

met with. The inhabitants are friendly, obliging, and much inclined to hospitality, but, owing to the generality of them marrying young, and having large families, they have not in their power to indulge therein. The ladies are lively, agreeable, and many of them pretty, and, although self-taught, are not devoid of accomplishments. They are extremely domesticated, and it requires a residence of some time to become intimately acquainted with the different families. The hospitality of Sir George Cockburn made him an universal favorite, and his departure caused a general regret, which was strongly testified on the crowded beach as we embarked.

June 23.—The *Bucephalus* accompanied us to Ascension, where we arrived on the morning of the 23d, having seen it the preceding evening. This island was hitherto uninhabited, but since the arrival of Bonaparte at St. Helena, it has been taken possession of and garrisoned, to prevent ships harboring there to assist the possible escape thereby of Bonaparte, for which it

is well adapted, being situated directly to leeward of St. Helena. Water has been found in the interior, and near the spring some land has been cultivated with success.

June 24—August 3.—The *Bucephalus* sailed for England, for which place we also sailed the following morning. We made the Cape de Verde Islands on July 6, on the 20th the Western Islands, and on the 3d of August we arrived at Spithead, thus completing twelve months on a voyage which, from peculiarity of circumstances, was far more interesting than any ever likely again to occur, at least to

John R. Glover.

August 3, 1816. N. B.—As the foregoing narrative was kept for my own gratification, and that of my friends, and being particularly averse that any part of it should get into print, I most particularly request of those to whom I may lend it, that they will on no account copy any part of it, or allow any one so to do.

THE END.

BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.



ONE morning in the summer of 1892, in response to an invitation from the Prince and Princess Bismarck, I journeyed from Hamburg to Friedrichsruh. The distance is about a half-hour by rail, through an unmarked but well-wooded and well-farmed country.

Arrived at Friedrichsruh, I found a victoria with liveried coachman and footman awaiting me, which attracted the gaze of the little group of blue-bloused loungers at the station. The presence of the carriage suggested the necessity of a drive; but it proved to be only a gracious form of welcome, for the entrance to the Friedrichsruh estate is but a few hundred feet from the station, and the house only a few hundred feet more from the park entrance. All is concealed on both sides by dense shrubbery and trees.

The house, of light buff stucco, is large, square, and unpretentious, and presents, as do many German country houses, its least attractive side to the stranger at the front door. The effect of terraces, flower-gardens, and broad acres is always reserved until one has crossed the threshold and emerged on the other, the home-protected, side of the dwelling. Race characteristics are strongly indicated in the architecture of a country; and it seems strange, therefore, that the impression of a desire for seclusion and exclusion should be greater in the approach to a German than to an English home. But once within, the spirit that characterizes not

the hospitality of any one country, but *country* hospitality, warms and welcomes equally in both.

Upon this particular occasion, when the carriage drove up on the noisy gravel, the door was quickly opened by a pleasant-faced manservant. With a look of family pride and importance, he led me through a tiled hallway into a room furnished with umbrella- and clothes-racks, upon which were hanging a historic-looking military cloak and slouched hat, mackintoshes and wraps for male and female, suggestive of a family circle and country drives and walks. I was then ushered into a suite of large, simply furnished drawing-rooms with open folding-doors, in the second of which the Princess Bismarck received and welcomed me most cordially. Princess Bismarck is a vivacious lady, kindly and motherly in manner, with a feminine interest, in conversation, in the personal and the concrete. Her first question, "Do you speak German?" was answered in the affirmative, and seemed to afford satisfaction, for English, she said, was a difficult language, and one in which nowadays she had little practice, except in an occasional *rencontre* at Homburg. In a few minutes I heard a slight movement, and, looking up, saw before me, as if stepping out from a Lenbach canvas, the "great man Bismarck," his two huge Danish hounds at his side. Never shall I forget the picture. I had last seen Bismarck on May 10, 1871, when, with Jules Favre at his side, he had a few minutes before signed the treaty of peace be-

tween France and Germany. Then, in the white uniform of the Cuirassier Guards, full of manly strength and suppressed triumph; now, much taller than I remembered him, still erect, but with snow-white hair and mustache, a feeble gait, and an expression of physical pain on his kindly, earnest face. The stamp of power has remained upon face and figure; Nature in him for once collected all her forces, and poured them into an iron mold.

