



MR. DE BLOWITZ.

A CHAPTER FROM MY MEMOIRS.

BY MR. DE BLOWITZ.

IT is certainly disagreeable to hear a man speak of himself; but I consider still more irritating a man who speaks from the tomb, who may accuse, insult, vilify, lie, yet the victims made by whom can reply only by vainly breaking their nails against the planks of his coffin. Of the two evils I prefer incurring the least; and not wishing to allow the facts about to be stated to fall into oblivion, I prefer publishing them in my lifetime rather than leaving my heirs to do so.

The publication in the *Times* of the Treaty of Berlin at the very hour it was

being signed at Berlin was, according to the universal opinion, the greatest journalistic feat on record, and that publication, due to me, is the subject of the chapter I am writing. I say this plainly, because I feel no pride for it. To have published an important document before anybody else does not make you a great writer, or even a great journalist, and I would rather have written *The Battle of Dorking* than have published all the secret documents in the world. Anybody who is a journalist by profession might have done what I did if he had said, "I will

do it," and had thought over the ways of doing it. It was a feat in which neither talent nor science stood for anything. The story I am about to tell must not therefore be ascribed to vanity, but should merely be considered the accomplishment of a duty to my profession, for which I feel a passion. The public should know, indeed, by what efforts of imagination and perseverance one sometimes succeeds in keeping them posted up, especially as the reader who runs his eye over a document paraded in the columns of a newspaper is apt to fancy that it had simply to be asked for or bought. Now if documents had merely to be bought, nothing would be easier. Rich papers would procure them, while the others, as is customary, would reprint them gratis without telling their readers from what source they derived them. But this is not enough. To be able to pay for a document is not sufficient, for in the majority of cases bought documents are spurious, those possessing genuine ones not being men capable of selling them. I will therefore relate the history of the acquisition of a document which necessitated not only the spending of money, but long preliminary labor, the warding off of failure, and the throwing off the scent of those who sought to discover the origin of the communication. I give the story because it ought not to die with me, and because it belongs to the history of modern journalism.

In October, 1877, on calling one morning on the Duc Decazes, minister of Foreign Affairs, in the large office he occupied on the first floor in the Quai d'Orsay, he said to me: "There will soon be a Congress for the settlement of the Eastern question. I shall be the representative of France at it. I shall have been member of Parliament, ambassador, minister of Foreign Affairs, and plenipotentiary representing France at an international diplomatic Congress. People will no longer be able to twit me with not having worthily upheld the name I bear, and with not having at least endeavored to give fresh lustre to it." Then, after a few minutes' silence, he added: "You ought to go to it; it will be very interesting; and I will do all I can, consistently with my duty, to facilitate your task."

"You forget, Monsieur le Duc," I said, "that rather more than two years ago there appeared in the *Times* a letter en-

titled 'A French Scare,' denouncing the warlike projects of the German military party, and that the author of that letter could not go to Berlin, which is where the Congress will be held, without incurring the risk of much that is disagreeable."

"I am sure nothing will be done to remind you of that, and I still think that if you are told to go you should readily do so."

By a rather curious coincidence I had a call that very afternoon from a young foreigner whom a friend warmly recommended to me. This young man had a pleasing, intelligent countenance, and made the best possible impression on me. He told me he had left his country because his brother had been drawn into gambling, had lost all that both of them possessed, had victimized people and left debts; that he himself, though clear of it all, had been forced to emigrate to escape the shame of hearing his brother decried, whom he nevertheless dearly loved. What he now wanted was to gain a small sum allowing him to go to the colonies to make a fortune, and to retrieve his name by paying his brother's debts.

The story was quite true. This honest young man interested me very much. I felt that he was ready to make the greatest efforts to attain his object, and I promised to see what I could do for him.

I made several attempts in his favor, but could not succeed. This was all the stranger as the young man had an excellent bearing, was very intelligent, spoke several languages, wrote them fairly, and in short would have made the most valuable secretary imaginable. The difficulty was that a secretary's post is a livelihood, but does not speedily allow of saving the small capital which he required for going to the colonies.

