

sions of friendship and delight. They had not met for a long while, and each asked about the other's Lizzie and Fannie and their respective little ones. All of a sudden I heard one say:

"Well, see you to-night, I suppose. I have got to go."

"Where have you got to go to?" the other inquired, plainly disappointed that the pleasant interview was not to be prolonged.

"Where?" the other echoed. "Why, to hustle, of course. I have lost ten minutes standing here talking to you. I'm going out to hustle."

The word always jars upon the ear of an Eastern man when it is seriously spoken, but it is preferable to that other expression once dominant in the West, but now all but abandoned. That was the word "rustle." The noun a "rustler" and the verb "to rustle" meant precisely what is conveyed by the newer terms a hustler and to hustle. At the first blush, as they say out West, rustle seems the better word. There is a hint of poetry in the suggestion of the sound of moving leaves upon the ground or of the silken dress of a lady moving rapidly. Moreover, that was what the word

was intended to convey, the idea being that of a man who moves so rapidly that the dead leaves upon the earth rustled as he swept along. But in its origin it is a word of evil intent, for the cowboys invented it, and applied it to cattle-thieves, rustlers being the swift raiders who stole upon grazing cattle on the plains, and rustled off with as many head, or beasts, as they could get away with. Therefore rustle is the worse word of the two. But to one who lives where neither word is in familiar use there is little choice, since the actual meaning of hustle is not far different from that of jostle. Both imply a serious and even brutal lack of consideration for other persons, who are elbowed and pushed out of the way by the hustler as rowdies are hustled along by the police.

Both Duluth and Superior are mainly dependent upon the lake system of navigation, and both complain that its limitations greatly retard their growth, and resist the growing demands of the shippers of the Northwest. In another article, upon Lake Superior, the situation in which these cities find themselves, and the need of prompt action by the government, will receive attention.

## ALFONSO XII, PROCLAIMED KING OF SPAIN.

### A NEW CHAPTER OF MY MEMOIRS.

BY MR. DE BLOWITZ.

IT was only in October, 1872, if I remember rightly—for his letter bears no date—that Laurence Oliphant informed me that in a letter which he had just received, Mr. Mowbray Morris, then manager of the *Times*, and therefore charged with the duty of the appointment of the correspondents of the paper and their assistants, had asked him to tell me that I was to remain definitely under his orders, Mr. Charles Austin continuing to be attached to the Paris office as second correspondent.

Soon after, Laurence Oliphant proposed that I should take up my abode with his mother and himself, occupying with them a small house with court and garden in the Rue du Centre, now the Rue Lamennais. Oliphant and his mother occupied the first floor; my wife, my adopted daughter, and I occupied the second floor. The upper stories, as well as the dining-room on the ground-floor, were common to us

both; we took our meals together, my wife having charge of all the domestic arrangements. The anxieties and practical difficulties attendant upon the management of a double household of this sort were beyond the power of Mrs. Oliphant. Like so many English ladies who have spent much time in the colonies, she had always been in the habit of shifting the responsibility of domestic and household worries upon others and upon her minor servants.

We met every day at meals, at noon and at seven o'clock. In the morning I went to Versailles, which was then the centre of political information. By luncheon I was back in Paris, and we discussed the information that I had gathered, considering it from the point of view of its value for our correspondence, which from the pen of Laurence Oliphant appeared in a style of refined humor and incisiveness

peculiar to the talent of this writer, who was at once so original and so full of good sense—a style of which the readers of the *Times* will long cherish the pleasant memory, for to-day, as it was then, it is a model of nice and delicate observation. In the evening I sent, under the signature of Oliphant, who had relieved me of the duty of communicating them to him in advance, all those matters of news which would have grown stale if consigned to the tardy post, and which, owing to the lateness of their reaching me, I was unable to communicate to my chief.

Oliphant, it is well known, had come to Europe and France by order of Mr. Harris, who was then still a prophet, or rather his prophet. Harris had not told him why he was to come to Europe; he had merely told him to come. Was it that the prophet did not himself know? Or was it that by the blind execution of this order Oliphant would the better enter into the mysteries of the cult professed by him? I cannot say; but at all events on reaching Europe he betook himself to London and waited for light. But the Franco-German war then broke out. Oliphant, who was by no means unknown to the readers of the *Times*, appeared before Mr. Mowbray Morris and offered his services.

They were eagerly accepted, and Oliphant was directed to remain with the French army. The *Times* believed naively that its accredited representative would be received with open arms by the military administration in France. It was quite unaware, alas! that the commander-in-chief of the French armies had, above all, certain things to conceal, and that any impartial and penetrating witness of events would be regarded as an enemy.

