Cataracoui, and that he was burned at the stake by the Mohawks. One of the prisoners who escaped from the redskins, and returned to Montreal, told me that he had remarked a one-armed squaw, who seemed to take special pleasure in inventing the most abominable devices to add to the sufferings of poor Baptiste. It was she who pulled out his tongue by the root, and who crushed in his skull with a tomahawk when he fainted from pain and loss of blood.

"Now," summed up the sergeant, so as to cut short any more story-telling, "this is a real loup-garou story that I can vouch for, and that I would not permit any one to gainsay; and I now would call your attention to the fact that I will order the *couvre-feu* to be sounded, and that I shall expect every one of you to be snoring at the bugle-call, so as to observe the rules of this garrison.

"Lights out! and silence in the barracks!"

BISMARCK.

PERSONAL AND COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS.

BY WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE,
Author of "Napoleon Bonaparte: A History."

AMONG the men who outlived their careers so long that even before death posterity could pronounce a partial judgment on their work was Otto, Prince Bismarck. His portraits represent him almost universally in the uniform of a Prussian general, and the public mind conceives him too often as a soldier. In reality, war, much as he was associated with it, was only incidental to his true career, which was primarily and finally that of a statesman. He had none of the characteristics of the born soldier, and was not educated to be one; he had many of the characteristics of the born politician, and was trained from infancy with reference to the career on which he eventually entered, and in which he was destined to connect himself with one of the greatest historical processes of all time; namely, the unification of heterogeneous and jarring populations into a single political organism. It is in the light of his statesmanship, therefore, that, consciously or unconsciously, he has been and will be judged. For this reason there is as yet no unanimity of opinion about his place in history, as there is regarding the imperishable fame of his great contemporary, Moltke. The latter was a soldier by training and temperament, a man of extraordinary ability and perfect sincerity; he had a single task to perform, which he performed with consummate skill and signal success; after its completion he had nothing further to do except to enjoy his well-earned repose. But the case of the statesman is far different from that of the soldier; his task is more complex, and it is virtually impossible to say at any given moment that it is finished. Expediency and judicious compromise are the powers which endear the public man of affairs to his contemporaries; justice and truth in all his conduct can alone assure the permanence and extent of his fame. To keep the middle course in great crises, never forgetting present necessity, yet always applying the standards of private morality to public questions in the very highest degree—this is the most difficult task allotted to any man, and the subsequent praise or reprobation are the most superlative meted out by the public. Hence the division of feeling about Bismarck in his own and other lands; hence the curious inconsistency and unfortunate feebleness of his own words and actions in later life, which we hope will one day be forgotten, but which at this moment influence the general estimate of the man and his work.

It was on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, in the year 1874, that I first saw him. The occasion was a reception at the house of George Bancroft, then American minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. The simply furnished but spacious rooms of the scholar-diplomatist were crowded with a distinguished throng. All the celebrities of the day were present, among them Moltke, Roon, and Manteuffel. Bismarck entered somewhat late, when conversation was at its height and the brilliant scene was most impressive. The indescribable polyglot hum of talk just ceased for an instant, and then went

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOESCHER & PETSCH, BERLIN.

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The photograph, of which this portrait is a direct copy, was presented by Prince Bismarck to the late A. T. Stewart of New York city.

on, as he made his way to a central position. For a time all eyes were turned toward him while he entered into the pleasant humor of the assembly; but as he assumed no other mien than that of a peer among peers, the general interchange of good-fellowship was resumed without regard to his presence. His low voice could be heard from time to time, and occasionally his unmusical laughter, but that was all; and after a stay of well-calculated length, he withdrew almost unnoticed. In the succeeding years I saw him frequently on public occasions and in the street, and heard him speak on important measures in the Imperial Parliament. Being only a secretary and historical student under Bancroft, I had naturally no opportunity for personal conversation with the hero of the hour; but the current gossip was of intense interest. Once a message taken to the royal residence afforded an opportunity to see the striking evidence of the chancellor's temper. He had just left the portal, and the rather flustered attendant pointed to the door of the Emperor's antechamber with a silent and deprecatory smile: the handle was gone, leaving plainly visible the fresh scar where the brass shank had been broken, as the wilful and perhaps momentarily thwarted giant had taken his departure.

Among the somewhat faded visions of his presence which remain, there is none that is altogether agreeable. He was too elemental in his person and manners to leave on the mere bystander any other impression than that of power. Even in moments of excitement, his features were not so much attractive as fascinating; the expression of force did not often, if ever, disappear altogether before the appearance of good humor. It was a spectacle far from edifying to see him driving through the crowded thoroughfares of the capital, seated in a low and narrow brougham, and caressing his wonted companion, a huge and savage dog, seemingly indifferent to the acclamations with which he was greeted when recognized, and to all the life about him. The impression was all the more profound because it was a line of conduct antipodal to that of his suave and gracious master, the old Emperor, who rode, when possible, in an open victoria, and acknowledged the salute of every passer-by. In the drawing-room he gave no impression of springiness in gait, or of elegance in movement; quite the contrary. Nor was the great chancellor more attractive in the pageantry of a grand military review. In youth he was by all testimony a superb horseman, but in the seventies he sat his charger with little elegance and no ease: the vast jack-boots and huge, glittering helmet of brass made even his powerful figure uncouth, while the white uniform of his favorite regiment did nothing to redeem the enormous proportions of his frame. He had an air of comfortable certainty, but there was none of that perfect confidence which ought to arise from that absolute mastery of his horse which he is said so constantly to have shown in early manhood. This arose probably from the fact that to him the pomp of warfare was a disagreeable necessity, something to be exhibited as rapidly and as perfunctorily as possible. He was an essential part of it, and must appear in person from time to time before the public, as a stimulus to the passion for German nationality, which it was important to cherish in those days quite as carefully as any hothouse plant. Exertion for the sake of remote effects he understood perfectly in the realm of diplomacy; but in military matters prearrangement was not his trade, and was irksome. Hence, possibly, his appearance of being ill at ease.