He called on me several times, and interested me more and more. One morning he came, it was in 1878, and I had just had a letter informing me that there was an idea of sending me to the Berlin Congress, the meeting of which had been delayed for a time, but which was certain to take place in the course of the year. It was then January. Marshal MacMahon had been defeated, and the Duc Decazes had fallen. There was an attempt, indeed, to put forward the Duke as plenipotentiary, M. Waddington, minister of Foreign Affairs, being too much of a novice in diplomacy to undertake such a task.

I knew M. Waddington well. M. Dufaure had deputed me two days before the formation of his cabinet to ask him whether he would agree to take the Foreign Office, and I am bound to say that Madame Waddington then strongly dissuaded him. He had accepted, but was at first very nervous, afraid of opening his mouth lest he should commit a blunder. I knew, therefore, that there was no relying on him at Berlin to be backed or posted up, and that for fear of compromising his diplomatic fame he would resolve on absolute reticence.

I reflected that in going to Berlin I should encounter the hostility of most of the Chancellor's supporters, who resented my letter of 1875, and that of the Chancellor himself, whom the letter had much irritated; that the English diplomatists made it a rule to communicate nothing; that the Russians would distrust the correspondent of an English journal; that Count Corti, if it were he who represented Italy, would be exposed to a violent opposition, and would not risk receiving blows by making confidences; and that the Austrians, hedged in by Germany and Russia, would not venture to open their mouths. As for the Turks, like all those marked out beforehand for victims, they would be afraid of their own shadow, even if they had a shadow, of which I was not certain.

I reflected that I was going to make a grand fiasco at Berlin, and compromise a career which, tolerably brilliant at starting, had already brought on me so many grudges, calumnies, and attacks of which I have not ceased to be proud. The idea was unbearable, and I felt that in the interest of the *Times*, as much as of myself, it would be better not to go to the Congress.

Just then my young friend was announced, whom I had not seen for a long time, and had positively forgotten. Here I must confess that I have a theory which will perhaps be ridiculed, but which has governed my whole life. I believe in the constant intervention of a Supreme Power, directing not merely our destiny in general, but those of our actions which influence our destiny. When I see that nothing in nature is left to chance, that immutable laws govern every movement, that the faintest spark which glimmers in the firmament disappears and reappears with strict punctuality—I cannot sup-

pose that anything with mankind goes by chance, and that every individuality composing it is not governed by a definite and inflexible plan. The great men whose names escape oblivion are like the planets which we know by name, and which stand out of the multitude of stars without names. We know their motions and destinies. We know at what time the comet moving in infinite space will reappear, and that the smallest stars whose existence escapes us obey the fixed law which governs the universe. Under various names, in changing circumstances, by successive and co-ordinate evolutions, the great geniuses known to the world, those whose names have escaped oblivion, reappear. Moses is reflected in Confucius, Mohammed in John Huss, Cyrus lives again in Cæsar, and Cæsar in Napoleon, Attila is repeated in Peter the Great, and Frederick II. in Bismarck, Louis le Débonnaire in Philip VII., and Catilina in Boulanger. Charlemagne and Joan of Arc alone have not yet reappeared, the one to revive authority and the other *la pudeur*. Everything moves by a fixed law, and man is master of his own destiny only because he can thwart or promote by his own intervention and action the place he should fill and the path traced out for him by the general decree which regulates the movements of every creature.

By virtue of this theory it will be easily understood that I have always endeavored to divine the intentions and designs of the Supreme Will which directs us. I have always sought not to thwart that ubiquitous guidance, but to enter on the path to which it seemed to point me. When, at the very time that the idea of going to Berlin plunged me in despair, my door opened and I saw my young friend enter, it struck me that he was destined to assist me in the accomplishment of the task devolving on me at Berlin.

"You are still bent on undertaking whatever is honestly possible to effect your purpose?" I asked.

"Still so," he replied.

"Then call on me again in a few days."

I went to Prince Hohenlohe, the German ambassador to the French Republic. "Your Highness," I said (it is a title appertaining to him as sprung from a mediatized family), "I shall probably be

deputed to attend the Berlin Congress as correspondent of my paper. I know there is a lively recollection of a letter published in 1875 against the projects of the German military party, and as your Highness has been friendly to me, I have come to ask whether or not you would advise me to go to Berlin, or whether I should not be afraid of a reception rendering my mission very difficult if not impossible."