When Oliphant presented himself to Marshal Lebœuf as commissioned by the *Times* to follow the French army, he was kept waiting in an anteroom for some hours, and finally informed that Marshal Lebœuf had decided to forbid correspondents to follow the army. In any case, the marshal preferred to have only such correspondents as would be willing to conceal the truth, and not to enlighten ignorance and error. Oliphant left Paris, and retired into the provinces to inform himself with regard to the state of mind outside of the capital. He found everywhere the results of the excitement which had been aroused at Paris, and

which had been, as it were, artificially blown to a white heat in order to dissipate all resistance or opposition during the grave crisis that it was now necessary to meet. At Lyons he was recognized as a foreigner while present at one of those assemblies at which speakers without conviction endeavor by vague and chilly utterances to manufacture illusions and arouse enthusiasms in which they themselves do not share. His tall slim figure, his long beard, his penetrating eye, and his mouth touched with a melancholy irony—his incredulous air, in a word, which was so contrasted with the noisy enthusiasm of the company—easily betrayed him. He was at first only noticed, but then questioned, attacked, and menaced; and when, instead of protesting, he attempted in picturesque language to make clear the actual state of things, he barely escaped serious consequences on account of his rash conduct. The spectre of the spy already haunted all minds, and it was with cries of death that they received his perspicacious words. He returned to Paris, and there received the order to join the German army, where General Von der Tarn, informed of the refusal he had met with in France, asked that he should be attached to his army corps.

It has often been remarked that the main reason that the information of the *Times* had that accuracy of which the French complained so bitterly was that its correspondents were obliged to send the exact truth, which in France it was sought so strenuously to conceal, and which indeed was concealed by the culpable complicity of the papers. If the correspondents of the *Times* had been allowed to follow the French armies, they undoubtedly would have told the truth, but they would have presented it under a more agreeable form, and France would have found in the columns of the *Times* many a word of sad defence side by side with the triumphant stories which came to it from false sources through the German army alone.

But I am not writing here the life of Oliphant. It has been written only recently, and remarkably written, although one cannot help regretting that the author of this book seems absolutely ignorant of the work of Oliphant during his stay in France. The war over, he returned to Paris, and remained attached to the *Times*. But the mission that Harris had given him

seemed finished. He had become convinced that the vision of the prophet could embrace only the vast horizon of the war, and that he had sent him to Europe only to follow its vicissitudes, and to draw from the spectacle the philosophic conclusions demanded as the foundation of a new faith. He met now, it is true, dwelling just in front of him in this same Rue du Centre where we lived together, that charming and clever Miss Le Strange, who was to unite herself to him—to embrace his obscure faith, which love for the master rendered so clear and intelligible to the pupil already convinced in advance; who was to accept with it or endure with it all its exactions and all its consequences; and who was to die later on in her exalted and vanished youth, quite alone, a victim always of vague and futile revelations, far away in that solitude of Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, which has been the witness of the rise and fall of all beliefs and of all errors. The prophet Harris was eager to persuade him that this meeting with Miss Le Strange, this love, this union, had all been foreseen when he had directed Oliphant to come to France, so that Oliphant believed that his mission was at an end, that he had done with the agitated life of camps, with the fever of revolutions, and the thousand and one crises that attended the painful situation of France during the war and the Commune. When the country, apparently exhausted, crushed, and scorched under fire and war, attempted with marvellous elasticity to raise itself from the ruins and walk again with head erect among the nations, Laurence Oliphant felt himself, as it were, humbled by the work of a peaceful and faithful historian which was now incumbent upon him. His nervous temperament did not allow him long to support a sedentary life of this sort, and he hastened to return to America, where he was attracted by the dream of a still mysterious future, and where he counted upon being able to effect a powerful propaganda, in which he had begun by acquiescing, but which he now hoped to carry on in his own turn.

His relations with the *Times*, therefore, became now more and more irksome, and it was only by a strong effort daily that he succeeded in fulfilling his task. His attitude towards the Thiers government was an indication of his state of mind at this time. He refused now and then to

go to Versailles to see M. Thiers, and when he did see him he showed himself irritated and almost haughty—indeed, treating the opinions and theories that M. Thiers developed before him with a kind of ironical and supercilious indulgence very like disdain. He refused the offer of the Legion of Honor almost with positive rudeness, as if it was sought with the red rosette to impose upon him the badge of servitude. His young wife herself—whose aspirations, more lofty than his, perhaps, and more romantic, could not be satisfied by this daily task, a little too exactly regular—was not likely to induce him to love it any the more. He threw the bridle upon my neck, approved in advance of all my communications, and received them rather with the pleasure of a reader than with the attention of a correspondent called upon to give them to the light. These tendencies were often prejudicial to the best exercise of his abilities, and clearly presaged the end; so that I was not surprised when, in the year 1873, he announced to me one day that as a result of an interchange of some rather sharp correspondence between Mr. Macdonald, then manager of the *Times*, and himself, he had just sent in his resignation as special correspondent of that paper in France.

Some days later he presented me to his successor. It was Mr. Frederic Hardman, the same whom I had succeeded at the start and replaced afterwards. It did not take long for me to understand, and undoubtedly Mr. Hardman understood it as well, that our relations would soon become full of difficulties. Mr. Frederic Hardman was a veteran among *Times* correspondents. His absolute position, his great loyalty, the uprightness of his character, his devotion to the cause of the paper, and his fine talent and great experience had merited the friendship of his chiefs and of all connected with the *Times*. He had lived for a long period in Spain, and he had very accurate notions in regard to that country and its political parties, then so eagerly disputing among themselves. He had lived in Rome and in Germany as well, and he knew many statesmen in all countries, and he was on the best of terms even with men of the old régime in France. But the new political structure and the men who were at this moment governing France were unknown to him. He did

