sequestrators, with whom they instantly communicated whenever any other member won a large sum at the gaming-table, or when, being a man of means, he left the club at a late hour, alone, and with a fairly long walk before him. But although I personally got in touch with several sequestrators (they were in prison at the time) I was never molested in any way, not even on the night when my friend broke the bank at the club and I helped him to carry the spoils home.

One shocking story of that time referred to a well-known hotel keeper at Seville, whose young son, a lad of ten or eleven years, was kidnapped. The gang by whom this was effected promptly sent messages to the father demanding money. He, however, consulted the police, who advised him to pay nothing, and assured him that they would speedily capture the bandits. He trusted to the authorities, but a few days later he was horrified on receiving a small parcel which contained one of his son's ears, together with a written message threatening to send the other one if he did not at once pay the money which had been demanded. He then hastened to do so, but his son was not restored to him. Another week or so elapsed, and then the unfortunate boy's dead body was found in a sewer. He had been strangled. Another curious affair was a plot to rob one of the Jerez banks. As was the case all over Andalusia beggars infested the town, congregating around all the church doors, prowling about hither and thither, and even entering houses to beseech alms. One day an old white-bearded man

entered the bank soliciting charity in the name of the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints. He looked so feeble, tapping the tessellated flooring with a staff at each tottering step he took, that a clerk gave him some trifling coin. For three or four days in succession the same old fellow made his appearance at about the same hour, and always with the same request, and it seemed as though he could never take a step without repeatedly tapping the floor with his staff. Nothing was suspected, however, until one night a neighbouring householder went to the police with a story of strange subterranean noises which disturbed his rest. For once in a way the officials investigated his statement, and discovered that somebody was digging under the house. A watch was set, and ultimately three or four ruffians were apprehended. They had already excavated a tunnel about thirty feet in length, and owing to some miscalculation imagined that they were already under the bank premises. The old beggar, of course, had tapped the floor in order that they might verify their surmises.

In my story "The Scorpion" I took a number of liberties with certain facts appertaining to the so-called "Mano Negra" or Black Hand society, blending occurrences of 1873 with others of 1882-3, and others again of ten years later. It was never really proved that a Black Hand society existed, though there were various more or less secret agrarian organisations in Andalucia, some of which inclined to physical-force methods, although they were affiliated to the purely socialistic National Federation of Workers. Among the members of one of these societies was a Jerez taverner named Bartolomé Gago, who was expelled it by his comrades on account

partly of an intrigue which he carried on with the wife of one of them, and partly because it was suspected that he intended to betray the society. In the course of a dispute Bartolomé was killed by others at a mill near Jerez and his body was buried on the spot. This occurred in 1882. Don Tomas Perez Monforte, Commander of the Jerez Civil Guard, investigated the affair, and caused a hundred persons to be arrested on the charge of belonging to a society of malefactors. The alleged leaders were a schoolmaster and a *capataz* or vineyard overseer.

Now it happened one day that Don Tomas noticed sundry imprints of a black hand on the white walls of a house in the village of Villamartin where suspicious characters were presumed to dwell. It subsequently transpired that the imprints in question were merely the work of a man who after breaking a bottle of ink had dried and, in a measure, cleansed his stained hand by pressing it against the wall on which the marks were found. Don Tomas, however, persisted in his theory, like the imaginative individual he was, and the name of the Black Hand was officially applied to the society, whose deeds he was investigating. The authorities really wished to strike a blow at the Socialist tendencies current in Andalucia, and thus all the Federations of Workers were accused of connivance. Fourteen men were eventually condemned to death for complicity in the murder of Gago and other offences, most of the remainder being sentenced to imprisonment—some of them for life. Such great unrest supervened, however, that five reprieves were granted, and as a sixth man went mad and another committed suicide in prison, only seven were executed on the square at Jerez on the morning of June 14, 1884. Strangling by means of

the garrotte was, as usual, the mode of death, three executioners being in attendance together with a great force of soldiers. More detailed particulars of this affair and its aftermath will be found in another book of mine.*

Two years before I first went to Spain, that is in 1873, there had been great Federalist risings at Seville, Cadiz, Granada, Malaga, Alicante, and particularly Cartagena, which localities proclaimed themselves independent cantons. There were also great excesses around Jerez. The general situation in Andalucia resembled that prevailing in Ireland. The peasantry suffered from the absenteeism of the great landlords, some of whom owned miles and miles of country, and spent at Madrid and elsewhere the whole of the rent money of which the province was incessantly drained. The Andaluz is at times a happy-go-lucky fellow content with very little, but he does not readily forget a wrong, and thus discontent became widespread. It followed that a couple of *camarcas* or federations of workers sprang up and in a few years recruited over 30,000 adherents, many of whom belonged to the rural classes.

I shall deal more particularly with Spanish political affairs in my next chapter, but I would at once point out to the reader that the bad condition of the country when I first arrived there in 1875, was the outcome of years of revolution, insurrection, and chronic unrest. Isabella II had lost her throne in September, 1868. A kind of military republic had ensued, but the crown was offered to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern whose candidature, it will be remembered, provoked the Franco-German war of 1870. In that same year Spain lost Prim, her one

* "The Anarchists," John Lane, The Bodley Head.

really strong man. His colleague Serrano retained control of the executive power until the throne was accepted by the Duke of Aosta, second son of Victor Emmanuel. The Duke was a well-meaning prince who strove to do the right thing, but the Spaniards, generally, were disinclined to accept a foreigner as their ruler. Thus three years later King Amadeo abdicated, and once more a Republic was proclaimed. Castelar then came to the front, but all at once the Federalist movement, to which I previously referred, burst forth: Cartagena proclaimed its independence, and to complicate matters there came a Carlist insurrection in the north. Amidst all this several military men combined to restore the monarchy, and in January, 1875, the son of Isabella II, the Infante Alfonso, born late in 1857, came from France to take possession of the throne. He had been installed for little more than six months when I landed at Cadiz. When one remembers all that had happened during the previous seven years, the neglect and the corruption which had prevailed in an ever-increasing degree in virtually every department of the State, one cannot feel surprised at the country's unhappy condition. Moreover, the Carlist insurrection was still raging in the northern provinces, and seemed at moments to have serious chances of success. Indeed, the boy King Alfonso XII was as yet by no means securely enthroned.

Nevertheless, in Andalucia that year—1875—little thought seemed to be given to political troubles. I confess that the recent Federalist movement appeared to me to have offered, in theory, a fit solution in regard to Spain's constantly recurring turmoil. The nation had never been properly welded together, nor is it even now. In England we certainly observe

differences between the man of Yorkshire and the man of Sussex, the man of Norfolk and the man of Devonshire; but, however divergent their particular interests and views may be, there is none of that ill-suppressed hostility to one another, blended with contempt or indifference, that one may observe in the different provinces of Spain. Thus it fell out that the Andalucians seemed to care very little what might happen to Asturias or Leon, or Biscay or Catalonia in consequence of the Carlist war. The Andaluz thought only of his own province, just as the Murcian or the Valencian thought only of his, and although the Federalist movement had been outwardly suppressed it still had many secret adherents, men who advocated a system of government akin to that of the United States, each province enjoying autonomy in respect to its own immediate affairs. This idea sprang from the great variety of races in the Peninsula. Naturally, however, the Castillian with his keen and haughty pride was bent on maintaining the centralisation of all affairs and lording it over everybody else.

We visited the show-places of Andalucia—Seville, Cordova, and Granada. They have often been described, and I could say no more about them than has been said already by scores of writers. At Granada I remember having—with an interpreter's assistance—a short conversation with one of the officials in charge of the Alhambra. He was, he said, hoping for better times now that the old monarchy was restored. Queen Isabella had always provided out of her civil list or her private means (which were large) a fund to defray the cost of the more urgent repairs and restorations in order that the fortress-palace of the Moorish kings might not fall into

irremediable decay. King Amadeo had also made a few grants, but during the remainder of the time since the revolution of 1868 it was seldom that any money at all had been available. Nearly all the interest attaching to Granada centres in the Alhambra and the Generalife, but the city itself is not unpleasing. Cordova somewhat disappointed me. The interior of the mosque, or as it is nowadays the cathedral, certainly offers a wonderful spectacle, but I could discern no real beauty of design in it. I admired, however, the many-arched ancient bridge spanning the Guadalquivir. On the whole, of the three chief Andalusian cities I preferred Seville—with its Giralda, its immense cathedral, and its Moorish Alcazar. Life, moreover, was there brisker and gayer than it was at either Granada or Cordova. Malaga, which we also visited, was of interest only in relation to its wine.

When we returned to Granada we took the diligence to Jaen, a curious old town with Moorish towered-walls and citadel, Christian spires, white houses belting steep acclivities, and a huge and profusely ornamented cathedral, where is preserved one of the handkerchiefs with which Saint Veronica is said to have wiped the countenance of Christ, whilst he was ascending Calvary. What claims the handkerchief at Jaen may have to be the one on which the features of the Saviour were miraculously impressed, I cannot say. I found that it was only exhibited on two particular feast days in the year, and so we were not allowed to see it. Sir Howard Elphinstone, an equerry to Queen Victoria, whom we had met at Granada and who became our fellow traveller for a few days, expressed some disappointment, for he had previously seen more than one other

alleged Santo Rostro, and wished to inspect that at Jaen with a view of drawing comparisons. However, we departed from Jaen in another diligencia, drawn by six sturdy well fed mules, and four gaunt big-boned horses, all of them primitively harnessed with ropes, but decked with innumerable worsted tassels of various hues ; and finally, after crossing the Sierra Morena, where bandits were still said to lurk, we reached a little town with a railway station and were then able to take a train going northward to Madrid.

It may be held that what I have set down here respecting my impressions of Andalucia in the seventies, does little justice to the subject. Should, however, any reader interested in it care to turn to my story "The Scorpion," he will there find many passages descriptive of Andalucian life, which I have been unwilling to repeat in these present pages.

II.

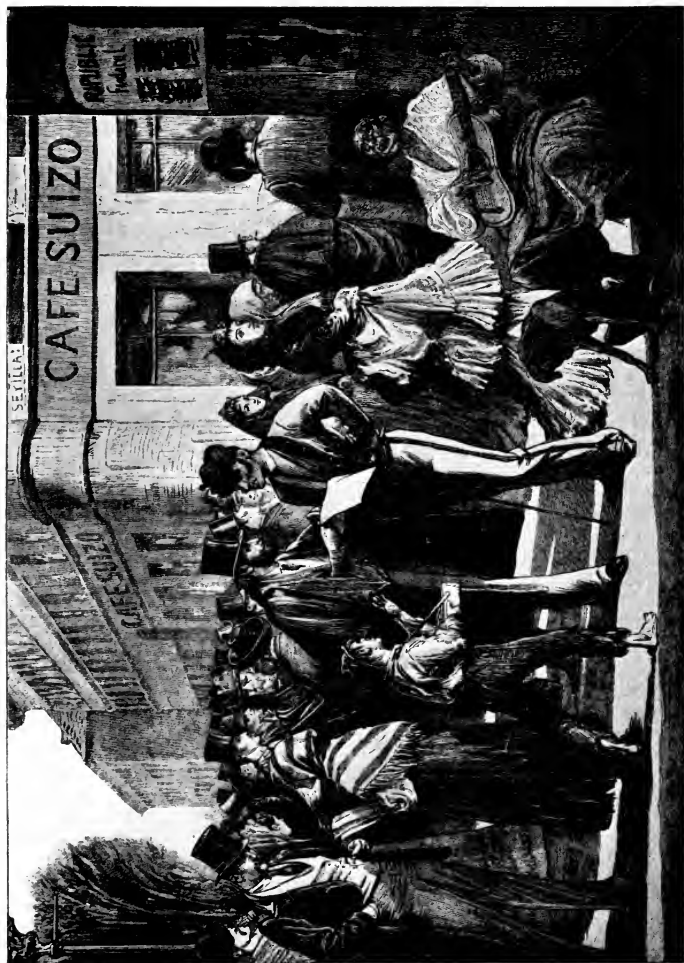
IN MADRID—COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

Toledo and Madrid—Art Treasures and a Foreign Loan—The Royal Palace of Spain—The Pageantry of a Ride in the Park—Alfonso XII and his Mother, Isabella II—“The Transgression of a King”—The End of the Carlist War—The King’s First Marriage—Attempt on his Life—Death of Doña Mercedes—The King’s Second Marriage—Doña Christina—Death of Alfonso XII.

IT is well, perhaps, that Madrid should be the Spanish capital. Toledo, the capital of the Visigoths and afterwards of the Catholic monarchy until 1560, is not fitted to be the chief city of a modern state. One trembles to think of all that it would be necessary to destroy in order to adapt Toledo to the requirements of present day civilisation. Far better then to let it remain as it is, venerable and impressive, teeming with memories and relics of departed greatness. The worst feature of Madrid is its climate. Before the city arose the site was screened by forests, but the foolish Castillian cleared away the trees, and now well-nigh every evening in the year his descendants have to take precautions against a chill. I recollect that a very clever French artist named Mariani, who was sent to Madrid for the *Illustrated London News*, never returned to Paris. Within a month the Madrilenese climate had killed him. Madrid glories in its art collections, which are of

inestimable value ; and it is related that on one of the many occasions when the Spanish Government feared bankruptcy and was casting its eyes hither and thither in its desperate anxiety to raise a loan, an American syndicate offered it lavish assistance on condition of securing a lien on the art treasures of the capital. The Government shrank, however, from any such course, lest by doing so it should raise a perfect whirlwind of indignation and again revive the era of revolutions.

Apart from its galleries, Madrid also takes pride in its royal palace, one of the most imposing and possibly the largest in Europe. It is said that when Napoleon entered Madrid during his invasion of Spain, he remarked to Joseph Bonaparte, on whom he intended to confer the Spanish crown : " Brother, you will have better quarters than I have." The Tuileries, indeed, was by no means an imposing pile. It was all length, it lacked loftiness, and its little central dome over the Hall of the Marshals was only in a degree less ridiculous than that of our National Gallery. The Palace of Madrid is, on the contrary, very lofty, rather too massive perhaps, but conveying, withal, an idea of grandeur and dominion. I remember the first occasion when I stood in its large rectangular courtyard. It was during the afternoon. Cavalrymen, from whose lances depended the red and yellow pennons of Spain, were drawn up on either side. A mounted military band was in attendance. Here and there were generals in full uniform, displaying all that extravagance of gold braid for which the Spanish officer was noted ; and just below the lofty palace steps several saddle-horses were waiting in the charge of grooms and orderlies. All at once the cymbals



A STREET SCENE IN MADRID

crashed, kettle-drums beat, there was a blare of brass instruments, and the first bar of the royal march resounded. King Alfonso XII was descending the palace steps.

Behind him came quite a *cortège* of bedizened generals and functionaries. He approached the horse waiting for him and vaulted nimbly into the saddle. Generals and grandees, whose mounts were also waiting, tried to imitate him, but as some were quite old men and others were over corpulent, there were instances in which assistance had to be given. A procession was formed, however, half a dozen lancers rode in front, then came a few officers, and next the young King, who affably returned the salutes of the spectators privileged to stand in the courtyard. Behind the monarch there was quite a large staff formed of the general officers and others whom I have mentioned. To my surprise, moreover, when the procession had passed out of the palace yard it was joined by quite a dozen victorias and other open carriages, which had been waiting on the square, and in which sat many more generals and officers of state, men who had become infirm, or gouty, or who felt somewhat indisposed that day, and therefore preferred a carriage to a mount. The reader may wonder what was the cause of all this display, what object had brought this brilliant assembly together? Assuredly so much pride and pomp and circumstance must have been connected with some great impending function of state. Not a bit of it! His Majesty was simply going for his usual daily ride in the park!

For seven years, as I previously pointed out, Spain had been passing through very troublous times. The Carlist insurrection was still in full

swing ; the national exchequer was almost empty ; corruption and mismanagement were rife on all sides ; the country seemed to be utterly crumbling. Never, through many long years of *pronunciamientos* had there been a greater necessity for vigilant and strenuous rule. Yet next to nothing was being done. A moment might arrive when Don Carlos and his bands would sweep down on Castille, besiege Madrid, and force Don Alfonso to return to exile. Nevertheless, here were twenty or thirty generals whose only thought was to attend the King on his afternoon ride, and offer themselves in all their finery to the admiring gaze of the populace. *Mañana, mañana*, to-morrow, to-morrow !—we will then attend to serious matters ; for the moment we mean to enjoy ourselves, and do not wish to be disturbed. Besides, how can the King ride to the park without an appropriate escort ? There must be pageantry every day to enhance the prestige of the monarchy, and moreover the laws of etiquette as laid down by Philip II are immutable and must be zealously obeyed.

It is true, as I previously showed, that the King was still very young, a mere stripling, and that self-seeking courtiers were fawning on him, flattering and spoiling him. He let them do so, taking things easily, and that afternoon when I saw him ride forth quite jauntily from his palace he looked a picture of youthful happiness. I had previously seen him more than once—not in Spain, however, but in Paris, for he had accompanied his mother thither after her dethronement. There are portraits of Isabella II in her earlier years which seem to indicate that, without being in any degree a beauty, she was then fairly good looking. At the time, however,

when she reached Paris as an exile, she had a coarse flabby face and a figure of surprising girth. Her taste in dress was execrable. I saw her looking quite *fagottée* in voluminous gowns of startling hues. A bright pea-green appeared to be one of her favourite colours, and its vividness naturally attracted the eye to her ungainly person. More than once in the *pésage* at Longchamp, where she exhibited herself on race-days, I heard English people or French provincial visitors, ignorant of her identity, express their astonishment. "Good heavens! Who is that creature? Just look at her!"