The Prince was silent a few seconds. "I must reflect," he said; "come again in three days."

Three days meant that he would make inquiries at Berlin. When I went again he said: "I have reflected. You can go to Berlin. You will be well received."

Two days afterward my young friend called again. "Here," I said, "is what I ask you to do. You will leave Paris in a few days. Here is a letter of introduction, from a friend of mine not concerned in politics, to the private secretary of a foreign statesman who will certainly represent his country at the Berlin Congress. You will present yourself with this letter as a young man seeking an improving situation and asking no salary. You have some weeks, perhaps months, before you. You will employ them in getting an introduction to the chief of the person to whom you are recommended, and you will manage so that when the Congress convenes, if he goes, you go with him. I shall be there. I do not ask you to divulge the smallest secret to me, or to commit the slightest indiscretion. You will simply keep me summarily informed of the things done. It will be for me to supplement your hints. You will never speak to me of things about to be done, for I will not give you a derogatory task. You will simply help me in forestalling the information of others, and when the Congress has adopted articles, you will communicate them to me; but I shall not publish them till the day the Congress holds its last sitting, so as in no way to thwart its labors. Here is the address at which you will keep me posted up; and the Congress over, provided you have faithfully performed your task, I will hand you the sum you deem necessary for making your fortune in the colonies."

Four days afterward he started.

Several weeks elapsed, and the constantly deferred Congress was convened for the 13th June, 1878. I arrived at Berlin

on the 11th. On the way, as at Berlin, I had a pleasant reception, as I had been assured. Everybody was affable, but, as I had foreseen, nobody gave me the slightest information. Some days before starting I had said to a German diplomatist, "At Paris the fish talk, at Berlin the parrots are dumb." The remark had been repeated, and people seemed resolved on confirming it.

Lord Odo Russell, though neither a parrot nor a fish, received me with the charming manners which had made him so popular, but did not give me the smallest information. M. Waddington was visibly embarrassed at receiving me. It was much the same everywhere — affable greetings, pressing invitations, great courtesy, but nothing, absolutely nothing, for the impatient tooth of a correspondent. Prince Bismarck, in receiving the plenipotentiaries, had told them that indiscretions must be avoided at all cost, and the journalists who had invaded Berlin prevented from sending their papers authentic information. Outside rumors must not hamper the march of the Congress; and it was also, I think, a question of saving the reputation for muteness of the German capital.

On the 13th June the Congress opened. The journalists assembled at Berlin walked like exiled shadows in the Wilhelmstrasse, laying wait for the echoes which escaped or might escape from the Congress hall. They learned that the Chancellor had made the members pledge themselves to absolute silence on the deliberations of the Congress. There was consternation.

On the night of the 13th I had a meeting with my young friend, the only one during my whole stay. He had quite succeeded. He was at Berlin as a kind of diplomatic outsider, receiving no salary, no lodging, nothing indeed, but deputed to co-operate in the labors imposed by the Congress on one of its members. He felt himself, however, closely watched. He brought me some summary information of no great importance, but which served me as a starting-point, and enabled me, indeed, from the very next day, to give my correspondence a more dignified character, and to collect some positive facts.

The real labors of the Congress had not begun. We felt that we should not meet again, and indeed I never met him afterward. It was settled that we should on

no account take an intermediary, which would have been to give us constant uneasiness, and expose ourselves to a voluntary or involuntary imprudence. In the end—it was four in the morning—we fixed on a plan, a very poor one, yet which seemed preferable to any others. As I had hired a carriage by the month, I was in the evening to make it wait, the windows being open, at some spot or other, and he in passing was to throw in his communications, written on very thin paper, and forming a tiny memorandum-book. Though not very well satisfied with this plan, I could hit on no other, nor he either, and we parted with this understanding.

He had already left the room, when he returned, saying, "Excuse me—I have taken your hat for mine."

An idea fastened on my mind. "Shut the door," I said, "and sit down; your method of communication is found."

That method, which succeeded admirably, was of childish simplicity.