not see that defeat had produced in everybody a nervous condition, a kind of chronic distrust, something bitter in the feeling towards foreigners and everything foreign. His first endeavors to seek information and to put together some elements of work were not a success, and he generally summed up the result of his attempts with a "There is nothing new." He had, besides, the American method. He noted down the words that were said to him in a note-book which he held in his hand, a method which in France is infallible for learning absolutely nothing; for, as M. Duclerc says, "This method of cross-examination puts you immediately on the defensive, and shuts your mouth while it opens your eyes." After some days' trial he explained to me that he was anxious to arrange our work together as it had been done before with Oliphant; that I was to go in search of information, and that he would make my results the theme of correspondence. He left me also the department of the preparation of rapid news necessitating short despatches. This plan worked well for some time. Unfortunately the situation was false. He was my chief, but he was unknown to the majority of Frenchmen, and whenever we found ourselves together in the same official *salon*, in spite of all precautions that I took, the positions, in the eyes of a third person, seemed inverted. Some incidents, unfortunate but inevitable, complicated matters. Once he went to the *Élysée*, giving his card to the usher, in order to speak with the Vicomte d'Harcourt, the President's secretary. The usher replied that M. d'Harcourt could not be seen.

"Tell him that it is the correspondent of the *Times* who wishes to see him."

The usher looked at him rudely: "Pardon me," he said, "but the correspondent of the *Times* has just left the secretary."

At another time one of his friends, Lord X., left at the *Hôtel Chatham*, to be carried to the correspondent of the *Times*, a visiting-card. It was taken to my house. As it constantly happens to everybody to receive cards from persons unknown to one, I thought that this card was meant for me, and I returned the visit.

The crisis after these incidents became acute. I had arranged, at Mr. Macdonald's order, the special wire to the *Times*, which was the first then established, and

which was used for the first time on the 4th of May, 1874. The consequent necessity, so new for Mr. Hardman and frightfully exacting for him—who thus, without any experience of that kind of thing, was obliged to adapt himself to the new method of improvising, upon events of the last moment while they were still in the air, letters logically conceived throughout, and written while the telegraph waited, without opportunity for revision—had its baneful effect; the strain affected the health, temper, and nervous system of Mr. Hardman, and made collaboration with him impossible. Four times pressing telegraphic recalls to Paris interrupted my holidays, and finally, when a fifth summoned me thither after an absence of only three days, I returned obediently, but resolved to send in my resignation, which now seemed inevitable, since I had neither the wish nor the power to act otherwise, and so once more I was on the point, already at an advanced moment in my life, of abandoning a career for which I had so sincere an enthusiasm, and to which I dreamed of devoting the remainder of my existence. But on reaching Paris I learned that Mr. Hardman was seriously ill.

He was then living across the river in the *Rue Solferino*, and it was his habit to return, after the nervous excitement of his work, always at a late hour of the night—sometimes, indeed, in the early morning—on foot to his house, thus courting the illness which was destined to carry him away. It was, indeed, pleurisy contracted during his walk in icy air on coming out from his work in a state of perspiration which finally, after a few days of resistance, brought him to the ground. In every sense of the words he was upright and devoted to his duty, and he died from having gone heroically literally beyond his strength. It was neither our characters nor our sympathies nor our wills that made our relations so difficult—nay, I may say all but impossible—but it was the falsity of the relationship in which we happened to be placed, and none of my friends who knew me well were surprised to see me weeping sincerely at the premature death of this excellent man. The *Times* devoted to him an eloquent and feeling article, which, notwithstanding its notes of eulogy, scarcely rendered to him justice, and then—all was over.

There is nothing in the world more melancholy than the sudden silence that falls round the tomb of those painstaking, steady workers who follow with unwearying conscientiousness up to the very end the furrow of their daily task, without arousing hatred, without provoking jealousy, and who leave at the last the memory of a talent to which every one pays an equal homage. In this journalistic career posthumous enthusiasm is never noisy. Even beyond the tomb the fame of the dead is an offence, and the very haters, from fear of prolonging the noise of the praise of the famous, seem to prefer to hold their peace, lest in attempting to gain satisfaction they recall the memory of the contestants who have disappeared. Yes, nothing is more melancholy than the startling rapidity with which these turbulent existences, bound to a merely ephemeral want, enter into the dark oblivion of the tomb. The most distinguished among them scarcely survive, and future generations know them not, because even living generations have passed them by in silence. The Royer Collards, the Benjamin Constants, the Thiers, have survived in the memory of men not because they were journalists, but in spite of it. Armand Carrel is not yet forgotten because he was killed in a duel with Girardin; and the latter, who was a man of affairs as well as journalist, lives rather because he was the promoter of postal reform than because for forty years he had been the most active of journalists. Laurence Oliphant's life was written because he lived an existence full of agitation, because he was nearly massacred in Japan, because he published books of satire and philosophy, because his always inquiring spirit pursued beyond the barriers of reality the solution of problems that constantly escaped his insight and his power, and because in the solitude of Haifa, scaling in his turn Mount Carmel, he sought to preach from its heights a new law which he believed to be true. But no one has dreamed, or dreams, as far as I know, of writing the life of the admirable journalist John Delane, the editor-in-chief of the *Times*, who was during thirty-two years the De Moltke of a venerated chief, sacrificing to the triumph of the common work his right of remonstrance. Under the reign of Mr. John Walter, the third of the dynasty which gave to England the uncontested

