THE GERMAN EMPEROR

AND

HIS EASTERN NEIGHBORS

POULTNEY BIGELOW

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE hostile criticism evoked by the aggressive deeds and words of the German Emperor is the natural result of a sudden change in political conditions. It is long since a young ruler has come to the throne in Europe, ready to think and act for himself, and with undoubted ability to do so. However far behind this century William II. may be in his ideas of the royal prerogative, it cannot be questioned that in other respects he is fully abreast of his contemporaries. More than this—he has adopted a system of applying new methods of treatment to ancient abuses which might well be followed by older and more mechanical statesmen. The world has been so busy picking flaws in his after-dinner speeches, that it has lost sight of the practical results of his short reign. It is safe to declare that these exceed what Bismarck accomplished in the previous ten years. The Emperor has aimed high, and has invariably hit something—perhaps all he intended to hit. At the same time, in matters requiring diplomacy, he has worked quietly and well. His settlement of the Guelph affair is a striking example of this.

One phase of the German question has been entirely overlooked. It is that the Emperor is the very last flower and fruit of the national system. He is more German than the Germans, and herein lies his greatest strength. The recent allusion to "slippered grumblers," and his suggestion that those who were not

pleased with his government might leave the country, are distinctly German in character, and must have appealed strongly to the national feeling.

Mr. Bigelow's sturdy republicanism has not blinded him to the ability of his old playmate. There are few who have been allowed to enter so completely into the Emperor's plans and aspirations; and knowledge of these has been used with advantage in the following pages. An extended tour through the Danubian provinces and Western Russia has also enabled Mr. Bigelow to record his personal observation of the state of affairs in the debatable ground of Europe. The chapter describing the fighting forces of Germany supplies an interesting account of the best-equipped army in the world.

Credit is due the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," the "Century Magazine," the "Forum," the London "Speaker," and the "New Review" for chapters of this book which have been reprinted from their pages.

DEDICATED

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND AND EXCELLENT TEACHER,

Professor Richard Schillbach,

OF POTSDAM.

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

PERSONAL NOTES OF HIS BOYHOOD.

THE accession of William II. to the leadership of the German Empire,* more than three years ago, was the signal for an outburst of party passion that did not confine itself to the Fatherland. The English Press welcomed the event with ominous growls; and it was not long before every paper in North America, not to speak of Australia, was enlisted in the circulation of paragraphs illustrative of the new Kaiser's thirst for war and lack of filial piety.

The German Press, at least that portion of it which stands in close relations to throne and altar—and the Chancellor—† poured forth day after day the stereotyped form of praise sup-

* The present Emperor William II., succeeded his father, Frederick III., June 15, 1888.

† Bismarck did not retire from office until March 17, 1890.

posed to be adapted to the ears of a new sovereign, but with so little discrimination that no one could have relished it less than the man they pretended to honor. Liberty of speech and Press being, in Berlin at that time, imaginative conceptions, it was the hard task of the new Emperor to seize the reins of government without having had the opportunity, so richly enjoyed by his illustrious father, of creating for himself a strong and warm body of political and personal supporters. The great historic figure of his grandfather had passed away but ninety-nine days before that of Frederick III. His elevation came at a time when all the world was contemplating the two great sovereigns of the century, the heroes of Sadowa and Wörth, the builders of United Germany. Before such men all popular feeling bowed cheerfully, as under a debt of gratitude from which death alone could liberate them. The present Emperor, who was but twelve years old when Sedan fell, has a new empire to create for himself, and even Germans ask themselves—will he succeed?

In force of character and intellectual power the present Emperor surpasses any of his predecessors, certainly up to the time of the Great Frederick. There are but few who know him well, but amongst those this sweeping statement will be recognized as within the truth, and moreover one that might have been made of him from his schoolboy years up. He thinks for himself, thinks logically, and, like many logical people on the threshold of life, follows a logical conclusion to a point that might alarm a practical politician. His education for the ten years prior to attending the University in 1877 was entrusted principally to one of the most conscientious, most exacting, and, at the same time, most winning of academic spirits, the learned Dr. Hinzpeter.

In the topmost story of Frederick the Great's "New Palace," near Potsdam, in what we may vulgarly term the attic, were the quarters occupied by the preceptors of the then Prince William, and his brother the sailor, Prince Henry. To one accustomed to the luxury of American and English houses, the

bareness, not to say bleakness, of the upper story of this famous palace was striking, particularly so in contrast to the innumerable gorgeous flunkeys who guarded the state saloons below. But it was ample in space and a foretaste of the barrack life that should seem comfort to a Hohenzollern. In wet weather the great attic made a capital play-ground, and many an Imperial pane of glass was smashed by the blundering aim of one of the youngsters. In such romps the Princes entered heart and soul, giving and taking like the manly little fellows that they were. The good Dr. Hinzpeter would repeatedly whisper to me to take care and not hurt the Prince's left arm, a warning apt to be forgotten, particularly with one who was so clever with his right.

As to the Emperor's imperfect arm, it is extraordinary that the life which has largely left it should have apparently been utilized in the strengthening of his right. Any one who has shaken it feels as though Goetz von Berlichingen had given him the grip. As a fencer, it was to be expected that he should develop the

proficiency which characterized him at Bonn, but it was little thought that he would have the patience and energy requisite to becoming an expert shot, a good swimmer, and a capital oar. In the saddle he manages to hold his reins with his left, in order to have his sword arm free, and I have many times seen him ride across country taking obstacles which some of his officers have refused. And the moral courage, the persistency, the sense of duty, the pluck, which overcame the impediments to physical development, were constantly at work in other parts of his education.

In the park of Sans Souci, near the Palace, were planted the masts and rigging of a ship, where Prince Henry received practical instruction in sailoring, and which became a favorite romping place. Netting was stretched over the lower space, and we were occasionally turned loose to scramble about the rigging, some of us playing at pirates making chase after a crew that had taken refuge aloft. Or, what was better still, we sometimes took a cruise about the neighboring lakes on the miniature frigate,

a craft that looks very portentous at a distance, with its scowling ports and man-o'-war yards, but in reality, when on board, seems little larger than a good-sized ship's cutter.* The cruise on the frigate was always considered the greatest treat of all, and no doubt to the pleasure derived then is due the fact that the Emperor to-day is a devoted patron of yachting, and sails his toy frigate on the Havel whenever opportunity offers.

When the day's romp was over, we had tea before going home, always out-of-doors in fair weather. The late Emperor Frederick and his devoted wife never failed to appear on these occasions, to say a few words to each of us, asking after our families, or about the sports of the day. The Empress in particular, then Crown Princess, always examined our

* This little frigate was a present from George IV. to the Emperor's granduncle, Frederick William IV., and is to-day the favorite yacht. At Potsdam the Emperor keeps also a little steam yacht, whose most important function now is to be ready to tow the frigate home should the wind fail. A detachment of blue-jackets is on duty at Potsdam for the purpose of looking after the Liliputian frigate and its auxiliary tender.

food to see that it was wholesome, and saw that her little sons and daughters, as well as their guests, had their napkins properly tucked beneath their chins. The food was, it is needless to say, of the plainest and most wholesome. Bread or toast, fresh milk from the Crown Prince's model farm at Bornstedt, and some simple bread-cake, with big raisins in it, perhaps. When the Crown Princess and her husband made their appearance, no face lighted up with more pleasure than that of Prince William, for the relation of parent and child could not be conceived in more happy form than in those days in the park of Sans Souci. I remember once—it was at tea on the steam yacht, some anniversary, I believe—Prince William whispered to me a fact in which he took enormous pride, that the cake had been made by his mother.

Of course, at these romps, the idea of expecting etiquette to be observed would have been absurd; Dr. Hinzepeter would have none of it, the Royal parents held it in horror, and no one despised servility more than their eldest son.

Occasionally, there came into these hilarious play-ground meetings some youngster, no doubt the son of a highly placed official, who had been carefully drilled at home to show proper deference in the presence of the blood Royal. Such a poor wretch lived in momentary dread of violating some imaginary rule, and moved about morbidly conscious of his courtly *rôle*. Prince William, celebrated as he justly is for tact, could with difficulty conceal his contempt for the little flunkeys that now and then were forced upon him.

Not that he ridiculed their shyness; on the contrary, it was he who invariably set the new arrivals at their ease, discovered their leading tastes and suggested the sport that would please the larger number. And when sport was once under way it would have been a keen observer indeed who could have said that either Prince relied upon anything beyond his own head and hands to make the day successful. It was my fortune, as an American, to be credited with an intimate acquaintance with the red savages of the Wild West, and this repu-

tation I could in no way shake off, in spite of the fact that at that time I had not even seen one. In consequence of this alleged knowledge I was frequently called upon to give details as to Indian warfare which I should deeply regret to see reproduced. Prince William knew Cooper from beginning to end, and, for that matter, I was not far behind him, so that our Indian studies usually resolved themselves into impersonating some Leather-stocking heroes, arming ourselves as fantastically as possible, and then crawling flat on our stomachs through the underbrush, for the purpose of capturing some other party impersonating either a hostile tribe or a party of pale-faces.

But I have said enough to illustrate his character as a plucky, hearty, unaffected lad, affectionate towards his parents, and full of consideration for the youngsters of his own age with whom he was brought into contact. In 1874 Prince William and his brother went to a common public school, with uncommonly hard benches, amidst a lot of the odds and ends of German social life invariably to be

found in the national "Gymnasium." Let no one imagine this to be like attending Eton, where the expensive life limits the pupils to sons of comparatively rich people, and where an English prince can pass his time in luxury and comparative idleness. The schools of Germany are as inexorable in their requirements as any other branch of its public service, and when Prince William took his seat amidst the German burghers' children at the public school it was with the understanding that he should submit to the same discipline as the rest, and receive his graduating diploma only upon the conscientious fulfilment of the prescribed course.

Dr. Hinzpeter selected his school after having visited the head masters of many others, and found most of them completely unnerved at the idea of having a live prince amongst them. Cassel is about eight hours by rail from Berlin, a distance that meant a great deal to the Princes and their parents. The Court was incensed at the idea of the heir to the throne consorting with ordinary boys; Dr.

Hinzpeter was accused of introducing revolutionary ideas into the educational curriculum of the Hohenzollerns; the old Emperor William did not disguise his displeasure, and even the parents gave little more encouragement than their bare consent that the experiment should be tried. It was a bold game that Dr. Hinzpeter was playing; no Royal prince had ever been educated in a popular atmosphere, and nobody at Court wished him well in the undertaking. His reputation was at stake, for while in the event of failure every voice would cry out, "I told you so," even successfully carried out there would be little to show for his labor. The tutor held that for once in a lifetime, at least, a prince should feel what his subjects do; that he should share the schoolboy interests of the every-day German and absorb the set of ideas that may enable him to strike the popular keynote when he sits upon the throne. For three years Prince William sat on the Cassel benches, *i.e.*, until he successfully passed his final examination and was declared ripe for matriculation at the University.

These three years were years of torture to the tutor. He lived with them, but could not actively assist their studies, for that would have been unfair to the other boys. Teachers would rush to him in desperation to report this and that of their Royal pupil—what should they do? They dared not reprimand the Lord's anointed! Hinzpeter had to strengthen them, to encourage the Prince to more complete application. Those were days of tension when any moment might witness the destruction of the result hoped for. The Princes went to school and returned unattended. What if something happened to them on the way?—a schoolboy quarrel, a blow, an injury?—even so small a thing as that would have called the boys back to Berlin. What if a teacher had lost his head and a prince have raised rebellion in the schoolroom? None of these things happened, but nothing seemed more likely to those who did not understand the precocious nature of Prince William's character and the devotion with which he pursued that which he considered his duty. And what this amounted

to may be measured by the fact that before entering upon his three years' school course he had to pass an examination far beyond that required for admission to Oxford or Cambridge, and that parallel to his daily tasks on the "Gymnasium" benches were a series of special labors peculiar to the education of one soon destined to play a conspicuous part at a military Court—possibly to be its leader.