In may be pleaded in extenuation of Isabella's faults that from her cradle onward she almost always had evil examples before her. In order to enable her to reign, her father Ferdinand VII abrogated the Salic law, which had always been recognised by the house of Bourbon, and thus when she was proclaimed Queen at three years of age, her uncle Carlos claimed the throne as senior male member of the dynasty, and civil war ensued. Isabella's mother, Queen Christina, who acted as Regent, had the worst of reputations and became generally known as "La Mala" or the "Evil One," whilst Isabella herself, after she assumed sovereignty, acquired the nickname of "La Tonta" or "The Fool." The handsome young Serrano, who was eventually made both a Duke and a Marshal, became the lover of both Queens in turn. Christina eventually married a favourite whom she created Duque de Rianzares, whilst Isabella indulged in long scandalous years of gallantry. She had all the vices but none of the gifts of Catherine the Great. A husband was provided for her in the person of her cousin, Don Francisco de Asis, a puny, wizened little man, who

by the expression of his eyes always seemed to be apologising for his temerity in being alive—as indeed he might well have apologised, for he disgraced himself by various vices and was in other respects also a very contemptible individual.

At the time when I was first in Spain the most extraordinary stories were told of him. At that period he was certainly living in France, in the seclusion of the château of Savigny-sur-Orge, near Paris, where he sequestered himself *à la* Henri III in the company of sundry *mignons*; and I at first imputed the freedom with which Spaniards talked about him to the fact that he was virtually in exile. But my informants assured me that for long years people had openly jeered at Don Francisco. He had the title of King Consort, but this was derisively changed into “King Father,” in allusion to his wife’s children, whom, according to Spanish usage, he had to present with all solemnity to the assembled Court. It was said that King Father usually stammered a protest when he was summoned to perform this ceremony, but at the slightest threat he acted as he was bidden. There was a story also that at an early period of his married life he was warned of the Queen’s infidelity, and urged to avenge his honour on her lover. A weapon was even handed to him for that purpose, and for an instant he hesitated, then, flinging it aside, covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a craven: “I dare not! I dare not!”

As time went on Isabella cast all discretion to the winds. She aged in appearance very rapidly, becoming, as I have already indicated, extremely corpulent, and waddling in her gait. Nevertheless, from time to time the guns of Madrid boomed forth

a salute proclaiming to the citizens that her Majesty had given birth to yet another Infanta. Paquito, otherwise King Father, then had to do the honours. The grandees, the marshals, the generals, the ministers of state and the chamberlains assembled in one of the great drawing-rooms of the palace, and presently Don Francisco, short and slight, ashen of hue and apologetic in manner, entered with sundry attendants, two of whom bore a large silver platter, on which, amidst a great deal of lace and many ribbons the newly born infant was pillowed. Right round the room went the *cortège*, pausing at times in order that each person present might obtain a good view of her little Royal Highness, whilst King Father bowed and scraped and stuttered replies to the many congratulations which ironic courtiers kindly tendered to him.

Isabella had but one son, the future Alfonso XII, who was born in 1857 and therefore only eleven years old when Revolution compelled his mother to seek an asylum in France. Spaniards had long held that there would be neither rest nor welfare in their country so long as Isabella remained on the throne, and thus, when the fleet mutinied and was joined by the garrison and citizens of Cadiz in September, 1868, the rising met with approval throughout the greater part of Spain. A provincial Government was constituted, Serrano, Prim, and Olozaga becoming its chief members. It is true that Pavia y Lacy tried to make a stand for Isabella with some troops which he commanded; but Serrano defeated him, and various small insurrections were speedily quelled. The authors of the Revolution had no idea of definitely establishing a Spanish Republic. They proposed to place a king upon the throne and

looked about them for a likely man. In their earlier years most of them had fought against the first Don Carlos, and so his branch of the Bourbon family was banned. In fact Prim—the strong man of Spain, a Catalan, dark of hue, with deep-set eyes and high cheekbones—declared that no Bourbon prince of whatever category should again occupy the throne.

It was offered, I believe, in the first instance to old Marshal Espartero, Duke of Victory, who had acted as Regent at one period of Isabella's reign. He, however, declined kingship, being seventy-six years old, and very tired. A prince of the House of Savoy was next suggested—that is the hunch-backed Duke of Genoa, younger brother of Victor Emmanuel. But the Italian Court vetoed the proposal, and the king-makers had to seek another Prince. The proud crown of all the Spains went begging from Court to Court. It was tendered to the Archduke Albert of Austria, to the father of the present King of Bulgaria; inquiries were even set on foot as to whether the Duke of Cambridge or the Duke of Edinburgh would be willing to profess the Roman Catholic faith in return for the Castillian throne. At last, with Bismarck's assent, if not at his instigation, a willing candidate was found in Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; but this led to the Franco-German War, and Spain still remained without a sovereign. Finally, whilst France was being sorely beset and could not interfere, the crown was again offered to a Prince of Savoy, and Victor Emmanuel's younger son, the Duke of Aosta, was authorised to accept it. The Cortes elected him by 191 votes, 63 being cast for a Republic and 27 for the Duc de Montpensier, son of King Louis-Philippe,

and husband of the Infanta Louisa, younger sister of ex-Queen Isabella. Montpensier's marriage, by the way, had led to great friction, almost to war, between France and England. Alexandre Dumas gives a lively account of the wedding festivities in his "Impressions de Voyage," from which one might infer that the marriage was at first popular in Spain. In any case, it soon ceased to be so, by reason of the Duke's manifold intrigues. He became, in fact, one of the most unpopular members of the Spanish royal family, but by reason of his wealth, which was very great, he was generally able to purchase some measure of support.

To return, however, to the Duke of Aosta, who was enthroned with the title of Amadeo I, both he and his wife at first seemed likely to acquire popularity. For they were well received at a progress which they had made through the Spanish provinces, and no attention was given to a protest which ex-Queen Isabella issued on behalf of her son Alfonso. But a great misfortune supervened. One night, whilst Prim was in his carriage in the narrow Calle del Turco in Madrid, he was attacked by six men and shot dead. The assassins escaped, and although a number of people were arrested, and even kept in durance for several years, the crime was never actually brought home to anybody. The remains of the Conde de Reus, Marques de los Castillejos, to give Prim his titles, lay in state in the Atocha church at Madrid, and there they remained unburied for four years, amidst withered wreaths and tarnished crowns and trophies. A great mausoleum was to have been erected at the national expense, but the house of Bourbon, which Prim had sworn should never again rule Spain—"Jamás! Jamás!"

Jamas!” he cried on one occasion in the Cortes—resumed sovereignty, and thus Spain’s leading man remained unhonoured by the nation. It was left to his wife to provide his tomb.

At whose instigation was he murdered? Four hypotheses were current when I was first in Spain. The crime, it was said, might have been concerted by partisans of the pretender Don Carlos or by those of ex-Queen Isabella, or it might have been the work of Republican extremists angered by the restoration of a monarchy, or, finally, it might have been instigated, by the much-hated Duc de Montpensier, who had hoped that, after so many failures to secure a king, he himself might have obtained the throne. In spite of the adage, the *vox populi* does not always express the truth; nevertheless I must say that of all the theories propounded respecting the assassination of Prim, the one which associated the Duc de Montpensier with the crime found by far the greater number of supporters. Even Canovas del Castillo—subsequently Prime Minister—once publicly referred to the Duke as a criminal; but the allusion may merely have been one to a duel to which Montpensier fought with Don Enrique de Bourbon, a member of a junior branch of the Spanish house, and which ended in Don Enrique’s death, the outcome being that the Duke was tried and fined for contravening the law on duelling.

One may well hesitate to think that a brother of the Duc d’Aumale and the Prince de Joinville could stoop to assassination, but thousands of Spaniards held him responsible for Prim’s death. It was asserted, but without proof, that there had been a secret understanding between Prim and himself

with respect to the vacant throne. It was held also that Montpensier's wealth had been behind the revolution by which Isabella was overthrown, and that the conspirators of that time, who included Prim, had profited by the Duke's money but given no return for it. Like other members of the royal family he had to go into exile, and eventually betook himself to Paris, where he entertained lavishly and furthered his interests with Spanish emissaries. But intrigue does not necessarily mean assassination, and although Spaniards—more or less accustomed to violent deeds among themselves—were inclined to accuse Montpensier, I cannot adopt their view, remembering that the Duke was no Spaniard at all, but a French prince.

It is unquestionable that the death of Prim made a great difference to the new sovereign King Amadeo. People began to say that Isabella, in spite of all her vices, had been *muy Reyna y muy Española*—very queenly and very Spanish—whereas Amadeo was neither Spanish nor, to their thinking, kingly. It became the fashion to call him the "beggarly Savoyard." Worthy man as he was, he strove to govern constitutionally, and, mindful of the financial condition of the country, he cut down the old Court expenditure, which implied the shelving of many officials and a curtailment of etiquette and its accompanying pomp. Madrid could not even understand, much less appreciate, a King of simple ways. Yet there was ample justification for Amadeo's line of conduct.

The downfall of Isabella had been the signal for a revival of Carlism. Don Juan, son of the first Don Carlos, at once renounced his claims in favour of his own son who was also named Carlos, and this

prince, a handsome young man whom I saw in Paris on several occasions, notably in the *salons* of Mme. de La Ferronnays, was not inclined to let the grass grow under his feet. Carlist bands assembled in northern Spain already in August, 1870, and in the following spring there was a more serious rising throughout Navarre, Guipuzcoa, and Leon. "King Carlos VII" as the Pretender styled himself, was defeated by both Serrano and Moriones, but adherents continued flocking to his standard.

One of my uncles, Frank Vizetelly, was with him, acting chiefly as correspondent of *The Times*, but occasionally taking a hand in the fighting, for which reason Don Carlos bestowed on him the empty titles of a marquis and a grandee of Spain. At one moment Frank Vizetelly's chief companion was John Augustus O'Shea of *The Standard*, whom I had met in France during the Franco-German War. In a lively volume of reminiscences, O'Shea gives an amusing account of some extraordinary adventures which he and my uncle had together. At a somewhat later period, when Don Carlos's fortunes became desperate, Frank Vizetelly allied himself with a band of Basques who smuggled goods to and fro across the Pyrenees. He acted as their *santero* or agent, passing from one frontier to another, and it chanced that some French friends of my family, who were staying on the French side of the Pyrenees, met him at some hotel or other and struck up an acquaintance. They had with them two young sons who one day went for a walk with my uncle, and much to their parents' alarm did not return until the following day. Frank Vizetelly, it appeared, had taken them up the mountains to see his band, and they had spent the night with the smugglers, in a cave.

But I must return to King Amadeo. He tried a succession of Liberal ministers, Sagasta, Topete, and even Ruiz Zorilla, steadily persisting in constitutional courses, and refusing to allow any proclamation of martial law in spite of the troubled state of the country. At last, on the night of July 18, 1872, a band of desperadoes made an attempt to assassinate both the King and the Queen. Nevertheless, in spite of that occurrence and the Carlist insurrection and various republican risings, Amadeo still endeavoured to do his duty, and it was only towards the middle of February, 1873, that he at last resigned his trust in despair of putting an end to the strife to which the country had become a prey. The dignified simplicity of his abdication and departure impressed even those who had objected to his rule.

Then came the dictatorship of Castelar and greater troubles than ever, until at the end of 1873 a *coterie* of military men decided that the best course would be to restore the Bourbon monarchy. General Pavia dissolved the Cortes *à la* Cromwell or *à la* Bonaparte, and Isabella's son Alfonso was called to the throne. When I first saw him in Paris in 1869, a few months after his mother's deposition, he was only about twelve years old. He was strolling through the reserved garden of the Tuileries with the Prince Imperial, who was his senior by some twelve months, and the young son of Dr. Conneau, the third Napoleon's friend. Of the three boys Alfonso had by far the least engaging appearance. He looked quite a weakling, and had a very dull expression of face. Young Conneau, on the contrary, was quite good-looking, and the Prince Imperial at least had the eyes and mouth of his mother, his one defect being his ears, which, through some strange

neglect in his early childhood, projected on either side of his face—a blemish which André Gill and other caricaturists always accentuated on introducing him into more or less scurrilous cartoons.

Alfonso soon left Paris, being despatched in the first instance to the Theresianische Ritter-Akademie at Vienna in order to undergo some preliminary training as an officer, but Canovas del Castillo afterwards prevailed on his mother to send him to Sandhurst. Our older military men may include some who can remember having seen him there.

Alfonso looked older than his years when he came to the throne in January, 1874. He was then not seventeen, but when I saw him at Madrid in the ensuing year he had, in spite of his slight figure, the general appearance of a young man of twenty. His complexion was too pale to be quite healthy, but he had a brisk, easy step, and a not ungraceful bearing. The people of Madrid pronounced the *chico* to be *muy simpatico*. For four years or so after his accession he was kept more or less under control, but he was not fortunate in his chief official mentor. This was a certain Marques de Alcañices, who was best known by a higher Neapolitan title. The Duque de Sesto, as he was called, had married the Russian widow of the notorious Duc de Morny, and the manner in which the latter's children were brought up by their step-father did not redound to Sesto's credit. His insinuating ways concealed one of the greediest natures imaginable. He was a pluralist among pluralists, for the young King's accession made him Civil Governor of Madrid, Chief Major-domo of the Palace, Grand Equerry, and Grand Huntsman, Keeper of His Majesty's Seals, High Steward of the Royal Patrimony, General Commander of the Royal

Halberdiers, Knight of the Golden Fleece, etc., etc., etc. Alfonso had a more intimate familiar in the person of a pseudo-Irishman, a certain Conde de Morphy, who had previously been his tutor and private secretary; but Sesto was the great man of the Court, and the chief controller of the King's actions. Some extraordinary anecdotes were related of him, and I once perpetrated a "short story" * in which I portrayed him playing the part of a Mephistopheles. This tale was based on reports which I found current in Madrid before the King's first marriage. Young Alfonso, it was related, had fallen in love with a very pretty girl, the sister of an officer of the garrison. In order to facilitate appointments, this officer was at Sesto's instigation ordered to the front, like Uriah, Bathsheba's husband. Instead of being killed, however, by the Carlist insurgents, he was apprised by a friend that the King was secretly meeting his sister; whereupon, without pausing to obtain leave, he hastened back to Madrid, where he found the lovers together. According to the tale, he would have assassinated Alfonso had it not been for the prompt intervention of the Duque de Sesto, who, whipping out a revolver, shot him dead. The affair was hushed up, the young person took the veil, and her royal lover looked about him for another *inamorata*.

There had already been, by the way, an acknowledged attempt on his life—one imputed to the Carlists. He set out on his first campaign against those insurgents with a regal retinue of 500 persons, but although the forces of the Pretender at first fell back, the Alfonsist generals blundered badly and sustained severe defeats, in such wise that in less than

* Printed with a few others in *London Opinion* in or about 1904-5.

a month the King was back in Madrid face to face with a critical situation, from which Canovas del Castillo eventually extricated him. For a while, although the famous old Carlist leader, Cabrera, came over to the Alfonsist side, the cause of Don Carlos seemed to be in the ascendant. Even before the insurrection was finally crushed (Alfonso again being nominally in command of his army), the Court of Madrid presented a picture of ridiculous pomp and foolish extravagance. The Civil List had been fixed at £370,000 per annum—or about £30,000 less than had been paid to Isabella. She, since her son's accession, had been in receipt of an annual allowance of £100,000, and I believe that the pension paid to her husband "King Father" was of like amount. Alfonso, it is true, had to make allowances to numerous Infants of both sexes, besides providing for a host of Court officials. There were chamberlains, secretaries, accountants, clerks, inspectors, flunkeys, archivists, librarians, lawyers, physicians, and apothecaries galore, and nearly all of these people preyed upon the Civil List or the Privy Purse. An exception might be made in favour of certain hereditary chamberlains of whom there were about a dozen, all natives of the same little town and descendants of somebody who had saved the life of a certain King or Count Sancho in the twelfth century, for which reason they had by an ancient royal patent the right to act as hereditary chamberlains—the chief duty assigned to them being to watch in turn (that is one at a time) outside the King's bedroom at night, in order to protect him from danger. This honour carried, I believe, no emoluments with it.

I previously referred to the many generals whom I saw in attendance on the King when he went out

riding in the afternoon. I find a work of the period stating that a few years after Alfonso's accession the Spanish army included 8 captains-general, 86 lieutenant-generals, 127 major-generals, and 336 brigadier-generals, or a total of 557 general officers on active service. There were others on the half-pay list; and the total number of army officers was some 20,000 which, the army effective being about 100,000, represented one officer of commissioned rank to every five men. Alfonso himself had largely helped to swell the number of officers, appointing no fewer than 134 brigadiers, 60 major-generals, and 30 lieutenant-generals in the short space of four years. On turning to the Spanish nobility I find equally preposterous figures. There were 89 dukes, all of them grandees of the first class, 831 marquises, 632 counts, 92 viscounts, and 25 barons—total 1659! Many of those nobles were certainly as poor as church mice, though some among them were quite wealthy men in spite of the general impoverishment of Spain.

In 1877 (when I was again in the Peninsula), the Carlists being finally subdued, the King toured the country and visited the Balearic isles, being greeted everywhere as "El Rey Pacificador." He was now completing his twentieth year, and people were saying on all sides that it was time for him to marry. Various unions were suggested, but Alfonso preferred to choose his wife himself, and when his choice became known everybody was astounded at it, for he had fixed his heart on marrying his cousin Doña Maria de las Mercedes—daughter of the much reviled Duc de Montpensier! It was essentially a love match. Doña Mercedes, as she was usually called, was staying as a guest at the castle of La Granja,

a royal summer residence in the Guadarrama mountains, and at the same time a veritable *château en Espagne* or "castle in the air," its site being nearly 4000 feet above the sea-level. One day Alfonso met with a nasty accident on one of the mountainous roads near La Granja, a *char-à-banc* in which he was seated with several other people being overturned, and an extremely massive lady-in-waiting to his sister—the Princess de Girgenti, notorious in Paris for her jewellers' bills which she usually forgot to pay—falling upon him with such great force and weight that it seemed as though the frail-looking young monarch would be crushed to death. That mishap did not deter him, however, from making other excursions among the mountains, and one afternoon, either by accident or design, he and his young cousin Mercedes (she was little more than seventeen) became separated from the rest of their party, and wandered along the hillside until, feeling tired, they sat down to rest. By-and-by a peasant's hay-cart came along, and they obtained a lift from its driver, not, however, before Alfonso had put the all important question and taken his first kiss. Thus human nature gained a decisive victory over that terrible bug-bear, Spanish etiquette. The story reminds one of Louis XIV and La Vallière—but it should be remembered that in Alfonso's case the wooing was *pour le bon motif*.