power of the *Times*, John Delane for thirty-two years silently, and without even leaving behind him memories which could recall his success, led his troops to continual victories. He began his fruitful career almost at the accession of Queen Victoria. He was editor-in-chief of the *Times* at the age at which Pitt became Prime Minister; and at different epochs, and in the midst of unlike generations, these two—the one before the admiration of the entire world, the other in the distant silence of the editorial room, the one amid the acclamations of the crowd, the other with only the approval of his conscience—worked with equally precocious qualities and displayed equal genius in the accomplishment of their several tasks and in the steady realization of their designs. John Delane traversed the revolution of 1848, the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, the proclamation of the Second Empire, the Crimean war, the Italian war, the Mexican expedition, that against Schleswig-Holstein, and the war of 1866, the war of 1870, the Commune, the proclamation of the German Empire, the Dualism in Austria, the Russo-Hungarian campaign, the conception and the opening of the Suez Canal, the nihilist plots, the great reforms that mark the internal policy of the reign of Queen Victoria, and a thousand other events which for the moment I forget, yet always and everywhere the dominant voice of his journal sounded far above the clamor of the combatants, and everywhere and always he lent to those to whom he gave his support a real power, while he weakened incontestably those against whom he fought; and yet, when he died, not a single voice in the world among his bitterest opponents was raised in disparagement of his conscientiousness, his justice, and his honor. For thirty-two years, suffering nothing to prevent him, he went to his room in the *Times* at half past ten in the evening, and left it at half past four, giving his entire life to this silent work by night, subordinating to it everything save independence of judgment, and having as his only recompense the single ambition to be true. During these thirty-two years he made and unmade hundreds of reputations, which the world, by involuntary homage rendered to the infallibility of his judgment, has left in the place to which he assigned them. It has forgotten one thing, however—to re-

serve for John Delane himself a corner in its memory; and it has forgotten that it had a duty not to allow him to be so promptly submerged by events; and it is almost with a feeling of bitterness that I have recalled, in the inadequate and unworthy lines that precede, the great career of this toiler unknown among the crowd, so worthy, however, to figure among those who are placed in the forefront of their times.

The very morning of the death of Mr. Hardman I received a letter, which was very touching and full of feeling, from Mr. Macdonald, who had loved him much, in which he invited me to continue till further orders the duties of the Paris correspondent of the paper, with the valuable collaboration of Mr. J. G. Alger, who still occupies, with his recognized ability, the same post as then. We set ourselves bravely to the wheel. They were difficult months that followed. My provisional situation gave me in no quarter the absolute authority that was necessary for my work. Furthermore, there was a question as to continuing the telegraphic correspondence, which was still an experiment, the success of which was watched everywhere with jealous anxiety.

The *Times* remained for some time the only paper in the world possessing a private wire, and it was necessary to justify this fact to its readers as well as to itself. We accomplished this result, however, for to-day the great papers without a special wire are the exception. It was in the month of October that Mr. Hardman died. As soon as his death was known, on every side, from all countries and from all ranks, rose men whose talents, origin, or position induced them to apply for the post of Paris representative of the *Times*. At every moment the papers announced the appointment of one or the other, but never, I must say, was I mentioned for the post. The *Times* itself reserved to me a very curious surprise. It was Mr. John Delane who was still the editor-in-chief. He knew me personally, but it was his rule never to write directly to correspondents, but only officially as the head of the staff. I had never had any direct personal correspondence with him. While I was thus filling the vacant post in the interim, I wrote one day a letter, entitled "De Profundis," predicting the approaching fall of the De Cissy cabinet.

The letter appeared with comment in a leading article, but the next day came a telegram from Mr. Delane asking who was the author of it. A similar thing happened four or five times, and I learned—which was indeed the inevitable consequence of anonymity—that the editor of the paper himself did not quite know what to think of my ability as a writer and as a journalist.

Three months rolled by in this way. During those months a hundred rumors were bruited about, and not a word had been exchanged between the journal and myself in regard to my present or future situation. All that I knew was that whosoever might be the head appointed over me, I could do nothing but withdraw. My experience with Mr. Hardman had enlightened me, and the position that I occupied after his death made a similar prospect still more intolerable. However, I did nothing to put an end to this state of things. I understood that the paper, in presence of the most tempting offers, feeling the difficulties that attended my appointment, and realizing the necessity of conducting itself according to a certain etiquette, as one might say, on account of its unique position in the world's press, would take a long time to consider, and however great my annoyance might have been, I should have understood and bowed before its decision. This decision came at the end of the year 1874. The service had not suffered. The special wire was proving its value more and more; the Paris correspondence, sustained by the combined efforts of my collaborator and myself, had succeeded in gaining the approbation of our chiefs. There appeared to be no reason why the situation, in itself provisional and precarious, should not be prolonged for some time still. But the 31st of December, 1874, ushered in an event which put a sudden end to the delay of my chiefs.