The career of the Prince upon leaving Cassel in 1877 offers less of the exceptional and striking than when Dr. Hinzpeter guided his work, for upon entering the University he put off the habits of youth, said good-bye to his old tutor, and at once entered a field where all that met him were of a kind to force upon him the feeling that he was first a prince and lastly a student. For in Germany the avenue to most public employment and nearly all professional advancement lies through the University, and consequently no class of people have a more sensitive nose for the Royal aroma than the gentlemen who boast loyalty only to the Muses. In Bonn he had the at-

tendance of a military aide, with whom he was on excellent terms, and who did probably but little to heighten the Prince's interest in the purely peaceful phases of national development. We may reasonably suppose that the enormous military energy which the Emperor developed shortly after leaving the academic groves partook somewhat of the nature of reaction from the constant contemplation of economic industry, a reaction that might be expected from one whose whole framework tingles with exhilaration in the idea of active, daring sport.

The years that elapsed between leaving Bonn and entering upon the responsibilities of government, afforded him the opportunity of attending a series of lectures on modern history and the art of government such as falls to the lot of few of us, for the professors to whom he listened were William I., who had helped make modern history since the Battle of Waterloo, and Bismarck, the prince of modern statecraft.

The venerable grandfather reviewed his historic past before the eager boy who was soon

to be his successor. Day after day the lectures succeeded one another, lectures of absorbing interest to the solitary student—and well noted down. Here he learned what motives had inspired the elder William in the various critical moments of modern Prussian history; how in his youth he had been flushed with hope of constitutional liberty for Germany; how these hopes had been wrecked upon the incapacity of the people to control themselves; in the stormy days of 1848 he had bowed before all but universal hatred and taken refuge in London; the same people that would have stoned him then made an idol of the hero of Sadowa in 1866. In all the phases of popular passion through which he had passed, one truth had been amply vindicated, namely, that fidelity to Hohenzollern tradition, uncompromising devotion to duty—these attributes of Royalty could not lead astray. That young William found in this lecture-room little sympathy for the teachings of Cobden or Benjamin Franklin may be readily imagined—the monarch who had ruled four years without Parliament, when Parliament

disobeyed his wishes, was not exactly suited to inoculate the young Imperial candidate with the principles of civil liberty, let alone free-trade and small armies.

To secure the services of Professor Bismarck was not easy, for the Iron Chancellor felt himself far too busy in adjusting the foreign relations of Europe, and discovering Colonial land titles, to willingly enter the academic cathedra in favor of a prince who then had little prospect of ascending the throne of the Holy Roman Empire—at least until the lecturer should have lain many years in his vault. But the grandfather finally had his way, and day after day found these two closeted like little Lord Fauntleroy and the savage Earl, the Chancellor rapidly melting before the manifest capacity of the pupil to appreciate his epigrammatic sentences, and finally coming to relish the hour of instruction more, if possible, than his Royal student. Here, again, our young Emperor learned at first-hand how to deal with obstinate Parliamentary segments, we cannot call them parties; how to measure public opin-

ion; how to influence foreign Cabinets; how this and that difficulty in the past were overcome, and what troubles may be looked for in the future. It is not to be expected that the Emperor graduated in this course with any latent disposition to underestimate the value of bayonets in the economic evolution of the Empire.

That the peaceful teachings of the scholarly Dr. Hinzpeter have been lost is too much to say, for the public utterances of the Emperor show that he remembers well the days spent in the contemplation of industrial institutions and museums. As a Hohenzollern Emperor, however, he recognizes completely that his Empire to-day amounts to no more than a roll of parchment unless he is prepared to fight any two enemies who may unite against him. Germany has fought her way up through bloody battles; and can only hope to maintain her present position by readiness to accept any challenge from the nations that snarl about her. Even members of her own household have been in the field against Prussia, and the task of reconciling domestic political

differences is scarcely less than that of preparing to meet a national war.

The Emperor holds the future of Europe in his right hand—and how many are trying to peep through those strong fingers! He is the head of the largest, the strongest, and the most intelligently guided army in the world, and is himself one of the most highly instructed in that army. His mind is original, receiving ideas from every quarter, allowing them to modify his views, but never to displace them. Many of the harsh opinions passed upon him shortly before ascending the throne would have been sensibly tempered had their authors known how completely did his political sense of duty to Germany dominate every personal consideration.

THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS REIGN.

WILLIAM II. has been for three years emperor, and in this time has succeeded not only in winning the respect of foreign cabinets but in strengthening himself at home.* He succeeded a father idolized by all who came within the sphere of his gentle and generous nature; his grandfather left behind a warlike

* A press association furnished to the American papers of February 21, 1891, a charge of intoxication at the dinner in his honor given by the Brandenburg Diet. This article was fabricated either in London or in New York, though headed Berlin.

Such lies do more mischief than at first glance might be supposed, because, while a private man may occasionally venture to bring a libel action against an editor, the German Emperor has no such redress against the abuse of international courtesy.

I may add that I have seen the Emperor on a dozen or more convivial occasions when, if ever, he might with impunity have indulged the taste attributed to him by this ill-informed and poison-spirited scribe, and that on no occasion has he given grounds for such statements.

fame so great that only the age of Frederick II. can afford a parallel. The present Emperor has had, therefore, no easy task before him, for it has been necessary for him both to remove prejudice and to give the country confidence in his intentions as well as in his abilities.

The secret of the Emperor's power with his own people arises mainly from three causes:

First. He has courage.

Second. He is honest.

Third. He is a thorough German.

If the whole country had to vote to-morrow for a leader embodying the qualities they most desired, their choice would fall unquestionably on their present constitutional ruler. Perhaps the virtues I have specified appear commonplace, and will be taken for granted by the reader; but an emperor must be compared with others in the same trade.

His honesty has been the cause of nearly all the malevolent criticism that outside papers have accorded him, for he has said freely what older or more politic people might have placed in a different way. He has made many minor

mistakes from acting upon the impulse of the moment, but these mistakes have never betrayed to his people a want of sympathy with their development. He has made his share of minor blunders in handling large masses of troops at the grand manœuvers, but the army would be happy to see him make a thousand times as many rather than to miss the active interest he takes in keeping the military machine in working order.

Since Frederick the Great no king of Prussia has understood his business like this emperor. He knows the routine of the public offices from having sat upon office stools. He knows what material development means from a practical inspection of foundries, mills, shipyards, irrigating-works, canals, factories, and the rest of the places where the strength of a nation largely displays itself. He knows the army from having carried a knapsack, obeyed his superiors, and worked his way up like the every-day Prussian. If a new ship is to make a trial trip, he goes in person to learn something new in naval construction. He has trav-

eled in the most intelligent way the principal countries of the Old World, has come in contact with the men responsible for the state of affairs in Europe, and does not need to be prompted when a new ambassador presents his credentials.

From a child he has been noted for his love of outdoor sport, and as emperor has directed the taste of the growing generation away from pipes and beer-pots and has led them to seek their pleasures in more manly recreation.

The Emperor believes in force, and with good reason. Prussia has fought her way into the family of European nations at the point of the bayonet; it has taken her about 250 years of drilling and fighting to make Europe understand that she has come to stay: and the habits engendered by generations of barrack-room education cannot be altered in a few years. Not only does the Emperor believe in force, but his Germans almost to a man hold the same creed. The people of the fatherland all serve in the ranks, not merely because their

Kaiser wishes it but because they themselves are convinced that this sacrifice is the only one that can guarantee them against invasion. The universal service is to-day the most popular institution in Germany; and while outcry is made against particular abuses in the army, and many desire to have the term of service reduced, no government could live a day that attempted to abolish it altogether. The public language, therefore, which the Emperor uses, sounds strangely autocratic when read in the columns of one of our dailies, but calls forth no such reflection in Berlin.

No man in his position has in so short a time expressed himself so freely on so many important topics as he, and if I have convinced the reader that his words are those of an honest and fearless man, I need offer no apology for quoting some of his own language as evidence that he is not devoid of judgment.

On the 15th of June, 1888, William II. succeeded to the throne as German Emperor and King of Prussia. On the 25th he met the

members of the imperial parliament, and gave them the assurance that he meant to govern according to the constitution, and to carry out vigorously all engagements, at home or abroad, connected with the welfare of the country. On the 27th he met the Prussian house of representatives, and, as King of Prussia, defined his position as head of the state more clearly still.

"I am far," said he, "from wishing to disturb the faith of the people in the permanency of our constitutional position by efforts to enlarge the royal prerogative. The present rights of the crown, so long as they are not invaded, are sufficient to assure the amount of monarchical influence required by Prussia, according to the present state of things, according to its position in the Empire, and according to the feelings and associations of the people. It is my opinion that our constitution contains a just and useful distribution of the coöperation of the different political forces, and I shall on that account, and not merely because of my oath of office, maintain and protect it."

Opinions differ, even in Germany, as to the best distribution of political forces, but every Prussian, and every German as well, breathed more freely when their emperor had spoken the blunt words I have translated. The people were already beginning to feel that while they had to deal with a man who could fight for his own, he was, at least, not disposed to claim more than was his by law. The whole of that address is instinct with individual conviction, but much of its force was lost to the outside world because few knew how much of it was meant. When, for instance, he closes by promising to be the "first servant of the state," it was looked upon as a conventional figure of speech, such as even a Prince of Wales might use. How few then thought that he would work with an energy and persistence that would wear out any two ordinary servants; that he would have his study lamp burning long before the kitchen-maids of Berlin yawned themselves out of bed; that he would in person wait upon the drill-grounds of his regiments to see that punctuality was ob-

served; that he would be accessible to every complaint, whether from a day laborer or cabinet minister.

Like others in commanding positions, he is taxed heavily for all that he utters in public, but no one tells us of what he is in private. Because as head of the army he draws his sword he is charged with warlike ambition; if on the other hand he looks into the troubles of the day laborers he is attacked as a socialist in disguise; if he travels to visit his neighbors the paragraphers make merry over his perpetual junketing. The papers of England have hardly yet forgiven him for the crimes they imagine he committed while his father was at San Remo, though it has been abundantly proved that he acted as a loyal son and subject.

On the 16th of August, 1888, he made a few remarks at Frankfort on the Oder that set all tongues wagging as though he had already signed a declaration of war.

"Let me add one thing more," said he. "Gentlemen, there are people so weak as to say that my father thought of giving back what

we conquered with the sword. We knew him all too well to accept coolly such a slander upon his memory. He was with us in thinking that nothing secured by the mighty efforts of those times should be given up.

"I believe that we of the Third Army Corps, as well as the whole army, know that on this subject there is but one voice: let us rather lose our eighteen army corps and forty-two million inhabitants on the field than give up a single stone of that which my father and Prince Frederick Charles have won."

This is not pleasant reading in Paris, but it is the kind of language I should expect to hear in New York if any philanthropic movement was on foot to hand Texas or Arizona back to Mexico. It is just the language that would be heard in London if an attempt were made to restore to France, not Alsace-Lorraine, but the Channel Islands.

