

# THE IMPERIAL FÊTES IN BERLIN.

BY MAYNARD BUTLER.

(Special Commissioner of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE.)

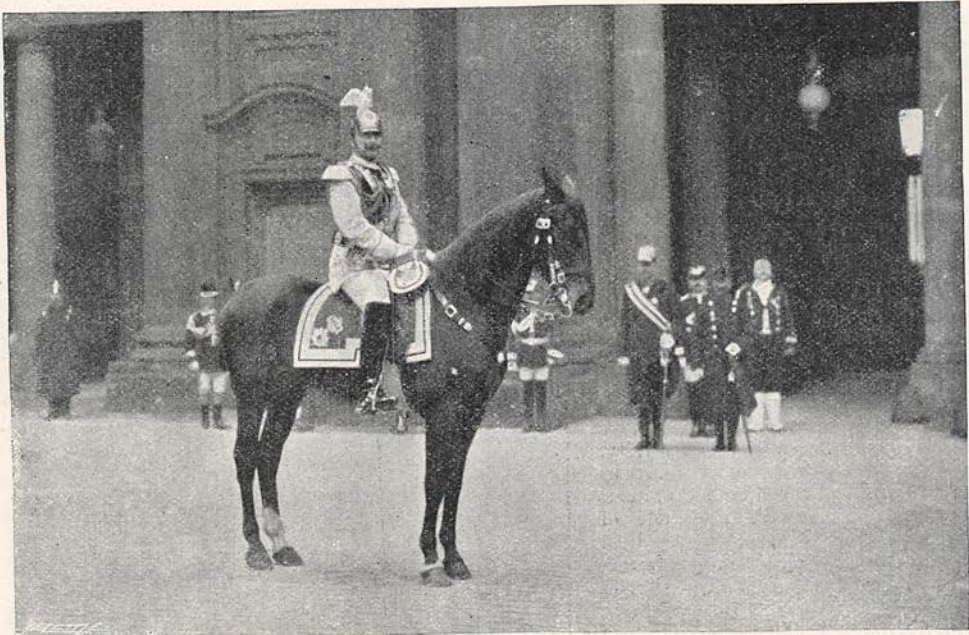
Illustrated by special Photographs and Sketches.



It would be unjust to other states, unfair to other cities, to say that the fêtes in commemoration of the hundredth year of the birth of the Emperor William the First were wholly of Prussian origin, wholly of Berlin execution. Saxony and Bavaria were, indeed, represented; Silesia did appear. But the impression made upon a foreigner must

honours to his best friend; with not an amnesty granted in memory of him who loved to pardon—the festival of March 22 could hardly be called national.

To one who witnessed the outpouring of the hearts of the Russian populace as their emperor rode into the city of his fathers, who has felt the throb and beat of England's affectionate pride in the Queen whom it delights to honour, strange did the air of



From a photo by]

ONE OF THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

[Ziesler, Berlin.

inevitably have been that a municipal rather than a national event was being celebrated, nay, on the day of the unveiling of the statue, that a great Court ceremony was being enacted.

With a quarter of the capital shut off for three days, and no ordinary citizen allowed to pass, for squares, around the castle; with the chief living representative of the union of Germany not invited to participate in the

constraint, the subdued enthusiasm of the spectators, seem as the German Emperor placed himself opposite the monument of him whom he has proclaimed Wilhelm der Grosse.

There were ghosts in the air on March 22, ghosts who surrounded their old chief. There to the right, instead of the crouching lion was the kingly son, with his majestic figure—brave soldier, wise man, considerate





From a photo by]

[Reichard, Berlin.

THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

friend to his people; and to the left, no mass of spears and scales and banners, but a gigantic figure in a black cuirass, the wonderful head proud to bear the heavy helmet of service; and behind, looking straight in front of him, the stern-faced chief of his Kaiser's army, with the general who sprang to second his commands. There they stood, while cannons thundered and bells clanged, as the curtain fell away from the monument to that William, who was indeed the first in the hearts of his countrymen. There may they stand to Germany's glory as long as the Teutonic nature retains its inheritance of honesty, justice and intelligence.

Dinners in guilds and students' corps, illuminations and torchlight processions, with an artists' reception to the sculptor Begas, clustered about the four greater moments of the Sunday, Monday and Tuesday which it had been decreed Berlin was to devote to patriotism, and bright and early on the 21st the outburst began.