He wore upon this occasion, as I believe is now his custom, a long black military coat, the military look being imparted more to the garment than by it; and around his throat, in place of a collar, a white kerchief, folded twice and tied in a careless knot. He gave me a kindly, hospitable greeting, and then, the prince apparently also hesitating in what language to address me, the princess exclaimed, "Ach, Ottochen, du kannst Deutsch sprechen." The great man, although he has already taken his place in history as an accomplished linguist, and especially as a good English scholar, seemed relieved when he found that he need not lay aside his native tongue to be courteous to a visitor. Probably habit, that tyrant of old age, has made an unused language irksome. Throughout Bismarck's long diplomatic career it was a well-known fact that in foreign correspondence the letter was always as clear to him as the spirit; and even the wily Beaconsfield, when laying proposals before his "Brer Fox," knew that the "plain English" of them would be fully understood. It is recorded somewhere that when Bismarck was only twenty-six years of age, the Duke of Cleveland, meeting him at a Belgian watering-place, and surprised by the fluent English and the rare expansiveness of the Prussian *junker*, exclaimed, "Truly, quite an Englishman!" — that highest of English praise.

Upon the present occasion, after the prince's first greeting to me, the princess — but here I had far better say the wife — rose quickly, straightened and smoothed her husband's coat-collar, and asked about the pain in his face, explaining to me that her husband was a great sufferer from facial neuralgia, which often made speech difficult. This recalled to my mind the chancellor's saying as long ago as the campaign of 1870, when tortured by this particular malady, "My life has been half work, half physical pain." To-day he only smiled, put his hand to his face, and said that it was "pretty bad." Then, luncheon being announced, we adjourned to the dining-room. The effect of the room was bright and homelike. The sun had just burst through storm-clouds, and the luxuriant foliage, vivid and sparkling with raindrops, seemed to be looking in. The walls of the room were hung with many portraits, and it contained a large sideboard ornamented with old pewter

pitchers and drinking-mugs. At Bismarck's side at table, close to him and watching him attentively, sat the princess, and on each side of his large arm-chair crouched the two dogs, seeming not only interested in their master's conversation, but in his meal, which from time to time he shared with them. Dr. Schweninger, Bismarck's trusted physician, entered the dining-room late, and left it before luncheon was over. Schweninger is perhaps the second-best known man in Germany, because he is the only man able to command obedience from the first. The close relationship between Bismarck and his able physician, extending over many years, would be an interesting psychological study, and one that would help to prove the unwisdom of ever divorcing faith from science in the art of healing.

A mail was distributed while we were at table, and the princess read aloud a letter from her son, Count Herbert Bismarck, whose approaching marriage and the long journey to the wedding at Vienna formed the principal topic of family interest.

"How are the dogs to travel?" asked the princess.

"The dogs are to remain at home," replied Bismarck. "A pretty sight it would be were we three to go to a wedding together," looking fondly and regretfully at the great beasts at his side, and receiving an affectionate and intelligent look in return.

"Yes, indeed they shall go, and go afterward with you to Kissingen. You know that you would be unhappy without them; it can all be easily arranged," said the interested, obstacle-removing wife.

I wished to add a plea myself for the dogs, on the ground of effectiveness, remembering the impression that the group had produced upon me at first sight.