Shortly after this much-abused speech came the great autumn manœuvers, at which two corps of about 30,000 men each, equipped as for real war, were made to fight one against

the other, and to solve in an unknown country all the difficulties of a real campaign. Under the old Emperor William these manœuvers had of late years become rather perfunctory, because of his advanced years and his indisposition to make radical changes. The Emperor Frederick was of course too feeble to make any personal impression on the army during his three months of office, and all Germany looked with eagerness to see what their new emperor would do when commanding large bodies for the first time, and under conditions that would test in some degree his ability to command in real war. He had of course in the field veteran generals of three great wars, and a man of less courage could have readily found an excuse for taking a merely conventional part in these operations. But the Emperor dreamed of nothing less than this. From the beginning to the end of the seven-days' fighting I was able to watch him closely, and even a layman in warfare could note the extraordinary independence with which he made his dispositions, the coolness with which

he met sudden emergencies, the attention he was able to give to detail, and the energy with which he appeared at every point of difficulty.

Did he make any mistakes? I presume so; I hope so, at least. And every soldier who saw him in those days blessed him for making them there rather than in the presence of a real enemy. He was learning to use his great military machine, and every German felt better at hearing that their Kaiser showed talent for his work. What if he did miscalculate the exact front that a division should occupy in an attack? what if he did bring his cavalry a bit too soon upon the enemy's infantry? The very fact of his doing so on this occasion was the best assurance that it would not happen in real war.

On the 14th of May, 1889, before he had been a year on the throne, he received a deputation of dissatisfied workmen, and, two days later, a similar body of employers. He spoke to each practically, briefly, sharply. He did not pat the employers on the back and order the work-

ingmen about their business, nor did he seek to curry favor with the mob by using the delusive phrases so common with politicians on the eve of political elections. What he said to each gave no pleasure to either, but, spoken as it was, honestly and for the good of both, it has given workmen and their employers throughout Germany a feeling of confidence in the Government as a judge in matters industrial.

To the workmen he said :

" Every subject who has a desire to express has of course the ear of his emperor. I have shown this in giving you permission to come here and tell your wants personally. But you have put yourselves in the wrong; your movement is against law, if only because you have not abided by the fourteen-days' notice required to be given before striking. You have therefore broken your contract. Naturally this breaking of your engagement has irritated the employers, and does them a wrong. Furthermore, workmen who did not desire to strike have been prevented from working either by violence or threats."

He summed up the wrong they had done, but nevertheless promised to have the matter thoroughly investigated. It is needless to say that he kept his word. When the employers came before him, no doubt expecting sympathy as against strikers, they were taken to task more cuttingly still for their selfishness. "I beg of you," said the emperor, "take pains to give workingmen a chance to present their grievances in a formal manner. . . . It is natural and human that each one should seek to better himself. Workmen read newspapers and know the relation that their wages bear to the profits of the company. It is obvious that they should desire to have some share of this."

Were these utterances the dictation of a political economist paid for jogging the imperial elbow in matters industrial they would deserve only the attention accorded to official papers read from the throne. But when they reflect the convictions of a ruler bent upon solving questions that are tormenting every industrial community, they are remarkable.

During the grand manœuvers of 1889 he re-

ceived a delegation of university professors and took the occasion to set the country thinking as to whether the present system of education could not be improved. "The more thoroughly and energetically the people understand history," said he, "the more clearly will they understand their position; and in this way they will be trained to united feeling in the presence of great undertakings." The language is not obscure to a German, who remembers the period of oppression under Napoleon I. and the many years that had to pass before the people educated themselves to act and to think as one man in the struggle for unity. The Emperor has since taken means to put into practice the ideas he expressed to the professors of Göttingen, and Germans must thank him that the rising generation are permitted to form their ideals not merely from Greeks and Romans of very shadowy interest but from the flesh-and-blood patriots of these days—the Scharnhorsts, the Blüchers, the Gneisenaus, the Steins, the Colombs, Lützows, and other heroes of the great war of liberation.

Shortly after the manœuvers of 1889 he received our minister, William Walter Phelps, in a manner more than complimentary, saying, among other things: "From childhood I have admired the great and expanding community you represent; and the study of your history, both in peace and war, has given me particular pleasure. Among the many conspicuous characteristics of your fellow citizens the world admires in particular their spirit of enterprise, their respect for law, and their inventiveness. Germans feel themselves the more drawn to the people of the United States because of the many ties that inevitably accompany kinship of blood. The feeling which both countries entertain most strongly is that of relationship and friendship of long standing; and the future can only strengthen the heartiness of our relations."

This, I venture to say, is the most friendly language ever used by a German ruler or cabinet towards the United States, and it gains the more in value by coming from the mouth of a man who would not have said anything that he

did not fully mean. The personal regard entertained for Mr. Phelps made the Emperor's language perhaps more easy for him; but in addition to that, I am sure that few Germans who have not traveled in America are better informed of our conditions, our history, our resources, and our literature than he. When "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" appeared, it was read by him with interest; as an officer in the army he attended courses of lectures on our principal military operations; and only within the past few months he was discussing with an American George Kennan's work on the treatment of Siberian exiles.

In February, 1890, he issued an order the gist of which is in these words: "In my army each individual soldier shall receive lawful, just, and humane treatment." This order was unexpected, for the army did not appear at the time to suffer more than ordinarily from the excesses of non-commissioned officers or even of commissioned officers. But it is the Emperor's habit to find out for himself what is going on in barrack-yards as well as in the cabi-

net. He does not wait until official red tape has permitted the Government to notice an abuse, or until dissatisfaction has spread. His language in this order has not made men more humane, but it has certainly made the brutal more cautious about venting their brutality, and this is as much as human law can hope for.

In the same month he calls together a congress of interested nations to see if something cannot be done to avoid the increasing friction between wage-payers and wage-earners. This congress may or may not achieve all that some have hoped for it. The Emperor himself did not offer to solve any question of social philosophy; his attitude was strictly that of an inquirer. He virtually said to the delegates: "Gentlemen, the industrial situation of Europe is critical. Let us discuss it calmly, let us offer suggestions, let us see if the question is capable of simpler definition."

Whether anything comes of this effort, the fact is remarkable that the most conspicuous public effort of a young and powerful emperor

has been to interfere in behalf of the daily laborers.

On the 20th of March, 1890, Bismarck left his office of Prime, or rather sole, Minister. I do not wish to enter upon this question here, except to point out that he left office immediately after a popular election which resulted in more votes for socialist candidates than were ever before cast in the history of the empire. He was in a hopeless minority in the Reichstag, and had proved to the satisfaction of his countrymen that, whatever his merits were as a foreign minister, they dwindled painfully when it came to treating the more delicate questions of finance, socialism, press laws, and internal improvement.

During the labor conference the Emperor showed marked civilities to the French delegate, Jules Simon, and afterward sent him as a present the musical works of Frederick the Great, accompanied by a most cordial letter. This was an opportunity offered to France to say something that might be regarded as a harbinger of peace; to cease the snarling over

Alsace-Lorraine that has been kept up for twenty years, and promises to continue until after the next war. Germany was disappointed in the result, for France showed that she has now only one political faith, the basis of which is hate. From the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain to the attics of Montmartre, there is but one feeling—France has had her vanity wounded; therefore Europe must expect no rest until she has had her revenge.

In 1890, on the 9th of August, Heligoland was added to the Empire without a blow or even an angry word. What Gibraltar is to Spain, that and much more was this little island at the mouth of her principal seaport to Germany. The peaceful accomplishment of so important an object is not so much an evidence of his desire to strengthen his coast-line as of the fact that England and Germany are to-day united in a friendship unknown since the year when Blücher and Wellington fought the French at Waterloo.

I have not spoken of the Emperor's travels in detail, for want of space. In general it may

be said that no ruler of modern times has seen so much of the world, and made the fruit of his travels so directly profitable to his people. He has not merely traveled to distant countries, from the North Cape to the Golden Horn, and from the Thames to the Gulf of Finland. His acquaintance with his own country is no less thorough. He masters readily the industrial features of every neighborhood that he visits, and it is rare for him to meet a man with whom he cannot talk instructively on the country or town that he represents. He does not waste time in these travels, but has a railway train fitted somewhat after the pattern of the Chicago limited vestibule. On the way he despatches state business, and discusses, as he flies along, any proposition requiring signature. His yacht serves him when afloat as conveniently as his train ashore, and both are so well used as to be always in the best working condition.

As an after-dinner speaker the Emperor has no superior in Germany. He speaks readily without notes, expresses himself with vigor,

never descends to conventional commonplaces, and, above all, gives the very best assurance that his words are not prepared for him. I have heard conspicuous speakers in England and in our own country, and, if comparisons are not in this case invidious, I should say that the German Emperor need not fear to meet such an audience as even a New England Society dinner assembles. One of the prettiest speeches I have listened to was delivered by the Emperor in answering the toast to his wife in the province where she was born. It was during the great combined naval and military manœuvers of 1890, at which the United States was represented by Commander Ward, and Great Britain by Admiral Hornby.

The Emperor's words were: "I desire to express to you, my dearest sir, the gratitude felt by the Empress and myself for the kind words we have just heard; at the same time our thanks to the whole for the day we have passed and for the reception which the province has prepared for us. This day was, however, not needed in order to assure us of the

warm friendship we have found here. The bond that unites me to this province, and chains me to her in a manner different from all others of my Empire, is the jewel that sparkles at my side, her Majesty the Empress. Sprung from this soil, the type of the various virtues of a German princess, it is to her that I owe it if I am able to meet the severe labors of my office with a happy spirit, and make head against them."

The words of the Emperor were unexpected, and to no one more so than to his wife, whose face beamed with happiness at the compliment she so publicly received. Nor did any one who listened to the speaker at that dinner think to question the spontaneity and honesty of the language.

In spite of the pomp that custom demands of an imperial court, the German Emperor is a man of singularly simple and healthy tastes. When he is out of office-hours his recreation is largely taken with his children in their nursery, or dropping in at the house of a personal friend and begging a cup of tea and a cozy

chat. He knows the value of knowledge, and while the machinery of his Government provides him with elaborate reports on every subject and from every corner of the world, he still prefers to study his people at first-hand, and never loses an opportunity of seeing for himself what is going on about him. He reads, of course, all the new books of importance; sees the good plays, and assists in bringing forward such as have merit; he takes pleasure in running into artists' workshops at unexpected hours; is ready to meet any one who has an idea of interest.

When I think of him as the business manager of a practical political corporation, I am constantly inclined to look for the key to his success and popularity in Germany by quoting the laconic opinion of him expressed by an American officer who was presented to him for the first time at the Baltic manœuvers in 1890. He came away from his audience flushed with excitement, and I expected a vigorous report from the fact that this officer had been drawing his impressions of Germany principally from Paris and St. Petersburg.

"What do you think of him now?" I said.

"Immense; he has a genuine Yankee head on him."

It only need be added that this compliment was the highest in the court vocabulary of my fellow countryman.

HIS ARMY.

GERMANY awaits from day to day the signal to mobilize her troops and march to the frontiers. The signal has been successfully postponed through great efforts of great men; but great men grow old and do not always leave behind them successors equal to their tasks. Bismarck has labored in the cause of peace until even he will be forced to admit that Imperial kisses, like promissory notes, can not always be taken at their face value. France had to fight Germany alone in 1870; this time she is counting on a Muscovite ally. Germany has prepared herself, therefore, to send part of her army against Moscow, another part against Paris, and the balance to keep the Danes from interference or watch the Socialists at home. The first cost of putting the nation on a war footing will be met by the coin treasure stored in the vaults of the Span-

dau citadel, close to Berlin, a treasure, by the way, largely paid over by France as indemnity for the last war.