The Memorial Church, erected in 1895, is a beautiful building, so far superior to any other piece of ecclesiastical architecture in Berlin as to give hope that the style that has hitherto marked the Lutheran Church edifice is passing away. It stands in a fine

broad space, on the way from Berlin to Charlottenburg. All Germany, as well as many Germans in foreign lands, contributed to the funds for its design, construction and decoration, it may therefore well be considered the expression of a people's gratitude.

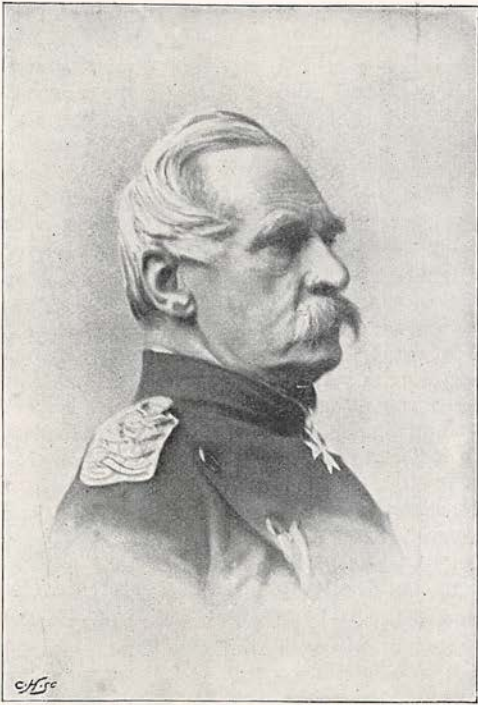
The style is fondly designated "old German," but it is universally recognised by architects as the later Roman. If not exactly imposing, by reason of the lack of culmination in the effect, if one may so say, it is, nevertheless, soothing and peaceful. The architect, Schwechten, certainly deserves the praise so freely bestowed by his admiring countrymen.

The church possesses a magnificent peal of bells, the largest of which is exceeded in size only by the great bell of the Cologne Cathedral. But it is the interior that captivates. The windows, though modern in colour, are beautiful in grouping and in tone, and the texture and tint of the marbles used in the pillars and reliefs harmonise perfectly with the general plan. In this exquisite place the service was held, on the



PRINCE BISMARCK IN THE CUIRASS PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I.





From a photo by]

[Lescher.

GENERAL VON ROON, ONE OF  
EMPEROR WILLIAM THE FIRST'S  
GREATEST GENERALS.

morning of March 21, which  
began with the choral—

Wir treten  
Zum Beten  
Vor Gott  
Dem Gerechten,

and closed with the grand  
strains of Händel's

Seht er kommt  
Mit Preis gekrönt,

sung by the Sing-Akademie  
chorus, under Professor  
Blunner. A short sermon  
was preached by Dr. Faber.

The royal family, the  
princes representing the  
principal provinces, the  
Duke of Connaught, several  
grand dukes related by  
marriage to the House of  
Hohenzollern, and many  
invited guests attended.  
The little princes, to the  
number of six, were hidden  
away in a corner at the side  
of the altar.

At the close of the service

the banners of the regiments, not assembled in Berlin, were carried in state to the palace formerly occupied by the old emperor. There, in the plain wooden house, which might be a casern, in a country town, the soldierly ruler, of simple tastes, preferred to live, and was content to die. The morning began and remained clear and cool enough to be fairly consistent with the superstition that in Germany, as in other lands, likes to associate sunshine with "king's weather." It was however for Monday that the great event of the anniversary was appointed, and when it dawned, dark and cold, with dashes of rain, the prospect seemed small that the superstition would again be verified. Yet it was fulfilled, to the content of every admirer of the warrior, upon whose head the bright rays burst, scattering the clouds, as the



From a photo by]