Queen-mother Isabella, who after a short stay in Spain, and sundry attempts at interference, had been constrained to return to her gilded exile in Paris, was extremely irate on hearing of the match, which she refused to countenance. Montpensier, naturally, was well-pleased. If he could not be a King he might at least become the father of a Queen. That was, at



MARRIAGE OF ALFONSO XII AND DOÑA MERCEDES

any rate, a *fiche de consolation*. According to all accounts Madrid decorated itself gaily for the wedding—which I did not personally witness, being at that moment in Italy, but I have referred to some contemporary narratives which indicate that the Spanish capital had become quite enthusiastic over the love match of the two young people. Special envoys were despatched to Madrid from foreign countries, and though ex-Queen Isabella did not grace the ceremony, preferring to sulk in Paris, and even to consort there with some of her old Carlist enemies, her insignificant husband was for his pension's sake present, and one account describes him as a “wizened little figure huddled up in a tortoiseshell state-coach.” As for Montpensier, he was much *en évidence* when he gave his daughter away. On the morrow all Madrid was derisively calling him “King Father-in-law.”

That union which seemed to promise much happiness was fated, unfortunately, to early dissolution. Doña Mercedes speedily triumphed over the prejudices arising from her parentage and won much popularity by her kindness of heart and her gracefulness. But within five months of her marriage she was dead. On June 24, 1878, she was suddenly prostrated by gastric fever. On the following day her medical attendants abandoned all hope of saving her, and on the 26th she expired. Her remains were borne to the Escorial, where they passed under the Great Gate of the royal burial-place—a gate through which no member of the House of Spain ever passes whilst he or she remains alive. Alfonso was undoubtedly much afflicted by his loss. There was a pompous requiem service for his departed consort, and a magnificent basilica was to have been

erected to her memory, but time decided otherwise. In the ensuing autumn a young cooper of Tarragona, named Moncasi, fired twice upon the King in the Calle mayor of Madrid, and was eventually executed for his deed in the presence of 50,000 people. It was then decided by virtually all of the King's advisers that he must marry again in order to ensure the direct succession to the throne, for the nation, mindful of the rule of Christina and Isabella, was not inclined to submit to the sovereignty of one of his sisters. It was hoped, however, that by marrying again he might have a son, whose advent would provide against the contingency of feminine rule. Negotiations were then opened with Vienna, and on November 29, 1879, Alfonso espoused the Archduchess Maria Christina—his mother on this occasion condescending to repair to Madrid. A month later the King's life was again attempted, this time by a pastrycook's assistant named Otero y Gonzalez—but whether for political reasons or in a fit of aberration is doubtful. Two shots were fired, however, and the new Queen being with her husband at the time shared the danger with him.*

I next saw Alfonso in Paris at the end of September, 1883. He came there on his homeward way after visiting Berlin, where the Kaiser had conferred on him the colonelcy of a regiment of Uhlans which was then stationed at Strasbourg. The Parisians felt deeply offended by the Spanish sovereign's acceptance of this colonelcy. They remembered what the German Uhlans had done in France in 1870-71, when Strasbourg, moreover, had been wrenched from French territory. On the other

* The various attempts on Alfonso's life are described in some detail in my book on the Anarchists.

hand, Alfonso could not have refused the appointment without seriously angering Berlin. Old Kaiser William was scarcely malicious enough to have personally devised that public affront to France, which was probably instigated by Prince Bismarck. In any case, when the King of Spain reached Paris, a hostile demonstration greeted him there. I had observed the angry demeanour of the crowd before his arrival, and when he afterwards drove along the Rue de Lafayette I heard all the hissing and jeering which arose. President Grévy was placed in an awkward position by this affair, and it became necessary to tender very humble apologies to the Spanish King, whose visit to France was naturally curtailed. On the whole, I have always regarded Alfonso as being in this affair more sinned against than sinning—a victim, as it were, of Prussia's hatred against France.

Time went on. His reign proved far from prosperous. There were insurrections, both at home and in Cuba, terrible inundations and earthquakes, a fearful visitation of Asiatic cholera, and a great dispute with Germany concerning the sovereignty of some of the Caroline islands. The clamour which then arose throughout Spain showed that the country was in no wise pro-German, though Germans, as I personally observed on one or another occasion, were sedulously capturing certain branches of trade with Spain, their representatives there constantly competing with English firms, and often gaining the day by sheer pertinacity. Many English business men could not adapt themselves to the dilatory methods of a land which was never in a hurry, and whose motto is still, too often, *mañana*—to-morrow. But the German emissaries persevered, and renewed

their efforts again, and again, and again, until they secured the order or the contract they desired.

At the outset of this chapter I referred to the evil climate of Madrid. I must now allude to it again, for it virtually caused the death of Alfonso XII. Situated as the city is on a great bare plateau, and surrounded by a vast undulating stony wilderness, it is one of those exposed spots which all who are liable to lung or bronchial weakness should carefully avoid. Alfonso XII did not husband his vitality, but expended it in all sorts of ways. His second marriage had been prompted by reasons of state, not by affection, and he had inherited some of his mother's predisposition to gallantry. She at least was a strongly constituted woman and lived to the age of seventy-four, but Alfonso was physically weak. At periods of public calamity, flood, earthquake or epidemic, he over-exerted himself in his genuine solicitude for his people. It was foreseen more than once that he could scarcely hope to live to a great age, and there was some impatience at the fact that both of the children as yet born of his second marriage were girls, in such wise that Spain might have to submit once again to the feminine rule which her people had learnt to dislike. There were, of course, still hopes that the Queen might give birth to a son, for she was again *enceinte*; and, moreover, when on November 24, 1885, it was officially announced that the King had been taken ill whilst staying at the Pardo estate near Madrid, nobody thought that he was mortally affected, although there had previously been suggestions that he ought to winter in a milder climate. On the very day, however, after the announcement of his illness, the news came that Alfonso XII was dead. He

had been ill with an affection of the lungs—pneumonia, I believe—for only three days, during which his wife had zealously watched over him. Early in the morning of November 25, she left him for a few minutes, and on her return to the bedside found him expiring from lack of breath. Three days later he would have completed his twenty-eighth year. He was in the eleventh year of his reign.

His elder daughter Doña Mercedes, Princess of Asturias, then became heir-apparent to the Spanish throne; but she lost her claim to the succession when on May 17, in the ensuing year, Doña Christina gave birth to a son, who from the moment of his entry into the world became, as he still is, King of All the Spains. His mother acted as Regent throughout his long minority, which was marked by several national misfortunes—notably the war with the United States and the loss of Cuba and the Philippines—events which superstitious and fatalistic Spaniards naturally attributed to the unfailing balefulness which they associated with feminine sway. They had not yet learnt to distinguish between woman in general and woman in particular. As for Alfonso XIII personally, he has striven to live with his times, and, in some respects, has succeeded where his father could not succeed. There is now a healthier atmosphere about the Spanish court, and the nation, also, is more enlightened. Spaniards, generally, are not Pro-Germans, and although the King's mother was an Austrian archduchess, he also has French blood in his veins. The liberal constitutional spirit which he has repeatedly evinced forbids me to think that he could ever favour the powers of oppression.

III.

IN PORTUGAL (*viâ* MADEIRA AND TENERIFE).

A Trip to Madeira—The Island's Wine Trade—Curious Modes of Locomotion—System of Tenancy—The Estufa Process—Burial under a Counting-House Desk—Some Old Madeiras—Fate of a German Hunchback—Santa Cruz de Tenerife and Nelson's Boat Flags—Canary Sack—A Return to Cadiz—On to Lisbon—Three Portuguese Kings—Forgetful "Owen Meredith"—Oporto and its Wine Lodges—The Royal Tailor and the Spanish Prima Donna—Eiffel of the Tower—To the Port Wine Region—The Peasantry, Superstition and Crime—Life at the Quinta Amarella.

IN the early autumn of 1877 I betook myself with my father to Madeira for the usual purpose associated with our travels—that of studying the methods of viticulture and vinification which were practised on the island. We sailed from Southampton on a vessel of the Union Steamship Company called *The African*, and although the voyage was very short, it proved extremely pleasant, being enlivened, moreover, by the gullibility of a certain green-horned passenger, who, after crediting a cock-and-bull story about a diamond which was said to have been found among the ship's coals, actually sought permission to sift a quantity of coal dust in the hope of making a brilliant discovery. There were also sundry animated and amusing verbal spars between some South Africans who were returning to the Cape. One gentleman domiciled at Port Elizabeth was particularly fond of deriding Cape Town, whose sole

products, said he, were merely snooks and crawfish—the latter being the little crustaceans which nowadays are sent, canned, to London and sold there under the name of “Cape Lobster.” In regard to the Cape snooks, I have no knowledge of them, though I was once acquainted with a Suffolk grocer named Snooks. If the denizen of Port Elizabeth derided Cape Town, as I have said, a certain Cape Towner was equally ready to deride the Port; and what between the angry disputes of these rival colonists and the diamond hunting which went on in the coal-bunkers, the few days of our passage proved quite lively ones.

On our arrival at Funchal we became the guests of the late Mr. Leland Cossart, the wine-shipper, at his beautiful country-seat, the Quinta do Monte, situated a few miles up the mountain overlooking the island's capital, and at an altitude of some two thousand feet above the sea. From the extensive grounds of this beautiful spot the view extended over several of the most picturesque vineyard districts. The palmy days of the Madeira wine trade then already belonged to a somewhat distant past. There is a traditional account that vines were first introduced into the island from Cyprus early in the fifteenth century, that is soon after its second discovery by Zarco; but the finer vines are said to have been imported much later by the Jesuits. Nevertheless, Madeira wine was already exported to Europe at the close of the fifteenth century, and by the middle of the sixteenth it was in favour at the Court of Francis I of France. That it was well-known in England no long time afterwards is shown by Shakespeare's reference to it in “Henry IV,” where Poins twits Falstaff for having sold his soul to

Satan "on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg."

As time elapsed the island's shipments of wine increased, and early in the nineteenth century, they amounted to 17,000 pipes, rising in 1813 to as many as 22,000. This was chiefly due to the closing of certain wine ports in consequence of the Napoleonic wars, and to the great consumption of the wine in both Indies, whither it was sent with the periodical convoys. George IV is said to have driven Madeira out of fashion in this country by forsaking it for sherry; but he was dead and gone before any great falling off in our imports of the wine occurred. In 1842 the drop in our purchases became very great, and ten years later that scourge of the vine, the oïdium, entirely stopped production, stocks becoming exhausted and prices rising until £75 per pipe, in lieu of £25, was asked for the lowest qualities.

Sherry and Marsala, being supplied at a fourth of the Madeira rate, then came more and more into fashion, and the devotees of Madeira, after abandoning it for their pockets' sake, never again returned to their whilom love. The dissolution of the East India Company, which had largely imported Madeira, also affected the trade, which received yet another blow on the completion of the Suez Canal, as from that date onward, many ships no longer called at the island on their outward voyages, for the half-dozen or half-score pipes of wine, which it had been the ancient custom to take on board. Nevertheless, subsequent to the oïdium trouble, vines were gradually replanted in Madeira, and from the standpoint of production—though not of consumption—matters steadily improved until in 1873 the *phylloxera vastatrix* began to ravage the vineyards. Such, then, was the position

when we visited the island. We found some of the best districts sadly affected by the scourge, notably that of Cama de Lobos near Cabo Girão—said to be the highest cliff in all the world—which was yielding only 100 pipes of wine instead of 3000 annually.

We made our excursion to Cama de Lobos and Cape Girão in hammocks, slung on stout poles about the size of the bowsprit of a small sailing-boat, our bearers being muscular and agile men who strode up the steep roads at fully four miles an hour. To other districts, however, we repaired on horseback, whilst for short excursions in the immediate neighbourhood of Funchal we availed ourselves of a car which had runners like a sledge and was drawn by bullocks, who, regardless of all the yelling and coaxing of their driver, never departed from the slow steady pace of their choice. “Ca para mim, boi, ca-ca-ca-ca!” called the man in charge of them, raising his stentorian voice to its highest pitch. “Come to me, oxen, come, come, come!” But never, by any chance, did the sedate-looking beasts condescend to quicken their pace. Very different were our daily descents from the Quinta of the Mount into Funchal. Seated in a basket-car with wooden runners, we scudded down the steep, slippery roadway at a speed of twenty miles an hour, for behind the car were two swift-footed men, who guided it with their hands or by means of some leather traces attached to the front on either side. When the road was very steep these men pressed one foot on the car’s framework to lessen its speed, whereas, if the road became level for a short distance, they slung the traces across their shoulders and dragged the car fleetly along. Though at first one may feel a little nervous when seated in one of these vehicles

you soon realise that this is, if not exactly the safest, at all events the easiest, pleasantest, and only rapid mode of travelling on the island. I fancy that motor cars would be of little use there, unless since my time the authorities have accomplished some miracle in road-making.

In many parts of Madeira we found the vines planted in soil piled up on terraces, supported by stone walls—in fact there must have been hundreds of miles of these walled terraces in one and another vineyard district. Rent in kind was the rule, the tenant after pressing his grapes, giving his landlord half the produce. As the Government also levied a tithe, the tenant's profits were far from being large. On the other hand, the landlord usually owned nothing but the land—buildings, embankments, walls, trees, vines, etc., belonging to the tenant, who could not be ejected without full compensation for all improvements, which were usually estimated at a high value by the Government officials. During our various excursions we more than once met parties of *boracheiros*, that is men who brought skins full of "must" on their shoulders from the more mountainous regions. The sturdier peasants made two and three journeys a day, though their burdens were by no means light, for each skin contained from nine to ten gallons of freshly-pressed wine. It was only in those parts of Madeira where the roads were good that the *mosto* could be brought from the hills in casks on bullock sledges. The wine of the north side of the island was not delivered at Funchal until the ensuing spring when it was conveyed thither by sea. There being no mole or pier, each cask was slung overboard, whereupon one of the boat's crew plunged into the water, placed his hands on the

floating cask, and swam behind it until reaching the breakers, whereupon the cask was drawn up the steep beach on a sledge.

There was, and presumably there is still, in Madeira a method for improving vinification which is called the *Estufa* system, and which was very likely known to Pasteur when he devised the process generally characterised as pasteurisation. The practice in Madeira is to shut the wine up in compartments in so-called *estufas*, where it is subjected to the influence of heat in order to destroy all germs of fermentation and to mature it more rapidly, in order that it may be shipped when fairly young and without any addition of spirit. This system has been current for more than a hundred years. In the *estufas* of the larger firms the temperature remains constant, the heat being supplied through flues by furnaces charged with anthracite coal. The very best wines are subjected to from 90 to 100 degrees of heat, the next (descending the scale of quality) to 110 or 120 degrees, the intermediate growths to 130 degrees, while the common wines are exposed to as high a temperature as 140 degrees Fahrenheit. The heating period ranges from three to six months.

We visited all the Funchal wine stores which like those of Oporto are known as *armazens* or "lodges," and are akin to the *bodegas* of Spain. Among the chief stores were those of Cossart Gordon & Co., and Leacock & Co., the first house dating from 1745, and the second from 1747. These two firms were, we found, the only ones remaining of the once important "British Factory" which had almost a monopoly of the Madeira wine-trade, annually fixing the price to be paid for the "must" purchased of the growers, as well as the prices at which wines

were to be shipped. By levying a tax on every pipe which they themselves exported, the members of the Factory raised the necessary funds for acquiring and laying out a cemetery in which British subjects might be decently interred, for the bodies of all who were not Roman Catholics were at that time contemptuously thrown into the sea. Thereby hangs a tale. Before the cemetery was completed, a member of the Factory, who did not wish to become food for fishes when he died, begged his partners to bury him under his desk in their counting-house. They did so secretly, and at the same time caused the coffin prepared for the deceased to be filled with stones, and then handed over to the authorities to be cast into the sea.

The oldest Madeira I ever tasted dated from the year 1760, a small quantity of it still being in the possession of Mr. Charles Blandy, who then held the largest stock of wine (in all 5000 pipes) of any of the shippers. I also tasted at his armazens a powerful old *Cama de Lobos* of a solera started in 1792, and an ancient Malmsey of exceeding softness. Another growth which I sampled elsewhere was a sweetish fragrant wine supplied to the mad King of Bavaria. Wines dating back some fifty or sixty years were fairly common in the lodges of Funchal, and they included several distinct varieties. Sercial had become rare, however, and so had the Malmsey, produced, I believe, from the same species of Malvasia grape which yielded the wine in which, according to the legend, "false, perjured Clarence" was drowned by the orders of his brother, "Richard Crookback"—whom Holinshed, Shakespeare, and others so cruelly maligned.

From Madeira we proceeded to Tenerife for the

purpose of studying modern Canary sack on the spot. We secured a passage on an English boat coming from Liverpool and bound for the west coast of Africa. Among its saloon passengers were several negro traders who occupied the best cabins, smelt very offensively, and in spite of their garish English tweed suits behaved generally and especially at table like the savages which they really were. Another passenger was a little German hunchback who was going out, he said, to solve certain African problems, and had accordingly provided himself with a pocket compass, a few maps, and a—violin. He believed apparently in the influence of music on the savage breast; but, unfortunately for him, he was never able to try its effects in that respect, for after landing at Tenerife he was beguiled up the peak and never came down again—the theory being that his guide had robbed and murdered him—hurling him afterwards, perhaps, down the mountain's extinct crater.