To reduce wearisome figures to their least objectionable proportions, the active war strength of Germany means:

Officers	48,122
Medical officers	7,602
Miscellaneous officials	12,957
Non-com. officers and men	2,165,950
Making a total of of all ranks.	2,234,631

To which we can add:

Horses	439,759
Field guns	3,558
Siege guns	1,752
Other carriages	58,316

The above figures do not include the staffs and personnel of the stay-at-home army establishments, the seven hundred thousand trained men of the Second Reserves, called Landsturm, and the railway staff, made up largely of old soldiers, amounting to about

three hundred thousand men—for I have not been able to get official figures on this matter.

We may analyze Germany's war strength in this way—and these figures, I may add, are not merely on paper as they were once in France, to her cost.

551 Battalions
31 Companies
} of Infantry and Rifles.

573 Squadrons of Cavalry.
593 Batteries.
74½ Battalions of foot Artillery.
208 Companies of Pioneers.
37 Companies of railway troops.
341 Ammunition columns.
55 Divisional bridge trains.
19 Corps bridge trains.
25 Telegraph sections.
287 Commissariat columns.

For such as wish more detailed information on this subject I cannot too highly recommend "The War Strength of Germany," by Captain Grierson, of the Royal Artillery, an officer who is regarded in Germany, and at home, as an authority of the first rank in military matters, and to whom I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness for the verification of nearly all the statements not coming within my personal experience.—P. B.

94 Bearer columns.
41 Bakery columns and detachments.
19 Horse depots.
341 Field hospitals.
19 Depot *Abtheilungen*.

THE RECRUIT.—Every German is bound to assist in the defence of his fatherland, not merely by the payment of taxes, which we all do, but by qualifying himself to take his place in the ranks and spill his blood, like any other soldier, when war breaks out. We all recognize the propriety of a free man defending his person, his family and his house from attack; but Germany is the first nation of modern times that has carried this view to its logical conclusion, and organized the whole people in the manner most likely to protect it against assault from all quarters. The burden is heavy, but appears to Germans less grievous than to us, for they have faith in the good which results from their sacrifice; they know that the weight falls on all, rich and poor alike; their fathers consented to it because in that way only could they resist the tyranny of

the first Napoleon, and it is not fair for the men of to-day to complain when they remember the wonders they did in the war against Napoleon III.

From his 17th to 25th year the army has a lien on every German—during these years he cannot emigrate without special permission—and that this permission is difficult to procure may be inferred from the fact that in the recruiting returns of 1885, no less than 18,000 were noted as having escaped their obligations by clandestine emigration.

The ordinary man has to serve three years with the colors, as that time is considered necessary in order to make a real soldier of the average country lad. Those, however, who have passed high academical examinations, and show that they are of superior mental capacity can be free at the end of one year, although for this privilege they have to clothe themselves and take care of themselves as well. Of course good physical health and build are assumed. No soldier is accepted less than 5 feet ½ inches high, and the crack regiments

make 5 feet $6\frac{1}{10}$ inches their minimum, excepting for light cavalry, where weight is limited to 142 lbs., the heavy cavalry allowing up to 153 lbs. Such as do not come up to the "fighting requirements" are relegated to garrison work of practical if not glorious character.

EXEMPTIONS.—Special reasons sometimes release a German from serving in the army—or at least obtain for him a postponement of service—as, for instance, if he is:

1. The only son of destitute parents.
2. The son of a farmer or manufacturer who would be unable to superintend his work without his son's services.
3. The next eldest brother to one killed in war, or of one who has lost health while on duty, if by such postponement the lot of the latter is ameliorated.
4. Those engaged in the study of art as a profession, whose career would suffer damage if such studies were interrupted.

And one or two others in the same spirit.

The State, in other words, recognizes no

distinction between rich and poor, noble and peasant, in the matter of defending the common fatherland; and where an exception is made, it is obviously on the principle that no man should be withdrawn from industrial work if the community in general is to be a sufferer in consequence. No man in Germany is rich enough to buy a substitute, or too poor to claim immunity if he shows legal ground.

RECRUIT EDUCATION.—The German military year closes with the last day of the grand fall manœuvers, when the soldiers who have completed their period of service return to their homes, and the recruits of the year are called in to fill their places. Patiently and slowly they are taken in hand and taught the elements of their profession, their instructors knowing well the importance of what they are about, and the searching inspection they will have to stand when the new men are passed as fit to march in the ranks. All of the winter up to March of the following year is given to individual and elementary instruction. March and April are devoted to company drills, bat-

talion drill coming in May. June and July give the recruits a chance to see field service. In August come regimental and brigade work, and last of all, September, they take part in their first grand manœuvers.

The great importance which the Germans attach to the education of their soldiers must be my excuse for dwelling a little on this point. To begin with, then, the raw recruits are distributed fifty to a company, and placed under the entire charge of a specially selected officer, who has under him four or five under-officers and the same number of lance corporals as assistant instructors. Each under-officer gets from ten to thirteen men to instruct. Whoever has seen West Point cadets drilling the freshly arrived "plebes," can form a picture of what constitutes most of the early training of the German recruit.

His work commences light, but is soon increased to three hours in the forenoon (8–11) and two hours (2–4) in the afternoon, the evening being devoted to an hour's theoretical instruction. As at West Point and Annapolis,

the most important early work consists in making the muscles supple by a variety of gymnastic movements, with the rifle as a club.

The third week brings promotion to the use of gymnastic appliances, such as the vaulting horse, parallel and horizontal bars, poles, ladders and ropes; and these exercises are also applied to real war by making the men climb walls, vault ditches, and work their way up difficult slopes—in all these exercises the instructor setting the men an example, a good rule always observed at West Point.

The rifle is given to the recruit in the fourth week, and the manual commences and continues until, in March, the new men are considered fit for inspection, which is always an occasion for some festivity, when the captain of the company presents the newly trained men to the regimental commander in the presence of the officer who has had them under his special care. Each man is put through his drill, the whole squad then march past, are drilled together, the commander makes a short, encouraging speech to them, and they

are placed formally in the ranks of the company.

By the time summer comes around they are taken on long tramps into the country, are taught to choose their ground with judgment, to throw up earthworks, build a camp, skirmish, do outpost duty and reconnoitre. Every man is taught to swim, and gymnastics are not neglected.

Much importance is attached to the verbal explanations which officers are expected to give their men in regard to that which they are learning in the field. When a boy I remember well seeing in the fields about Potsdam the troops incessantly drilling, and particularly the little groups of soldiers about their officer, who, with some rude tracings in the sand, was illustrating a short lecture on field fortifications.

Thus the education of the soldier goes on hour by hour, step by step, until the fall of the year comes around once more, and with it the field exercises on a large scale, which imitate real war in many respects, and inure the men

to the work of forced marches, camping out in all weathers and overcoming real obstacles.*

The German Emperor, as actual Commander-in-Chief, takes active part in these mimic wars, sometimes commands a division of cavalry, sometimes a complete army corps. He is the first on the field, the stimulus to all exertion throughout the day, and the last to rest. He is never satisfied with what has been, realizing that new inventions in war are as much to be taken into account as any other force,

* German infantry quick step is .8 metres (31½ inches), and the time 112 to the minute.

Cavalry traverse in a minute at a walk 125 paces (of .8 metres or 31½ inches each); at a trot 300, and at a gallop 500 paces.

Infantry march four abreast.

Cavalry " three do.

An infantry division with its first line baggage occupies about five miles of road, and with its second line about seven and a half miles. Including its trains (one artillery and one infantry ammunition column, one provision column, one wagon park column and two field hospitals), it occupies twelve miles of road; an army corps with its columns and trains complete, 32 miles of road—let us say from City Hall to Sing Sing.

Under favorable circumstances, a large mixed body of troops make a kilometer (⅔m.) in twelve minutes.

and that to have the best army in Europe he must have also the most enterprising body of officers. At the 1889 manœuvers, for example, he ordered experiments with smokeless powder and portable steel forts, the latter by no means a welcome innovation to .the average artillerist.

SOLDIER PAY.—The army is not, in Germany, a career of pecuniary profit. The rate of wages per month is, for a

Sergeant-Major	$15 00
Sergeant	9 00
Musician	4 00
Private	2 50

The private is allowed usually about four cents a day for mess, in addition to one pound ten and two-thirds ounces of coarse bread. To this is added about three cents more, which is deducted from his monthly pay, and on this combination, which is managed with scrupulous economy, he manages to look well fed at least, and to do a good deal of hard work. The decorations which a German soldier earns mean cash to him also, for they carry with them

usually monthly allowances ranging from seventy-five cents to two dollars and twenty-five cents, in addition to his regular pay.

A great inducement offered to soldiers for good conduct is the prospect that, if they reenlist and are thereafter discharged honorably the Government provides for them by holding open official positions worth from ten dollars a month in the case of a private to twenty-five dollars a month in the case of a sergeant-major. Non-commissioned officers who have had twelve years of active service, and behaved well, become entitled to employment as State officials.

This is an arrangement most excellent for the discharged soldier, but of questionable value to some branches of the public service. Perhaps the inefficiency of the German railway system, for instance, as compared with that of the United States and England, is partially traceable to this arrangement, by which railroad men are extemporized from ex-sergeants and corporals.

As to clothing, the Kaiser treats his men

right royally by giving them five suits apiece, two of which the soldier has with him, the other three being kept in the company stores for extraordinary occasions like a grand review, or Sunday in town. When the soldier marches to war he has on his back the very best of these five suits. About his neck he carries a tin tag for purposes of identification. In the skirt of his tunic is sewed a roll of antiseptic bandage and in his knapsack a hymn book. His load, including everything, represents 64 lbs. 4 oz., a figure that makes me stagger as I write.

SPECIAL BRANCHES. — The American civil war first taught Europe the practical value of railways as facilitating military operations, and no nation has taken this lesson more seriously to itself than Germany, which now has special troops drilled for this work alone. In fact she has a railway running 30 miles out of Berlin, built and operated entirely by soldiers. It has four stations; crosses sixteen masonry bridges, three iron bridges and six culverts. The traffic manager is a field officer, who is

assisted by three lieutenants. The engine staff is composed of nine under officers as engine drivers and eighteen privates as stokers. The train staff comprises twenty-four under officers as conductors and forty-eight privates as brakemen.

One company at a time is employed on this line, the captain acting as traffic inspector; the other officers as line inspectors and under officers as station masters.

I might never have seen this railway but for a canoe cruise which brought me one fine afternoon under a railway culvert of which my map gave no satisfactory information. To satisfy myself on this point I left my boat, climbed up a steep embankment, and to my surprise saw a soldier close to me, but with his back turned—whose attention by the way I took good care not to attract, for I had no mind to be stopped for a spy or dynamiter at this place. So I slipped back to my canoe as quietly as possible and paddled noiselessly down the narrow stream until, at a safe distance from uniforms I was able to learn that I had just passed under

the military railway leading from the Capital to an artillery testing ground called Kummersdorf—a terminus that completely excludes any idea that this road might earn dividends by passenger traffic.

The drill of railway troops includes of course construction and demolition, and the Government does not stint them for the requisite material. Entire companies are also employed under their own officers in constructing and repairing lines for the State. In 1882, for instance, a detachment constructed the new line between Hirschberg and Schmiedberg in Silesia, and they are frequently employed in repairing embankments and bridges damaged by floods or accidents. Every year a detachment goes to the military riding school at Hanover to give the officers there special instructions in the art of repairing and demolishing railways and telegraphs, and at the grand manœuvers they are called upon to give an illustration of what they can accomplish in a short time in the way of entraining horses and men, or constructing short lines.