The combination of civil and military duties in any department of a military despotism is never easy, but it is most of all awkward in a body supposed to be constituted for the purpose of government by discussion. In the Imperial Parliament, therefore, even more than elsewhere, Bismarck presented the aspect of a seething caldron, agitated to the boiling-point, but with walls that would stand just so many atmospheres, and no more, before a disastrous explosion. The first time I heard him speak in public was in the old parliament house on Leipsic street. It is well known that among the democratic and even radical characteristics of the imperial German constitution is the provision for a single chamber. In the usual hemicycle sat the regular members, and the presiding officer's desk was in the geometrical center. Right and left of the president, on a platform of honor, sat the members of the council, who, as representing the individual states which compose the confederacy, correspond roughly to our senators. Among these, and to the right of the chair, sat the chancellor. His seat was almost on a line with the box reserved for the members of the diplomatic corps, in which, for that occasion, I had a seat. As the squire of a lady who is the daughter of a distinguished American officer, I had been instructed to secure the services of a capable interpreter, and the man employed was given a seat where he could hear perfectly

and yet utter his translation in a low tone without disturbing the assembly. As we leaned forward we could see the great man with ease. He sat in full view, listening to the speaker, as was always the case, with visible impatience, his hands toying either with the huge yellow pencil ostentatiously used on all occasions to make notes that were never used for reference, or else with the great horn glasses which corresponded admirably with the wearer's size, but were seldom worn.

In general, Bismarck was irregular in attendance on the sessions of the Imperial Parliament, but this time we were certain of our man, for there was a measure of prime importance under discussion. As far as I can now recollect, he went through most of his usual manœuvers on that occasion. From time to time he was accustomed to take a sip of brandy and water, specially prepared and set within easy reach of his hand. Then he would cast a few disdainful glances at the house, and afterward examine with considerable interest the galleries, as if to create the impression that the public interested him vastly more than the legislators. Frequently he would have himself disturbed. By previous arrangement, a messenger from the Foreign Office would slip in with an air of importance, bringing a portfolio of papers. Drawing from his pocket a key, the chancellor would unlock the despatch-bag, take out the papers, and examine them with entire disregard of his surroundings, push them back into the receptacle, and return them with apparent indifference to the messenger. Thereupon he would resign himself again, but with suppressed impatience, and resume the toying with his eye-glasses or the playing with his pencil.

His height was as much in the length of his body as in that of his limbs, and accordingly he sat very high, almost as conspicuous as if he were standing. Already disposed to the obesity which afterward gave him so much trouble, he puffed sometimes or sighed without any apparent cause in anything except suppressed excitement. The stiff black stock of his uniform compelled him to hold his head upright. In repose his features were far from repellent; the dome of his head was fine; the height of his forehead was naturally remarkable, and was increased by incipient baldness; his complexion, though blond, was bronzed by exposure; his gray eyes were more or less concealed, partly by his jutting forehead, and partly by his stiff eyebrows; his mustache was also stiff and gray, his skin furrowed, and his far from prominent and somewhat upturned nose was rendered almost insignificant by the prominence of the features above and below it. The combined radiance of strength and intelligence, however, which shone from every lineament was most impressive; nothing except passion could eclipse it. This happened not infrequently. When some particularly troublesome and exasperating opponent like Eugene Richter was hurling invective and scorn upon favorite measures of the government, Bismarck took the attack, as, indeed, it was intended to be taken, as a personal affront. While he listened with ill-concealed interest, his face would turn first red and then sallow, his eyes would start from his head until they fairly bulged and glittered, and the personal sallies which made the house smile at the chancellor's expense called forth a hollow and menacing laugh from the target of socialistic wit. Not infrequently the "iron" man would catch up his giant pencil, lift his full length from his seat, pull down his coat-tails, and stand a moment with heaving chest and gasping lungs before he could regain self-control to resume his seat, muttering, "Stuff and nonsense!"

When it came Bismarck's turn to speak, his rising was an affair of deliberation; it began slowly, and continued for some time, as the towering form assumed its full height. His great stature he had from his father. Standing six feet one and a quarter inches in his stockings, and of course somewhat more in his boots, he could not, even with arms as disproportionately long as his were, reach the desk before him with his hands; consequently he was wont to stand for a while, twitching his fingers and swaying his body as if to find a support. Failing in the instinctive effort, he would then fumble in his coat-tail pocket, and, producing his handkerchief, blow a stentorian blast. These preliminaries completed, he then began to speak. His voice was a disappointment; it was the voice of an effeminate man when in a fit of nervousness, and at no time did it have any resonant sonorousness; sometimes it was actually feeble, and not infrequently he would interrupt himself with a little nervous cough which left the sentence unfinished. This trick he sometimes used with considerable rhetorical effect, as when, on one occasion, he fiercely declared: "I am in the Emperor's service. I do not care in the least to know whether I shall sink under the task or not, and you—" (cough, and the

silence of the "*Quos ego—*"). The interruption was more effective than the expected oratorical climax of impertinence to his opponents. "I am no orator," he says in one of his published speeches; "I have not the gift of influencing your minds nor of obscuring the real meaning of things by a cloud of words. My discourse is simple and clear. . . . A good orator is seldom a good statesman." And again: "When a man is too fluent of speech, he talks too long and too frequently." As might be imagined, he was no friend of the great contemporary statesman and orator, Gladstone, of whom he once said to an acquaintance: "If I had brought as many humiliations on my country as Gladstone has on his, I would be unfit to rule."