I was staying at the Kaiserhof. Every day he came there for lunch and dinner. There was a stand where hats were hung up. He placed his communications in the lining of his hat, and we exchanged hats on leaving the table. When I was to dine out, I gave him notice overnight, and told him at what hour, before or after dinner, I should take tea. Only twice were we forced to put off the communication till next day. Once, however, we had a scare. One of my English colleagues, on leaving the dining-room, made a mistake and took my friend's hat. Without looking at each other, we felt, as he wrote me next day, that we turned pale. If the colleague in question had kept the hat, he might have discovered the third article of the treaty, which had been adopted at the previous day's sitting, as also a hint of the difficulties raised between Russia and England on the boundaries of Bulgaria, and very disagreeable consequences for my friend might have been the result. Fortunately on reaching the door the Englishman put on the hat, which dropped over on his nose. He laughingly took it off and replaced it on its peg. I had risen to take the hat from him, but sat down again. I breathed freely, and my friend must have done the same.

This plan was pursued without a hitch till the 3d of July. The brief notes which I received in this way enabled me to see several members of the Congress during

the evening, beginning with the most communicative one, and then going to others, piecing things together, and thus composing a perfect description of the sitting just held.

As an example of how in such a case information might be gathered, one evening after dinner I found this in the hat: "I have not gleaned much. Prince Gortchakoff has made a speech which created a little amusement, ending with the words, 'Russia is more jealous of gathering the laurels of glory than the olive of peace!'"

Furnished with the phrase, I went to a diplomatist who was an ardent admirer of the old Chancellor. The conversation began with commonplaces, but necessarily turned on the labors of the Congress.

"It seems," I said, "that some members of the Congress ridicule the speech just delivered by Prince Gortchakoff, especially the phrase with which he ended, 'Russia,'" etc.

The diplomatist drew himself up. "It is very wrong to ridicule it, and I hope you are not going to be the echo of these unjust railleries. The Russian Chancellor's speech was very acute and clever, despite its apparent pretentiousness. He clearly showed that"—and he proceeded to repeat some passages of the speech.

I paid two other visits, and toward midnight could telegraph the speech accurately enough for Lord Salisbury laughingly to say to me next evening, at Comte St. Vallier's soirée, "You forgot a few commas and semicolons, but with that exception the speech is given quite accurately." This did not prevent a newspaper from declaring it apocryphal, because I had said "Prince Gortchakoff rose," whereas plenipotentiaries always speak seated.

I only wished to show how I had often to go to work to know what had passed at the Congress. I afterward learned that Prince Bismarck was much annoyed at the publication of the speech, and that at the next sitting, seated by a diplomatist from whom he fancied I had derived it, he lifted up the table-cloth and sarcastically said, "I am looking to see if Blowitz is not underneath." The fact is, I had been happily guided. Tongues had been looser at Berlin than at Paris, and I was able on the morning of the 22d of June to publish the agreement effected the previous night between England and Russia on the Bulgarian question.

That question had raised such difficulties that the sittings of Congress had been suspended, and Mr. Disraeli, the future Lord Beaconsfield, either from adroitness or sincerely, had engaged a special train for Monday, the 24th, to leave Berlin. It would have been a disastrous rupture. The whole world was anxiously waiting. The 22d was a Saturday. If I had not been able to publish that morning that an agreement had been effected, Saturday's Stock Exchange would have had a terrible fall, and many people would certainly have been ruined. But the agreement was effected at midnight on Friday, and was known in London at six o'clock in the morning, and in the rest of Europe at eight or nine. No Stock Exchange manœuvre was practicable, and by this revelation I made numberless enemies among those who were speculating on a rupture.

When the Wolff Agency at Berlin published a London telegram quoting the information, many even among the members of the Congress—for I knew them—were ignorant of the agreement, which was not to be communicated to them till Saturday's sitting, the only thing they knew being that they were convened for that day. I had every reason, therefore, to be satisfied, and things went on well till the 4th of July. On the 3d my friend had committed an imprudence.

When I started for Berlin, or rather when Prince Hohenlohe had encouraged me to go, I had said to him: "Does your Highness think the Chancellor will grant me an audience? In the first place I am very anxious to know a statesman who is the great historical figure of the second half of the nineteenth century. Moreover, to go to Berlin without seeing Prince Bismarck is like going to Rome without seeing the Pope. It would be a mortification for me."