The evening of that day I had gone to bed very late. The day was icy cold; snow covered all Paris. Wearied out, and suffering from a slight fever, I had remained in bed, and was on the point of sending to Mr. Alger to inform him of my condition, in order to consider with him with what we could feed that Minotaur called the private wire, when the evening papers were brought to me. The *Liberté*, whose proprietors were then, and no doubt are to-day, on excellent terms with

the Spanish dynasty, announced by telegraph, and in some words of comment, that a pronunciamento, provoked by Martinez-Campos, had taken place in Spain, and that the Prince of Asturias, then in Paris, had been proclaimed King, under the title of Afonso XII. It was a veritable thunder-clap. Half an hour later I was at the Spanish embassy, then held by M. Abarzuzza, a revolutionary Spaniard of the finest water, and who was walking then in the flower beds of diplomacy with about the easy lightness of an elephant. He received me very ironically, after I had waited for more than an hour—a thing not unnatural, however, as some three hundred people were pressing into his waiting-rooms. I had remained below, so as to watch those who entered or departed by the only door admitting to the embassy, and in order to see if the ambassador received many telegrams from abroad. It is sure to be the case that when a revolution breaks out in a country, as long as the government remains master of the situation, its representatives receive ample information. For there is nothing more agreeable than preparing bulletins of victory. But so soon as the situation changes, it is the ambassadors who send the eager telegrams, which often do not reach their destination, however, and to which, even when they do, there is frequently no reply. So now on this occasion I saw messengers continually hurrying out with half-concealed despatches in their hands, to be sent by telegraph, but during all the time that I waited I saw not a single telegraphic message entering the embassy. When finally I was conducted to the ambassador, in spite of the irony with which he treated the telegram in the papers, I had almost made up my mind as to its truth. The ambassador told me that it was merely an abortive revolution; that a few soldiers, speedily silenced, had cried out "Viva el Rey!" but that at that moment—it was then half past six—the excitement had been suppressed, order had been re-established in Madrid, the government having taken energetic measures, and he authorized me to telegraph to my paper that the attempt for the restoration of the monarchy had been easily suppressed by the government. In such a case, as in many others, when it is a question of serving his government or serving himself, an ambassador will never

hesitate to throw a journalist quite overboard, and to sacrifice him body and soul, if he can, his reputation and his honor, to his own designs. I left the ambassador convinced that the pronunciamento of Martinez-Campos had succeeded, resolved not to repeat the ambassador's story, or at least to send it with pointed comments, but yet not daring to give a positive form to my conviction by sending an absolutely contrary telegram, for I had no absolute proof of the truth of that of which I was persuaded, and I could not discover any justifying facts. I returned discouraged enough, for the time at the best was short, and the fever had not yet left me. But I ordered a carriage to be in readiness, and with weariness and disappointment betook myself to my chamber, in a state almost of madness because I could see no means of gaining better information. Queen Isabella, to be sure, with the Prince of Asturias, occupied the Hôtel Basilewski, only a few doors from my house, but I knew neither the Queen nor her son, nor any member of their *entourage*, and it was not probable, indeed it was scarcely possible, that in the circumstances, and at such a moment, I would be received. Moreover, on returning, I had passed by the Avenue Kléber, in front of the Hôtel Basilewski (the Palais de Castille), instinctively, as if to see if the walls of this house could not tell me something. I saw an enormous crowd in front of the gates, which were tightly closed, and some sergents de ville, sent in haste, who with the greatest difficulty held the throng in check. I imagined that all the reporters of the Paris papers and all the correspondents of foreign papers were mingled in this crowd and trampling down the snow, and considering it useless to increase the number, I more and more despaired at my helplessness.

The 31st December, in the evening, it was useless to seek to find any members of the government in Paris; moreover, the official seat was at Versailles, and there seemed no issue out of my difficulties. Suddenly a souvenir flashed across my brain. Some time previously I had met at the Spanish embassy, then at Versailles, Count de Banuelos, a Senator of Spain, who had spoken in warm terms of the Queen and her son, who was well acquainted with England, and who was a careful reader of the *Times*. He had

been quite charming to me. I had called upon him, and had been presented to the most delightful of families, consisting of a very gracious and affable mother and two charming girls. His hotel, 27 Rue de Lisbonne, was near at hand. It was nine o'clock. I rushed down to my carriage and gave the address. Two minutes after, I entered the *hôtel Banuelos*. When I entered the hall, Count Banuelos, now Spanish minister at Brussels, and one of the finest-looking men of his time, in full dress, followed by his two daughters, also in evening ball dress; was descending the stairs to enter the *salon* on the ground-floor. I was extremely embarrassed. I had come by instinct, at a venture, without plan or forethought, and without knowing exactly why. On seeing these preparations, indicating that the count was about to go to a ball, I understood that I could expect no help from him, for at the moment the idea came to me that the only way of penetrating into the Palace of Castille was to go with him. I asked him if he had any details. He replied that he had just learned the news at that very moment, that he had previous reasons for thinking it true, and that as he was going to a ball at the Duchesse de Malakoff's with his two daughters, he intended to congratulate the future King on the following day. I had not got very far; the two young women, who were ready and impatient to go, came to ask for their father. During this conversation I had become convinced that Count Banuelos alone could open to me the doors of the Palais de Castille, and that there and there only could I hope to obtain any information. But at the first suggestion of the sort that I uttered the two charming girls were in consternation. Politics did not much interest them. The young Prince of Asturias, whom they greatly liked, had been proclaimed King, but the rest mattered little, and their dance cards were filled with engagements, and their partners were waiting. They were likely to pain many and disappoint others, and to be unkind to the beautiful and good lady their hostess, who counted upon them; and all this drove me to despair, while, without insisting, I kissed the young ladies, and my face betrayed the bitter disappointment that I felt as I slowly got up to take leave. My disappointment was so obvious that the two

girls were moved, and simultaneously, without understanding why I was so much troubled, they consented to let their father go.