In a sense his disclaimer of the orator's gifts was justified. Indifferent to the audience directly before him, his real speech was addressed to the great German reading public and to the world. Accordingly, that which was delivered, even on the most important occasions, was scrappy, and rather in the nature of a chat with the deputies. Often his sentences were jerky, and left the impression that the speaker was not exactly certain what to say, and not very much in earnest as to what he actually was saying. Many heard him with the bitterest disappointment. His uncertainty of utterance was no safeguard against prolixity; he seemed at times to be indulging in that form of discourse which our slang designates as "talking through one's hat," and consequently he often let slip the loosest assertions. Moreover, the construction of his sentences was frequently portentous. On the occasion to which I have been particularly referring, my companion was as impatient as only an intelligent woman can be to secure the intellectual treat before her, and gave minute instructions to her interpreter. All went well for a time, as the low voice of the painstaking translator rendered with some adequacy the thought of Bismarck. Then there were short pauses, followed by rapid little summaries of what had been said. As these grew more and more frequent, the lady became irritated. Finally there was an entire cessation on the part of the interpreter, and yet Bismarck was going right on with ever-increasing vehemence. There were constant calls from the lady of "What 's he saying? What 's he saying?" and an increase of impatience in the box quite proportionate to the growing violence of the speaker. Finally the wretched interpreter could endure the strain no longer, and, turning with a gesture of fierce resentment to his excited employer, he hissed: "Madame, I am waiting for the verb!"

It must not be supposed, however, that Bismarck's speeches were not thoroughly prepared; they were written with the greatest care for the large audience of the newspapers, and only spoken in part. In their delivery he was rarely solemn, and never pathetic; but into the midst of his somewhat rambling talk he would every now and then interject a pregnant phrase or sentence which experienced listeners caught with eagerness as indicating the tenor of the report that would appear next morning. The peroration was generally fine, for it was often a defiance of the assembly. He did not on occasion hesitate to denounce the statements of his opponents as a "pack of lies"; but more frequently he was ironical rather than brutal, and his irony was biting. For the close, too, he generally kept his quips, jokes, and the wonderfully apt illustrations in which his thought abounded. Then his speech was deliberate and without verbosity. Generally it was in his peroration that he was rich in thought and even elegant in expression. As examples of his power in the use of metaphor, we may recall his comparison of the French to a fiery steed bounding across the Sahara, but finding the deep sand very heavy. Again, he likened the English, against whom he was incensed for their lack of interest in German life and letters, to a covey of woodcock flitting, ever since locomotion had become so easy, from station to station across the Continent, and no longer stopping, as in former days, to make even a superficial study of the German mind. The audacious impertinence of Bismarck as a parliamentary orator was, of course, due to the fact that neither as prime minister of Prussia nor as chancellor of the German Empire could he be removed by a vote expressing want of confidence. In both the Prussian and the imperial parliaments his measures were constantly defeated, yet each of these defeats was only a stage in the struggle in which he finally came forth victorious. Able in the presentation of his views, and justified in his opinions by the course of events, he might not always be right in details; but as he seemed to be continuously right in the majority of important matters, and, above all, at crucial moments, he probably would be again: such was the reasoning of the public, and in the end the very mystery of his superiority became a source of enormous strength.

Bismarck was born April 1, 1815, on the ancestral estate of Schönhausen. His father

was a cavalry captain; his mother was of humble origin, and a woman of force and piety. His origin, therefore, was not proud or important, except for one fact: he was by birth a member of the most vigorous class in Prussian society—that of the younkers. How basic to Prussian institutions this numerous body of landholders is, can be understood only by long study and close observation on the spot. Inheritors of feudal traditions, passionate in their devotion to themselves and to one another, robust and hardy by reason of the outdoor life to which their profession of agriculture inures them, defiant of the rich peasantry beneath them and of the higher aristocracy above them, they have kept their traditions and their organization almost intact since the Thirty Years' War. After that cataclysm they saved their country from anarchy by forging the chains of the absolutism which it has been so far unwilling to throw off, lest confusion of a worse kind than the old might ensue. At the Union Parliament of 1850, in Erfurt, a member then eminent, and whose name was Stahl, declared in a speech of importance: "I am proud to be a Prussian younker." And at the moment he had reason to be; for his class, that of the landed proprietors, had wrung valuable concessions from the crown both in Westphalia and in Silesia. Bismarck wrote in an album presented to him on the same occasion: "Our watchword is not, 'A united state at any price,' but 'The independence of the Prussian crown at every price.'" The juxtaposition of these two ideas gives a complete view of the younker policy—union and privilege.

The sturdy boy born at Schönhausen to a father who gave him his heart and a mother who gave him his head had the usual adventures of such urchins. In infancy he fell into the horse-pond, and scrambled out unassisted. In childhood he was fascinated by tales of war, and could scarcely credit his senses when an old family friend told how he had been wounded by a cannon-ball. At boarding-school in Berlin he was so homesick that the boys determined to duck him, and he conquered his place by a magnificent exhibition of swimming when they tried it. He soon became a leader, displayed great enthusiasm for tales of the Trojan war, and, like young Bonaparte at Brienne, was captain in the snowball fights of the school. In 1830 he was confirmed by Schleiermacher, and he was wont to refer to the minister's last words of admonition as having made a profound impression on him, quoting them always in a reverent voice: "Whatever you do, do it for God, and not for men."