After passing a frowning coast-line of precipitous rocky cliffs, we found Santa Cruz, the island's port, lying in a kind of basin. It proved to be a somewhat dingy little town, devoid of attractions, but as the reader will remember, it is associated with the name of Nelson, who there encountered a repulse and lost his right arm. To this day a couple of English boat-flags, captured on that occasion, are preserved in Santiago's Chapel* at the church of La Concepcion, and the natives of Tenerife are extremely proud of those trophies. At each recurring anniversary of the engagement joy-bells ring out gleefully and a solemn service is celebrated in thanksgiving for the deliverance of the island from the English invaders.

* Santiago or St. James is the patron saint of Spaniards.

We saw the old, faded boat-flags. The eyes of their Spanish custodian glistened as he displayed them, but I myself was thinking all the while of a certain great naval engagement fought off Cape Trafalgar.

In writing at considerable length about wines and other beverages, James Howell—Clerk of the Council in Queen Elizabeth's time and her Grace's agent when certain Italians, including my own people, were induced to come to England to improve the manufacture of glass—remarked that one might truly apply the saying, "Good wine sendeth a man to Heaven," to the sack of the Canary Islands. It was known to Shakespeare and the other writers of his time, who are often found referring to "cups of cool Canary," but the English trade declined subsequently and at last became almost extinct. Later, the oïdium spread among the vineyards, even as it spread among those of Madeira, and in 1877 we found that Tenerife vintaged no more than 5000 pipes of wine, and exported only 300. At the time of the oïdium the ravages among the vineyards had induced the islanders to extend the cochineal industry with which they were already acquainted, the insect being raised by them on its favourite plant, the nopal cactus, which yields the so-called "prickly pear" or "Barbary fig," and is as abundant in the Canaries as in Andalusia, where it often forms bristling hedges sometimes ten and twelve feet in height. It came to pass that with the advent of other dyes, the demand for cochineal abated, and the Canary farmers then found themselves in a sorry plight. Gradually they replanted their vineyards and improved their circumstances somewhat by growing tobacco.

We found that the Tenerife vineyards were not situated near Santa Cruz but on the other side of the island, where the natural conditions were far more favourable. Orotava proved to be a delightful spot, in parts embowered in foliage, with an abundance of palms and lofty aloes with flower stalks suggesting the branches of candelabra. The grapes on the slopes near the coast were gathered first (usually about the end of August), and those on the highlands—where the vines were planted at 1,200 or 1,300 feet above the sea-level—about a fortnight later. The fruit was carried down by the peasantry, men, women and children, who conveyed it in large baskets on their backs or heads, often for a distance of a couple of miles, supporting themselves the while with long staves. The famed Canary sack of the poets was made from the Malvasia vine, but this having been largely destroyed by the oïdium, had generally been replaced by the Vidonia variety. In the old days the Malvasia grapes were left ungathered until they had become raisins, so that as many were needed for one pipe of Malmsey as would have sufficed for five pipes of ordinary wine. I remember tasting some Malmsey of 1859 and found it to be luscious and liqueur-like. On the whole, the growths of Tenerife had a character of their own, differing both from madeira and from sherry, but although they were often commendable they did not equal the finest qualities of either of the other wines.

Formerly the island's capital was Laguna, a little town having all the characteristics of many a locality of similar size in southern Spain. It had remained a bishop's see, and I remember visiting it on the occasion of a *fiesta*, when there was a solemn church procession which I witnessed from a balcony

in the company of two young ladies, of each of whom one might have said that she was *muy Española*. After a time they threw off some of their reserve, and we were getting on very well together when, as the Host went by, I spoilt everything by failing to make the sign of the cross. From that moment the elder girl—they were the daughters of a gentleman who had invited us for the day—put on her most stand-offish manner, and conveyed to me the poor opinion with which I inspired her by pointedly referring more than once to herself and her sister as “we Christians.” Thus, at Tenerife as in Andalucia, I found it held that outside the pale of the Roman Church no Christianity existed. I was a heathen, nothing more.

We were due—my father and myself—at Lisbon at a certain date, and found we could only get there by taking passages on a Spanish steamer, which called at Santa Cruz on its way to Cadiz from the Guinea Coast. With us embarked the Captain-General of the Canary Isles, who was going home on leave, and an official French agent, who had with him a negro boy, whom he was taking to France to be educated there—the youngster being the son of some West Coast king or chieftain under French protection. At the shipping-office the boy’s custodian had booked two first-class passages, but directly we were on board the captain began to storm and bluster, declaring that the young blackamoor ought not to be on the ship at all, and that in any case no first-class passage could be allowed him. The unfortunate little fellow was therefore sent forward with the seamen, who treated him unmercifully all the way to Cadiz, kicking and cuffing him repeatedly and even divesting him of some of the European

garments with which he was provided. Though my father and I could well understand the colour prejudice, we felt bound to join the French agent in protesting against such treatment; but we did not effect much good, for the skipper was backed up both by the Captain-General and by a young Spanish naval officer who was returning home from the island of Fernando Po.

As it happened, the boy's presence in the saloon would probably have been less offensive than that of the Captain-General, who, for me and my father at any rate, spoilt each successive meal. He was, I understood, a marquis or a count, and a grandee of Spain to boot, but either he considered himself to be above all *savoir-vivre* or else he had never heard of any such thing. The passage proved extremely smooth, the sea—which on the first night was quite phosphorescent, under a wonderful starlit sky—being a vast expanse of gently rippling water. Nevertheless it did not suit the Captain-General, who was badly troubled by *mal-de-mer*. Though I have never suffered from that complaint, I can usually sympathise with those whom it afflicts. But no sympathy could I bestow on his Excellency of the Canaries. His private cabin adjoined the dining-saloon, and he invariably took his place at table. After the first few spoonfuls of soup, however, he had to retire; but returned in time for the next course, which he also sampled. Then he retired again, and thus things went on throughout each and every meal. I naturally omit offensive details; but I may mention that the French agent suggested to me an explanation of his Excellency's horrid behaviour. It was that, having paid for his passage, which included board, he did not intend to let the

shipping company derive any profit from his inability to partake of food.

The skipper was seldom on the bridge during our four or five days' passage. He spent most of his time in his cabin with the young naval lieutenant, and there they gambled together for hours at a stretch. The lieutenant was no match for the wily skipper. Not only did he lose all his ready cash, a watch and chain and a ring, but he also lost a considerable amount of money on parole, and when we arrived at Cadiz the skipper refused to let him land until he had redeemed his jewellery and his I.O.U.s. Fortunately he belonged to a Cadiz family, and his old father came on board and, after a heated dispute, released this prodigal son from detention.

We had hoped to find at Cadiz a steamer which would take us to Lisbon, but as there was none we had to make a long railway journey, going first to Cordova, thence to Merida, where we saw the wonderful bridge of many arches and all the remains of Roman days, and next to Badajoz, so famous in our military annals, finally crossing the Portuguese frontier near Elvas, where we were struck by the great difference in the people which at once became apparent. There have been many changes at Lisbon since I first went there in that year 1877. I found it then a fairly gay and bustling city, and in almost every respect a distinctly modern one by reason of the great earthquake by which it was shattered on All Saints' Day, 1755. We naturally put up at the Braganza Hotel, which since the Revolution of 1910 must bear a different name. In '77 it was the foremost of the Lisbon hostelries, full of fine old furniture, and catering remarkably well for its patrons, who were generally of the most

aristocratic class. Erected some seventy years ago it owed its name to its position on the site of the old palace of the Dukes of Braganza—the palace where the overthrow of the Spanish dominion in Portugal was planned, but which like many another historic pile was destroyed by the great earthquake. After that calamity the famous Pombal virtually rebuilt Lisbon, and little beyond the ruined Carmelite church remains of the former city.

In '77 there was no electrical tramway service. Unless you preferred to walk up the hilly streets, as I often did when betaking myself to the Principe Real garden or the Pedro d'Alcantara Alameda—the two most fashionable promenades—you had either to hire a vehicle or secure a seat in some little omnibus drawn by mules, which generally stopped short when they were only halfway up some ascent, and then favoured all and sundry with a prolonged display of their mulish dispositions by refusing to stir from the spot. The Principe Real garden with its tropical vegetation and its fine view was very charming, and the Campo Grande, with its well-shaded and sinuous roads and paths, was an even more pleasant place of refuge in the hot weather. Of course we went to Cintra and saw the palaces and all the scenery extolled by Byron, Beckford, and scores of others; and we inspected the huge pile of Mafra, the Portuguese Escorial, on whose roof a force of 10,000 men could easily be drilled. Not far away is Collares, whose vineyards and press-houses we visited. We also witnessed the vintage at Bucellas which produces chiefly a white wine, called sometimes Portuguese hock, whereas the growths of Collares are mainly red and of considerable affinity with claret. Carcavellos, situated

near the mouth of the Tagus and yielding a rich topaz tinted muscat wine, and Setubal on the left bank of the river and also famous for muscats—sometimes of a rosy hue—were also included in our excursions. Apropos of the manner in which the peasant growers resented all attempts to improve vintaging and vinification by the employment of mechanical wine-presses and so forth, I recollect hearing at Collares a story of a steam-plough, one of the very first sent from England to Portugal. It was being conveyed, I believe, to some royal farm, but the peasantry waylaid it on the road and smashed it to atoms. They feared that its advent would mean their ruin. Sir George Birdwood once related that when the first steam-plough was sent to India the natives carried it to the fields and wreathed it with flowers, but would make no use of it, preferring to consign it to a village temple where it was venerated as a god. To the Portuguese the machine was a devil, but possibly the same idea of the displacement of labour and the loss of wages actuated both the turbulent Lisbonese and the mild Hindoos.

There is one peculiarity about many of the houses of Lisbon, and those of some other Portuguese cities, which immediately strikes the foreign observer. This is the practice of decorating them outwardly with porcelain tile-work on which scriptural incidents are frequently depicted. The Virgin and Child often appear in this fashion over the doors of houses. When the tiles are, so to say, only pattern work, and red, yellow, and green predominate in the designs, they are generally ascribed to the influence of the Moors, with whom in fact this tile-work is said to have originated. In other instances, however, blue is the predominant colour, and then the

influence of Delft is apparent, it being known, moreover, that when the Portuguese tile manufacture declined in the eighteenth century Delft supplied the deficiency. On the older tiles, dating from before the earthquake and rescued, I presume, from the *débris* of the shattered houses, designs of a remarkably vivid blue will be found. In the more modern examples the colouring is less satisfactory, the art of obtaining the brighter blue having been lost. Another peculiar and distinct feature of Portuguese architecture to be observed in certain churches and palaces (for instance, the Pena at Cintra) is the so-called Manueline style, in which Moorish, Gothic, and Renaissance are more or less amalgamated. This jumble of the recognised styles takes its name from an early sixteenth century King, Manuel the Fortunate of the house of Aviz, who indulged largely in the building mania.

During my first stay at Lisbon I often saw various members of the Portuguese royal family—notably at the theatre which stands on the site of the old Court of the Inquisition, and again at Cintra, and at Cascaes, a pleasant watering-place not far from the broad mouth of the Tagus. Nine years afterwards I was again at Lisbon in order to describe the pompous espousals of Dom Carlos and the Princess Marie Amélie de Bourbon-Orléans, daughter of the Comte de Paris. Then and in '77 also the reigning sovereign of Portugal was Luis I, who had married the Princess Maria Pia of the house of Italy, an extravagant woman well known in Paris by the debts she contracted there. King Luis' father was still alive when I was first in Lisbon. This was the King-consort Dom Fernando—otherwise Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, a far worthier

scion of that house than his namesake of Bulgaria. In fact, no comparison could be established between the two men. A cousin of our Prince Consort and of Leopold I of Belgium, Dom Fernando, like the first named, emerged by marriage from obscurity. He became the husband of the Portuguese Queen Maria da Gloria, who had much the same experience as Isabella of Spain on coming to the throne, for she was forced to contend against the pretensions of her cousin Dom Miguel, who claimed the crown on virtually the same grounds as Don Carlos claimed that of Spain. If Queen Maria gained the day this was due largely to British support.

Dom Fernando was her second husband—the first (also a German prince) dying soon after marriage—and she presented him with seven children, none of whom was of the Portuguese type, for their eyes were invariably blue and their hair was fair. In that connection it should not be forgotten that the original stock of Portuguese rulers was a foreign one, for Count Henry, the first independent ruler, was a descendant of Hugh Capet and a Frank. Queen Maria died in 1853, and as her eldest son Pedro had then not reached his majority, Dom Fernando became regent. The young king married a Princess of the ever-aspiring Hohenzollern house, but, fortunately for later days, had no children by her, so that on his death in 1861 he was succeeded by his brother Luis, whose wife was Maria Pia of Savoy, as I previously mentioned. King-consort Fernando had naturally gone into retirement, but he remained a popular figure in Portugal. He was a many-sided man with numerous artistic gifts. He painted frescoes, made water-colour drawings and etched. He also delighted in bric-à-brac, had a taste for

gardening and architecture, and formed a very peculiar library, the fate of which it would be interesting to ascertain. It was composed of all the examples he could secure of books which at different periods had either been prohibited or suppressed by the authorities of one or another country, either for heresy or for political reasons, or for libel or for immorality. The collection was undoubtedly very valuable from the standpoint of literary history.

In 1869 Fernando contracted a morganatic marriage with a person named Elisa Heusler or Eusler (I find the name spelt in both fashions) who had previously delighted various continental audiences by her marked proficiency on the light fantastic toe. One account of her says that she had been a vocalist, but that I believe to be incorrect. She was created Countess d'Edla, and was approaching mature years when I first saw her in 1877. There is a story that when General and Mrs. Grant visited Portugal after the former's presidency of the U.S.A., they were invited to Dom Fernando's palace, and that Mrs. Grant almost feared that she might be contaminated by coming into contact with a former *première danseuse*. The General, on his side, anticipated a lively time. But they found themselves in the presence of an extremely pleasant, lady-like, cultured person, who did the honours of a quiet tea-table as to the manner born.

The reader may remember that Bulwer-Lytton's son, "Owen Meredith," afterwards the first Earl of Lytton, acted at one time as British Minister at Lisbon. That was in his younger days, when he still versified. Every now and then fits of abstraction came upon him in the midst of his diplomatic duties.

One day when he was in the company of the reigning King Dom Luis, and the King-consort Dom Fernando, he asked them both to dinner, and they accepted his invitation. He went away and falling into a poetical mood, in which the question of rhymes absorbed all his thoughts, he quite forgot the dinner to which he had asked the two royalties. The appointed day arrived and so did they with their usual attendants, but not a single preparation had been made for them. Both Kings were, however, extremely good-natured men, and when they discovered the truth they simply forced Lytton to put on his hat and accompany them to the Necessidades Palace, where he was entertained on such "pot-luck" as the royal kitchens could provide.

When in 1877 I first saw Prince Carlos, who ultimately succeeded his father King Luis, he was merely a short and plump-looking lad of fourteen. Nine years later, in the month of May—that unlucky month for marriages—he espoused the Princess Marie Amélie, who was some two years his junior, having been born at Twickenham in 1865. That arch *intrigante*, the Comtesse de La Ferronnays, *née* Gibert, to whose *salon* in the Cours la Reine in Paris I had the *entrée*, was said to have promoted the match by placing a portrait of the princess in a conspicuous position, in the hope that it might attract the attention of the Portuguese Crown Prince when he visited her. Young Carlos observed the portrait, and speedily fell in love, as was only natural, for the Princess was then a very charming young person endowed with many of the good looks of her handsome mother, the Comtesse de Paris. A marriage was speedily arranged, but unluckily the Comte de Paris assumed too regal a manner in

connection with the wedding, and by inviting the members of the Corps diplomatique accredited to the French Republic to a state reception which he gave in the Faubourg Saint Germain, he drew on himself, on his family, and the Bonapartes also, the displeasure of the French authorities. The result was that, fearing a hostile vote in the legislature—for Clemenceau was on the war path—M. de Freycinet acquiesced in the expulsion of the chief members of the houses which had formerly reigned over France. An enactment to that effect ensued, and the Princes in question went once more into exile.*

In spite of all that, the marriage of Dom Carlos and the Princess Amélie was celebrated with great pomp at the Sé or cathedral of Lisbon. The Portuguese royal family, usually so unassuming, brought forth from its treasure-houses every vestige that it still possessed of the pomp and opulence of departed times. Gilded state coaches, gold bedizened liveries and trappings, again saw the light of day. Chamberlains and Kings-at-arms, pages and negro flunkeys appeared in the attire of past generations, soldiers were arrayed in new gala uniforms, flags fluttered, tapestries were hung from flower-adorned house-fronts, bells rang, guns boomed, trumpets blared—all was magnificence and exultation. The wonted display of the "Corpo de Deus" procession when "San Jorge" rode through the streets of Lisbon in shining armour amidst a great concourse of taper-bearing monks and red-cloaked citizens, paled before the ostentation of those royal nuptials. But *vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas*. We know how cruelly the union was dissolved two and twenty

* The whole affair is related in detail in my book "Republican France, 1870-1912," pp. 295 *et seq.*

years later, how, as Dom Carlos and Queen Amélie and their sons were driving to the Necessidades Palace by way of the Praça do Commercio and the street of the Arsenal, they were assailed by a band of assassins, how both the King and the Crown Prince, Luiz Felipe, were mortally wounded, and how the latter's brother Manoel escaped with a slight injury.* He ascended the throne, but before the third year of his reign had expired he was bombarded in his palace and driven into exile.