After coffee and cigars had been passed, Bismarck's long pipe, with its china bowl decorated with the family coat of arms, was brought to him and lighted. A small table at his side held a tray with long queer matches, a small rod, and other pipe appurtenances, all of which were from time to time used. Never had I seen the process of smoking require to be helped along so often; for, during animated conversation, the pipe was forgotten and allowed to go out. In this need, as in every other, I was impressed with the alertness of the attendants. Proud were they of their master, and tenderly watchful of his wishes and his physical infirmities.

And here another picture. Bismarck lying back in the large chair, puffing at his long pipe, — that historic pipe, in the cloud-smoke of which the Germany of to-day first took shape, — his face animated, strong and ever-changing, the two dogs now stretched in front at full

length, with their big heads crossed over their master's feet. "This one was a gift to me from the young emperor," said Bismarck, pointing to the larger of the two.

Talk turned upon the affectionateness and faithfulness of dogs, and some one asked how the unmerited expression, "gone to the dogs," had ever originated. Bismarck said: "The meaning of that saying has become entirely perverted. In olden times, when a pack of hounds was a necessity, not a luxury, on every country estate, horses and cattle, when they had outlived their usefulness, were slaughtered and given to the dogs for food. This is what was originally meant by 'gone to the dogs.'"

Conversation next turned upon America, and Bismarck asked much about his old friend Carl Schurz. "In 1845," he said, "I anticipated quite as little as did Schurz what the future had in store for me. My highest ambition was to become a good farmer, and to be able, eventually, to purchase the lands adjoining our estate. Occasionally I cast a hungry eye upon the office of justice of the peace, but the only chance I had to obtain it was cut off"—with a smile at the princess—"by my not succeeding in marrying the girl who could have helped me attain it."

"So much the better for me," was the princess's laughing rejoinder.

And the better for us all, thought I; for what a wholesome and blessed example of happy marriage has this historic home presented to the world during the last half-century!

Bismarck, in talking about America, said: "The security and strength of your country lie in the fact that the American race is a mixed one—a 'Sammelvolk.' History has never made a great people in any other way. Look at France. It was the invasions from Italy and the north that gave her bone and sinew. Spain was strongest because she sucked in Iberian blood. And England, what made her so great? Not the invasion of the Anglo-Saxons only, but the fact that there they joined hands with the Normans. A people may be comfortable and prosperous without an influx of foreign blood, but it will cease to be capable of great things whenever that ceases." Continuing, he said: "The Americans, to my mind, have overdone the Columbus worship. The Norwegians were the first discoverers and settlers of America. Columbus was a map- and chart-maker, and, before setting out on his own voyage, had positive proof of the existence of other continents. And it would have been far better for America and her early history had the settlement continued to be by Norwegians and other hardy tribes from the north. The Spaniards made a bad beginning in America."

Some one suggested that they did less harm to America than the discovery of American

gold did to Spain; that the history of church and state in the days of Philip II., and the subjugation of the Netherlands, showed what a terrible power for evil there had been in the great piles of gold brought over from the New World. Bismarck touched upon the church history of many lands with the vigor and in the cold-steel light of the ultra-Protestant spirit of north Germany. First it was Luther and then Cromwell who seemed to be before me. Carlyle once said, "Indeed, he is the nearest approach to a Cromwell that is possible in our degenerate times." Bismarck then poured forth memories of the ultramontane contests in which Prussia asserted her state rights, and in which the Roman Catholics of Germany were torn between loyalty to country and all-suffering loyalty to church.

Bismarck referred to many topics of American interest: the influx of Russian Jews, the present condition of the negro race; how the negro compared with the Indian in educational possibilities; and then to the recent National Republican Convention at Minneapolis, which had just renominated President Harrison.

Some one at table—not Bismarck—said: "One bad thing about your country is the constant accusation brought against men in public life, that they are open to bribery and are serving the interests of individuals or corporations. It is the Americans themselves who make the charges; they do not come from the outside. Here you have it again in to-day's telegraphic reports from America, one party accusing the other of being influenced in its actions by large money interests. Your newspapers are always full of personal attack; to judge from what you say about yourselves, you must *all* be very bad."