Thereupon the boy was entered at the Gray Cloisters gymnasium, or college. He lived in the house of a professor, and proved himself an agreeable inmate of the household, being amiable and studious, and showing little fondness for other companionship than that of the family. In school he was not quite the same boy; his classmates remembered him as provoking mirthful escapades, as devoted to hoaxing, or practical joking, and as being domineering, abrupt, haughty, and familiar. He was so wild in his talk that sometimes he was charged with untruthfulness, and so rash in his conduct that once he went to his father's town house in the absence of an elder brother who was then in charge, and practised with a cavalry pistol in the drawing-room. His studies showed a marked aptitude for geography and history; he was particularly fond of inquiry into early Brandenburg politics and the rise of the Prussian monarchy. In 1832 he was marked in Latin composition as "clear, but not refined."

On Bismarck's removal to the university the strong animal side of his nature was given free vent. In three half-years he fought twenty-seven student duels. In spite of his hard drinking and wild living, he never lost his nerve, for he did not in all these encounters receive a single scratch, except that which scarred his cheek for life, and came from the splinter of a broken sword in the hand of a clumsy antagonist. It is told, to his credit, that once, at least, he arranged a pistol-duel which bade fair to be a dangerous one in such a way that it turned out harmless.

In his college career Bismarck had attracted some attention as a bright boy, but his student years in the university were sadly wasted: he almost never attended lectures, and, finding at the close of the time allotted for professional study that his deficiencies could not possibly be overcome by his own efforts, he was compelled to take a tutor and pass a cram examination for the bar. There appears to have been no species of dissipation and folly to which he was not addicted, and it was only by the exercise of an iron will and an indomitable determination that he was saved from the disgrace of entire and irretrievable failure at the outset of his life-career. There has been an attempt to explain his mad excesses at the university and afterward as a natural revolt against the hardening to which he was subjected at his first and only boarding-school,

and the stern repression of the Prussian gymnasial system; but they appear rather to have been the outbursts of a wild berserker rage, not rare in young men of Northern blood and birth. Be that as it may, there was no change in his giddy, thoughtless life when he was appointed to a position in the government service at Aachen; in fact, he went to such lengths in that gay watering-place that he was at last terrified by his own excesses, and withdrew himself from temptation by securing a transfer to the quiet and isolation of Potsdam. There his conduct was modified in degree but not in quality, and he entered on and completed his compulsory military service with no thought of radical change in his views of life or in his general line of conduct.

During the following years he was intrusted with the management of two of the farms which formed his father's estate. He proved an able and economical administrator; but his life was that of the German country squire in the north and west of Prussia as it still exists on many estates. Indeed, his doings soon became notorious throughout the country-side, and by an easy transposition of letters in the name of the farm on which he resided (*Kniephof* to *Kneiphof*) his house was known as the "Tavern." With his boon companions he rode hard, hunted hard, and drank hard.

But throughout even this portion of his career he does not appear for a moment to have wavered in a certain confidence as to his high destiny, which had meantime sprung up and taken possession of him. It is said that in 1840 he declared to a young Swedish friend, Rodolph Tornerhjelm, that he would one day make a harmonious whole out of the fragments of Germany. The rising passion for distinction was displayed in several ways: a fearless rider, though he caught many a cropper, he never lost his nerve; he was so skilful as a marksman that he could cut the heads off the ducks on his pond with a pistol; and to make sure that no one should mistake him for any other of his numerous race, he added the territorial designation of Schönhausen to his name, writing it thenceforth for a time "Bismarck-Schönhausen." He was, as he remained throughout, a superstitious man: he would never, to the latest day of his life, sit as thirteenth at the table; he would never begin an enterprise on Friday; and after his residence at St. Petersburg he wore an iron finger-ring with the inscription, "*Nitschewo*" ("Never mind").

At the close of this period of country life Bismarck was a man of formed mind; there remained only a few experiences to put the final content of experience into the forms. He was the country aristocrat that he remained to the end: fond of his class; impatient of any relation with the majority, except that which made the peasantry subservient and servile to the great proprietors; contemptuous of the artisan and the masses in city life, with their aspirations for a share both in politics and in the well-being already secured by farmers and tradespeople; devoted to the institutions of church and state, which seemed central to the social order that he wished to maintain. He hated democracy to the end, and socialism of any degree was his abomination. In 1845 his father died. Unlike his wife, Captain von Bismarck had nourished social aspirations, and had cherished his petty nobility. He was gentle in his manners, and fond of literature. From him the great son took his pride of aristocracy. Mme. von Bismarck, on the other hand, was a plain woman, devoted to her family and her church. Wise, ambitious, and haughty, she gave her son the narrow but yet intense clarity of vision which made him the man of unbending purpose. If good were to come to anybody, it must come, according to the Bismarckian theory, not by the agitation of that which is hopelessly low, but by the benign interference of higher powers, human or divine. This the young man saw, or believed he saw, to be the pivotal principle of the German universe. He then took firm hold, and neither faltered nor turned aside.