Of those tragical happenings there was no anticipation on the gay wedding-day of 1886. Still less was there any apprehension of revolution in 1877, for the Republican element in Portugal was then of small account. The country was not, however, particularly prosperous. There had been a financial crisis and some floods during the previous year, when the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) was for a short time the guest of the Court. Old Saldanha, the Portuguese Espartero, died about that time in London where he still represented his country though he was 90 years of age. He had made his last *pronunciamento* in 1870, when he was 84, and it was afterwards deemed best that he should be kept abroad, lest he should again indulge in something similar. The interesting King-consort, Dom Fernando, did not live to see the wedding of his grandson in 1886, for at the close of the previous year he was released by death from the suffering which had long been inflicted on him by a cancerous facial affection, brought about, it was said, by a fall. I believe that Dom Fernando was predeceased by his morganatic wife, and that the last years of his life were spent in the closest privacy.

* A full account of the crime is given in my volume on the Anarchists.

After visiting several interesting spots within easy access of Lisbon, we repaired, my father and I, to Oporto in order to inquire into the condition of the port-wine trade. We found that the wine lodges were situated at Villa Nova de Gaia on the left bank of the Douro. By far the greater part of the trade was in the hands of British firms, two of which, the house of Taylor, Fladgate and that of Croft and Co., dated back to the last years of the seventeenth century. Quite a number belonged to the ensuing hundred years, and thus the many roomy lodges of Villa Nova often had quite a venerable appearance. In Oporto itself we found the English club-house, formerly the headquarters of the British Factory—a body of merchants endowed with special privileges. British influence and the presence of a great amount of British capital were apparent on all sides. The brief financial crisis of 1876, which affected both the Bank of Portugal and the Union Bank of Oporto, had been due, I believe, to a scarcity of gold. For my part I seldom saw a Portuguese gold piece. The British sovereign and half-sovereign circulated everywhere. On the other hand, the Portuguese system of currency was a source of constant amusement, everything being calculated in *reis*—a standard of infinitesimal value. A thousand *reis* represented indeed less than 4s. 6d., nevertheless an hotel bill looked quite alarming when it ran into five or six figures.

The hotel at which we stayed at Oporto—the Hôtel de France—was, I believe, accounted a second-class establishment, but we secured large ground-floor rooms there, and the landlady was actually a French woman, who looked after the cuisine. Into that one statement I condense volumes. The

Portuguese themselves consume a great quantity of rice and few green vegetables. The chief produce of their country consists of wine, fruit, olives, oil and cork. On the coast the sardine fisheries thrive, and as a rule a good variety of fish is to be obtained in the coast towns. In the interior, however, *bacalhão*, otherwise dried cod, is a staple article of diet among the peasantry. In the Douro wilds I had to remain content with it on more than one occasion. The Portuguese, it should be noted, were the first to work the Newfoundland fisheries some four hundred years ago, and it was by way of Vianna, near the mouth of the Minho, that they chiefly imported cod. Thither also repaired the first English settlers, who supplied their native country with the wine of the garden-like province of Minho hundreds of years before the port trade sprang up. South of Vianna, by the way, is Braga, which, according to some accounts, supplied Ireland with her early Milesian kings. To return, however, to the question of Portuguese food, I remember that boiled fowl and rice was virtually a standing dish. There was also a kind of Irish stew, the recipe for which the Milesians may have carried with them to Dublin; and I further recall a much-appreciated dish of pig's head, boiled with turnips and haricot beans. At the Hôtel de France, however, we usually secured good average French cookery.

Either on account of that or by reason of the hotel's name, we were favoured for a few days with the company of M. de Laboulaye, French Minister at Lisbon, and son, I believe, of the well-known writer. He came to Oporto on the occasion of the inauguration of a new bridge, constructed to connect the lofty Douro cliffs above the city. All the

royalties attended, and the Portuenses gave themselves up to general merry-making. I learnt that the bridge, a daring bit of engineering, was the work of a Frenchman staying at the hotel, and it so chanced that on the same evening he sat beside me at the *table d'hôte*. We entered into conversation with the result that he gave me a photograph of the bridge, which my father sent to the *Illustrated London News*. About five and forty years of age, slim and black-bearded, this engineer, who was a native of Dijon, had acquired a reputation already in his twenty-sixth year, when he had designed and constructed the fine tubular iron railway-bridge spanning the Garonne at Bordeaux. The Dom Luis bridge at Oporto proved another feather in his cap, and twelve years later his name became known all the world over, for he was Alexandre Eiffel of the famous Tower.

I met other interesting people at the *table d'hôte* of the Hôtel de France. One was no less a personage than the King's tailor, a good-looking elderly man, *persona grata* among the young Portuguese nobles, whom he favoured with loans as well as with garments. He spoke French fluently and so did the charming young woman who sat at the lower end of the table whilst Laboulaye took the head of it. She was the *prima donna* of a Spanish operatic company then performing at Oporto. Though she was neither a Patti nor a Melba, she had a good voice and could act. I was the more interested in theatricals at that time as during the winter of 1875-6 I had become connected with a Paris house of entertainment—the Folies Bergère—where for fifteen months I discharged secretarial duties and initiated the engagement of some of the first English variety artists

that ever appeared in Paris. I also prompted the management to secure an English pantomime company, with the result that Fred Evans of Drury Lane and Tom Lovell, the Surrey clown, astonished the *habitués* of the Boulevards with a genuine harlequinade.* In one year the house, which had previously been in great difficulties, made a clear profit of £11,000.

To return, however, to the Spanish *prima donna*. Her good looks as well as her voice fascinated all the young bloods of Oporto, and she was besieged day after day with bouquets and *billets-doux*. Every evening all the *jeunesse dorée* who were privileged to go behind the scenes hovered about the door of her dressing-room. Every morning a similar crowd came in procession to the hotel. It was a furore, and no wonder. The Portuguese woman is not a beauty. In the lower class she is often strong, athletic, and fairly tall. I frequently noticed how well she walked whilst, bare-legged and bare-footed, she trod the cobbly streets of Oporto, goad in hand, whilst leading the oxen of her *carro*, or else with a burden poised upon her head. But I never saw her with a pretty face. The best looking women were those with a strain of Jewry in their veins. These, however, did not belong to the class to which I have referred. As a rule, both at Lisbon and at Oporto, if you perceived a really charming woman you might readily wager that she was Spanish. This explains the success of the *prima donna*. She was much amused by it, accepted all the bouquets until her sitting-room had been

* Several years ago I introduced some of my theatrical experiences into a romance which I entitled "The Lover's Progress" (Chatto & Windus).

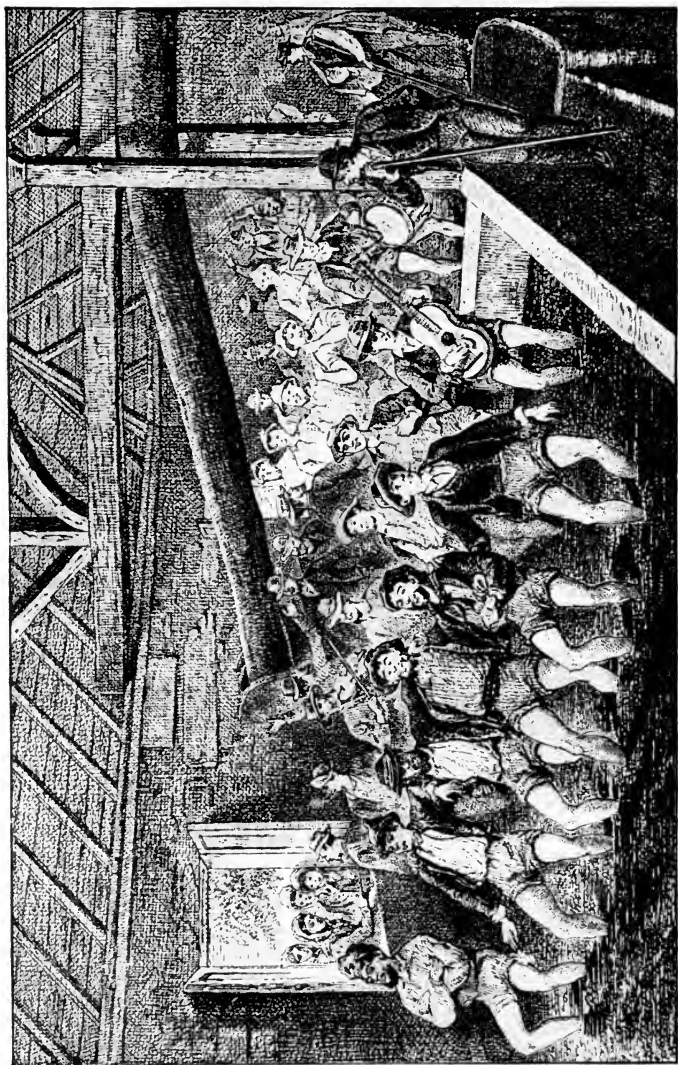
converted into a veritable bower, and left the *billets-doux* she received lying here and there, for the most part unopened. Three or four of us were privileged to sit with her at times and talk of Paris, Madrid and music, between our cigarettes; but she had provided herself with a very vigilant duenna, who proved an efficient match for every Don Juan that presented himself.

Among the works performed at Oporto by the Spanish operatic company were "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Dinorah," "Fra Diavolo," "Le Chalet," "La Fille du Régiment," and "Linda di Chamouni." Wagner was still virtually unknown in the Peninsula, and only once did I find Gounod's "Faust" billed at Madrid. It was, I believe, afterwards interdicted on religious grounds. At Oporto it was quaint to see ladies being carried to the theatre in sedan chairs which were often genuine relics of their grandmothers' days. By availing themselves of this old-fashioned means of locomotion the senhoras saved their feet from contact with the abominable cobbles which paved many of the streets and their heads from the shower-baths which, in the autumn, fell from the projecting trumpet-shaped gargoyles of the houses. Now and again in the evening, after leaving the theatre, I came upon a contrasting spectacle—a funeral procession, the hearse preceded and flanked by strangely costumed attendants who carried flaring torches. Burial at night was certainly the rule.

From Oporto we went to the Paiz vinhateiro, otherwise the region where port-wine is vintaged. It was an interesting journey. On quitting the rail-head—at Cahide if I remember rightly—I found that horses and an *arrieiro*, or groom, had been

provided as well as a carriage for our party. My father and a shipper who accompanied us availed themselves of the vehicle, but I preferred to mount one of the horses and ride with the *arrieiro* along the road skirting the Douro until, after passing the pleasant looking little town of Amarante—whose bridge was the scene of a lively encounter between French and English during the Peninsular war—we at last began to ascend the lowest spurs of the Serra do Marão, a mountain range which had to be crossed on the way to Regoa, which ranked as the chief place in the wine district. When we were near the steeper part of the mountain pass I dismounted and took a seat in the carriage, the horses drawing which were unharnessed at a wayside hostelry and replaced by oxen accustomed to draw vehicles over the serra. The horses followed us, loosely tethered to the back of the conveyance. Most of this part of our journey was made at night, and as we slowly ascended to the summit of the pass, the temperature became extremely keen. In the morning we were at Regoa, where we inspected several of the quintas, as the vineyards and their villas are called.

The next fortnight found us riding hither and hither through the region where the vintage was in full progress. Excepting on the road fringing the Douro, which flows swiftly between lofty terraced vine-planted hills, the country is not suited to vehicles. It is true that you occasionally see a low, cask-laden bullock-cart descending one of the break-neck hillside tracks, but these carts with their massive screeching wheels—of a type known to the Romans—can stand many a strain and blow which would speedily shatter an ordinary conveyance. Horse riding thus becomes imperative for the traveller



TREADING GRAPES FOR PORT WINE

who wishes to get about rapidly. My father was very unfortunate in his choice of a mount. Two horses had been provided, one a very lanky bony gelding, standing, I should say, nearly seventeen hands; and the other a thick-set pony of fairly attractive appearance and previously employed in mule-breeding. Being unaware of the latter circumstance, and opining that in the event of an accident on the villainous mountain roads he would fall from a shorter height if he mounted the pony, my father decided to do so, with very unpleasant results, however, for master pony was a gay Lothario, and became virtually unmanageable whenever a train of pack-laden asses happened to be in the neighbourhood. Both our horses were, however, usually very sure-footed in climbing or descending the rugged hills, and I found that my lanky brute could trot fairly well whenever we came upon a few furlongs of almost level road.

We witnessed the vintaging at several of the white-walled quintas, perched among olive trees and vines. Some were owned by leading shippers—Sandeman & Sons, Fladgate, Martinez Gassiot, Cockburn & Smithes, Silva and Cosens, Grahams, Warres, Feuerheerd, etc., or else the houses had purchased that season's crops. We were for a time in the company of Mr. Albert Sandeman, afterwards well known in the city of London as a Governor of the Bank of England; and I can recall the thoroughly English hospitality of which we partook at a quinta belonging to his firm. In that wild country, where scarcely a village could be found, the question of provisions was very important, and thus when the shippers or their agents stayed there during the vintage they usually sent up supplies from Oporto.

These supplies consisted largely of British products, and you sat down to York hams, pressed beef, ox-tongues, pickles, biscuits, Worcester sauce, cheddar, and marmalade. Although a light tawny port was the usual beverage—a wine rendered tawny by age, not the cheap stuff which takes that hue from an admixture of white wine—there was soda water if you desired to add it to a little native brandy, and of course there was the inevitable bottled beer, of which, according to the tales of travellers, so many discarded “empties” have been found in the wildest of the world’s wild regions. The only food which the Douro land itself provided was rye bread, eggs, scraggy poultry, and dried cod, otherwise *bacalhão*. At one village which we visited—a dirty, slushy place called Celleirós, I certainly found an infinity of pigs—pigs in the streets, pigs on the doorsteps, pigs again indoors—wallowing, grimy, gluttonous creatures on terms of the utmost familiarity with their owners and strongly suggesting a confirmation of the theory that the northern Portuguese and the Irish are racially allied.

The natives of the port-wine country—few in number—proved to be as a rule proud and gloomy, but sturdy and independent folk. They subsisted chiefly on dried cod, rye bread and vegetables. They were outwardly very religious—invariably attending the *misa das almas* early on Monday mornings before starting the week’s work. I found that although coffins were provided at funerals, the remains of the deceased were always taken out of them at the graveside and buried merely in shrouds. The same coffin, therefore, did duty over and over again. The peasants had a firm belief in the *lobis-homen*, or wehr-wolf, who was supposed to come at

night to disinter and feed upon newly buried bodies—this being the easier as there were no coffins to open. When I remarked upon that circumstance I was told that wood was very scarce in the district—the olive and occasionally the orange being virtually the only trees found there. Cuttings from these and from the vines were in winter the chief articles of fuel. Other superstitions besides that of the wehr-wolf were current. The screeching of an owl or the whining of a dog invariably foreshadowed misfortune, but on the other hand the creaking or *childreda* of the heavy wheels and axles of the primitive bullock-carts was supposed to ward off evil spirits.

The men of Traz-oz-Montes, in which province the port-wine region is situated, were, I learnt, particularly opposed to conscription, and so many young fellows emigrated to Brazil before attaining the age for military service. This accounted, in a measure, for the sparseness of the population. While superstition was so rife crime was not infrequent, and some ghastly stories were related of murders perpetrated for the sake of money—the victims generally being wine growers or their agents who were known to have recently received payment for the crops. At the vintage season women were recruited from various parts of the province and from the adjoining one of Entre-Douro-e-Minho. They went among the vines barefooted, plucking the grapes, or carrying heavy loads of them in tall baskets on their backs. Meanwhile, down the rapid Douro, hundreds of feet below them, careered high-prowed, flat-bottomed wine-laden boats, deftly steered past the shallows by means of long rudders, and, when the breeze was favourable, having their speed increased by means of huge full-spread sails. Every

now and again a boatman would take up some refrain which the vintage girls were singing on the terraced vineyards above the river. The favourite ditty at that time was one called "Marianinha." The tune was not displeasing, but the words were in part inane and in part coarsely suggestive, for which last reason the police prohibited the song in the towns. Up in the wilds, however, there were no police, and so "Marianinha" might be heard from one to the other end of the Alto Douro. The opening verse being free from objection, may be quoted :

"Mariana diz que tem
 Sete saias de riscado—
 Disengane o seu amor
 E naõ traga enganado !
 Mariana diz que tem, o meu bem !
 Sete saias de filó—
 Mentirosa Mariana,
 Que naõ tem uma só !"

"Mariana says she wears
 Seven petticoats all with stripes—
 Let her tell her lover the truth
 And no longer deceive him !
 Mariana says she wears, oh, my dear !
 Seven petticoats of cambric—
 What a liar is Mariana
 For not even one does she wear !"

When the grapes for making the wine had been gathered, they were conveyed to the pressing houses, and the baskets were then emptied into the lagars and trodden underfoot by men who were frequently Gallegos or Galicians, by whom indeed most of the hard and heavy work is done in Portugal. Musicians were invariably provided to enliven the treaders, who performed their task rhythmically and lustily to the strains of favourite airs. The scene

is shown in one of the illustrations to this volume, the moment which I selected when I made the sketch being one when the treading was nearly completed, the must, or new wine, rising to the men's thighs.* From that prolonged "bath of wine" they naturally emerged with purple legs. As the custom of treading the grapes—current in so many countries—might create misgivings in the minds of readers unacquainted with vinification, let me add that in the course of fermentation all impurities of whatever nature are thrown off. At one quinta which I visited there was a shortage of male labour, and a number of girls were therefore enlisted to tread the grapes. They did so very efficiently, gathering their skirts up about their waists and dancing at times to the sound of the music. They were certainly wearing no such superfluity of petticoats as the Mariana of the song claimed to wear, and the appearance of one or two may have been somewhat indecorous, particularly when they essayed bacchanalian figures amidst the half-pressed grapes.