Prince Hohenlohe, who is the most perfect gentleman I know, and has great diplomatic *finesse*, but does not employ it in his private relations, especially when he meets any one who trusts him, replied that he could pledge himself to nothing on that point. "All I can promise you," he said, "is that I will do my utmost for your having an audience, but I do not answer in any way for the success of a step which I shall take but once, for I will not press it a second time."

The 1st of July arrived. Prince Bis-

marek had replied in the negative to the request for an audience which had been addressed to him in my name by Prince Hohenlohe. "He had received," he said, "hundreds of applications for an audience. Everybody had collected at Berlin, and the leading personages had all asked to see him. He could not receive me without receiving the others, especially the journalists, and, above all, the German journalists, whom he had always refused to receive, would never forgive him if he received only me."

I abandoned the hope of seeing him, and felt very much vexed, for by strange ill-luck I had not even caught sight of him. But in the afternoon of the 1st of July, on entering the hotel, Prince Hohenlohe's card was handed to me. He had called at the hotel, and had said on the card that he wished to see me as soon as possible, and would be in the evening at the English Embassy, where a reception was to be held.

I went to the Embassy, where the Prince arrived about eleven o'clock. What was my surprise when he informed me that Prince Bismarck asked me to dine with him next day at half past six, in morning dress. On the 2d, accordingly, at a quarter past six, Prince Hohenlohe, as had been arranged, called for me at the hotel. I was waiting at the door for him, and we went together to the Chancellor's.

Next day everybody at Berlin, and very soon all Europe, knew that I had dined with the Chancellor, and had staid with him till toward eleven at night. It was commented on as a great event, and the French papers have often twitted me with this dinner, styling me "Prince Bismarck's guest." These absurd attacks have never impaired the great satisfaction I feel at a recollection full of interest. I have since often opposed Prince Bismarck's policy; he himself, through a misunderstanding, once attacked me in the Reichstag. I have blamed him for many things, and at the time I write these lines Professor Geffken's imprisonment seems to me abominable, notwithstanding the attempt to justify it by the ill-inspired disclosure of the indictment; yet nothing will prevent my declaring that Prince Bismarck and Pope Leo XIII. are the only men—I have seen nearly all the great personages of the time—who have not disappointed me, but have even surpassed my expectations.

Prince Bismarck appeared to me a man beyond comparison with any, having a powerful mind, an unequalled intelligence, a clear will, a strong decision, a wonderful sagacity, a striking way of saying things, of judging men, of foreseeing and directing events. Add to this great and scornful pride, speaking of men with cutting sarcasm, an incisive and picturesque style, an absolute confidence in his own superiority. Even his stature exceeded my expectations. I had never seen him except at Madame Tussaud's waxworks in London, where he was represented as a short man, so that when the door opened and this giant in uniform entered I was quite taken aback.

My interview with him made a great impression at Berlin. The attitude of the diplomatists toward me altogether changed. No idea can be formed of the ascendancy exercised by the German Chancellor over the eminent diplomatists attending the Congress. Prince Gortchakoff alone, eclipsed by his rival's greatness, tried to struggle against him. All the rest listened to him with extreme deference, and unresistingly allowed themselves to be led by him. From that moment I had no need to solicit information; it came to me of its own accord, and this at the very moment when the source which had at first so well served me failed me.

My friend, who had been till then exceedingly prudent, on learning that I had seen the Chancellor in so special a way, took airs upon him, and without betraying our relations, excited distrust. From that time he was kept at a distance, and from the 4th of July his hat contained nothing but rueful confessions of his imprudence and bitter regrets at being unable to serve me. I did my utmost to console him, and though I did not see him again, I learned that he had left Europe, and he has since admirably succeeded in his enterprises. Still I lost all chance of having the treaty, though information on the Congress reached me thenceforth, as I have said, without difficulty.

On the 5th of July, a week before the Congress closed, I was reading in the hall of the Kaiserhof a private letter just arrived, and containing the following passage:

"I have watched with delight the campaign you have been making at Berlin. It would be a crowning of that campaign

if you could be the first to publish the treaty, and I need not tell you with what joy I should see you realize what would be the greatest feat of modern journalism."