Not long after his father's death, Bismarck met by accident, at the wedding ceremonies of common friends, the lady who a year later, in July, 1847, became his wife. The Puttkamer family, to which she belonged, was somewhat higher in the social hierarchy than that of the Bismarcks. Moreover, they were peculiarly select as representatives of a beautiful type of old-fashioned Pietists: they lived simply and unostentatiously on their extensive estates, in the closest paternal relations with their peasantry, and cherished above all else the traditions of an ideal which can best be described as that of a Christian or, at least, a Lutheran Arcadia. Their consternation was great at the thought of the wild and imperious young Bismarck entering their family. But the obstacle disappeared when the suitor presented himself to the father and mother, and they discerned in him certain qualities which seemed to show that his faults had been largely those of boisterous strength, and that his heart was as capacious as his giant form would indicate.

The marriage was as idyllic as the circumstances under which it took place. "You have no idea what that woman has made of me," were the husband's confidential words to an intimate friend, in later life. Primarily the excellent woman who was destined to be a princess shone by her piety, her sympathy, and her hard, practical common sense. She had the devotion of her class to the life-work of her husband, which she quickly grasped as being that of diplomacy. At once she became a diplomat herself, guiding the stormy nature to which she had joined her fortunes, and never seeking to drive it.

The religious side of Bismarck's nature began to develop at once, and the development was continuous. With its progress came a sense of high duty which supplanted to a certain extent the notion of destiny, blind and fatalistic. This assorted perfectly with the Calvinistic conception of character, which, as is not generally known, controlled the thought of the Hohenzollerns, who began as Calvinists, and remain so, in some respects, at this hour. Free will (his own) and fate, or divine providence, were and remained the fundamental ideas of the German unifier, as they are and will be those of his successor, the present Emperor. It is also interesting to remember that Schleiermacher was trained a Moravian, and to know that Bismarck always read devotional Moravian books before retiring at night. He had the conviction of a Hebrew prophet as to his mission, and the unmovable sense of what Frederick the Great called his "cursed obligation and duty." "Did I not believe in a divine ordinance," were his words, in 1870, "which has destined this German nation for good and great things, I would never have taken up my calling"; and these were, as far as we can judge, the thoughts of his inmost heart. That they are the words of absolute sincerity appears to be further corroborated by a letter to his wife, which a few years since was printed by a confidential friend. "The day before yesterday," he wrote, "I gazed with mingled sadness and the wisdom born of maturer years upon the scenes of former folly [Aachen]. I do not know how I endured those days. Were I to live now as then, without God, without you, without children, it seems to me that life would be no better worth than to be cast off like a soiled garment; and yet the majority of my acquaintance are as I was, and continue to live so."

Bismarck is an illustrious example of how opportunity and the man interact upon each other. He was not the maker of the conditions under which he worked, but he took those conditions as he found them, and, like our own Lincoln, transformed them according to the temper of the people with whom he had to deal. The passion for constitutional government, coupled with the accompanying practical, popular good sense characteristic of Western nations, did not exist in Prussia: its beginnings had been stamped out by the bitterness of the Napoleonic era, as far as the majority of the upper classes were concerned; the numerous liberals of the country were doctrinaires, and unharmonious in the spasmodic efforts which they made from time to time to secure their liberties. Throughout his lifetime Bismarck considered the Germans unfit for any form of government except paternalism as modified by the younker principle: "Bleibt der König absolut, so lang er unsern Willen thut" ("The king remains absolute as long as he does our will"). This paternalism, he felt, should be inclusive and strong. His personal greatness lay in the fact that, although born a younker, he had an instinct that the permanence of his class and of the Prussian monarchy depended on the will of the great middle stratum of society. Accordingly, he was like a sleuth-hound to track popular opinion to its lair, and so he was able to mark not only its present form, but its coming demands. This was the more remarkable since in an absolute monarchy, which Prussia virtually was, the means of feeling the popular pulse are most imperfect. It was this pursuit of the general will that made Bismarck first the typical German and then the cosmopolitan aristocrat which he showed himself to be at the end, as, for example, in the famous conversation with Thiers, which brought the peace negotiations of 1870 to a triumphant conclusion.

The expulsion of Bismarck from office and the extinction of his power had in them a basic element of tragic and retributive justice, like that which forms the basic element in the Greek dramatists. The figure of the ruthless, domineering, trusted, powerful minister is prehistoric and heroic. He scarcely knew his own imperiousness. There could be no one near his seat, not even his sovereign. The final arbiter, with all power concentrated in his own hands, he could tolerate nothing but complaisant subordinates, and these he discarded like old clothes when he had used them. Pleading legitimacy as the foundation-stone of Hohenzollern power, he turned away the Hanoverians, and others just as legitimate, when it

suited his purposes. An absolutist at one time, and a liberal at another, he favored universal suffrage in order to make the empire popular, and was free-trader or protectionist by turns to obtain a majority for the measures he thought essential to German strength and union. A fierce anti-clerical, he abandoned his notorious "conflict of culture" with little regret, in order to win back the troublesome Catholic party. With certain definite, clear-cut, comprehensive ideas, he could be inconsistent in what he thought minor matters of conduct and principle without a consciousness of immorality sufficient to disturb his sincere piety in the slightest degree. As he saw events from his watch-tower, the new era was dawning; a higher civilization was fighting for existence. Woe to the petty concepts of behavior and morality, rooted in the habit and thought of a passing age, if they could not clear the way for the chariot of Germany as she hastened to take her place at the barrier among the contestants for supremacy in the international race of the twentieth century! He lived to see the flag fall for a fair start. He must have felt that his political philosophy was as transcendent, in its way, as was the intellectual philosophy of Kant in the age which had made his own possible.