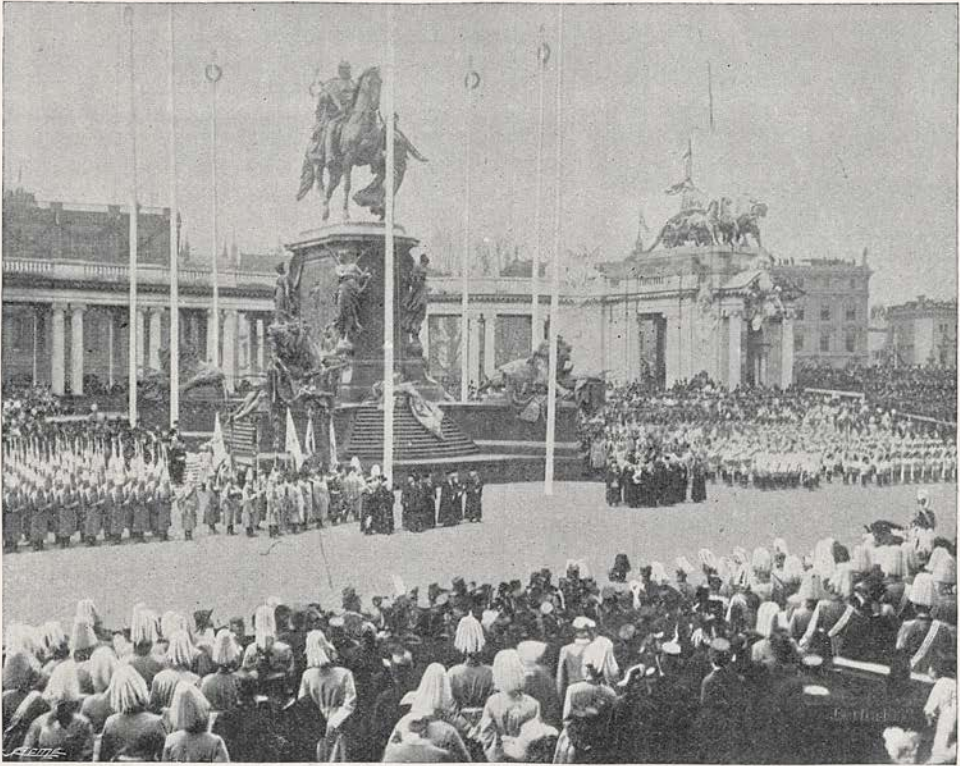
[Lescher, Berlin.

COUNT VON MOLTKE.



curtain was withdrawn and revealed the work of the sculptor Begas, for which the princes and guests were assembled. The passage to the seats upon the tribunes, either side of the royal box, being closed by ten o'clock, it was necessary to leave one's carriage at the Schloss Bridge by half-past nine, and walk to the enclosure before the massing of the troops. The hour spent in waiting was not tiresome, for the view of the Berlin—no (one was again obliged to remind oneself), of the German spectators,

his magnificent horse, saluted the royal box, and took his position in front of it. What did it mean? the indiscreet foreigner had well-nigh asked of her neighbour the old Gräfin, whose family have furnished more than one soldier to her country's past. Was it imagination that the kaiserlich face wore a frown? Was the late clash with the Reichstag clouding a brow not made to wear heavy lines gracefully? Was the day, so long heralded, not going to the satisfaction of its herald after all?



THE MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I.  
(Photographed the first moment when it had been unveiled.)

of the state officials and the approaching regiments, all enclosed by the extremely ornate decorations covering the castle sides, was an interesting study.

The absence of gaiety gave one a chill, which became a puzzled pain when the emperor appeared, riding far in advance of his "Unity Brothers," clad in his cuirass, while all the rest of the military, officers and men, wore the gray cloak. Midst the lifting of hats, in almost silence, sitting well down into his saddle, looking neither to the right nor the left, he slowly proceeded, on

The clergy form into groups at the base of the monument as William the Second, grandson of the heroic, son of the still more heroic emperor, lifts his sword, and Dr. Faber, Court preacher, steps forward from the other clergymen, and in a firm, clear voice, heard from end to end of the tribunes, recites an ardent, beautiful prayer. Four Roman Catholic priests, distinguished from the Evangelicals by their purple gowns, remove their birettas as the prayer begins, and remain bared to its end.

But among the twenty or thirty Lutherans,





From a photo by]

[Regel, Cassel.

PRINCE ADALBERT, THIRD SON OF THE  
EMPEROR, IN NAVAL UNIFORM.