The railway authorities in the German war department are constantly seeking the means of forwarding men and material with greater rapidity, for at present much remains to be done in this department. Infantry are allowed, officially, one hour to entrain; cavalry and field artillery, two; and columns, say baggage and ammunition trains, three hours. The normal speed of German military trains is only fifteen miles an hour, allowing from 100 to 110 axles to the train. For war purposes it is expected that one axle will represent a load equivalent to twelve officers, or sixteen men, or three horses with one man, or one light carriage, or half a heavy carriage. The two axled third class carriages hold forty men; officers' horses go six; troops' horse, eight to the car. On the official basis, one German military train will carry:

One infantry battalion, with regimental or brigade staff; or, one rifle battalion; or, one squadron, with regimental or brigade staff; or, one and one-half squadrons; or, one field battery, with regimental or Abtheilung staff; five-

sixths a horse battery; one and one-half pioneer companies, with a divisional bridge train.

It will give some idea of the amount of railroading the Germans look for in the next war, if we put together the number of railway trains required to transport one army corps alone—say 30,000 men—of which there are now twenty.

	No. of Trains.
Headquarters and details	2
2 divisional headquarters and field bakery	2
25 battalions of infantry, with brigade regimental staffs	25
2 cavalry regiments (eight squadrons)	6
12 batteries divisional artillery . . .	12
3 batteries corps artillery	3
2 batteries corps horse artillery . . .	2½
2 divisional bridge trains, with three pioneer companies	2
3 sanitary detachments	1½
4 infantry and six artillery ammunition columns	10
5 provision columns	5

	No. of Trains.
1 corps bridge trains	2
1 horse depot	1
12 field hospitals	4
5 wagon park columns	15
4 trains with supplies for first needs	4

Making a total of ninety-seven trains for only one-twentieth of the army; or, for the whole army, 1,940 trains, which would reach from New York to——, but I leave this calculation for the experts in such matters.*

Germany's pioneer and railway troops comprise in time of peace:

19 Battalions of pioneers (4 companies to battalion).

1 Company of telegraphists.

1 Railway regiment of 4 battalions.

1 Railway battalion of 2 companies.

1 Balloon detachment.

The balloon detachment is attached to the

* The reader who cares to pursue this subject with special reference to American conditions should consult chapter IV. of "Principles of Strategy," by Lieut. Bigelow, U. S. Calvary (Ed. 1891). The experience gained in our civil war is there applied to modern requirements.

railway regiment, and possesses all the establishments required for making and filling balloons. A carrier pigeon establishment with fifty birds is attached to the detachment stationed at Berlin—other stations for carrier pigeons are at Cologne, Posen, Thorn, Würzburg, Mayence, Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, Danzig and Tönning, with two hundred pigeons to the station. Metz and Strasburg have each six hundred pigeons.

Dogs are now also used to carry messages from the outposts to the main body.

Each army corps has in its divisional and corps bridge trains sufficient equipment to throw a bridge from six hundred and thirty-six to six hundred and seventy feet. As a rule, half a day is reckoned upon as the time required to throw a bridge with the bridge trains of an army corps.

The outpost telegraph apparatus consists of two Morse instruments, a battery of ten Daniel's elements and two drums, each with five hundred and fifty yards of cable. The diameter of the cable is .117 and its weight

16.64 for the length of five hundred and fifty yards — the weight in box 24.2 lbs. The Morse instruments each weigh 10.45 lbs., are automatic, and adapted for continuous currents.

One non-commissioned officer and two men suffice to work the outpost telegraph. One man remains at the initial station with the battery and one of the instruments, while the other moves forward, paying out one cable from a drum carried in his hands, with the other drum on a special knapsack. The non-commissioned officer accompanies the latter man and carries the second instrument. The two cables can be paid out and both stations connected up in ten minutes, and fifteen to twenty minutes are required to roll up again. Of these outpost telegraphs Germany possessed sixty sets in 1879.

In the army are also used movable electric search lights and illuminating apparatus composed of a Dolgoruki engine, a Hefner-Alteneck dynamo electric machine, and a Siemen's reflector for use in siege or field warfare. This

is all in addition to the fixed electric light apparatus or search light used in fortresses and coast batteries.

GERMAN OFFICERS.—All European armies are beset by spies who are paid by the enemy to discover improvements in methods and war material. The German army can afford to be the least anxious on this subject, for of all of the military secrets she possesses, the only one whose possession by the enemy can possibly affect the course of the next war is the composition and education of her large corps of officers, and this secret no nation has yet commenced to grasp. From the standpoint of constitutional statesmanship, a large army is not an unmixed blessing, but blessing or not, Germany demands that her army should be the best of its kind so long as she remains a military government.

The German Emperor as leader of his army appoints every officer in it, and exercises complete control over the sort of man that shall be deemed fit to wear his livery. His officers represent not merely the aristocracy of social

life and landed property in the country, but also that of education. To enter the army, even after passing all legal examinations, the sub-lieutenant must be declared "worthy to be received amongst them" by a majority of the officers of his regiment—a German must be elected into a regiment as though into an exclusive social club, and this test has much to do with the present character of the men composing the officers of the Emperor.

In promotion, seniority alone is not regarded, but merit as well, and the Emperor orders promotion either upon the result of examinations, as with the artillery and engineers, or upon the reports of superior officers. The German officer enjoys at home a degree of social power incredible to one who has not seen it, and everything is done by the Government to enhance his importance in the eyes of the people. He is always seen in uniform, and this badge of power serves him as a passport in the streets of the city quite as much as in the salons of the fashionable.

The commandant of a military school looks

into the qualifications of a proposed cadet from the social as well as mental standpoint, and if he is not satisfied with anything in regard to the candidate's parentage or home surroundings he simply rejects him.

Unlike the West Pointer, the cadet of Germany pays for his education anywhere from twenty dollars to three hundred dollars a year, according to circumstances. The only cases in which cadets get free instruction are where their fathers have fallen in battle, or similar strong reasons can be urged. The principal military school for cadets is in the suburbs of Berlin, at Lichterfelde; it accommodates 880, and is a splendid pile of brick buildings. There are eight others, which, with Lichterfelde, make a total accommodation of about 2,500. Pupils are admitted between ten and fifteen years of age and given a liberal education. West Point, as far as I know, is the only school of its kind in the world where the Government pays young men to come and get a good education, an arrangement that may be popular with the parents of the young men benefited

thereby, but is not in accordance with sound principles of Government. Our lawyers, clergymen, physicians and professional men generally do not ask the Government to pay for their education—or, if they do, they deserve the contempt of the community in which they earn their bread. Why, then, should the professional soldier and sailor form an exception? The graduate of West Point steps immediately into a salary that enables him to live in comfort and marry—if he can find a wife who can be useful as well as ornamental. No other profession can promise such sure pay as this, or a position so secure for a lifetime.

If it is urged that young men will not enter our army unless a premium of this nature is offered, I must think such a thought insulting to the intelligence and patriotism of the average American boy. The English lad pays dearly for the privilege of entering Woolwich. Saint Cyr is not free to Frenchmen, nor does even the German emperor find difficulty in recruiting his vast corps of officers in the present way. And we are to be told that Americans

alone lack the patriotism and energy that drives a man to the profession of arms?

If anything makes the army distasteful to our best officers, it is the introduction of politics there. The feeling that merit goes for less than influence at Washington, and that no room is made for the display of zeal and ability—except by resigning. A very slight acquaintance with our army will furnish abundant illustrations of this state of things.

The so-called cadet schools of Germany are not the only avenues to the army. They are only one of many, and intended primarily to educate children with an early taste for military life. In fact, much dissatisfaction is heard in Parliament in regard to them, on the ground that the minds of children are too early divorced from peaceful pursuits, and taught that war is the principal object of the State.

The real military studies commence with the so-called war schools, corresponding to West Point more closely than the cadet schools. To these schools admission is gained only after proper examination, and when they

leave they must pass examinations before they can be commissioned as officers. There are nine of these institutions in Germany, averaging about one hundred candidates for shoulder straps in each. During his course at the war school, the German sub-officer messes with the older officers of the regiment he hopes to join, and here he makes the acquaintance of his future comrades. If these, however, do not like him, for any reasons, he is given the hint, and like a man of sense tries his chances somewhere else. This rarely happens, for it is always easy to find out beforehand if one's presence in the regiment is likely to be agreeable to the officers of it, and act accordingly.

In the engineer and artillery branches the course of study is more severe than in others. Cadets must first serve one year and nine months with their regiments as supernumerary second lieutenants, after which they join the artillery and engineer school at Berlin, where artillerists are put through a nine and one-half months' course; engineers twenty and one-

half months, before they can get a full rank in the army. Of course, they have already passed through the war-school course.

The West Pointer, fresh from the parade ground and section room, is ordered to the Mexican frontier or the far northwest, and immediately put at the head of troops, each man under him knowing vastly more of frontier campaigning than is ever taught at West Point. It would spare our young officers many a mortification, and our brave soldiers many a hard time, if we copied a little of Teutonic common sense in the matter, and attached them as supernumeraries to an active command, so that they might learn something of campaigning before actually getting a full commission.

The ten months' course of the war school at Berlin comprises tactics, artillery, including the manufacture of ordnance, carriages and ammunition; the theory of artillery and musketry; small arms; field and permanent fortification and attack and defence of fortified positions; military topography; army organ-

ization and administration, and military correspondence.

The practical course comprises tactical exercise on broken ground—a rare thing at West Point—visits to the artillery ranges, to the technical establishments, to the engineer drill grounds and to fortresses; exercises in making up infantry ammunition; gun drills, riding, gymnastics, and musketry.

Higher still than the war school is the Krieg's Akademie (war academy), where officers take advanced courses for special appointments on the staff, as some of ours do at Willett's Point and Fortress Monroe, and corresponding somewhat to the English staff college. German officers usually serve six years before attempting this course, although three years is enough to entitle them to the right of presenting themselves for examination. This course is so important, and fits for such a variety of delicate military missions, that every care is taken to guard against any one's passing who is not in all respects suitable.

First of all, therefore, the regimental com-

mander must back the application, and state whether, in his opinion, the candidate has:

1. A thorough practical knowledge of his duties.
2. Inclination and aptitude for study.
3. Good health.
4. Good moral character.
5. Private means.

The paternal character of German military government is apparent here, as elsewhere, in direct contrast to our own.

Three years is the usual course here, and includes:

1. Reconnoissances near Berlin.
2. Visits to gun foundries, powder mills, artillery workshops, the fortifications of Spandau, the fortress model-room at Berlin, and the experimental ranges.
3. Practical surveying in the country.
4. A staff journey of twenty-one days, in the course of which practical problems likely to occur in war are solved.
5. In recess, between the first and second years, infantry officers are attached to cavalry regiments; cavalry, artillery, and en-

gineer officers to infantry regiments; cavalry officers to field artillery; artillery and engineer officers to cavalry regiments, for the purpose of familiarizing them with other branches than their own.

On leaving this school, forty of the best are called to the great general staff, where they are put on trial for two or three years, until finally selected for the general staff—which in Prussia includes fifty-four officers, Bavaria having seven in hers.

Other special training schools there are for medical officers and veterinary surgeons; for cavalry; the military gymnastic normal school at Berlin; the musketry school at Spandau; the gunnery school at Berlin. The non-commissioned officers have a special school at Potsdam, where pupils are sent from all over Germany to be taught uniformity of drill and instruction.