Many theories were advanced at the time to account for Bismarck's retirement from office. In the main, they all elaborated the one thought of incompatibility between sovereign and minister, and sought for the point where strain ended in break. It was said that William II was indifferent to the Russian alliance, while Bismarck thought it cardinal; that William I had always forewarned his minister of any impending change of policy or action, and that William II did not; that William II was a would-be socialist, while Bismarck, though willing to alleviate the hard lot of the laborer by government aid, was stubbornly orthodox in his economic views; that the two were at opposite poles in regard to a colonial and commercial policy of expansion, which was the apple of the young Emperor's eye; that, finally, the labor conference which William II was determined to hold was a topic of disdainful and contemptuous remark for Bismarck on very inopportune occasions. Probably there was truth in all these explanations. It is certain that the first William was dignified and compliant, while the second was, when younger, headstrong and immovable. He was determined to be what he has made himself—emperor, king, and premier, first in both the military and civil affairs of Prussia, and thus of all Germany, and, as he believes, likewise of Europe and of the world. But, even so, the dramatic element was still foremost. Louis XIV said of Mazarin: "I know not what I would have done had he lived longer." Yet Mazarin, while loving power, also loved his tapestries, his art objects, and his paintings; in fact, his chief regret, on dying, was that he had to leave so much beauty, which was his very own, behind him. With Bismarck, the love of power was absorbing, and replaced art, refinement, beauty, possession. For this reason he had been intolerant of the enlightened and somewhat un-German liberalism of the unfortunate Frederick III, and had supported the younger William against his father. There was an aboriginal, primitive retribution when the protégé discarded his protector. There could be no *Ego et rex meus* for the last Hohenzollern if he were to remain true to the traditions of his house. "Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. . . . The hour is come to end the one of us."

Bismarck's behavior, on retirement, had a certain Homeric quality, natural and childlike, rather than modern and self-restrained, as was that of Beaconsfield in similar circumstances. It is said that, on observing the ovation which he received when quitting Berlin for Friedrichsruhe, the fallen chancellor remarked: "The Hohenzollerns made Prussia; I made the German Empire." This was precisely the gist of the rupture. The young Emperor did not intend this claim to be so far generally allowed that it should become a historical tenet. He has persistently asserted in word and deed that the founder of the German Empire was his grandfather. Even in his rescript published over Bismarck's bier he vows to maintain what "the great chancellor under William the Great created." The question is one of those which depends for its solution on the point of view. If the monarch is to be credited with the acts of all his subjects, then William I was the founder of German unity; if the sovereign has the strength of the advisers chosen and kept in power by him, again William I must be regarded as the welder of the German peoples into one; if the father enjoys all the glory of his son, then William I wears the crown of the great unifier. There are those who honestly hold these views. History, I think, will say that the times were ripe, that the King of Prussia was willing to serve the popular will, that Frederick III was eager to embody it, and that Bismarck was the executor of it. The great chancellor was only one of the

founders of the German Empire; his activities in diplomacy, in parliament, in administration, both civil and military, forced him into a prominence where he overshadowed others whose initial and persistent force was equal to his own. His preëminence was further established in his own mind by such occurrences as when his resignation was returned by the "old Emperor," as he is lovingly designated in Germany, with the word "Never" written over the face. With the world at large, Bismarck believed that, like Richelieu and Mazarin, he held his seat for life, and, what is more, that he had raised up a son to perpetuate the family place and power. The work of the French statesmen had lasted for two centuries; why not his? Hence the absolute incredulity with which he regarded the possibility of Germany's getting on without him. When the unwelcome truth finally forced itself upon the stubborn mind, his conduct was neither dignified nor wise. He sought and found a newspaper in the columns of which he could make spiteful revelations and print hurtful innuendos. By indiscreet—perhaps a worse epithet might be used—by indiscreet publications of state secrets, he sought to perplex the politics of his successor, and on one occasion gave a staggering blow to the Triple Alliance, of which he was himself the creator, and which he considered essential to the duration of peace, a condition without which the consolidation of the German Empire might be arrested, if not thwarted. When not thus engaged, Bismarck has spent much time in the expression of a pain too terrible for concealment. The poet Sophocles makes Philoctetes, on the island of Lemnos, when deprived of his son by Ulysses, thus cry out: "How hast thou wronged me! How hast thou deceived me! Thou hast taken away my life with yonder bow." The man of many wiles calmly replies: "'T is Zeus, I tell you, monarch of this isle, who thus hath willed. I am his minister."

Exactly this has been the attitude of the present Emperor. His pleas of divine right have sounded strange to our ears. He who makes them knows his people far better than we can possibly do, and the material with which he has had to deal is well sampled by certain phases of Bismarck's character and conduct. When the leading social classes of a people are not far from fatalistic in their view of destiny, their own in particular, the shrewd man formulates himself and his mission as a paragraph of the fatalistic creed. Bismarck had his day of success in that direction. The Emperor is in this respect, as in many others, the shrewd minister's true successor and his consistent follower. Like King George III of Great Britain, Emperor William II of Germany is his own prime minister, "a king indeed." Like his predecessor in that ruling function, he is a man of strong will and original judgment. He has convinced the Germans of his devotion to their interests, and of his general sanity; can he convince the world of his wisdom and strength? Whatever other charges have been made against him, it has never been said that he was not an apt pupil of the man of iron and blood, or that he was ever disloyal or crooked. The truth is that the long period of disunion, and the intense though short struggle for nationality from which Germany was emerging in the days of Bismarck's activity and in those of William II's accession to the throne, did not leave her in the same stage of modern development as that of contemporary nations. For a parallel we must go to the age of Elizabeth in England, or to that of Louis XIV in France. We shall find the same stern purpose, the same willingness to sacrifice personal to national liberty, the same devotion to a sovereign as the expression of unity, the same conviction of destiny, the same charity to minor faults for the sake of great purposes, the same cultivation of inherited strength and disregard of cosmopolitan ideas, the same overweening self-confidence, the same devotion to the expansion of national influence. Nationality once established beyond a peradventure, it is likely that the Teutonic passion for religious, civil, and political liberty will assert itself, and fight until in those respects all Germany is on a level with the most advanced nations of the world. This must, however, be expected with some reserves, because Prussia, whose hegemony in Germany is well assured for an indefinite period, is not by any means a pure German land: it has a large intermixture of Slavonic blood in the veins of its populations, and, like many other countries which found their yearnings for religious liberty satisfied by Lutheranism, notably those of Scandinavia, has displayed from the first a persistent tendency to a highly centralized and military government. In all historical development due allowance must be made for that mysterious thing which we call inherited tendency.