During one of our rides through the region my father and I lost ourselves. When dusk was falling, however, we came to a pitiful little village called Ervedoza, and there secured shelter for the night, it being dangerous to ride along such abominable roads in the darkness. All we could obtain in the way of sustenance was some of the usual *bacalhão*, a few eggs, and some coffee, which we had to drink without milk or sugar. On the morrow, after being ferried with our horses across the Douro, we regained

* The illustration in question is taken from "Facts about Port," a book which I assisted my father to prepare and for which I made a very large number of drawings. The volume, which has long been out of print, treats also of the wines of Madeira and Tenerife.

our quarters at the Quinta Amarella, a vintaging-place belonging to Messrs. Martinez Gassiot & Co., who had placed it at our disposal. It stood just above a village of perhaps twelve houses which was called Pinhão, after a little river of that name which there joined the Douro. At this time the vintaging was already over and all the port-wine shippers had returned to Oporto. For hours every morning mists hung over the rivers and their hill-sides, and quinine had to be taken freely in order to guard against ague and similar ailments. A means was at last found to enable my father to make the journey to Oporto, but I remained with our *arrieiro* at the Quinta Amarella (otherwise the Yellow Quinta) for some ten days longer, profiting by the brighter hours to make further sketches, and to observe the late autumn work in the vineyards. During our stay at this spot we subsisted chiefly on some supplies sent from Oporto, and on sundry chickens of Pinhão, but every four or five days our *arrieiro* made a long journey on horseback for the purpose of securing a few pounds of very poor butcher's meat.

At last he and I departed and again made our way, this time on a bitterly cold night, over the pass of the Serra do Marão. At Oporto I found my father who had been pursuing his investigations among the wine-lodges and studying the merits of the particular port—a solera wine dating from 1827—of which several pipes were shipped every year by the Visconde Villar-Allen, through the German consul, to the Man of Blood and Iron, Prince Bismarck. Chambertin, we know, was his favourite wine; but he once declared that he had much the same reverence for port as Dr. Johnson had.

I returned home that year with my father

by way of Spain, stayed for a time at Madrid, and then, in order to reach Marseilles, went on to turbulent Barcelona—the scene of so many popular risings always fated to be unsuccessful as the city lies under the guns of the fortress of Monjuich, whence it could be destroyed in a few hours. Indeed, in 1842 Espartero actually turned those guns upon the town and great destruction and loss of life ensued.

Subsequent to our visit to Portugal I was often my father's companion in one or another part of France, notably in Champagne on whose wine he wrote two books, a volume of "Facts" and a very elaborate "History." I think as I pen these lines of my many sojourns at the old Hôtel du Lion d'Or at Reims, and of the great cathedral which then rose in venerable majesty—uninjured, except by time—on the other side of the square facing my window. I looked out at it every morning. I learnt to know by heart, as it were, each feature, each detail of the great portal. I saw the early worshippers pass in and out. There were times when I was among them. Again I see the impressive nave up which, as far as the entrance of the choir, the immortal Maid rode clad in armour, her banner in her grasp, on the day of the coronation of the "gentle King"—whom she had led victoriously to the sacred fane. And now? . . . I know no words adequate to express the horror and detestation which fill me at the thought of the abominable German Crime—not the worst, doubtless, in a long roll of stupendous misdeeds, but one which, even had there been none other, would have sufficed for the Recording Angel to brand the name of its perpetrators with uneffaceable infamy.

IV.

ROME AND THE KING.

Italy after Napoleon—The Cession of Savoy to France—The Occupation of Rome—King Victor-Emmanuel II—His thirst at Magenta—His Mother and his Wives—The Romans and his Death—Turin claims his Remains—The Lying-in-State at the Quirinal—The Obsequies—The Pantheon and the Clericalists—The Funeral Procession—A Memory of Clement VII—The Last Service—King Humbert and Queen Margherita—Their son Victor-Emmanuel III.

ON one of the first days of January, 1878, a dignitary of the Vatican sent a private intimation to Paris, to the effect that Pope Pius IX, who was then in his eighty-sixth year and who had been gradually sinking since the previous autumn, might die at any moment. A French press-agency, having heard of this report, asked me to go to Rome, and I immediately set out, travelling as fast as the circumstances of the time permitted. When I reached the Eternal City, however, the Pope's condition was still unchanged, but, quite unexpectedly, Victor-Emmanuel II, first King of United Italy, usually regarded as strong and hardy and only in his fifty-eighth year, was dying. After merely a few days illness he succumbed to pneumonia on the afternoon of January 9. Pope Pius survived until the 7th February.

After the downfall of Napoleon who for a brief space allotted to himself a so-called Italian Kingdom, political significance once more ceased to be attached to the name of Italy, which was again regarded as

merely a geographical expression. The country was divided into a variety of small states. Victor-Emmanuel I, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy, reigned in Piedmont. Austria, either directly or indirectly—that is through sundry Grand Dukes and Duchesses—ruled all the other northern parts of the peninsula. The central provinces formed the States of the Church, and the south, with Sicily, constituted the Kingdom of the Neapolitan Bourbons, restored after the fall of Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat. For many years the whole country, with the solitary exception of Piedmont, was governed in a most despotic manner, and conspiracies and rebellions were frequent. The greatest of these uprisings occurred after the French Revolution of 1848. The Grand Duke of Tuscany fled from Florence, and Pope Pius IX from Rome. Charles-Albert, then King of Sardinia—great-grandfather of the present Italian sovereign—took the field in support of the popular cause, but was vanquished at Novara by the Austrian Marshal Radetzy; and the French—then governed by the Prince-President Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III—restored the Pope as a temporal sovereign. Further oppression and further conspiracies ensued, but in 1859 the despotism of the then young Austrian Emperor, the present Francis-Joseph, provoked Napoleon III to declare war upon him.

In return for his intervention, Victor-Emmanuel II of Sardinia—son of Charles-Albert, who had abdicated in his favour and retired to Lisbon where he died in the year of his downfall—covenanted to cede to France, subject to a plebiscitum, the Duchy of Savoy and the county of Nice, which constituted his ancestral patrimony. Not only, however, were

both of these provinces situated on the French side of the Alps, but the French language and indeed the French races of Dauphiné and Provence had predominated there for many centuries. Here I must open a parenthesis. Victor-Emmanuel was blamed by many writers for ceding Savoy and Nice, and Napoleon III was charged with virtually stealing those provinces. But I hold that the plebiscitum respecting their incorporation in French territory was perfectly genuine. Five and thirty years ago I married a Savoisiennne. Her father had been and remained an enthusiastic partisan of the annexation of Savoy to France. Her uncle, General Molard, a member of one of the very oldest families of Savoy, and at one time commander of the Savoyard division of the Piedmontese army, was of like opinion. Indeed I have never met a single Savoyard who regretted the annexation to France, and those who could remember it invariably told me that it had coincided with the wishes of an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants. It could not well have been otherwise, either on ethnographical or on geographical grounds.

In return for the cession of Savoy and Nice Napoleon III promised to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, and a brief but brilliant campaign ensued, illustrated by such battles as Palestro, Montebello, Marignano, Magenta and Solferino. But, on it coming to the knowledge of the French Emperor that Prussia was secretly mobilising, with the object of—already then, 1859—attacking the eastern frontier of France,* he hastily concluded a treaty with

* That fact has been overlooked again and again in works dealing either with the life of Napoleon III or with the relations of France and Italy.

Austria. Lombardy then passed to the Sardinian crown, but Austria retained possession of Venetia and control over Tuscany. The Tuscans, however, rid themselves of their Grand Duke, and Parma, Modena and the Romagna also declared for annexation to Sardinia. Meantime, that famous Knight-errant, Giuseppe Garibaldi, resolved to liberate Naples and Sicily from Bourbon despotism. After that had been accomplished the King of Sardinia became King of Italy and made Florence instead of Turin his capital. The inhabitants of the latter city were vexed by the change. They would have been well pleased had the capital been transferred to Rome, but that it should be shifted from the banks of the Po to those of the Arno proved somewhat galling to local pride. The Florentines, on the other hand, were delighted, and deemed the change the more auspicious as it coincided with the sixth hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante.

But war again supervened. In 1866 the Italians joined Prussia against Austria, and although they were defeated both on land and at sea they gained Venetia through the mediation of Napoleon III. Some of the papal territory was afterwards occupied by Victor-Emmanuel's forces, but French troops garrisoned Rome itself and the Empress Eugénie prevailed on her husband to uphold the sway of Pius IX. For France that proved a grievous blunder, for had she conceded Rome to the jurisdiction of the Italian kingdom Italy would have stood by her in the Franco-German War of 1870-71. By promising the Eternal City to the Italian Government, Bismarck secured the latter's neutrality. Circumstances constrained France to withdraw her troops from Rome, and on September 20, 1870, an Italian

army under General Cadorna, father of the present general of that name, seized the long-coveted prize, and Italy was finally united. The idea of the reunion of all the Italian states under the sovereignty of the House of Savoy had been current as far back as 1840. It had been sedulously nursed by such statesmen as Gioberti, Balbo and Massimo d'Azeglio even before Cavour made it the keystone of his policy, and in the fulness of time it became an accomplished fact.

Curiously enough, the first sovereign of united Italy dwelt little at Rome. Reasons of state compelled him to stay at the Quirinal from time to time, but he infinitely preferred his old home in Piedmont. He had no love for court ceremonial. Hunting and shooting appealed to him far more. He was a good fighter, and had an amorous disposition suggesting that of Henry of Navarre. He fought under his father at Goito and Novara in 1849, and ten years later he took the field with his troops against the Austrians. My uncle Frank, the war-artist, who was then for a while attached to his staff, used to relate how on the very hot day of Magenta—hot in more than one respect—the King ended by dismounting and directing operations from a hill-side on which he seated himself with his officers. The scorching sun-rays beat down upon them, and before long their thirst became intolerable. Frank and an orderly at last went in search of water, and on obtaining some from a well in a cottage garden brought it back in a pail, together with a cup which the peasant woman had supplied. Victor-Emmanuel, however, brushed the cup aside, and taking the pail with both hands raised it to his lips and drank long and deeply. His officers preferred to use the smaller vessel.

It may be pointed out that although Victor-Emmanuel was so often at variance—at times at war—with Austria, he was the son of an Austrian princess, the Archduchess Theresa, and that he married another Archduchess—Adelaide, who bore him two sons and two daughters—Humbert (Umberto) who succeeded him; Amadeo, sometime King of Spain; Maria Pia who became Queen of Portugal, and Clotilde who married Prince Napoleon, son of King Jérôme. The present head of the Bonaparte family and his brother the Russian general were the issue of that marriage. In 1855, when he was thirty-five years old, Victor-Emmanuel lost his wife, and for some years afterwards he engaged in a variety of passing love affairs which helped to procure him the well-known nickname of *il Rè galantuomo*. In 1872, however, when he was in his fifty-second year, he elected to become less wayward, and made his favourite mistress, Rosa Verzellana, whom he had created Contessa di Mirafiore, his morganatic wife.

The personal popularity of this Savoyard prince rivalled that of Garibaldi, to whom some moderates as well as the conservatives took exception, whereas the King was a very general favourite. In that respect I ought perhaps to except Rome, for apart from the hostility of the Vatican party one should also remember how very infrequent were Victor-Emmanuel's sojourns in the Eternal City, in such wise that the Romans saw little of him. At all events, although the greatest decorum was observed at his obsequies and people flocked in their thousands to witness the pageantry, there was really very little sign of popular grief. Turin on such a day would have been all lamentation.

The predominant feeling in Rome was one of surprise at the suddenness of the King's death. Only once previously had he really been seriously ill—that is in 1855, when he lost his mother, his wife and his brother, and was himself prostrated by the same contagious fever which snatched them away. When Pius IX heard that Victor-Emmanuel was dying he remembered that he was a Christian, and had the good sense and taste to send two prelates of his household, Mgr. Marinelli and Mgr. Cenni, with the apostolic benediction. The dying monarch received the sacraments, and his eldest son and the latter's wife were summoned to the bedside. A few others were afterwards admitted, but the King could take no leave of them for he was already expiring. Four days previously La Marmora, his most famous general, Garibaldi excepted, had passed away at Florence.

On hearing of the King's death Turin asked that his remains might be interred, like those of his fore-runners, at the mausoleum of La Superga—perched on a hill in the vicinity of the city and overlooking the entire Piedmontese plain from the Po to the Alps. The new monarch, King Humbert, replied, however, that by the national desire his father would be buried at Rome. On the other hand, he promised to send Victor-Emmanuel's sword to his former capital. Two days after the King's demise his body lay in state in the great hall of the Palace of the Quirinal, whither, day by day and until the morning of January 17, thousands of people flocked to see it. The new sovereign and his wife had usually resided at the Quirinal in previous years. Pius IX also had dwelt there—and not at the Vatican—until he was driven from Rome in 1849.

Eleven years later the ex-King of Naples and his consort found there a temporary asylum. In more distant days—the palace was built by Gregory XIII some 340 years ago—more than one Pope had been elected at the Quirinal. The great hall in which Victor-Emmanuel's remains lay in state was very lofty and nearly two hundred feet in length. Crimson damask draped the walls below the frescoes, and on a platform, reached by several steps, stood a large *catafalque*, girt by guards and flaring candelabra. Upon it lay the bier with the King's body cloaked in the red mantle of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus, under which you caught glimpses of a general's uniform. The expression of the monarch's characteristic face seemed—though the huge bristling moustache and imperial were still there—to be less stern than it had appeared to me when I had seen him at Vienna. At the King's feet were the emblems of his departed sovereignty, the Italian royal crown, and the iron crown of Lombardy—the latter enclosed in a circlet of gold and gems. And there was yet a third crown, formed of oak leaves and acorns—a fine specimen of the art of the famous goldsmith, Castellani.

While the Romans, displaying more curiosity than sorrow, were defiling past their late sovereign's remains, foreign princes and other representatives were arriving for the obsequies. Among them were Dom Carlos, Crown Prince of Portugal, and his mother, Queen Maria Pia, daughter of the deceased. Austria sent the Archduke Rainer, who was allied to the House of Savoy; Germany despatched the Crown Prince Frederick; France was represented by Marshal Canrobert and, very appropriately, by the Marshal-President's eldest son, young Patrice de

MacMahon, who now bears the ducal title of Magenta, which his father won in fighting for Italy. The British representative was Lord Roden.

The morning of January 17, the day appointed for the obsequies, was a somewhat sharp one, but the streets of Rome were thronged at an early hour. The appearance of the city was, by the way, different in many respects from that of present times. It is true that great suburban building enterprises had already been started, with, however, far less justification than at Berlin—for whereas the German capital is largely an industrial city, Rome has scarcely any manufactures at all, and the chief *raison d'être* for the erection of dwellings for the poorer classes was that a certain number of the latter would be driven from their homes by the improvements in the more central quarters which were contemplated. A little progress had been made in that respect already, but the municipality, like the State, was poor, and the semi-rejuvenation of Rome observable to-day took place chiefly in King Humbert's time.

It had been decided that the remains of Victor-Emmanuel should be laid to rest in the Pantheon, a resolution which angered most of the clericalists, who would have preferred to see the King buried anywhere but in the Eternal City. The choice of the Pantheon, which Boniface IV consecrated early in the seventh century to the Blessed Virgin and all the Martyrs, seemed to them to be an insult. The pile dates, of course, from pagan times and would appear to have been erected by Augustus's son-in-law, Agrippa, prior to the birth of Christ. It was originally dedicated to Jupiter Ultor and all the Gods. When it was consecrated by Boniface IV he buried there a number of early Christians whose



VICTOR-EMMANUEL II
First King of United Italy

remains were removed from some of the catacombs. Constructed of bricks originally faced with marble, and disfigured by modern turrets, the edifice presented in my time a most neglected and decaying appearance. It naturally lacked its original adornments, Rome having been sacked so many times. One of the Popes, moreover, removed its bronze work, which he used for the great *baldacchino* at St. Peter's. In like way he despoiled the building of most of its marble.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when the funeral procession quitted the Quirinal for the Pantheon. The procession was two miles in length, and took four hours to reach its destination. In advance of the hearse came bodies of troops, both horse and foot, deputations of all the state services, Knights of the Annunziata, envoys of foreign states, princes of reigning houses, and then the late King's aide-de-camp, General Medici, who carried his master's sword, the bottom of the scabbard resting on his saddle bow, and the hilt being raised aloft. Medici grasped the weapon firmly about the middle, and it was said that his arm never once relaxed throughout that long ride. The hearse was drawn by eight horses with great trappings emblazoned with the shield of Savoy. There were six pall-bearers, Depretis, then Prime Minister, Crispi who was Minister of the Interior, the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber and two Knights of the Annunziata. Beside the hearse walked several dismounted cuirassiers, and behind it came two masters of ceremonies, one bearing the iron crown, and the other leading the late King's charger, once no doubt a fine and vigorous animal, but one which had reached its thirtieth year, a venerable age for the equine

species. Victor-Emmanuel's brother, ex-King Amadeo of Spain, walked alone as chief mourner. Then again there came troops, and four score regimental flags, many of which had plainly been pierced and rent in battle. Next there were more deputations—deputations of every possible description—and finally yet more soldiers bringing up the rear. There were dense crowds in the streets and on the piazzas. Women thronged the balconies, many of which, though by no means all of them, were covered with black hangings. Wherever you saw a house which displayed no such sign of mourning you realised that it belonged to somebody who upheld the Temporal Power and regarded the late King as an usurper and a despoiler of the Patrimony of the Church.