Referring to the difficulties in our system of municipal government, Bismarck said quizzically: "You do manage things strangely. I hear that it is necessary that private individuals and societies watch the city officials in the discharge of their simplest duties; that you are not even able to get clean streets and good pavements; and yet you spend such lots of money! Politics interfere, you say? Pray, what have politics to do with such plain business as this? . . . My only relation with America nowadays is receiving letters from young ladies who ask me for my autograph."

After a while conversation turned upon the silver question, and Bismarck was asked what the results were likely to be of the coming international silver conference at Brussels. "None whatever. The question of bimetallism will not be considered on its own merits; it will be just what every country happens to want for itself. England, it is true, must face the subject some day, for she has a big silver nail in her body,—India,—but in England all national questions



Nach Tisch.

DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS. FROM "FÜRST VON BISMARCK IN FRIEDRICHSRUH," BY PERMISSION OF UNION DEUTSCHE VERLAGSGESELLSCHAFT.

AFTER DINNER.



DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS. FROM "FÜRST VON BISMARCK IN FRIEDRICHSRUH," BY PERMISSION OF UNION DEUTSCHE VERLAGSGESELLSCHAFT.

THE HAT- AND CANE-RACK OF THE PRINCE.

become involved in party questions. Much will depend in this matter upon what man takes the helm."

The subject of German politics came up, and Bismarck talked much about the young emperor, his past, present, and future, and about many of the complex situations of the day. His language was so graphic, brilliant, and varied, and flowed on with such fullness of thought and illustration, that the desire not to lose or forget a word made the strain of listening to him great. It recalled what I had once heard a man, himself with a world-wide reputation for eloquence, say — "To have heard Bismarck and Mazzini talk is to have enjoyed something that can never be described."

And in all that Bismarck said there was not one word of censure, reproach, or disloyalty for his sovereign! There was an occasional flash of humor, a sudden restraint in speech — that was all. But at any mention of the old Kaiser's name, or in pointing to some gift from him, there was a tender, affectionate look, and an evident enjoyment in lingering over memories of the past that gave an inexpressible pathos to the scene. Once he handed me a German newspaper from Buenos Ayres which hap-

pened to be in his hand, saying, "You see how far behind the times I am; even the newspapers that I read are six weeks old."

When conversation first got upon the thin ice of German present-day subjects, I was fearful lest the impression I should carry away with me might be a painful one; but on the contrary, all that he said was so dignified, so fine, and withal so free, that I felt it should be both treasured and proclaimed.

Bismarck talked long about labor problems. "I am thinking seriously of handing over all the care of my estates to some one who can appear in civil processes for me when necessary. The difficulties with the working-man are complex enough in the large cities, but there at least, in the event of disagreement between employer and employed, the relationship can be severed. Not so in the country. The men on an estate consider themselves permanently employed, and look to a pension in old age, and it is very difficult to rid one's self of them when they prove unsatisfactory. And" — with an amusing expression of face — "mine think that they know everything better than I. Nobody obeys me nowadays. Why, they even delight

to point out a tree which I once ordered cut down — an order which they thought unwise, and therefore selected the one alongside instead." Husband and wife pointed to some beautiful trees from the window, explaining their names and varieties. A great pleasure to Bismarck, and one that serves him well in old age, is the planting of trees — unlike the other great old statesman of our time, whose delight has always been in cutting them down, a difference which might perhaps by some be used to point a political lesson.