At that moment a diplomatist who had always been friendly to me passed through the hall of the hotel. I must have looked downcast, for he came up with alacrity and said, "Have you been getting bad news?" With the instinctive idea I have already spoken of, according to which a man's destiny depends on the sagacity with which he seizes on the indications given by fate, instead of replying, I showed him the letter. He perused it attentively, then, turning to me, "So you set great store on forestalling the publication of the treaty?"

"If you put on one side all the grand crosses in the world, and the treaty on the other, I should choose the treaty."

"And how are you going to get it?"

"I have just had an assurance that Prince Bismarck is highly satisfied with what I sent on our conversation, and thinks I have rendered a service to peace. I am going to ask him to give me the treaty as a recompense."

My friend reflected a minute, then exclaimed: "No, do not ask him till you have seen me again. Walk out to-morrow between one and two in the Wilhelmstrasse, and I will see you."

Next day, on coming into the street, he came up to me and hurriedly said, "Come for the treaty the day before the closing, and I promise you you shall have it."

I could hardly restrain my delight. Now that I was certain of getting the treaty, I had a twofold anxiety. In the first place, the Congress was to terminate on the 13th. The Chancellor had positively said so. It was a Saturday. I should have the treaty on the 12th, and it was necessary at all cost for it to appear on the 13th, for the English papers do not come out on Sundays, and Monday would have been too late. Secondly, it was not enough to have the treaty: I must be the only one to have it. The German papers were angry with the Chancellor for not receiving them. I reflected that probably to pacify them he would give them the treaty, which would thus appear at Berlin on the Saturday, and that I should be beaten. I was in despair. How prevent Prince Bismarck from doing what he chose? How telegraph the treaty? It

was impossible in Germany or Austria, and at Paris it would be too late, for, getting it only on Friday, I could not be at Paris in time for it to be published on Saturday in London.

In the end I came to two resolutions: I felt that Brussels was the only place to telegraph from. I called on Baron Nothomb, the Belgian minister at Berlin. I told him there was an idea of a nightly telegraphic service between Brussels and London, and asked him to give me a letter for M. Vinchent, director-general at Brussels, urging him to telegraph immediately a long message which I might have to forward to London, to prove the speed with which Brussels and London could communicate. He readily gave me the letter. This reassured me as to telegraphic transmission. There remained the question of preventing anybody else from having the treaty. After long and elaborate reflection I fixed upon a plan which appeared both simple and rational. I asked Prince Hohenlohe and the Comte de St. Vallier to ask Prince Bismarck to give me the treaty, and I reasoned thus: The Prince says that I have rendered service to peace. I ask him to reward me by giving me the treaty. If he gives it, I am all right; a man like him does not do things by halves. As it is to reward me, he will not give it to anybody else. As he alone can give it to the German press, if he gives it me, I can wait till the end of the Congress, send it on Sunday, and have it published on Monday morning. If he refuses me, I am certain he will refuse others. A gentleman like him would never reply to my request and to the service I have rendered by betraying me and giving me a rebuff by communicating the treaty to others. In either case I shall not be forestalled.

Prince Hohenlohe and the Comte de St. Vallier were good enough to prefer my request. On the evening of the 11th of July Prince Hohenlohe informed me that next morning he would tell me the Chancellor's answer. At half past nine I went for the treaty promised me by the diplomatist, my friend, as above related. It was given me, except the last two articles, which were not to be adopted till the penultimate sitting, and the preamble, intrusted to M. Desprez, who had not yet drawn it up. Furnished with this treaty, I returned to the Kaiserhof to await Prince Hohenlohe's answer. It arrived at ten,

and said: "I much regret being unable to give you a favorable reply, but, considering the ill-humor of the German press, the Chancellor is afraid of irritating it too much by giving you the treaty." Thereupon I pretended to be very angry. I ordered my luggage to be packed, I asked for my hotel bill, I engaged a compartment for the 12.30 train, and announced that I was leaving without waiting for the last sitting next day. One of my fellow-correspondents, the most talkative of them all, asked the reason of my sudden departure. I confided to him that I was enraged, that Prince Bismarck, spite of the service rendered by me, as he himself said, to peace, had just refused to give me the treaty (I showed him Prince Hohenlohe's letter), that I considered this shameful, and that I would not stop an hour longer in a city where I was thus treated.