The monthly pay in the German Army is not such as to raise a suspicion that officers enter the service in the hope of high pecuniary reward.

A Field Marshal receives each month . $245
The Commander of a Brigade or Regiment 160
A Captain between . . $44 and . . 74
A First Lieutenant almost 22
And a Second Lieutenant 18

There is little in this tabulation to attract the cupidity of a leading mechanic amongst us, and two grades at least would discourage the ambition of most day laborers. Our own fledgling lieutenants start off with at least $100 a month, and must wonder how even the most frugal of Germans can subsist on his scant pay.

The answer is easy—*they don't*, and as corollary to this, it is obviously important that every would-be officer should give his chief satisfactory proofs that he has something to live on besides his pay—and that this something is a sound investment as well. No officer can marry without permission, and permission is not granted to a subaltern unless he can show that his proposed wife has a private income equal to $625 a year; while a second-class captain's wife must have about $375 a year. Married offi-

cers moreover must subscribe to the widow's fund at such a rate as to secure to their widows from $150 to $375 a year, according to their rank. These paternal restraints may seem intolerable to our officers, as they would be equally to those of England; yet many a scandal at our army posts would have been avoided had the newly graduated bridegroom been forced to submit to the wisdom of his elders instead of enjoying the dangerous liberty of rushing into matrimony without regard for his own future or the feelings of the community in which his lot is intimately cast.

The German officer has a servant allowed him, which is not the case with us; he also travels at lower rates than the ordinary public, and can usually purchase theatre tickets at a large discount. He is not amenable to the ordinary civil tribunals of the country, but is tried by a special military court.

Throughout the German Army are so-called Courts of Honor, which determine disputes between officers, and take cognizance particularly of such matters, which, while not strictly

against a law, are unworthy a gentleman. Whether or not an officer may receive a challenge is determined by this tribunal, and its judgment may compel an officer to leave the army if he has been guilty of some breach of morality, or in any way acted dishonorably.

GERMANS IN RUSSIA.

IT was in a third-class railway carriage travelling through Bessarabia, from the mouth of the Danube to Odessa, that I made the acquaintance of——(I had almost betrayed him!). He was an old man, his features much resembling those of the late Moltke, and with him was a pretty little girl of about twelve. They were obviously German, prosperous and intelligent, and I seized the first opportunity that offered itself of learning something more about him.

The passengers in my car were about one-third Jew, one-third Russian, and one-third German, and as the journey lasted twenty-four hours, and the train stopped at each station, there were abundant opportunities for asking questions, without exciting the suspicion of any malicious officials.

The old man's tale is a short one—a pathetic one: it is told so often in Russia that

people have become tired of hearing it, and those who tell it almost wonder that it can stir the indignation of an outsider. To me it was not new; but the circumstances under which I heard it are so fresh in my mind—I have verified it so completely since—and the tears in the old man's voice were so real, that I reproduce some of it here as an illustration of what Russia is doing to make her name hated by free people.

My friend boarded the train not far from *Leipzig*, a name I did not expect to find over a Russian railway station fifty miles only from the Black Sea. He was taking his granddaughter to visit her relatives not far off; and as we conversed in German, it seemed hard to realize that we were in Bessarabia, for he was speaking his mother tongue and retained the dress of a North German peasant.

After some talk of a general nature, and apparently convincing him that I meant no harm, he answered the questions I put him touching his relations with the Russian Government.

"You see," said he, in the deliberate tone of a man reconciled to misfortune, "Russia is not quite fair with us Germans. There are many of us whose ancestors came here in the last century, like myself, Protestants and Germans. We were induced to make this long journey and break our dearest ties, by the promise, not only of land to cultivate, but liberty to develop according to our inherited traditions. We have become good Russians; we do our military service like the rest; we have improved the land and pay our proportionate tax cheerfully—but still we are made to feel that we are aliens."

Of course, I affected surprise at this. The old man then went on in a patient, deliberate manner, that was more impressive and touching than I can describe:

"The Russian officials have many, many ways in which they can show their dislike to us; and it has of recent years become so intense as to appear deliberate persecution. Our taxes are enormously increased, and we are told that they are going to make us pay for

the land that was given to our ancestors. They treat us as they treat the Jews—as people not entitled to legal protection. They want no one who is not of the Russian Greek Church. They cannot feel for us as they do for their own people.

"The officials control us completely, and if they act unfairly we dare not complain, for to whom can we complain? We are now forced to learn Russian in our schools, and much difficulty is made when we try to engage a German teacher for our own children. If we want a teacher from Germany the officials are very strict in seeing that he knows Russian, but when they appoint a Russian they take little pains to see that he knows any German.

"Whenever a difficulty is raised it is always against a German; they will not allow a German here to run a machine. The brother of a neighbor of mine had a steam flour-mill; he is now no longer allowed to run it, and it lies idle and rusting. Yet that man was born in Russia, but because he had lived a few years in Roumania, and has thus forfeited his Rus-

sian rights, he is now cut off from working a mill that was of great service to our community. Our tailors must first join the Russian Church before the police will allow them to use a sewing machine. The officials seem determined that no one but an orthodox Russian shall earn a living here; and this we think is unfair to us after having lived here so long relying on the Czar's promises."

"But why don't you emigrate?" said I.

"Because I am too old," answered he laconically and bitterly. "My life has been spent here, my ancestors have improved our estates here, all my friends are here, and many of my kinspeople. Who would buy my farm? No German is allowed to buy land, and if I sold at all it would be at a great sacrifice.

"Besides, the officials put great difficulties in the way of those of us who seek to leave the country. For instance, we often wish to visit Roumania either on business or to pay visits to our German friends; but such little excursions cost us much money beside our railway fare—we have to pay from twenty to

fifty roubles for a passport ($10 to $25). This is not the cost of the fee, but we have to go ourselves to the seat of Government, or send someone, and it takes at least ten days before we can get the permit."

"But why don't you write?"

"Oh, but I should not get an answer for six months; my letter would be pigeon-holed, and left there until I went in person and bribed someone to help me about it. Even for this little excursion I am making with my granddaughter it is not always easy to get a pass."

"But why do the Russians hate the Germans?" I asked.

"I don't know," said he pathetically. "We do them no harm. Perhaps it is because we have prospered more than our Russian neighbors, and made them jealous. A German village is clean and tidy; a Russian one is filthy and poor. When a German peasant enters the army he looks so well dressed in comparison with the Russians who come with him, that he is commonly taken to be the son of a landed proprietor."

A POLISH POINT OF VIEW.

"IF I am to be exiled," said a Polish friend to me, "I would rather be sent to the Rhine than to Siberia." Nor did it take many hours of Warsaw to explain what this meant.

My passage through the country was purely for pleasure; being on my way home after a canoe voyage down the Danube. A brilliant Russian lady who has written many books proclaiming the goodness of the Czar and the excellence of his government, has frequently said to me that if I would only go and see for myself I would be satisfied that Russia was much misunderstood. And here was another inducement—I had almost said an invitation.

Passing over the fact that I was treated like a criminal at the frontier of Bessarabia, I was surprised to find on purchasing a copy of the Paris *Temps*, at the station, that all the news about Russia had been blacked out by the Cen-

sor. In view of the very cordial relations between the two countries this seemed strange.

On reaching the hotel at Warsaw I was of course required to give up my passport, and had hardly got my head well dipped into the wash-bowl when in came a sleek, soft, shiny, black-coated, deacon-looking individual who proceeded to offer me his services and indirectly to pump me as to where I had been and whither I was bound. He was one of the many talebearers and spies who hope for a Government post when they shall have proved their capacity for dirty work. This Mr. Mulberry-Stiggins was promptly told that he would be kicked all the way down stairs if he did not leave; and as soon as I had finished my work in hand I strolled out and had the good fortune to meet an old friend who took me to see "the sights."

We drifted to the Citadel, and I stopped opposite a long, yellow brick building with two rows of windows so curiously ranged as to cause me to stop and call my friend's attention to them. The upper row was immediately un-

der the eaves, and the lower row higher than usual from the ground. I had barely pointed to this building when the sentinel made a sign with his disengaged arm that I was to pass on. But the subject interested me, and I doubted that he would leave his beat to come after me; so I continued my study, and was busy counting the windows and calculating the amount of space represented within the walls when out sprang, not the sentinel, but another man in uniform, who appeared in earnest. By this time I had seen quite enough, turned my back, and started in the opposite direction.

My venerable friend, a Polish manufacturer of great social consideration, large fortune, and excellent political judgment, now told me that I had stopped in front of the prison for political suspects; that the prison was as full as it would hold; that there were three hundred there at present all waiting to know whether they were to be flogged, sent to Siberia, or only kept a few weeks or months.

"But surely," I ventured to remark, "you don't mean to say that you allow your political

prisoners to be tortured before they are even condemned." My friend smiled at my childish *naïveté*, and said :

"I was once suspected of being lukewarm in my loyalty to Russia, and was locked up there for six weeks, or until they could find the time to investigate my case and find out that there was no charge against me. My cell was in the upper row you looked at, and you were struck by the appearance of the building because the windows are about ten feet from the floor, so high, therefore, as to make it impossible for the prisoner to look out. I was accused for nothing in particular—merely arrested because someone might have reported me as not Russian enough; perhaps I might have been seen reading a liberal book; perhaps I might have been overheard praising a Polish friend—there are a dozen frivolous grounds that may have occasioned my arrest, but I shall never know why I was made prisoner.

"Below me was a room from which every day emanated screams, groans, cursing, and such sobbing as would melt the heart of a

criminal. In that room they were 'examining,' as they call it, such of their victims as they thought might be induced to implicate others. Here they are flogged with pickled sticks until human nature can stand it no longer, and they either lose consciousness or give in. The flogging is repeated at short intervals with particular reference to the creation of pain; and the police rarely fail to force some kind of testimony—for human reason weakens after a certain amount of physical torture, and a wretched prisoner who has been flogged into semi-idiocy will say almost anything that promises to end his pains. It was only a few years ago that a worthy friend of mine, who had entered this jail in the possession of all his faculties, returned to his home deaf as a post and much impaired intellectually."

As I passed a troop of Cossack horsemen my attention was arrested by the extraordinary type they represented; not the Russian by any means, nothing that remotely suggested the environs of the Black or Caspian Sea. These men were the counterpart of the camel-driv-

ers I had passed along the great wall of China; they were Mongols, Tartars—men of an Esquimaux appearance, with small Chinese eyes set very close together, with high cheek bones, broad, flattened-out faces, little flat noses, big ugly mouths, a mixture of Chinaman, Laplander, and Apache Indian. "Are there many of these savages in this neighborhood?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. You cannot take a walk on this meridian between Prussia and Austria without stumbling upon a Cossack post every few miles. Every Pole who is called to arms is transported to the extreme corners of the Empire—to Siberia, to the Caucasus, anywhere to be out of the way of his own people. Their places are taken by the most useful soldiers a Russian could wish for, troops levied from the most remote and least civilized sections of the Empire."

From the Citadel to the town is only a few hundred yards, a space that is kept clear in the event of its being found desirable to bombard the city; for, oddly enough, the Russians

have their guns here facing, not in the direction from which an enemy might be expected, but full at the spires of one of the most important towns of their vast Empire.