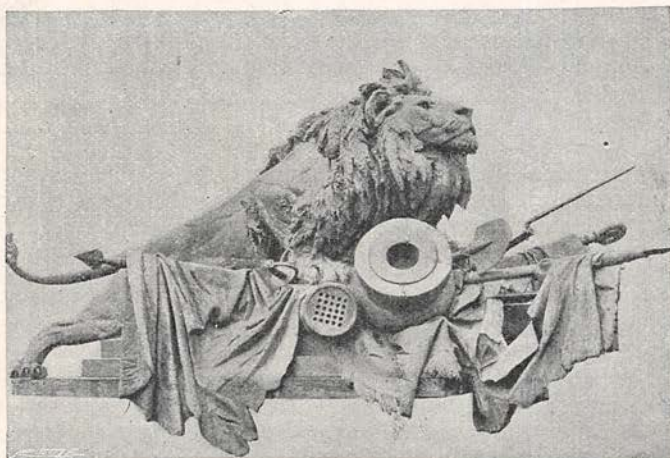
two only take off their caps—the prayer-maker and one very old man who stands in the first row. Evidently not in the presence of the Almighty, but under the spell of the temporal power, religious heads are uncovered in Berlin, for as the imperial sword is again lifted, every cap comes off, and its owner turns his eyes to the statue from which the covering drops away. Before the whole figure is revealed the cannons in the distance begin to roar and the church-bells to ring; but, strange as it may appear, no burst of joy

greeted the ear. A tentative curiosity, an awkward interrogative atmosphere seems to prevail, as if the spectators were undecided as to what was expected of them next. Interminably long the short moment seemed, until the band of students standing in the sort of box-stalls to the left of the statue—seats being provided only for the nobility and guests—began a hurrah, not a *hoch*—that eminently German exclamation having received an Imperial intimation to retire from this festival.

The English-American shout is larger, doubtless more mouth-filling, and should, in the nature of the case, be annexed by Germany, but it comes as yet with restraint from Teutonic lips, hence, perhaps, its faintness. To the men accustomed to a glow of the heart with their *hoch*, it does not yet express the reverence, the pride, the devotion, the loyalty to the old emperor whom they remembered as boys. The audible expressions of the day were therefore not so impressive as the silent military salute, which is, after all, probably what *der greise Kaiser* would have liked best.

The veil really drawn, the Empress and the Dowager Empress Frederick left the royal loge and walked to the foot of the monument, upon which each laid a laurel wreath. The two figures, one in pale violet, the other in her widow's black, accompanied by the youngest prince, Joachim, and several gentlemen, made a heart-warming moment as they walked about the pedestal.

What memories must have filled the mind of the older queen, who knew what it cost, in tears and anguished homes, in men and youths, to unite this Germany! Hardly had they taken their seats again before the blare of trumpets announced the reappearance of the emperor, this time riding at the head of his Guards, and prepared to review the eighteen thousand men who are said to have passed during the remaining two hours. First came the Kaiser



A CORNER OF THE PEDESTAL TO THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S MONUMENT.



Alexander regiment. Then the first regiment of Foot Guards, in which the fourteen-year-old Crown Prince is a second lieutenant, his trim young figure in its peaked helm, with the comically strenuous thrust of his feet in the absurdly funny goose-step of the Prussian parade, making one burst out laughing, while a tear filled the eye as one contrasted the hateful spectre, horrible, hideous war, with the bright boyish face of the little prince. On and on came the troops—dragoons, uhlands, hussars, lancers, infantry, artillery, and a squad of marines, giving one time to note the changes in military detail made during the past five years and mark the beauty of the rhythmically swinging arms, the upright bodies and the faces of the soldiers, dressed to the right as they passed the imperial leader. The last gun-carriage had hardly rumbled by before the tribunes began to empty, and the review was over. A banquet at the palace at six o'clock and a gala opera at nine o'clock completed the day.

It was impossible at the moment of the unveiling to do more than note the perfect likeness that the sculptor had obtained. To one who had seen the old Kaiser a hundred times upon his horse the figure was perfect, and from the sloping seats of the tribune it seemed to stand at a proper level. But what was one's amazement, in viewing it upon the following day, to find that from the surface of the ground the features looked elongated and the body too big. By no effort of position or distance, directly in front of it, could one obtain any other impression. Nor, unless the Schloss walls, opposite to which it stands, should be removed, will it ever be possible to get a proper estimate of this exceedingly colossal monument. As that demolition hardly seems likely, the spectators who were present on the morning of March 22 will be the only people, for many a long day, who will have had a true view of Begas' work.