My confidant posted off to repeat my confidences, and all my brethren, sharing my indignation, came to condole with me. My excellent friend and colleague, Mr. (now Sir) Mackenzie Wallace, who had been very devoted to me throughout the Congress, was apprised by my secretary that I was leaving, and that in the interest of the paper I begged him to start with me. I stated that I was going to take leave of the Comte de St. Vallier. I ordered my luggage to be sent to the station, where we were to meet Mr. Wallace and my secretary in the compartment reserved for me.

The Comte de St. Vallier, then French ambassador at Berlin, and one of the three French plenipotentiaries at the Congress, was the type of a French nobleman. Amiable, elegant, attentive, listening readily, having a natural polish which allowed him to be very gracious without risk of seeming familiar, he had received me with a warmth which touched me. He suffered from indigestion, had to diet himself strictly, lived on milk, and presided with perfect grace over grand banquets where he could touch nothing. His receptions were one of the charms of the Congress, and attended with an eagerness which was their highest praise. Having never ventured to give me information, he had in return with all the more alacrity undertaken with Prince Hohenlohe to prefer the request, the failure of which had just been intimated to me. I called on him at eleven, having asked him to receive

me because I was leaving. He advanced with his usual grace, saying,

"I am vexed, believe me, at the failure of our application, but it is useless to dwell upon it. I regret that you take the thing so very much to heart. Stop two days. The Congress will be over to-morrow, and the day after, as simple ambassador, I could give you retrospective details which would still be interesting." I thanked him, but said I adhered to my plan of departure. "Pleasant journey, then. What can I do for you?"

"A good deal, M. le Comte. Give me the text of the preamble which M. Desprez must have drawn up, and which must be in your hands."

"The preamble, indeed, has just been handed to me, but what good can it be to you? You do not want to pretend to know the treaty by publishing the preamble?"

"Give me your word of honor, M. le Comte, to keep my secret for forty-eight hours, and I will explain what use I am going to make of the preamble."

"If it is not contrary to my duty, I promise."

I opened my vest and showed him the treaty. He turned a little pale on seeing it. "I regret," he said, "that you have told me the secret, for if the Chancellor asks whether I knew the thing, I shall be forced to confess. But while saying this, nothing could have more amused me than this way of seeing our rebuff retrieved;" and he began laughing heartily. "As to the preamble," he continued, "I cannot let you copy it, or give you the text, for I have no other. But sit down. I will read it slowly and aloud. Now is the time to justify your reputation for a wonderful memory." So, taking the manuscript, he read it slowly and very distinctly. I thanked him and took leave.

I reached the station a few minutes before the train started. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace was already seated in our compartment. My secretary was waiting on the platform. He told me some of my brethren were there to bid me farewell. "And to see if I really start," I remarked. I assumed a gloomier and sterner air than ever, which allowed me to keep silence; for I was afraid of forgetting the preamble if my attention was diverted by talking. At length I was able to enter our compartment and to salute the persons politely come to take leave of me.

The train started. It had not been dif-

ficult to see that in the crowd collected on the platform there were people deputed to watch me, and I even perceived that one of them, whom I had noticed during my stay at Berlin, was in the adjoining compartment. Mr. Wallace, who had taken a really fraternal interest in my Congress labors, and had often devotedly facilitated them, was visibly chagrined at my rebuff, and my secretary had an air of consternation which enchanted me; for the sincerity of his disappointment could have escaped nobody.

When we had passed the outskirts of Berlin I said to my secretary, "Take pen and ink; I am going to dictate something;" and I dictated the preamble. When he had written this, I pulled out the treaty. There was a perfect outburst of delight—the sweetest recompense which my efforts could obtain; for I saw two honest hearts affectionately and unreservedly sympathize with a success so anxiously achieved.