My venerable friend told me many things, and others told me many things more. I did not look for information amongst the constitutionally dissatisfied and revolutionary elements of society, but exclusively among men of large landed interest, of personal weight in the community, cautious men of affairs—yet men so earnest in their belief that they were willing to stake all they had for the sake of proclaiming the misery under which they are forced to live from day to day. The names of these men I cannot give; I dare not even have correspondence with them excepting through indirect channels, but on the first sign of war these men will march with hundreds of other patriots, and they will be followed by every Polish peasant who is still able to swing an axe or pitchfork. The causes that have brought about this result have been partially indicated. In general they spring from the systematic perse-

cution of everybody and everything that is not orthodox Russian. The son of one of my friends was dismissed from a high school because he had been overheard speaking his own language, Polish, during play hours. This was tantamount to an order of banishment, for no other Warsaw school would admit him, and the father had therefore to send him abroad for an education.

Another friend is director in a vast transportation enterprise; he cannot appoint a single day-laborer in his own works without the permission of Government.

No shop in Warsaw can do without at least one Russian clerk on penalty of police prosecution; therefore, though the Russians are notoriously inferior, the Pole must have one of his hated taskmasters about him all day. A friend of mine was grossly insulted on the platform of a railway station because he was saying "good-bye" to a German friend in the German language; nor did this Polish gentleman dare to resent such behavior. He no doubt had in mind a notorious case in Poland

where a Polish nobleman boxed the ears of a Russian official who had dared to insult his wife, and in consequence was threatened not only with Siberia, but the confiscation of his estates; and he only managed to escape both by paying an outrageously large bribe, the money for which was raised spontaneously by his many friends and a host of loyal peasants.

My note-book is full of sickening details such as these which I am forced to hint at rather than relate for fear of unfortunate consequences to innocent men.

The devilish refinement of Russian persecution lies in the fact that it is not carried out according to any law, or even edict of the Czar, but that it is produced by the license permitted the officials who govern a district. At any moment a Russian police force may enter a man's premises, tell him that he has been guilty of a wrong, that he must go before the tribunal unless he chooses to pay a fine or bribe. The bribe is, of course, paid; for even though the man knows himself to be thorough-

ly innocent, he has no mind to sit six weeks in jail while his case is undergoing scrutiny.

If a man wishes to make an improvement to his house, to erect a new mill, to do any of the hundred things that represent progress, he is sure to have obstacles placed in his way for the purpose of producing bribes—and it is hardly worth pointing out that such a course of administrative tyranny destroys a people commercially, and saps every incentive to honest dealing and municipal energy.

There was a time, and since 1863, that Poles were divided in their allegiance, and many hoped that incorporation with so vast a country as Russia would bring them material prosperity in exchange for political bankruptcy. Warsaw was excellently situated to serve as a great *entrepôt* between the east and the west, and her merchants were in a position to take advantage of this happy position. But the Government quickly put an end to this delusion by every police interference that could discourage Polish trade. Of course, what was

done as an imperial measure in closing the Polish frontier against German and Austrian goods was bad enough, but still might be regarded as a measure affecting all Russia. But to-day it costs twice as much to send a bale of goods from Poland to Russia as from Russia to Poland. The railway tariff has been arranged with a view to forcing Poland to consume only Russian goods, and to make it impossible for Poles to purchase such goods by sending in exchange their own products.

In this case they are not merely dragged down to the level of Russians, but are treated even worse.

The Polish peasantry who belong to the Greek Church, but not as orthodox members, are harried in every way; and the more they are persecuted the more tenaciously do they cultivate hatred for the Czar. The Polish landowners and aristocracy have to submit to innumerable vexatious enactments; they cannot sell a piece of land to one of their own people; they can sell only to a Russian. If a landowner dies, his property is sold for the

benefit of his children, but as no Pole can buy land in Poland, it follows that no one of this man's children can buy back his father's land. If he wishes to employ anyone to manage a mill or machine for him, he will find the greatest difficulty in doing so unless he bribes so many officials as to make his enterprise a financial failure.

No educated Pole can get employment in his own country in any career directly or indirectly depending on Government favor; that means, that as an engineer, a physician, a lawyer, and more particularly as a candidate for the army or the civil service, he is a hopeless man, unless he is prepared to adopt the Greek religion and forswear his nationality. Polish officers are told frankly by their superiors that it is useless for them to hope for advancement while they remain in Poland. If they want to get on in their career they must work their way out to the Eastern frontiers—Caucasus, Siberia, anywhere so long as it is far from their home.

In view of the menacing movement which

Russia is making against Western Europe, the attitude of Poland becomes interesting, not merely through our sympathy with outraged humanity, but as a factor in a possible war. It is worth remembering that the Poland of 1891 is a vastly more mature and rational creature than the Poland of 1863. The country has been tried in a hard school; it has learned to give up political ambitions; it has become a unit through blood and iron, and stands now before the world as a land where seven millions of Christians pray daily for deliverance from the heel of a degrading tyrant. They have hated the Germany of Bismarck because that Government represented an intolerance little short of the Czar's. They now pray for the approach of a German army. They no longer dream of a dynasty, a frontier, a national future—they have learned to find happiness in the idea of bare existence—in the mere cessation of persecution. "Let Europe do with us what it will," is their cry; "let it treat us severely—harshly. We can still expect to live and develop under its rule. But what can we

expect from a continuance of Russian administration? Only moral degradation and beggary."

THE RUSSIAN CENSOR.

WHEN the curtain had fallen after the last act of the play, a Polish one, produced for the first time in Warsaw, my friend asked me what I thought of it. Now the play was of a national character, as those of Wildenbruch are to Germany, or Boucicault's *Shaughraun* to an Irishman. I told him that I was struck by the great enthusiasm shown in applauding a peasants' dance, and the comparative indifference towards what one might consider the more legitimate features of the play. Had I been a spectator of it in any other place, it would have been most puzzling to see a large, intelligent audience going almost frantic in their eagerness to applaud a very simple and indifferently executed national dance. My friend accepted this reflection of mine with a sad, confirmatory nod, and said, "We are

lucky to have as much as this passed by the censor."

In a few moments after this, I was so fortunate as to make the author's acquaintance.

I asked him if the censor had interfered with him in the production of this play?

He answered me: "They have cut out just about half of what I wrote, and forced me to substitute what they consider less offensive patriotism." To my expression of astonishment that the applause of the dance should have been so conspicuous, he said: "Yes. I am almost at a loss to understand why they allowed even that simple national dance; for you see that anything that suggests nationality to this people throws them into a transport of patriotism. The very sight of the national dress, moving about joyously on the stage, suggests to every Pole a longing for independence, and hatred of Russia." Perhaps I should say, in parenthesis, that my informant was one of the most popular writers of his country.

To my further inquiries as to his relations with the censor, he said: "The matter is ex-

tremely simple — limited, in fact, to thirty words, the use of which must be avoided. For example, 'nation' must not be used; it suggests Poland. 'King' is objectionable, as well as 'kingdom,' for both are in contrast to the Czar and his empire. I must never use the word 'Emperor'; it might imply that there was an Austrian or a German Emperor; whereas in Russia there is but the Czar. 'Independence' is of course insulting to the Government, so are 'freedom,' 'liberty,' 'constitution,' 'Parliament,' which are obviously in the nature of *lèse-majesté*. We must not only avoid the use of these bare words in any sense, but we must most carefully avoid any suggestion that might imply the existence of such a thing as Poland. Polish history does not exist in Russia; for how can there be a history for a tract of land figuring only as a province of the Czar? The name of my country cannot be used, for officially we are not Poles, but are only known to our masters as inhabitants of the military department of the Vistula."

Returning home that evening, I was too much depressed by the words that I had heard to be able to think of anything else, and fearing lest those with whom I had talked might have been guilty of exaggeration, I compared notes with a gentleman of considerable importance in the country, not only as director in a great transportation company, but also as a landed proprietor and lawyer. He fully confirmed what I have quoted, and entertained me by repeating instances of censorial interferences whch occurred to him at the moment, and which I made note of immediately afterwards. To use his language, "Nothing can exceed the stupidity of the average censor, except the brutality with which he does his work. A newspaper received a telegram referring to the Czar, in which his title was abbreviated in the usual manner, as, for instance, 'H. R. H.' for 'His Royal Highness.' Through a mistake of the compositor or proof-reader, the Czar's name appeared in print with only the abbreviated title, for which offence the editor-in-chief was curtly summoned to appear before a police offi-

cial, to whom he, of course, explained the mistake, and apologized most completely. The surly blackguard dismissed the editor with these words, 'If another time you fail to find the space, I will find it for you—in Siberia.'" My friend seemed to think that the insult lay, not so much in what was said, as in the behavior of the official, who acted as towards a contemptible slave, while in fact he was addressing a person vastly superior to him in birth, breeding, and attainments.

Another editor sought to publish an article by an art critic, in which it was necessary to describe the decoration of a room as "*style Empire*." This word "Empire," even in this connection, was considered treasonable; but the censor, being in a particularly amiable mood, refrained from interdicting the whole article. He crossed out the word "*Empire*" and substituted "*Russe*" in its place, explaining afterwards, on meeting the editor casually, that, as there was but one Empire, and its name was Russia, why use an expression which might be misunderstood by the vulgar?

With such a man no argument was possible; and there was no alternative but to submit. "Another instance," continued my friend. "Last winter, some snow fell off a roof and killed a maid-servant who was passing below. An illustrated paper had a sketch of the scene, as the event appeared to excite interest. This sketch was deemed offensive by the censors; not because it was badly drawn, but because it so happened that the police are responsible for the condition of the roofs, and, therefore, that the report of such a case was indirectly a criticism on the efficiency of the Czar's Government. Recently, at the very theatre you attended this evening, a Polish singer rendered a song in French that gave so much pleasure as to produce an encore. He then sang a little Polish ballad, one, by the way, which had been passed by the censor; but, because he had not obtained special permission to sing this particular ballad as an encore on this particular occasion, he was fined fifteen hundred roubles (about $750). Here is another painful illustration of how the so-called Gov-

ernment of Russia hampers private enterprise. One of the largest and most respectable business houses in Warsaw undertook, last year, to open a branch of their work elsewhere in Poland. The police forbade it, giving no reason except that in 1863 they had been entered on the Government lists as suspected of liberal ideas.

"The Government here—perhaps I should say, the police of General Gourko—take great pains that no favorable mention is ever made of anything done or said by one who is not orthodox Russian. The reason for this is, perhaps, not obvious; but we know that Russians do not like to have it appear as though the Polish nation was able to produce men of intelligent capacity. One of our most brilliant writers recently made a scientific voyage to a distant country, and on his return was interviewed as to his experiences. Not a line of it was allowed to appear, the reason given being that it was calculated to advertise him. Subsequently the same author wrote a book of travels, of which every line which related per-

sonal experience was erased by the censor, and only that portion permitted to remain which dealt in geographical platitudes. One paper here recently sought to publish an extract from an English review. It was from an article discussing the German Emperor. Not only was this completely suppressed by the censor, but the editor-in-chief was ordered to appear before him, there to be told with cynical frankness that loyal Russians did not wish to hear praise of a German Emperor; if he wished to praise *the* Emperor, he had better get his information from St. Petersburg."

A Pole complains not so much of the hardship of laws, as of the absence of law; not so much against a censorship, as against the brutal caprice of the censor. Is it strange that they should turn their eyes towards Berlin, and pray, not for freedom, but for any government that lifts them above barbarism?

THE ROUMANIAN PEASANT ON THE RUSSIAN BORDER.

THE visit I paid to the farm of my Roumanian friend interested me chiefly because his estate lay close to the Russian border; and as newspapers told me that famine was staring the population of that country in the face, it was naturally of interest to note how far the same conditions prevailed in a country with about the same soil and climate. My host, moreover, was a man of wide travel and broad sympathies, conversant with his country's needs, and ready to enlighten my ignorance. To assure me, however, against possible error, we went together to call upon his farmer, and secure his company for a drive over the estate. The farmer was intelligent, well dressed, and living in a house furnished as comfortably as that of any farmer in England or America. While the horses were being

harnessed I asked the prices of various things, and noted the following:

His yoke of ordinary mountain oxen cost $30.