But it was then my place to refuse. I reproached myself with great selfishness for having troubled these two gracious beings, without even letting them know why they were called upon to sacrifice themselves so completely for me, and I made a movement of going away.

At that moment the door of the *salon* opened, and the Countess de Banuelos, her face, always sympathetic, now lighted "par le plaisir de faire plaisir," appeared in full ball dress. So soon as she learned the difficulty, solving the entire situation, she ascended to her apartments, and came down ready to take her daughters to the Duchesse de Malakoff's, where she promised to await her husband's arrival to relieve her of her post of devotion. There, as always, the soft hand of a woman removed the obstacles that lay in the pathway of my life. Before her intervention all difficulties disappeared. We put the ladies into their carriage, and the count and I betook ourselves to mine, ordering the coachman to touch at the Palais de Castille.

The crowd there was as great as ever, and the precautions against intruders as severe. Since nine that night nobody had been allowed to enter. A commissary of police, with a sufficiently strong band of sergents de ville under his orders, was guarding the great gateways opening on the cour d'honneur. Our carriage was stopped even before we had penetrated the crowd.

Count Banuelos put out his head, summoned a sergent de ville, and begged him to send for the commissary of police. Count Banuelos explained who he was, and informed him that he was going to salute the King. The commissary excused himself with great politeness, but said that he could not permit the passage. Count Banuelos then gave him his card, and begged him to have it given by one of his men to Count Morphy, governor of the Prince of Asturias, henceforth King of Spain. The commissary of police glanced at the card, bowed down before the name that it bore, and granted the request of the count. Ten minutes after, a great movement took place in the crowd. The police were opening a passage to our carriage. A strong cordon of



sergents de ville protected us and defended the gate, in order to prevent a sudden rush within the court. I was in the shadow of the carriage, and we dashed across through the great doorway, that closed quickly behind us. A journalist who happened to be there, however, recognized my driver. I heard them crying "It is Blowitz's carriage," and caught the sound of cries and counter-cries of objection, but we were then ascending the *perron*, and I found myself in the vestibule of the palace.

Everywhere was great commotion. All the intimates of the royal palace had been ordered thither, and they went and came, and joyous salutations resounded throughout the house in a fashion that seriously compromised the etiquette of the Spanish court. One felt here that beyond all doubt the pronunciamiento had indeed succeeded, and that Alfonso XII. had certainly been proclaimed and recognized King of Spain. Even M. Abarzuzza himself would have been convinced of it.

Count Morphy came to meet us. After the presentations were over, "The King will see you with great pleasure," he said to Count Banuelos. "And as for you, monsieur, come in here, I beg you, into the King's study, where he has been till just now. I will tell the King that you are here, will explain the object of your visit, and will return to tell you what he may authorize me to say to you."

All who have had the good fortune to know Count Morphy will know that I had reason to congratulate myself on finding myself at this moment standing before one of the most amiable, accomplished, and refined of gentlemen, and every time my good star has brought me since into his presence—at Madrid during the first marriage of the King, and at Paris during the painful incidents of the return from Germany—I recognized in him the same man, so kind, so sympathetic, so amiable to others, as I noted at my first meeting, and indeed at the very first moment of this meeting.

While Count Banuelos, accompanied by Count Morphy, ascended to the next floor, where was the King, I entered, on the left, in the ground-floor, the "study" of the Prince of Asturias, in that part of the house devoted to Count Morphy. The walls were covered with geographical maps, and photographs of sovereigns and

princes and princesses of reigning houses, all bearing gracious dedications. On one table was a chart of both hemispheres, and on another, covered with books and papers, lay a volume of Tacitus, bearing, in whose hand I did not know, annotations in Spanish. While I was excitedly engaged in noting the passage of the book thus lying open under my eyes, eager to know what had been the last book which the Prince of Asturias had been reading, the door opened and some one entered. I thought it was Count Morphy.

"You see, count," said I, "I am trying to see what passage—" I raised my eyes. It was the young King himself, who, with a smile on his lips and a beaming eye, stretched out a slightly feverish hand.

He was dressed in irreproachable taste, and wore his evening dress, with its narrow silk lapel, with youthful and easy grace, while a gardenia adorned his button-hole.

In spite of his extreme youth, his face was serious, his bearing energetic, and a slight line already seamed a broad and intelligent brow, surmounted by fine dark hair arranged with great care and taste.

"May your Majesty pardon me," I said. "I thought that it was Count Morphy."

The King made a slight movement, the cheeks colored rapidly, and the mouth, a little melancholy even at this moment, and shaded by a fine youthful mustache, began to smile frankly.

"Excuse me," he said, "for this little movement of surprise, but although, as I think, I may consider myself King of Spain, inasmuch as you are the first stranger who has yet greeted me with this title, I could not repress the slight movement which I perceive did not escape you."

Then, with his back against the fireplace, and with an easy and charming simplicity, he told me himself all the details of the movement which had just occurred. He recalled the proclamation of Martinez-Campos, the attitude of the troops, the proclamation of the Governor of Madrid, the feeling of the populace there and in the provinces, as just indicated to him by telegrams, the proclamation that he would himself address to the Spanish people, and, in fact, the entire plan of the Constitution which he had

conceived and was on the point of elaborating.