"Now we are not going," said I to Mr. Wallace, "to read the treaty. Here are needles and thread; open your vest; we will sew the treaty and preamble in, so that you will not have to bother about its safety, and we will append Baron Nothomb's letter to M. Vincent." This being done, I said to Mr. Wallace: "We are evidently watched, especially I. At the first large station you will leave this compartment and go into one some way off on the left, for on the right I believe there is some one watching us. I pretend not to know you, and you do the same with me. At Cologne you will take the Brussels train, and you will arrive at five in the morning. You will go straight to the telegraph. If, as I expect, they refuse to transmit the treaty without higher orders, you will wake up M. Vincent, and present Baron Nothomb's letter, and ask him for the order of transmission."

Things passed just as I had foreseen. Mackenzie Wallace went into another compartment, and we did not approach each other, but at the stations where we alighted I laughed heartily, for though the treaty was firmly sewed to the lining of his vest, I saw him from time to time put his hand to his heart as if to insure himself of its safety. When on getting to Brussels he offered the telegram for the clerk to count the words, the latter said, "Why, it is the Treaty of Berlin; I cannot undertake to send it." Wallace thereupon asked to see M. Vincent. He was

told he was in bed. He showed Baron Nothomb's letter and insisted on seeing him. The letter was sent to the director-general's house, he was woke up, and a quarter of an hour later he wrote at the foot of the Baron's letter the order of transmission.

At the very hour on the 13th of July when the treaty of 1878 was signed at Berlin, a London telegram announced that the *Times* had published the preamble and sixty-four articles, with an English translation appended. "How could it have got the preamble yesterday morning, seeing that it was not drawn up?" asked Prince Bismarck of the Comte de St. Vallier. "Was it not you, Count, who gave it the treaty?"

By this time M. de St. Vallier had no reason for keeping the secret further, and he was bound to reply without hesitation. He therefore frankly related what had happened.

"And what did he say when you told him?" I asked M. de St. Vallier.

"Excuse me," replied the Count, smiling, "but he did not tell me to repeat it to you."

At Berlin the news of the publication of the treaty made a great stir, and an irritation not even yet allayed. People immediately set to work to discover from whom I got the treaty. I will relate some day how, five years afterward, the Chancellor tried to make me reveal it, but meanwhile the account I have just given is the first authentic narrative of how the treaty fell into my hands. Nothing more will ever be known, and if I have written thus much, it is that the public may know by what efforts, sacrifices, and difficulties, and at the cost of what anxiety, one sometimes succeeds in satisfying their thirst for knowing and forestalling events.

THE WESTERN OUTLOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

BY FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE.

TO all who delight in the manly and invigorating recreations of the shooting field it must be a matter of great regret that among the framers of our Constitution there was no one so far-seeing as to incorporate a general law for the protection of the big game of this country. Had such provision existed—even during the past twenty years—we would not have witnessed the wanton extermination of the buffalo, and the threatened annihilation of the giant of the North American *Cervidæ*—the elk. It is only the observant and practical sportsman who for the past twenty-five years has spent months at a time in the haunts of the game of this country who can claim a right to discuss the Western game outlook intelligently. For the most part, the fashionable hunter's chief aim is to simply kill for the sake of killing, resorting to all manner of unworthy artifices to accomplish this end; to slaughter, even when his game cannot be utilized, that he may boast of numbers slain, and to wantonly destroy, that he may show on his return the trophies torn from his victims. At the present time the West is overrun yearly by trophy-hunters from all parts of the world. Unable, in the majority of cases,

from lack of endurance and skill and a knowledge of wood-craft, to procure their own antlers and pelts, they employ native hunters at high wages to lead them to the game, and, if they fail to hit the game, to do the killing for them. These men are induced, therefore, to slaughter vast quantities of game when it is not in season, when otherwise they would have reserved it for their own maintenance, and permitted the noble animals to perpetuate their kind. In this way thousands of heads of game are annually destroyed, but their number is comparatively small when compared with that killed by skin-hunters, ranchmen, and by reckless stockmen, who, just for the fun of it, never miss an opportunity to employ their repeating rifles at all kinds of game.

This unnecessary destruction of game could have been prevented, or at least checked, had adequate laws existed, and their enforcement been made a matter of national consideration. But on looking Westward we find that the great decrease of game other than the buffaloes and the elk is mainly consequent on the settlement of what but a short time ago were the natural homes of the animals. Within a few years the country between the Missis-