And here we left the dining-room and adjourned to the princess's pleasant morning-room, with books, work-basket, and fragrant June roses. The prince, whose gait was feeble, referred to his health and to his inability to do much work. "But I am seventy-eight years old; what else can one expect?" And this again reminded me of his own words, written some time ago in a family letter: "I reproach myself often with recollections of all the complainings and vain longings in which I have indulged in life, forgetting how many blessings God gives, and how many dangers surround without touching us. We must not cling to the world, nor make ourselves too much at home

in it; a little more, and we shall be beyond the troubles of this life, and our children will have reached our present standpoint, and will see with surprise that the life which they began so eagerly is already going down-hill. If I believed this to be the end of it all, it would not be worth the dressing and undressing." These words now bore to me a double impress of sincerity. They were mellow light falling upon the great alp, and softening its outlines.

The prince was urged to take his afternoon nap. "No," he said; "I will rest here awhile and will not talk. Der liebe Gott does n't send us Americans every day," with a kindly nod to me. But he did talk, and about his old friends Motley and Bancroft. "I learned much from Bancroft. My gardens here and at Varzin are full of his roses, and my fruit-trees are pruned as he taught me to prune them. And Motley! what a gentle, refined nature was his, and what good times we had together at Göttingen! Bayard Taylor, too, was a fine man. Ah, me! they are all gone!"

And once again conversation came back to Germany and the evils of the day. "Fortunately for me," said Bismarck, "when I was

very young I learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and truly to mean it when I said, 'Thy will be done.' And this I still say, and so nothing ever *really* troubles me."


When it was suggested that it was always far easier to say "Thy will be done" at the times when the Lord's ways and our own seem to be the same, and that it must sometimes be hard to look on and see work once done apparently being undone, Bismarck exclaimed, with strength of feeling and voice: "Thank Heaven, I am not called upon to bear this trial in old age. The problems of to-day are not the ones with which I wrestled, and my work, such as it was, has not been undone. From Saxony, from Bavaria, and from other south German states come to me to-day the warmest evidences of affection, which go to prove that the unity of Germany is still strong and complete."

Soon the carriage was announced. The old gentleman escorted me to it, with the good-bys of a gracious and hospitable host. One more wave of the hand, and this great, epoch-making man had passed forever out of my sight and forever into my memory.

Eleonora Kinnicutt.

TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS.

THE AMERICAN TRAMP CONSIDERED GEOGRAPHICALLY.

OME years ago I was sitting one spring afternoon on a railway-tie on "The Dope"¹ when New York Barcas appeared on the scene. There was nothing very peculiar about Barcas, except his map of the United States. Not that he ever set up to be a topographer, or aspired to any rivalry with Johnston, Kiepert, or Zell, but, like the ancients, Barcas had his known and his unknown world, and, like them again, he described the land he knew just as if it was all the world there was. I came to know Barcas's map in this wise:

We were both talking about certain tramp districts in the community, and I noticed that his idea of north, south, east, and west was somewhat different from mine. So, in order that our conversation might not be troubled with petty arguments on geographical boundaries, I asked him to map out the country for me according to his "best light"; and this is how he did it. He took out his pencil and drew a line from the Canadian frontier through Chicago to St. Louis, and another line from the Atlantic through Washington to the same point, and

called all the territory north of the last-named boundary the East. He drew still another line from St. Louis to the Pacific coast, and called all the States north of this and west of Chicago the West. His north comprised all Canada, but he considered the province of Quebec the most prominent tramp territory in this district. His South was all that remained below his equatorial line, but the eastern part of it he nicknamed Niggerland, while the western part, bordering on the Pacific Ocean, he called the Coast.

This was the extent of Barcas's geography when I knew him. He seemed to realize that there are other countries in the world besides this one which he and his *confrères* consider laid out for their own particular benefit; nevertheless, in daily life and conversation the other divisions of the world are so conscientiously ignored for all practical purposes, that North America may safely be said to comprise the American tramp's general idea of the earth. He knows well enough that he has brothers in other lands, but he considers them so unlucky in being left to ply their trade outside of his own peculiar paradise, that he feels it necessary to ignore them. For in spite of the constitutional Bohemianism of his nature, he is still far

¹ The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad — called "The Dope" because it is so greasy.