The scraps of information about Bismarck which have reached the outside world during his latter years in no way changed the general estimate of his character formed long previ-

ously. Perhaps the best idea of what the people as a whole thought of him can be formed from the presents they sent. The people of Jever have had the monopoly of furnishing a hundred and one plovers' eggs on every birthday. A famous Munich brewer presented a gorgeously carved beer-keg full of his best, with two mugs of great value, one silver, one porcelain—the latter probably because of the connoisseur's preference for its use. Again, an organ-maker offered a tuneful pipe set to the normal, because the chancellor had so long "given the note to Europe." A whip-maker forwarded a whip, "to keep the people in order." The German colony of Constantinople sent a sword of honor, the blade of which had belonged to the famous Ali of Janina. Most of the presents have been cigars, brandy, and pipes: the tastes of the recipient were well known. On one occasion a manufacturer of brushes sent a brush, the bristles of which were arranged to form the initials of the prince's name—"to remove the dust from his own clothes, and dust and maggots from the imperial mantle of Germany." When a subscription paper was passed around the docks of one of the seaport towns, a certain wharfinger set down his name for twenty marks (five dollars); and when amazement was expressed at his ability to pay such a sum, he replied with an answer drawn from experience, that of course he could not pay it, but that he expected to pass a day in prison for each mark until the sum was made up. Once Bismarck received a dog-sofa, with appropriate covers, for the imperial Great Dane, Tyras. Again,—and the best may be the last given,—the school inspectors of a small city sent a telegram, the body of which was simply: "Sirach x, verse 5." The passage, when found, ran: "The successes of a ruler are in the hands of God, and he giveth him a good chancellor." It is interesting to compare this with a letter of Motley from Varzin, in which exactly the sentiment and almost the identical words are reported from the conversation of the man himself. Finally, the superstitious feeling of the Prussian minister and the Prussian people is expressed in the popular enumeration of "threes" as marking the child of destiny: third child himself, three children born to him; three times in Prussian Parliament; three times ambassador; had served three Hohenzollerns; conquered three enemies of his country; had three titles, gentleman, count, prince; had three residences, Berlin, Friedrichsruhe, Varzin; made the league of three emperors, and of three great powers; had fought three factions, conservatives, liberals, and Catholics; and his coat of arms was a trefoil.

A clerical journalist of Paris paid a visit to the retired prince in 1890, and found in him the instincts of the statesman still vigorous. The force of his bodily powers did not seem in the least abated. He was still an enormous eater, such dainties as caviar, plovers' eggs, and smoked meats being his appetizers, consumed before entering on the serious business of the meal. Of his wine-cellars he was very proud, and his acquaintance with them was complete both theoretically and practically. In all weathers he took a long daily ride on a spirited horse as a preventive of rheumatism. He was far from being reticent, and, in fact, conversed freely on the historical events of his lifetime. Among other things, he said that Napoleon III was ignorant of history and statistics: he had actually proposed that Italy, Germany, and France should combine to drive England from the Mediterranean! To establish his personal credit, Bismarck declared that he had refused to attack France, in 1867, because her *chassepots* were not ready (!); that he had tried to prevent war in 1870, and had helped to protect Paris against the commune; but that Alsace-Lorraine was absolutely essential to the safety of united Germany. As a warning against the Franco-Russian alliance, he put the hypothesis that if it should crush Germany, what then? Russia would devour France. This idea was borrowed from the political prognostication made concerning the first Napoleon, that having halved the world with Russia, he would turn and rend his partner.

Bismarck's feelings toward the United States have been of a composite character. On the one hand, he saw with dismay the extent and quality of German emigration. A landed proprietor himself, he could not but sympathize with his fellow-younkers, whose peasant villages were partly and in many cases entirely deserted by their inhabitants. Labor becoming scarce and dear; American and English agricultural machinery forced on unwilling buyers, who fretted under the compulsory use of what they could not easily manipulate; prices of farm products no longer assured by the demands of a home market, but subjected to the fluctuations of a world market in which the United States are the controlling dealer—all these things gave him pain and anxiety. He suffered, too, along with his class. As a patriot he felt it likewise to be a grave matter that so many

thousands should evade their military service, and still more grave that millions should substantiate the saying that Germans had little patriotism, exemplifying, in the ease with which they acquired new citizenship, the motto: *Ubi bene, ibi patria* ("My fatherland is where I am prosperous"). The prosperity and contentedness of the German-American were a menace to the institutions under which he had been neither prosperous nor contented. He also saw that the growing industries of the United States would make them a dangerous rival of Germany in the coming struggle for commercial supremacy with Great Britain.