"I have been utterly surprised at the event," he said, "although I was expecting it. I was afraid it might be too long delayed, but my friend Martinez-Campos wished to make me a present on this appropriate day of the year. He could not have chosen a finer one," and he began to laugh loudly. "I went out immediately after breakfast to take advantage of a moment's sunlight, and when I returned I saw people running towards the palace, the great gateway open, with everybody awaiting me on the steps, the Queen at the top of the stairs, and coming down to throw herself into my arms, while the others cried, 'Vive le Roi!' Then I understood, and I have had all the difficulty in the world to keep from bursting into tears, for I understand very well that my poor dear Spain has need of a long rest in order to rise from her ruins, and I do not know whether my strength is sufficient." And then, after some minutes of silence, holding my hand as a sign of adieu, he added, gayly, "What, between ourselves, I am going to try especially to do is to seek to manage so that there shall be no more pronunciamientos, and for that purpose to see the army immediately on my return, to see it, moreover, often, and to teach it that it has only one head, who commands it, and its commanders as well, and that that head is the King."

Count Morphy was awaiting me and came to me, while the young King ascended to his apartments on the first floor. I thanked him from the bottom of my heart for my good fortune, to which he had so powerfully contributed, for the King had said to me, in our conversation, "My friends Count Banuelos and Count Morphy both begged me to see you myself, thinking undoubtedly that you had never seen a king nearer his accession, and that what I told you myself would have more authenticity than what I might say through them; and you see I am not yet at that epoch in my reign at which they no longer dare to counsel me." And I experience great pleasure now, after fourteen years, at expressing to those whom Alfonso XII. called his two friends, the feeling of profound and affectionate gratitude that I have never ceased to treasure up in regard to them. Both, happily, while Alfonso XII. reposes in the royal

vault of Spain, while the widow who survives him watches with the wisdom of a Marie Theresa over the childish brow which bears the heavy burden of the crown of Spain—both still live, and can accept the expression of my enduring gratitude. Count Morphy occupies to-day the high place he occupied of old in the confidence of Alfonso XII., and Count Banuelos is to-day the much-loved and esteemed representative of Spain at the very gates of Paris, in Brussels.

But I admit I did not prolong my conversation with Count Morphy, who was himself, in spite of the late hour, worried by many calls upon him. Messages followed one another without cessation, and during the few moments that I remained with him several packages of telegrams were brought in.

It was half past eleven. Count Banuelos had gone, I know not how, leaving my carriage at my disposal. I ordered my driver to go at a rapid trot, but the snow and slipperiness rendered all hopes of this kind foolish, and we had, on the other hand, to take the greatest precautions in order to avoid an accident. It was almost one o'clock when I reached the office of the *Times*. The moments were pressing. I sent off two columns of matter, giving the principal things, and my interview with the King, but it was too late to send the details that I have just given.

The morrow I remained in bed in a state of intense fever, quite unable to write, and the following day it was too late to return to the details of this evening, which could therefore be told only in these pages of my journalistic life, as connected with the political events of the time. I say this in order to guarantee my honesty as a writer, and to recall to the reader that what precedes has never before been published.

But although I could not publish everything, what appeared in the *Times* on the following morning was absolutely unknown to anybody. The correspondence from Madrid was only a repetition of the telegrams in other papers, and it was my story given by the *Times* which the telegraphic agencies sent throughout the entire world.

Four years later, when at his marriage with Princess Mercedes I saw Alfonso XII. again at Madrid, he recalled this conversation, and observed to me with

pride that the programme that he had traced on the day of his accession he had managed to realize. He told me also that M. Canovas del Castillo had lasted long enough, and intimated to me that he was going to advise him to retire, in order to make way for a more liberal cabinet. He showed himself also very proud of having won, after a great struggle, the hand of his much-loved wife, who was there at his side, the fleeting image of a happiness very rare to meet on the high places of human power. He had won her, indeed, in spite of everything, and it was, as I believe I have already somewhere related, on the grain wagon of a farmer, that had been lent to him when weariness prevented them from regaining La Granja on foot, that the young King, while the farmer's mule was proceeding at his will, declared his love to his cousin, and swore to marry her. And some months later on this spring-time happiness was extinguished in mourning, and Queen Mercedes preceded her young monarch to the royal tomb.

On the 3d of January, for the first time since I had been under his orders, Mr. John Delane wrote to me directly, and congratulated me upon what he called my "vrai coup de maître." Mr. Delane corresponded directly only with the chiefs of the service, which is sufficiently explained by the fact of his enormous correspondence as editor-in-chief of the *Times*, and on receiving this letter, with its high and rare enthusiasm for the success obtained on the 31st of the previous month, I understood that this last effort, more than all others put together, had triumphed over all the obstacles in the way of my appointment as the *Times* representative at Paris, and I awaited with confidence this appointment, which was officially announced on the 1st of February, 1875. It is not demanded of a journalist who writes his memoirs that he should tell the story of a career of a great general or of a president of council. I wish only to show by what struggles and combinations of circumstances, often useless, information of the first moment is acquired—information which, it may be, the reader runs through with indifference, and which appears to the public the simplest and most natural thing in the world. I wish to show that every profession having to do with realities exacts devotion, and that it is not always those who capture bastions and tow-

ers who have need of enthusiasm in the accomplishment of their mission. And since this chapter tends to this end, I ask to retrace my steps for a little and to recount an episode of less seriousness, which will show a lighter side in the avenues of journalism.