It was a quarter-past one o'clock in the afternoon when the service began in the Pantheon. The rotunda, nearly 150 feet in diameter, with a height of 160 feet—that is to the summit of the dome—was hung overhead with transparent draperies in the centre of which shone a large silver star on a field of azure. The half dozen lateral chapels were shut off by hangings, black and gold. I had seen the work being done on the previous day, and the Italian friend who was acting as my cicerone, then said to me while pointing to one of the chapels: "That is Pope Clement VII's chapel." I knew that many Clements had occupied the Holy See, but I did not readily identify the seventh of them. I thought of the one who suppressed the Templars, but reflected that he was buried at Avignon. My friend came to my help, however. "Surely you remember," said he. "That was a Pope of particular interest to Englishmen. He lived in the time of

your Henry VIII." At once everything flashed upon me—Henry, Katherine of Aragon, Wolsey and the Reformation. "Perhaps you now realise," my friend resumed, "one of the reasons why the Blacks (the clericalists) resent the burial here of one whom they regard as an usurping King. It is like an insult, like an act of defiance, offered to the ashes of one whom other monarchs defied and buffeted sorely in his lifetime."

Around the black and ermine *catfalque* standing in the rotunda, were lions couchant and candelabra, tiers and tiers, as it were, of tapers, whilst on the great cornice up above stood helmeted firemen, in readiness, I presume, to give their services should any accident occur. On one side of the high altar was a carpeted space for diplomatists and ministers of state, and on the other were some gilded seats and praying cushions for the princes attending the ceremony. When the procession arrived it was met at the door of the Pantheon by a body of clergy, and the heavy coffin was carried in by sixteen stalwart cuirassiers, and placed by them upon the *catfalque*. They afterwards drew a black velvet pall over the bier, and ranged themselves around it as guards of honour. Insignia and wreaths were deposited here and there. The officiating priest was a certain Don Luigi Lauri, a short and dusky man. An orchestra had been provided and often accompanied the choir. The service was relatively short, and the singing did not equal that which I afterwards heard at the obsequies of Pius IX.

Thus all that was mortal of Victor-Emmanuel II passed to the tomb, and King Humbert reigned in his stead. The new monarch was only in his thirty-fourth year, and although he already followed his

father's practice of cultivating a remarkable moustache, he did not look by any means so fierce as he appeared to be in his later years. Why kings should desire to look fierce I cannot say. The idea must have originated in the long ago when so many ruled by fear. King Humbert was in reality a very amiable and liberal-minded man. Émile Zola, who had a long conversation with him at the Quirinal in the nineties, was quite impressed by his geniality and liberal views. We know, however, that his life was twice attempted—first by Passanante in November, 1878, when he was saved by the interposition of his Prime Minister Cairoli, and secondly by Acciarito in 1897, when his agility saved him from a dangerous dagger thrust; and that finally he was shot dead by Bresci at Monza in 1900.* These successive crimes were, however, perpetrated by Anarchists. Amongst all other classes of Italians Humbert was deservedly popular. He never spared himself during the inundations, earthquakes, and outbreaks of cholera which occurred during his reign. On succeeding to the throne he paid off his father's many debts—a man can scarcely be a *rè galantuomo* without incurring debts—and at times of public calamity he behaved so very generously that when he died he likewise left his affairs in an extremely involved state.

I never heard a word of scandal in connection with King Humbert. He was devoted to his wife, and she to him. It had originally been intended that, like his father and his grandfather before him, he should espouse an Austrian princess. But the Archduchess selected to be his bride, a daughter of

* The assassination and the earlier attempts are described in detail in my volume on the Anarchists.

Archduke Albert, was accidentally burnt to death, and in 1868 he married his first cousin Margherita, daughter of his uncle Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, by the Princess Elizabeth of Saxony. When I first saw Queen Margherita ten years later she still looked quite young, with a most delicate complexion and deep blue eyes. Not only, however, did her beauty charm the Italians, they also learned to appreciate her qualities of heart and mind. The present King, Victor-Emmanuel III, is her elder son.

At his birth in November, 1869, he received the title of Prince of Naples, and it is not without interest, perhaps, to point out that in the house of Savoy successive heirs-apparent have borne quite different titles. For instance, Victor-Emmanuel II was known as Duke of Savoy before he succeeded his father Charles-Albert as King of Sardinia ; whereas Humbert was styled Prince of Piedmont prior to his accession. I remember that soon after he became King the Duke of Abercorn arrived at Rome at the head of an English mission and with much solemnity invested him with the Order of the Garter. That was, I think, the concluding ceremony in connection with the young King's accession. Pageantry had to be put aside for he soon found himself confronted by many cares. The matrimonial entanglements of the pro-German Minister of the Interior, Crispi, led to a crisis, and the Depretis ministry was replaced by one under the honest and liberal-minded Benedetto Cairoli. It was in the midst of this, if I remember rightly, that the aged and enfeebled Pius IX at last passed away.

V.

ROME AND THE POPE.

The Last Days of Papal Rule—The great Antonelli Scandal—The Death of Pius IX—A glance at his Career—The Religious Features of his Pontificate—Verifying his Death—The Lying-in-state in St. Peter's—The Entombment—The Conclave for a Papal Election—The System of Voting—Some of the Papabili in 1878—Chances for and against Cardinal Pecci—He is elected and becomes Leo XIII—Concluding Remarks.

DURING my stay in Rome I found it very difficult to discriminate between the assertions of the rival parties. I endeavoured to glean some information respecting the final period of Papal rule. Roman nationalists replied by declaring that the city had then become a den of infamy, where shameless vice was openly flaunted. The clergy, it was said, paid little heed to their vows, the French garrison had a share in the general immorality, and the coming of the Italian troops under Cadorna—whom La Marmora succeeded for a while as Viceroy—had proved beneficial in two ways, first in correcting the city's morals, and secondly in cleansing it of garbage and improving the general sanitation, which had been grossly neglected under the Papal *régime*, frequent epidemics being the result. On the other hand nothing whatever was alleged against the character of Pope Pius. He was blamed solely for foolish obstinacy and for placing undue reliance on his chief minister, the notorious Cardinal Antonelli.

When I spoke on these subjects to partisans of the Temporal Power, some of them waxed extremely indignant, protesting that except in regard to the cleanliness of the city streets there was no truth whatever in the nationalist allegations. If sanitation and similar matters had been neglected, said they, that had been due solely to the impoverishment of the Papal Treasury, and nobody had regretted the enforced neglect more than His Holiness and his counsellors. Other persons, however, went so far as to admit that a few prelates had certainly led scandalous lives and that their bad example had infected some of the lower clergy. But these instances were not numerous, and to compare the state of Rome in the latter years of the sway of Pius IX to the far-away turpitudes of Avignon was shameful exaggeration. Antonelli, personally, found few defenders. It was admitted that his love affairs had been frequent, and the one excuse for them was that although he had been created a Cardinal he had never been ordained a priest.

A famous lawsuit in connection with his estate was pending at the time of my stay in Rome. Antonelli had died in 1876 at the age of seventy, leaving a fortune of £1,600,000, greatly to the astonishment of Pope Pius, for the deceased had been quite a poor man when he first entered the papal service in a subordinate capacity, and could only have amassed such a huge fortune by wilfully plundering the revenues of the Church. No claim, however, was preferred in that respect, but shortly after Antonelli's death a certain Countess Loreta Lambertini asserted a right to the entirety of his estate on the ground that she was his daughter by a foreign lady of title, whom he had actually married, the union being allowable,

as he had never been a priest and was therefore not bound by any vows. However, the Cardinal had left a will apportioning his wealth among his three brothers, Counts Gregorio, Angelo and Luigi Antonelli, and two female relatives. These heirs naturally disputed the Countess Lambertini's claim, and lengthy legal proceedings ensued. According to the Italian law, if the plaintiff should succeed in establishing her assertion that she was the Cardinal's legitimate daughter, his will would have no value, as it was not allowable for him to disinherit legitimate offspring. On the other hand, if the Countess could prove that she was his natural daughter by an unmarried woman, and if proof were also forthcoming that he had never been ordained, she would be entitled to at least some share of the estate. It might be established, however, that she was *una figlia sacrilegia*, if, for instance, (1) her reputed father had been ordained at the time when she was conceived, or (2) if her real mother had been another man's wife. In either of the latter instances she would only be entitled to some modest alimony.

It follows that there were several issues before the courts, and, if I remember rightly, some attention was paid to all of them; but the Countess's chief claim—that of being a legitimate daughter—was naturally the one that led to most argument. The Antonelli family did not at first seem inclined to dispute the assertion that the Countess Loreta was the Cardinal's daughter, and such, indeed, was generally believed to be the case; but it was argued that she was an adulterous child, her real mother having been a married woman. She was born in 1855, at which date births were not officially recorded in the Papal States, and the only documents

relating to her identity were, first, an entry in a baptismal register, and, secondly, an entry in a marriage one. The first of these entries showed that she had been baptised by the name of Loreta, daughter of Angelo Marconi and of Antonia Ballerini, his lawful wife, by whom she had undoubtedly been reared; and the second proved that she had married under the name of Loreta Marconi.

Both King and Pope might die, but, however great might be the issues which such events involved, the Romans found plenty of time to discuss the Antonelli scandal. In 1878 the Countess was a shapely young woman with a full face, an abundance of black hair, and large dark but lustrous eyes. She often showed herself wearing a white mantilla. She gave evidence in person before one of the courts, but neither she nor her few witnesses could prove that she was Antonelli's daughter by any foreign lady of rank. Under these circumstances the judges decided the case, as in law they were bound to do, on the documentary evidence tendered by the defence; and, coming to the conclusion that the plaintiff was really the daughter of Angelo and Antonia Marconi,* and nobody else, they dismissed her action. She appealed against that decision—more than once, if I remember rightly; but early in July, 1879, the supreme court finally pronounced against her. I was not then in Italy. The view I formed of the case in the previous year was that Antonelli might well have been the Countess's father and Signora Marconi her mother.

After the obsequies of Victor-Emmanuel I more than once thought of quitting Rome, but as I had

* The reader should remember that the name of Marconi is a common one in some parts of Italy.

gone there in connection with the expected demise of Pope Pius, and the reports respecting his health were very bad, I lingered on, spending much of my time in visiting churches and galleries. The aged Pontiff had been in a very feeble state since the latter part of the previous year, suffering not only from cough and catarrh, but also from attacks of an epileptical character. It was opined on many sides that his death might make a great change in the Catholic world. Not only might the question of the relations of the Vatican and the Quirinal be reopened, but there was the strife between Bismarck and the German episcopacy to be considered. Thus, although most of the attention of Europe was then given to the Near East, where the war between Russia and Turkey—the war to which the ungrateful Bulgarians owed their freedom—was fast drawing to a close, there were a good many people who found time to glance in the direction of Rome, wondering what would happen there on the death of the old Pope. He passed away on the afternoon of February 7, after sinking gradually since the previous night. He was still quite conscious when he partook of the last sacrament, but the power to articulate was then already failing him.

His career had been the most eventful that had fallen to the lot of any Pontiff since the days of Napoleon's harshness. Those days Pope Pius could personally remember, for he came into the world in May, 1792. Son of Count Mastai-Ferretti, his birthplace was Sinigaglia, near Ancona on the Adriatic shore; and on the wall of a little cottage in the neighbourhood people used to be shown a quaint inscription in Italian, to this effect: "MDCCCXLVI. Know, O Passer-by, that in this

cottage, given by Count Mastai-Ferretti to a peasant family of his estates, Pius IX, P.O.M., was suckled, together with myself, Domenico Governatori, by my mother Marianna Chiavini.* Oh, if the dear, good, old woman were still alive, what comfort, what delight, would be hers!"—that is, what delight she would have felt had she known to what a lofty station her foster child had attained. After taking orders the future Pontiff soon attracted the attention of his superiors. He was sent on a mission to Peru when he was barely thirty. Four years later he was made a Bishop, and he was only forty-eight when Gregory XVI created him a Cardinal. On the death of Gregory in June, 1846, Mastai-Ferretti—then but four and fifty—succeeded him, though not at the first voting of the College of Cardinals, for the Conclave lasted some forty-eight hours. Pius had in his favour, in addition to his attainments, a generous disposition, a dignified but easy bearing, and a handsome face. Judging by the portraits of Popes that I have seen I should think he was one of the best-looking that ever occupied St. Peter's chair. He had, however, a somewhat hasty temper, and became in time extremely obstinate.

I have already alluded to the troubles of the earlier part of his reign, but a few more particulars may be given. There is plenty of evidence to show that he was at first strongly inclined towards the redemption of Italy from foreign sway. There was some talk in those times of a confederacy of the Italian states under the presidency, so to say, of the Holy See. At all events Pope Pius at one moment placed his little army at the disposal of the Liberal cause, and even received from Garibaldi an offer

* Her maiden name.

of services. He also carried out various reforms in the Papal States, improved the lot of the Jews, and tempered the severity of the censorship. But pressure was brought to bear upon him—perhaps at Austrian instigation—and he became frightened of the ultimate consequences of the nationalist movement. He then modified and curtailed his reforms, took Count Pelegrino Rossi as his chief minister, and when Rossi had been assassinated evinced open hostility to the popular cause. At last came his flight to Gaeta, and Rome momentarily became a Republic ruled by a triumvirate composed of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. Pius was restored, however, by the French, whose bayonets propped up the Temporal Power during the next twenty years. The severance between the Holy See and the aspirations of modern Italy became complete. The Pope was no longer regarded as the friend of liberty, but as one of its chief opponents.

From the religious standpoint the Pontificate of Pius IX was rendered memorable by the promulgation of the "Syllabus" in 1864, the enforcement of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and the proclamation of Papal Infallibility. This, at one moment, almost led to a serious schism, many prelates being opposed to it; but eventually in July, 1870, the Œcumenical Council assembled at the Vatican since the previous year, passed a decisive vote, 533 members being favourable to the proposed dogma, and only two venturing on open opposition. It is true, however, that several members did not vote but retired from the Council. A few months later the Italian troops were in Rome. Italy offered various guarantees as well as a liberal revenue to the occupant of the Holy See, but the Pope

would enter into no negotiations. He preferred to issue futile protests and to shut himself up in the Vatican, where he declared himself to be a prisoner. His three successors have persevered in the same course.

The last notable event of Pius's Pontificate was the jubilee of his elevation to episcopal rank. This jubilee was celebrated in June, 1877, and as it happened to coincide with some anniversary of the Italian constitution there were celebrations on the same day on both sides of the Tiber. Victor-Emmanuel, on the one hand, reviewed his army, and Pius on the other received the homage and offerings of the faithful. The pecuniary offerings amounted to £860,000. But months of suffering ensued and Pius died. Before his demise was officially recognised, his Camerlingo—the chief official of the Apostolic Chamber—approached the bedside, carrying a little silver hammer, and tapped the forehead of the corpse thrice, whilst calling “Pius, Pius, Pius!” Then, having received no answer, the Camerlingo turned to the other ecclesiastics who were present, and said to them: “The Pope is dead.” I have read that this curious method of verifying the demise of the Pontiff has now fallen into desuetude, and was observed neither at the death of Leo XIII nor at that of Pius X. Such may be the case; but with respect to Pius IX I heard the ceremony mentioned more than once whilst I was in Rome.

On the day following the death of the Pope there was a private lying-in-state at the Vatican. The body of the deceased was washed by some Penitentiaries of St. Francis, who also watched over it when it had been laid out on the little iron death-bed. Prelates, chamberlains, and nobles were admitted to see it, and

kneeling by the bedside kissed one or other of the feet. I was not privileged to witness that scene, nor was I present at the embalming of the remains, in which, I was told, as many as nine medical men participated. The next morning, when the private lying-in-state was resumed, several ladies and children of noble families were admitted. In the afternoon the remains, which had hitherto been garbed in the deceased's customary white cassock, were robed in full pontificals, including a mitre, and placed upon a couch. A little crucifix, with which the late Pontiff had for the last time blessed the ecclesiastics present at his death, was next laid upon his breast. Then a procession was formed of Noble guards with swords, Swiss guards with halberds, servants with lighted torches, cardinals, priests, officials of all kinds, and the couch was borne amidst solemn chanting along Raffaele's Loggie, thence through the Sala ducale, the Sala regia, and the private passage which supplies communication between the Vatican and St. Peter's. There it was placed on a raised platform in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the gates of which were shut. Huge candles flared around the bier, and a solemn service was celebrated by a Canon of the Basilica.

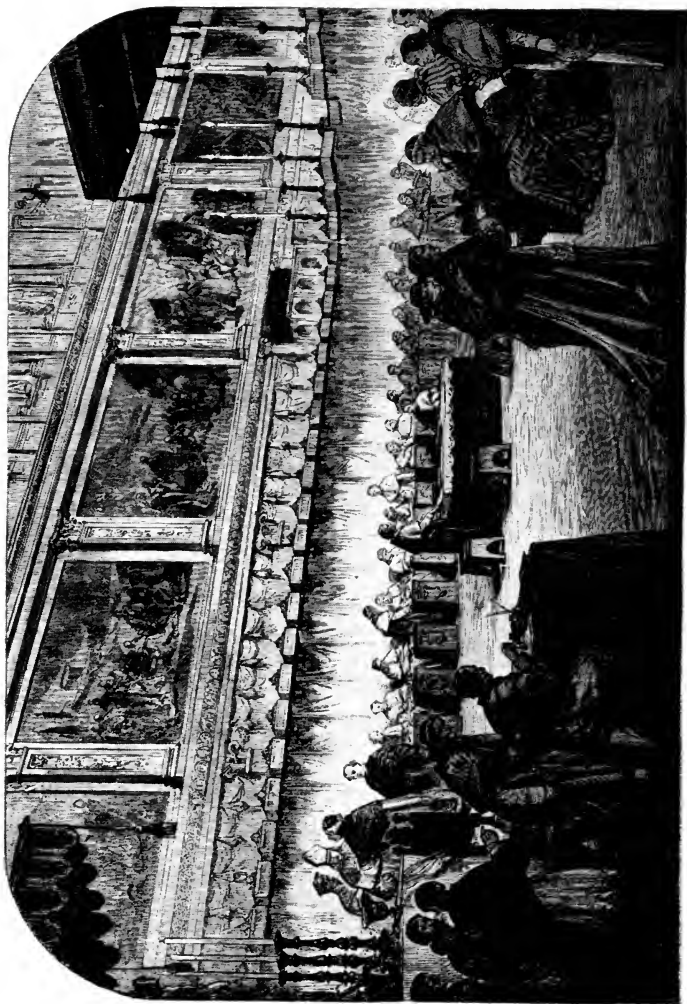
The body was so placed that the feet virtually touched the rails of the chapel-gates. There were no hose upon those feet, which were almost as white as marble—as was indeed the Pontiff's placid face—but some little red slippers, of the kind which the French call *mules*, just covered the toes of the feet, and on kneeling on the other side of the gate you could easily kiss the tips of the slippers. A huge concourse of people crowded St. Peter's in order to do so, and I saw many peasant women weeping.