Is the whole work great? The monument itself is surrounded at the back by a colonnade in marble, the entrances to which are surmounted by flying horses and chariots in bronze, the flaring corners weighted by enormous heads of Jupiter and Minerva,

while, at intervals between these four principal points, allegorical representations of industry, agriculture and history, with other complex combinations less easy to interpret, are scattered in opulent disregard of material. Enclosed by these pillars and their Louis of Bavaria-like profusion, extend



From a photo by

[Zander, Berlin.

REINHOLD BEGAS, THE SCULPTOR, AT WORK ON ONE OF THE RELIEFS OF THE MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

the four long, straight feet of the pedestal, too narrow, too rigidly square at the end, too mathematically angled to make an imposing resting-place for the gigantic lions who crouch upon them. Banners, spears, cloaks, books, chains and pieces of broken cannon are clutched in their paws or covered by their very ferocious-looking bodies.



Involuntarily one adopted the remark of a humorous bystander who suggested that the odds and ends of bronze left over in the studio had been thus utilised by Begas.

With so much allegory, one would have been



From a photo by] [Schaarwacher, Berlin.

ERNST VON WILDENBRUCH.  
(Author of "Willehalm.")

Taste in art, as in all else, may well differ, but there are certain fundamental laws that govern it, from Italy to Norway. Surely they have been trespassed upon by the sculptor of this monument. If he has acquiesced in the demands of his countrymen, the sooner the Germans return to a nobler ideal, the better for their art.

At the gala opera again an allegory greeted one. The difficulty of writing a great play or a great melodrama—melodrama in its original sense—when bound by the necessity of typical, instead of real, fancied, instead of human elements, would depress a genius. And Ernst von Wildenbruch is by no means a genius. He may therefore be pardoned if he succeeded only in providing the dullest of evenings.

The house, in as far as its barren interior allows, presented a brilliant appearance, and was filled with invited guests in exquisite gowns and gorgeous uniforms. The Court appeared *in toto*. But three hours and a half of lovely gowns is more than enough, and even uniforms pall in an atmosphere of 90 degrees, with no ventilation from above or below.

The trouble and care of Graf Hochberg, the Intendant, the beautiful stage setting arranged by the directors of the Opera House, the lovely voice of one of the singers, and the clear enunciation of all

the actors did not save the dramatic legend "Willehalm," from being weak and tedious to extinction.

As the name suggests, "Willehalm" is the old Kaiser, who first appears as a youth, captured by a Roman ruler, who is a combination of Julius Cæsar and Nero. Through various mythical allusions to other prisoners, who typify something, one is not quite clear what, and who seem to be content at the Roman court; through a scene in which the only true German (Willehalm) gives his reasons for admiring a young woman who is brought before the Emperor and ordered to kneel before a dancing girl (a Folly who is France, Napoleon I, and the Queen Luise episode all in one); through Willehalm's ecstatic exclamation that he sees his mother in the shrinking girl's eyes (the girl being called Seele, and representing the spirit of Germany); through a conversation between a hermit and a giant, who sit under sheltering rocks either side of the stage, while a crowd of Teutons, who cannot agree upon little matters of religion, humanity and war,



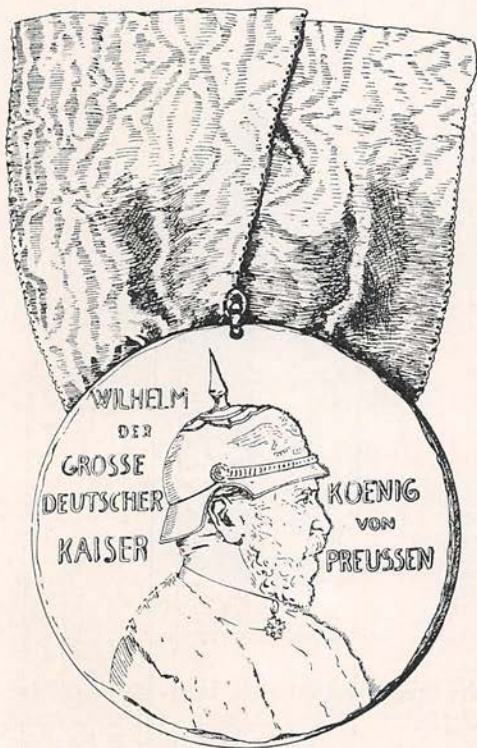
From a photo by]

[Kuhn, Berlin.