It took place in 1873. M. Thiers had just been overthrown. Nasr-ed-Deen, the present Shah of Persia, had announced his visit to Paris. He was the first sovereign who had visited Paris in state since the war. The De Broglie ministry, the first cabinet of Marshal Macmahon, resolved to give great éclat to his reception. The Shah was received in pomp at Ranelagh. Masts and oriflammes adorned the length of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The Champs Élysées were decorated with flags and colors. The Place de la Concorde was brilliant to the eye, and the Pont de la Concorde a marvel of decoration. Soldiers stood in serried lines all along the route, and it was in the midst of a dazzling splendor that Nasr-ed-Deen reached the Palais Bourbon, which had been prepared for his residence. Fêtes followed fêtes, and it was resolved to finish the series with the most brilliant of all, by a fête at Versailles, with a gala dinner in the Galerie des Glaces, and with a truly royal display of fireworks in the Neptune Fountain.

M. Léon Renault, the great advocate, now Senator, was then Prefect of Police. I was a friend of his. The Duc de Broglie and the Duc Decazes were very amiable to me, and I set out for Versailles furnished with everything that could give me access to any places into which I might think it worth while to penetrate.

All doors, indeed, opened before me. But at a certain moment four or five of my colleagues in the foreign press found themselves at my side, resolved not to leave me, and intending to profit by all the facilities at my disposal. This lasted throughout the evening. I attempted to make shifts and turns, but still I found this cortège at my heels rather increasing than diminishing.

I was extremely indignant. What use was it for me to see everything if all the world saw the same, and if on the morrow all the English papers published the same details? For we had not then a private wire, and Versailles had the only wire by which our telegrams could be

sent. We thus reached, my friend M. Bertholon and I, the basin of Neptune, still followed by my colleagues.

The official tribune was almost supported against a wall, and behind it was a small gate, by which there was a narrow passage between the platform and the wall to the street. There were more than 10,000 persons present, and the soldiers on guard had great difficulty in maintaining order and preventing a "crush," letting people pass only very slowly. I decided that we must either ascend to the chateau straight against the crowd, or wait two hours to go out. Now it was ten o'clock, and the telegraph at Versailles closed before midnight, so that when we got out it would be too late to reach the Versailles office, and too late also to return to Paris or to telegraph. However, so much had been said of this fête that to be disarmed by the telegraph agencies was to be beaten.

We were now pushed against a wall on which rested a roof which rose above a court. On the other side I could see the top of a long ladder, by which people from without had climbed upon the roof in order to enter the park.

"Listen!" said I in a low voice to M. Bertholon. "Take one of the chairs by the side of the platform, and let us lean it against the wall; get up on the roof, and give me your hand." It was done. "Now I have thrown back the chair,

which they are about to replace, descend the ladder quickly, hold it and I will follow you, and when once I am down, you, who are big and strong, will help me, and we will upset it." Just as M. Bertholon came to my rescue, the others appeared on the roof, and tried to retain the ladder, which, however, escaped their hands, and fell into the court. The man to whom the ladder belonged ran forward, crying out. "Here are twenty francs," I said to him. "Throw the ladder into the street." The man hastened to execute the order. I heard some furious cries. I hastened towards the carriage which I had ordered to wait for me at a particular spot, and at breakneck speed we rushed to the telegraph office. I had the wire free, all to myself, and wrote my telegram, which was transmitted word by word. When I was just finishing, an employé came to me and begged me to make haste, as the office was about to close. I handed him my last page, and he gave the order to shut the doors.

In the street I met those who had remained in the park, and who were running with all their speed to despatch their telegrams, and I heard them striking their fists against the closed doors of the telegraph office.

This is the way that one manages to send telegrams before other people, and succeeds in making five enemies in one single well-employed evening.

## "AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS."

BY EDWARD ANTHONY BRADFORD.

"CHINA for the Chinese," is the rallying cry of the Kolao Hui, and at the present moment diplomats and admirals representing the leading nations of Europe and the United States are engaged in officially remonstrating against the folly and barbarism of such a sentiment. Again, not all the divinity which hedges about the Russian autocrat can prevent some stray shaft of the world's universal scorn from telling him that his scutcheon is sullied by the misery of the Jews within his realm. These modern instances could, if it were necessary, readily be re-enforced by others, showing that jealousy of foreigners is characteristic of imperfect civilization, and, as a rule, that hospitality to aliens increases with a nation's strength and the wisdom of its people. But, al-

though the rule is so, there is one conspicuous exception—the United States. Until within a half-dozen years it merited Webster's glowing eulogium of it as the refuge of the oppressed of every clime; but within that period it has backslidden until the words now read almost like a reproach. Reference is not now made, except in passing, to the marked change in public sentiment regarding immigration. That is another story, although the motive is similar. Nor is it for a moment intended to compare our treatment of foreigners in degree with the persecutions of the Middle Kingdom and the Russian pale. But the fact remains, albeit unappreciated if not unsuspected, that the United States, and several separate States, have recently enacted laws