Other folk, however, appeared to be merely curious, as had been the case at Victor-Emmanuel's funeral. They knelt, kissed the slippers, and then passed on, chatting together with great composure.

This public lying-in-state lasted several days, and then the remains were removed to the chapel of the Canons' Choir, and hoisted into a receptacle—perhaps I ought to say a sarcophagus—above the choir entrance. The ceremony was curious and in part imposing. There was a great procession which included more than fifty cardinals, with many other ecclesiastics and officials, and guards galore—Nobles, Palatines, Swiss, and Gendarmes. A coffin of cypress wood was in readiness, enclosed in another one of lead, and when these coffins had been duly blessed, incensed and sprinkled with holy water by the chief Canon of St. Peter's, a major-domo laid a handkerchief on the face of the corpse, which was placed in the cypress coffin. The same major-domo next took up three gold embroidered bags, each of which contained thirty-one medals, of gold, silver or bronze, their number corresponding with the completed years of the recent pontificate. The bags were deposited in the coffin beside the body, together with a metal case containing an eulogium of the deceased, inscribed on parchment. Before the cypress coffin was screwed down final absolution was given, and a red coverlet was spread over the remains. Then a purple ribbon cross was deposited on the coffin-lid and several seals were affixed by the Camerlingo, the Vicar-General, the major-domo, and members of the Chapter. Next came the soldering of the leaden coffin, and when this also had been sealed, and some minutes of the proceedings had been read by the Notary of the Vatican, it was enclosed

in another coffin of chestnut wood, the whole afterwards being hoisted aloft by means of a scaffolding and placed in the receptacle to which I previously referred. When this temporary resting-place had been closed you perceived on its face the laconic inscription: "Pius IX." During the proceedings which I have enumerated the choir sang the "Benedictus" and several psalms. A number of huge wax torches lighted the scene; but save for the lamps burning before the Tomb of the Apostles all the rest of St. Peter's was in gloom. Among the many Cardinals who stood around were Manning, bent and withered, Howard, looking very dignified, and Bonaparte with a profile unquestionably suggesting that of the great man of his race. During certain parts of the service more than one old prelate broke down, and every now and again a sob or a wail was heard. Following these obsequies came a succession of Requiem masses, in the celebration of which the famous choir of the Sistine Chapel participated.

The death of a Pope is always followed by an interregnum during which the Holy See is virtually in the charge of the Camerlingo, who makes all the necessary preparations for the Conclave which is summoned to elect a new Pontiff. The circumstances in which the Church found itself at the death of Pius IX made it necessary to hold the Conclave for the election of his successor at the Vatican, and nowhere else; it being requisite that from the moment of his election the new Pope should never again ride through the streets of Rome or tread their pavements. The Vatican, its gardens and St. Peter's, would constitute the entirety of his personal domain or "prison," for so had policy dictated. In former days some



A CONCLAVE IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

Conclaves had been held at the Lateran, others at the Pantheon, and more modern ones chiefly at the Quirinal. But an usurper now occupied that palace, and to have held a Conclave anywhere but in the Vatican would have appeared to indicate that the Church militant was weakening and willing to depart from its policy of protest against Italian intrusion.

To the Vatican, then, all the Cardinals betook themselves, whether they were already in Rome or came from other parts of Italy or else from other countries. Sixty-two of them eventually assembled together, so that there could have been few absentees. In its entirety the Sacred College is composed of seventy members, but there were, I think, a few vacancies at the time when Pius IX died. In accordance with the usual custom all necessary commodities were taken into the palace and the prelates sequestered themselves there, every outer door being strictly closed and every window affording a means of communication with the outer world being carefully boarded over. The large galleries and halls overlooking the Court of St. Damasus were divided by partitions into a number of tiny chambers, four of which were allotted to each Cardinal and his attendants, that is his secretary and a body-servant.

The Conclave met in the Sistine Chapel, where canopied seats were provided for its members. The canopies were of different colours, those above the Cardinals created by the late Pope being violet, whereas those for Cardinals of earlier creation were green. As Pius's pontificate had lasted for more than thirty years only four green canopies were to be seen in the whole hall. Except that an order of seniority was observed there was absolute equality among the members. Seniority gave Cardinal Amat,

as the oldest Cardinal-bishop, a seat on the Gospel side of the high altar, and in like manner Caterini had a seat as senior Cardinal-deacon on the Epistle side. There was a writing-table in front of each prelate, and several others in the central part of the hall. On yet another table in front of the high altar stood a large silver chalice covered by a silver pyx—the two being combined so as to serve the purpose of a ballot box.

On these occasions the voting is effected in the following fashion: each Cardinal fills in one of the *schede* or voting papers, first inscribing his name at the top end. Lower down he writes the name of the candidate he selects, and at the bottom of the paper he inscribes some chosen motto which becomes his distinctive sign or mark until the election has terminated. The upper end of the paper, on which the voter's real name is written, is then folded down and sealed up; and when all is ready each cardinal, on his turn arriving, swears aloud that his vote is inspired by conscientious conviction. He then lays his paper on the pyx, which he tilts in such a way that the paper slides into the chalice.

If at the first ballot no candidate is elected, and the voter wishes to support another on the second occasion, he writes the other's name on his paper, placing before it the word *accedo*. If, on the contrary, he wishes to vote for the same person as previously, he writes *accedo nemini*. If no candidate obtains a sufficiency of votes either at the morning or at the afternoon ballot of the same day, the papers are gathered together, and burnt with some damp straw, which sends up a volume of dense smoke. The sight of this smoke ascending from a chimney skyward informs the outside world that, so far, no Pope has

been elected. The necessary number of votes to secure election is two-thirds plus one of the Cardinals present. If precisely that number is reached the successful candidate's own paper is singled out and the seal concealing his name is broken, in order to ascertain whether he has voted for himself, in which event the election becomes null and void. Finally, directly any particular Cardinal has been duly elected all the canopies in the hall, excepting his own, are lowered.

Many surmises were current in Rome respecting the possible choice of the Conclave which met to elect the successor of Pius IX. There was a ridiculous idea in some British Catholic circles that Cardinal Howard had some chance of success. As a matter of fact, no foreigner could really be accounted one of the *Papabili*, and in writing at the time on this subject I pointed out that an Italian, and an Italian only, would be elected. I scouted not only the chances of Howard and Manning and Cullen—there was bitter hostility between the first and the second, and it had made itself manifest at more than one recent consistory—but also those of such prelates as Hohenlohe, Schwartzenberg, Ledochowski (Bismarck's adversary), Broussais-Saint-Marc and Bonaparte. In some usually well-informed Roman *salons* the chances of Cardinal Bilio were favoured; but people of the poorer classes desired the election of Cardinal Panebianco, whose name, signifying "white bread," would be in their estimation an augury of prosperous times. Panebianco was, however, a most stern and forbidding looking individual, originally a Franciscan friar. Scarcely more pleasing was Canossa, a tall Dantesque-looking Lombardian, and although his name might

have some political significance in connection with the Church's conflict with Bismarck, he really had not the slightest chance of success. Simeoni, who had lately acted as Minister of State to Pope Pius, had scarcely any better prospects of election. Luca's chances were similar; Moretti, though a man of some ability, was a Cardinal of recent creation, and this was against him. Di Pietro, I was informed, was a gourmand and a prodigal, deeply involved in debt. Monaco La Valletta, on the other hand, was reputed to be abominably mean. As for Franchi, at least a third of Rome believed that he had the evil eye. Next, there were several men whose great age or whose numerous infirmities gave them, in the general estimation, just a chance of success, as they were not likely to live much longer, and few people desired a Pope who might reign as many years as the late one. It seemed impossible, however, for the choice of the Conclave to fall on any such man as the Sardinian San Felippo, who had already had two attacks of apoplexy and retained but little lucidity of mind. Nor could anybody desiring the welfare of the Church favour poor old Morichini, who was afflicted with semi-blindness and partial paralysis.

Having collected all the information available, I wrote that the cardinals who appeared to have the best chances were Pecci, Bilio, and Mertel. I particularly favoured Pecci, because his name was given me in a quarter where few mistakes were made with respect to the affairs of the Church. I was, I think, the only English writer to give prominence to Pecci, but Bonghi, Cesare, and other Italians confidently predicted his election. The great objection to his chances was that he held the office of Camerlingo,

and that no Camerlingo had ever been elected. The duties and privileges of that functionary and the interim authority which he exercised between the death of one Pope and the election of another, inspired—it was said—so much jealousy among the other Cardinals that he could not possibly secure the tiara. However, it was precisely the impossible and the unexpected that happened.

The Conclave assembled for the first time on the morning of Tuesday, February 19. According to our subsequent information Pecci secured 19 votes, Bilio 11, and Franchi 5 at the first ballot.* At the second ballot in the evening the votes for Pecci had increased to 26. He was, however, still far from having the requisite number, and after the voting papers had been burnt in the manner which I have described, the Conclave adjourned until the morrow. In the interval some of the Cardinals put their heads together, and one of them, who had no chance himself but was a close personal friend of Pecci's, spoke so warmly in his favour to the Austrian and the French Cardinals that they decided to vote for him. Franchi followed suit, and secured the support of the Spanish Cardinals. This was all important, and in due course Franchi obtained his reward. Nevertheless, at the morning ballot on Wednesday, the 20th, Pecci had but 36 votes. How could the few which he still required be obtained? Franchi, seizing his opportunity for a bold stroke, went and knelt before him, in the hope of inducing others to do the same. Several did so, and without waiting for any further balloting Pecci, in accordance with ancient usage, was declared elected "by adoration." It was reported in

* Nineteen votes on the nineteenth day of the month! Among racing men that would have been regarded as a "tip."

Rome after the Conclave, that, counting the votes which were actually recorded for Pecci, and the additional support which he secured in the "adoration" scene, four and forty Cardinals out of the 62 present, pronounced in his favour. One of his first actions as Pontiff was to dismiss Simeoni from the Secretaryship of State and confer that office on Franchi, who in spite of his *jettatura* reputation had brought him good instead of evil fortune.

It was a little past one o'clock in the afternoon when Cardinal Caterini announced Pecci's election from the balcony in front of St. Peter's, observing in doing so the Latin formula usual on such occasions. It was to this effect: "I announce to you with great joy that we have a Pope, the most eminent and most reverend Lord, Joachim Pecci, who has taken for himself the name of Leo XIII." Meanwhile the new Pontiff had been attired in a white cassock, a red cap, and a red cape bordered with ermine. He received the homage of all the Cardinals in the Sistine Chapel, then passed into St. Peter's and solemnly blessed the people there. He undoubtedly owed his election very largely to the support of the non-Italian cardinals.

At this time he had nearly completed his 68th year. As a provincial administrator he had put down brigandage in various parts of the States of the Church. Leopold I of Belgium had found him an able Nuncio, and after securing the Archbishopric of Perugia he had been made a Cardinal when he was only three-and-forty years old. He was a man of great sagacity and firmness, but the corrupt and immoral Antonelli conceived a strong dislike for him, and did his utmost to check his advancement. When, however, Antonelli died, Pius IX summoned

Pecci to Rome and gave him the office of Camerlingo. His private life was above reproach. He had literary gifts, and was inclined towards opportunist Liberalism. He improved the relations of the Holy See with Germany; he tried to prevail on French Catholics to accept the Republican Government; and had he been a younger man he might have averted the separation of Church and State in France. But he was over ninety years old when matters approached a crisis, which the next Pope, Pius X, recklessly precipitated. There can be no doubt that Leo XIII exercised far more authority and influence than either of his successors. When he was in his prime he would have handled such a situation as that created for the Church by the present Great War, far more ably than Pope Benedict XV has done, in spite of all his good intentions.

Here I must take leave of my subject. Shortly after the enthronement of Leo XIII, which took place almost privately on the Sunday following his election, I went southward to Naples in the company of a French friend who had joined me. We journeyed yet farther, into a land of marshes and malaria, then turned back and travelled to Florence. Afterwards we proceeded by way of busy Bologna to lonely Ravenna, where Dante sleeps and where some of my forerunners dwelt before they settled in Venice. Naturally, I visited the *città unica*, but my stay there had to be very brief as I was expected in Paris, whose first international Exhibition since the war with Germany was soon to be opened. Doubtless I might have set down in these pages more about Rome as I found it at the period of my first visit, but there are already many books

respecting the Eternal City in our times. In like way I might enlarge here on my subsequent Italian tour, but it was mainly of the "globetrotting" order, and the cities and the countrysides of the land bound to me by distant ancestral ties have been described again and again by more competent pens than mine. Sprung from an Italian race, educated chiefly in France and married to a Frenchwoman, but at the same time an Englishman by birth and by more than three hundred years of descent, nothing has given me greater comfort during the present stupendous struggle than to find Britain, France, and Italy allied together. May they and Russia and all the other supporters of our cause triumph in this great conflict with the powers of evil who, were it possible for them to prevail, would turn this earth into a veritable Inferno and reduce humanity to serfdom! There have been dark hours during the protracted struggle, and yet others may be in store for us, but "*Sursum Corda!*" must always be our cry. "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!" exclaimed Danton when France had to confront the hordes of despotism at the time of the French Revolution. The words which I would repeat to all my countrymen are "Let us have energy, yet more energy, unceasing energy, and victory will be ours!"

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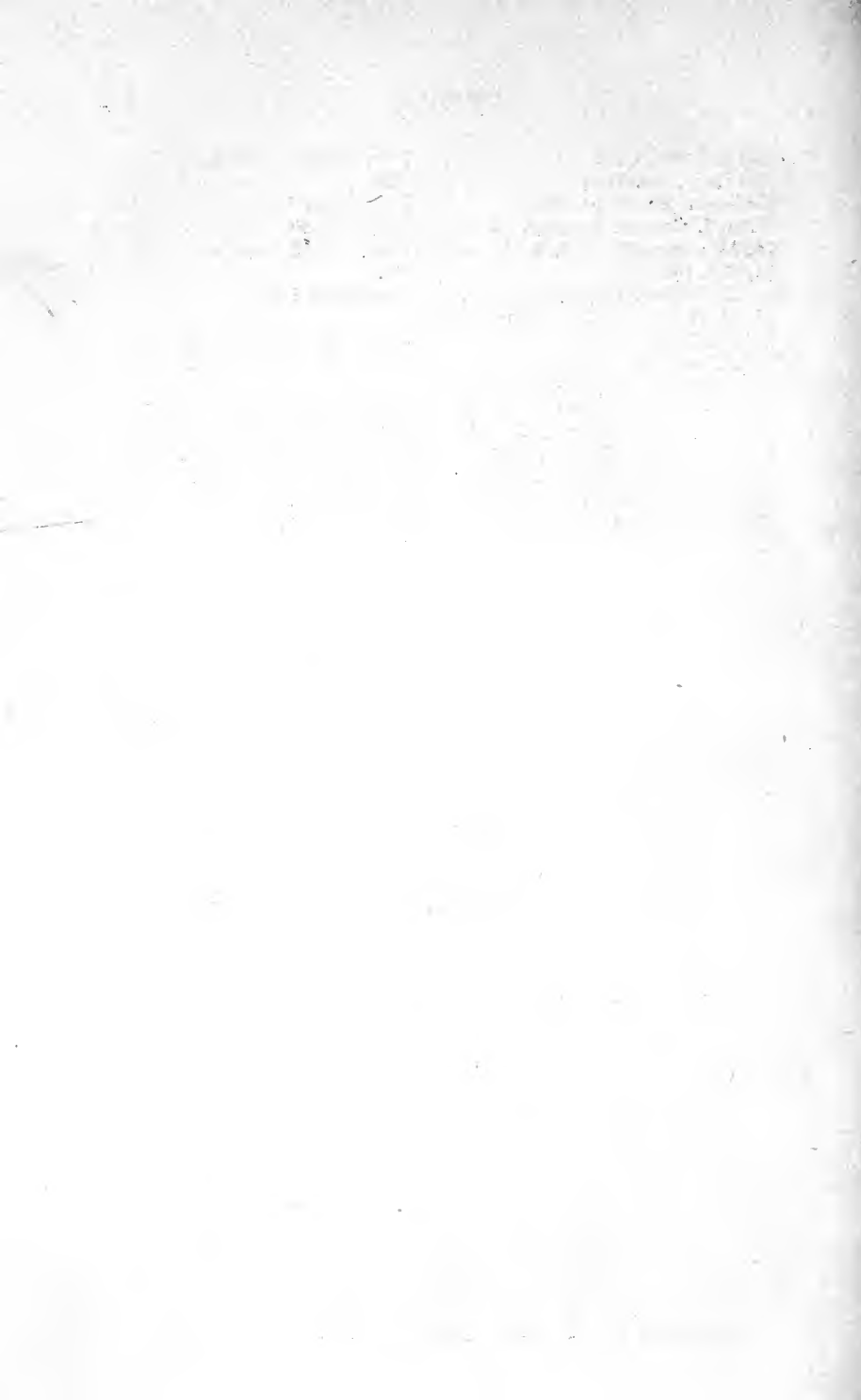
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