STATUE OF MADONNA AND CHILD OVER THE DOORWAY OF THE KUNST AKADEMIE, BERLIN. THE FIGURES ARE THOSE OF QUEEN LUISE AND HER CHILD, THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I.



keep up a lively quarrel above them (the ancients in the rocks being the State and Popish rule, if one has guessed rightly; and the two parties representing divided Germany); up to a long, windy, elaborately philosophic and Teutonically sarcastic controversy



THE ORDER PRESENTED TO THE GERMAN ARMY ON THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF KAISER WILHELM'S BIRTHDAY.

the result of what one feared the German world of letters might become rather than what it had become. Alas! no. This was the best their countrymen of 1897 could do for the heroes of '70. Hysterical twaddle and pitiful rhymes to celebrate the deeds of great chiefs, virile statesmen and faithful soldiers!

On Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock, under disheartening clouds and maddeningly soiling showers, the *Bürgerzug*, or procession of citizens, leaped and ran through the Brandenburg gate. *Ehrenjungfrauen*, artists, bicyclists, black-coated fathers of families, and stout Germania, drawn in a rose-wreathed chariot, pursued their way down the Linden, led by the circus-master, Renz, to the place of the monument, where



REVERSE OF THE ORDER.

between the two old men—during which it was impossible to repress one's risibles at the desperate effort at gravity made by two officers of the Guard, near by—on and on, and endlessly on, was one led to an interminable, tremulously intoned dialogue between Willehalm and Seele; Willehalm having, through various vicissitudes, attained a ripe old age, and Seele, to one's amazement, being still about seventeen, yet having been his wife (as we are certainly given to understand in four former acts), for fifty or sixty years.

But at a quarter after one it was all over, thoroughly, completely and minutely done. One wondered, as one was driven through the blazing streets, whether one had not been dreaming, and that this feeble apology for a literary work would not prove to be

Kaiser and joy, but not complete aridity, awaited them. The circus man, riding the finest horse in the kingdom, salutes, and the great moments of the festival are over.

The world of Berlin presents a singular study. The capital of a nominally limited monarchy, it is fast becoming the centre of absolutism—absolutism not generally embraced, but resignedly accepted, as a sort of creeping paralysis. To resist would imply that the paralysis was not of the creeping sort. One does not resist, either, what one does not recognise as an evil.

Its officers under thirty will tell you that the army was never before in so good discipline, and you wonder how they know; while those under forty are silent when you seek their opinion, and you wonder what they won't tell. You ask why Prince Heinrich, so prominent a representative of



the navy and of the Hohenzollern House, did not appear amongst the mounted princes at the review on the day of the unveiling,

concert singer, and the instructress of the Princess Frederick Leopold.

One of the conspicuous appointments of



From a photo by]

[Schaarwachter, Berlin.

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, BROTHER OF THE  
GERMAN EMPEROR.



THE ORDER FOR "VERDIENSTE."

and the kindly old count who is your host leans over and shakes your hand, and says, "Sie haben doch einen sehr schönen Platz bei der Enthüllung gehabt." You take up the papers and fancy public opinion must be reflected there. But your search is in vain. Still hopeful, you turn to Berlin events, to the critiques of the plays, the reviews of the books, etc. But you are in the wrong country for receiving a picture of the country's life through the country's journals.

A graceful act of the festival week was the conferring by the emperor of the title of professor upon the organist, Reimann, who officiated at the service in the Memorial Church; and the presentation by the empress of the Order for Verdienste upon Fräulein Clara Senft von Pilsach, a favourite oratorio and

the past weeks has been that of Dr. Dryander, palace chaplain and consistorial

Rath, to be religious instructor of the four young princes, who now live with their governor at Plön. Dr. Dryander is, by common consent, the most inspiring of the preachers of North Germany, and his removal from Berlin is a loss of unspeakable magnitude. The privilege of returning every three weeks for a sermon in the Dreifaltigkeitskirche will ill replace the personal influence and the spiritual help that this gentle and strong man yields and gives. Repose is sweet, but not when it comes too early; and men of unimpeachable purity of motive and loftiness of character are needed in Berlin.



From a photo by]

[Lescher, Berlin.

DR. DRYANDER.  
(Newly appointed religious instructor to the  
four young princes.)