On the other hand, two of Bismarck's warmest friendships were with Americans —Bancroft and Motley. It was by his favor solely that the existing emigration and citizenship treaties between the German Empire and the United States were negotiated, through Bancroft. In 1869 there was a suspicious outburst in the public prints of both continents against the American historian. This Bismarck attributed to the combined hostility of England and of the German particularists. Accordingly, he wrote to Motley with the frankness of intimate acquaintance, begging him to do what he could to prevent the threatened removal of his friend. His language in speaking of Bancroft is remarkable: "He represents practically the same great process of development in which Moses, the Christian revelation, and the Reformation appear as stages, and in opposition to which the Cæsarean power of ancient and modern times, the clerical and dynastic prejudices of the people, offer every hindrance, including that of calumniating an honest and ideal minister like Bancroft."

In 1888 Bismarck quoted, during the course of a famous speech, a line of the ballad, "In good old colony times, when we were roguish chaps," and said: "This I learned from my dear deceased friend, John Motley." The friendship of the two men was of the finest kind, resting on the intimacy which springs from early acquaintance and reciprocal esteem, with such essential differences of temper and training as make intercourse stimulating. In their too infrequent letters may be found a cordiality and confidence which are delightful. From them, as much as from any other source, glimpses of the German statesman's inmost mind can be obtained, and the talk which Motley reported in letters to his family shows Bismarck, the man, in a clear light. As his American friend saw him, the German statesman seemed to himself to be walking in a dream over which he had no control; this life was guided from above; what he had done and was doing was the work of Providence, and not of man. His instruments were a cause not only of anxiety, but of mirth. Parliament he called the "House of Phrases"; but he also spoke, in the period of his isolation, of "this sullen life." In a humorous letter of 1863, written half in English, half in German, he describes a debate over a treaty with Belgium, concerning the adoption of which there was entire unanimity of opinion. But this was not enough: every man had his own reason, and was determined to thrust it down the throat of every other. Hence a terrific battle of words—"real German, alas! '*Streit um des Kaiser's Bart*,' '*querelle d'Allemand*.' Something of the same you Anglo-Saxon Yankees have, too. Do you really know exactly why you wage war so madly with each other? Certainly everybody does not; but yet you strike each other dead '*con amore*'; that is just a part of the affair. Your fights are bloody, ours are wordy. These talkative creatures can verily not rule Prussia. I have to bear the brunt of opposition; they have too little sense and too much confidence, stupid and bold." It may be remarked, in passing, that there was, and is, an ineradicable conviction in German minds that the War of the Rebellion was bloody beyond necessity, and prodigal of human life.

Bismarck's chief service in his parliamentary career was the point he touched in his letter: he personally and truly represented the tendency and instinct of the whole people, and in expressing this by legislation he was inexorable. It was in 1884 that Motley wrote to his daughter: "Bismarck is a man of great talent and of iron will. Probably no man living knows him more intimately than I do. He, too, believes in his work as thoroughly as Mohammed or Charlemagne, or those types of tyranny, our Puritan forefathers, ever believed in theirs." But this will, were it of steel or adamant, would have been broken had it run counter and athwart that of the German people; indeed, the break came only when the Prussians began to suspect that the house of Bismarck had designs on the absolute sovereignty of the Hohenzollerns.

The legend will soon begin to form about the figure of Bismarck. It seems well for his fame that he did not continue in power until his death. As the perspective becomes longer and the dimensions clearer, he will

be seen to be the giant man he was, but not in the constructive ability so often attributed to him during his lifetime. His grandeur is not mainly personal; it is chiefly racial and national. He had the gifts of the seer and of the manager combined in singular felicity of proportion; and he used them with the force, the instinct, and the limitations of the strongly marked individuality which characterizes the class into which he was born. The pursuit of his policy by his successor is no tribute to him, or, at best, an unwilling one. The Emperor is an arch-younker. The Bismarck method is inherited and national. The question is, How far can it be carried throughout all Germany? Either Prussia must by its means Prussianize all other German lands, and find room over the sea for their expansion into colonial life, or else the reflex action of a united Germany upon Prussia will inhibit the further extension of military and divine-right royalty, and modify the old Prussian system of which Bismarck and the Emperor William II have been the modern exponents and apostles. It is probable that to the absolutist age of Germany will succeed that of internal agitation and reform, and that in time the same ideas of law and liberty which rule elsewhere will come to their own in a land that needed a conquering royal house and an iron chancellor for the acquisition of that strong nationality without which no people can enter the modern federation of nations with a fair chance of holding its own for language, religion, and institutions. The lasting and sufficient greatness of Bismarck's name will finally consist in the high renown of having been the man of his time and his people. In that capacity he was the leader of German progress—a progress along the line of tradition, but not progress through the introduction of new and vivifying ideas.

A MISTAKE IN THE BIRD-MARKET.

BY SARAH PIATT.

A PERSIAN in the market-place
 Longed for, and so took home, a wren.
Yes, his was but a common case;
 Such always are the ways of men!

Once his, the brown bird pleased him not;
 Almost he wished it would take wing.
He loosed the cage-door, and forgot
 The dark, unsinging, lonely thing.

Night came, and touched with wind and dew
 (Alone there in the dim moonshine)
A rose that at the window grew—
 And oh, that sudden song divine!

His children started from their sleep,
 Their Orient eyes with rapture lit;
Their pale young mother hid to weep;
 Their father did not care a whit.

He only heard the impassioned wail
 From that small prison overhead.
"My wren is but a nightingale!
 I 'll wring its noisy throat!" he said.