His best yoke of oxen, of the plains, cost $60.

His four-wheeled ox wagon, with pole like ours, but no iron tires, cost $25.

His best farm wagon, made all by hand in his village, and one that struck me as very strong, light, and useful, and which I was told carried 2,650 kilogrammes (5,830 pounds), cost him $60.

His pair of ordinary but useful horses cost $100.

His best pair of very strong, swift, and handsome Bessarabian horses cost him $200—a pair that would have excited envy in any stable.

He pays his men two francs a day (40 cents) during harvest, and half that amount in the winter-time, in addition to their food and lodging.

Such items as I jotted down in this farmyard refer only to what an individual farmer did on a Roumanian farm in the autumn of 1891, and can only serve as the basis for gen-

eralization in so far as his experience is that of other farmers of the country—which I am assured is the case. The prices I mention are low, but the cost of living is in correspondence; and my host can give an able-bodied man all he can consume, including a reasonable amount of wine, for sixty centimes, or less than 12 cents a day. The laborers and peasants that I met in the fields and about the roadways looked well fed, hardy, and industrious; their cottages clean and commodious.

"But what of the Russians?" I asked. "Are they not starving over there, while you are rolling in plenty?"

"That," answered my host, "is 'Protection!' We are glad to pay for their horses and oxen, and no doubt some of them would like to have our corn; but, as matters stand, you could not induce one of my peasants to cross the Russian frontier."

On my journey down the Danube I coasted the whole southern frontier of Roumania, and was struck by the large quantity of English steamers taking in cargoes of grain—not to

speak of craft of other countries. In view of the alleged famine in Russia it was reasonable to assume that most of this food-stuff was destined to relieve the distress within the Czar's dominions, but such was not the case I discovered. It was intended mainly for western Europe. My host subsequently prepared for me a statistical table of Roumanian trade for the five years preceding 1889, the average of which showed the strange fact—

1st. That nine-tenths of it was with western Europe—England, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Spain, Sweden, and Norway.

2d. That only one-tenth of it was with the East; and

3d. That in this one-tenth, two-thirds is represented by Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, and Turkey;

4th. That only one-third of this tenth represents the trade carried on with her nearest neighbor—Russia.

In view of this it seems strange that England, America and the rest of the world should

be called upon to assist a people who, while reported as starving, refuse to satisfy their needs by trading with their neighbors who are more than willing to satisfy their wants.

We drove many miles by the side of splendid fields of maize, wheat, and oats—all testifying to the bounty of the Almighty, for not in many years has such a splendid harvest been known. I have inspected many fields ripe for harvest in Manitoba and Minnesota, but never saw anything to surpass the grain harvested this year along the Russian side of Roumania. When we came to where the steam-threshers were puffing and shaking the hard red berries from the wheat stalks, we found a number of Greek grain buyers, who had come here from the Danube to bargain for their principals, coming directly to the farmer with bags and carts, in order to lose no time. The wheat in question was finding ready sale, although the price had risen since last year in the ratio of 9 francs to 14 francs the sack.

The land question in Roumania appears to

have been settled tolerably, for to my questions on this subject I received the following answers:

"Up to 1866 the relation of peasants to proprietors was feudal and unsatisfactory. The peasants were bound to give twenty-two days of their labor out of every year to the lord of the land, who, naturally, selected the days that suited him best, and who also took as tribute one-third of all that the peasant raised upon his land. Under this system the owner worked his estate for nothing, and was only too glad to let his peasants have all the land they could cultivate.

"But that system had this drawback—that the peasants did not feel any particular allegiance to the soil of the landlord, and were constantly shifting from one estate to another, much as sailors go from ship to ship, hunting for an easy forecastle.

"The rural law passed in 1866 forced every estate to transfer to each peasant upon it eleven pogons (about twelve acres) in fee simple; thus at one stroke abolishing serfdom in the

kingdom. In addition, the State made a present of eleven additional pogons to each peasant who married, making him, not merely a free man, but one fairly started in the line of prosperity. So far the scheme worked well. The estates thus transferred were declared inalienable for at least fifty years, so as to prevent the former masters buying back the land they had been forced to part with. My estate," continued my host, "brings me in thirty thousand francs a year, of which ten per cent., or three thousand francs, goes to the Government as tax. The peasant, however, has to pay double the tax, or twenty per cent.—not only the ten per cent. that I pay, but ten per cent. additional as the interest on the money which the State devoted in 1866 to buying the land from his former master. As a landlord I do not object to the burdens which others bear on my account; but as a man I feel that the peasants have some cause to grumble."

There is reason to fear that the double burden of taxation now resting upon the Roumanian peasant represents a grievance which

the politician of a certain class is never slow to utilize for the sake of posing as the people's tribune, and that the landlords themselves would have been wise in their generation had they asked no price for the few acres each was made to surrender in 1866. But many as must be the faults of any measure so sweeping as the Roumanian rural law, it has done the country good, and raised the peasants infinitely beyond the level of their fellow-creatures on the Russian side of the frontier. They are now free men before the law; their property is secured to them; and they are sure that though the present generation bears a heavy burden, it is leaving a precious heritage to the next. From what I learned on this Roumanian farm, and from conversation with capable people of that country, I feel justified in concluding that the Roumanian peasants may be counted upon to resist aggression on the part of Russia; not so much from sentimental regard for the parties to the Triple Alliance, as from the conviction that their material prosperity is vastly greater than that of their neigh-

bors across the Pruth, and they have everything to lose by becoming tributary to Holy Russia.

A FIRST IMPRESSION ON THE ROUMANIAN FRONTIER.

WHEN it became so dark that I could not plainly distinguish objects on either bank of the Danube, which here was a couple of miles wide, I lowered my two sails and paddled for Roumania. It would have been no further to the Bulgarian shore, but sentiment guided my canoe to the other side, where I had some friends to whom I thought I might turn in case of difficulty.

The Roumanian frontier was guarded here, as elsewhere, by a series of square huts placed within sight one of the other, each hut containing five soldiers, one of whom did sentry while the rest seemed generally occupied over a fire or washing clothes. Between two of these guard-houses I ran my keel ashore, quickly hauled my boat high and dry, propped her on either side by means of spare hatches, rigged

my tent over the well, took a swim, changed into my night rig, put my soup over a spirit stove, and commenced to muse over the pleasures of solitude—but not for long. One of the guard had spied me and came to investigate; soon came a second, and lastly, one with a breech-loading rifle. The rifleman made trouble in a language I could not understand, and I protested as vigorously in four equally unknown tongues. It was clear, however, that I was regarded as a trespasser, and was to be sent off. I therefore commenced by offering them some soup, which they devoured after the manner of men on half rations; then I shared a bottle of local wine, and after that the rifleman took a long drink from the supply of methylated spirits which did my cooking when no drift-wood was at hand.

All this while they talked to me and I back at them—they in their native tongue and I in mine—until one of them attempted to examine my paddle. I told him not to, but he insisted, so I jumped to my feet with a knife in one hand, pretending anger, though my real feelings

were quite opposite, and I was at the moment wondering how this scrape would end. Fortunately, the man dropped the paddle, and the others vociferously talked, as though they intended no harm. At this I pantomimed that I was going to bed and waved them in the direction of their quarters, saying good-night in every language I knew. They left, and I was soon sound asleep.

The banging of a musket-butt against the stern of *Caribee* awaked me. I peered through my mosquito curtains and saw a long, hungry-looking Roumanian private standing in the moonlight with his right index finger on the trigger of his piece, and his attitude suggesting either the tendency to charge or to aim. He stood at a respectful distance, ignorant, perhaps, of my armament, and savagely harangued me as one who had been guilty of a grave crime. He pointed up, he pointed down, he pointed at the Bulgarians, and aimed in that direction; he evidently resented the comforts I was enjoying on Roumanian soil, and threatened to shoot if I did not move on. But

I knew that innocent fishermen were sometimes shot at in boats—to say nothing of smugglers — and that frontier guards aim very carelessly in the moonlight, particularly where there is no one to call them to account. So I concluded not to move, and began, therefore, to abuse my ferocious frontiersman in robust English, accusing him of base extraction and flagrant sins, watching carefully the while his face and hands. I shook in the air my passport, maps, and other loose papers, and interlarded my opprobrious words with every military title that could appeal to the senses of a semi-civilized private. The moon told me that I was not to be shot—on the spot, at least; but she also told me that my trigger-touching terror insisted that I should uncoil myself from out of my snug canoe and go with him to some remote guard-house for examination. This I strenuously objected to; but, in my most violent paroxysm, fumbled in my stern locker for a bottle of excellent liquor known as Schlivovitz, and at the climax of my discourse drew the cork and reached the bottle

towards him. Without undue self-adulation, I may here remark that never, on the stump or in festive gatherings, have I so completely realized the satisfaction of oratorical success as on this chilly moonlight night on the banks of the tortuous swamp-spreading Danube, as I listened to the contents of my best bottle disappearing down the thirsty recesses of that ruffian.

He, too, disappeared, grinning horribly, swinging his musket—a drunken pendulum, zigzagging along a deceptive path of moonlight.

The sun awoke me next. I did not wait for breakfast, but stowed my gear, pulled my boat to the water, jumped aboard, hoisted sail, and munched a crust of bread with a piece of chocolate while I made notes and wondered how much salary a man ought to get who did this sort of thing for a living.

My experience is worth telling only because it illustrates the semi-civilized condition of frontier life, not merely in Roumania, but also in Servia, Hungary, Bulgaria, and, above all,

Russia—wherever the Danube forms the boundary. The trade of this great river is absurdly small compared with the wealth along its banks, and can never be much better so long as its trade is regulated by Governments whose maxims are similar to those of the robber knights who built castles in the middle ages for the purpose of levying tribute from passing ships. To-day no one can pass from one side of the Lower Danube to the other without vexatious delay, expense, annoyance—often danger of life or liberty. Each country of this neighborhood seeks to discourage the trade of every other, and the great steamship company that runs its boats the whole length of the stream has difficulty in paying its way, owing to the multiplicity of fines, bribes, and taxes it has to meet in its course from Regensburg to Sulina. The ideal of the protectionist is realized in these Danube principalities—the ideal of the Chinaman—no trade, no intercourse with fellow-man. Would that my protectionist friends would canoe on the edges of Bulgaria and Roumania, and Russia; they would come

back Free Traders, or, if not quite so regenerate as that, would at least pray that one frontier should include the Danube and all its navigable tributaries, so that the blessings of Free Trade might be felt, at least partially, by States that now are ruining themselves in frantic efforts to get rich by imitating the methods of the gentleman who framed the McKinley Bill.

RUSSIAN PRIESTS IN ROUMANIA.

THE farm of my Roumanian friend lay somewhere between Bucharest and Jassy on the foothills of the Carpathians, and not more than two days' military marching from the Russian frontier. He wished me to pay him a visit in a part of his country which had lain in the path of the Russian advance in 1877, and which would suffer most in the event of another war.

When I had provided safe quarters for my canoe, which was to me more precious than all the Balkan States, I purchased a third-class ticket, by dint of pantomime mingled with transatlantic Latin, and found that it entitled me to ride for six hours in a wooden box on wheels with a lively assortment of Jews, long-haired peasants, shepherds with tall lamb's-wool hats, Turks with red sashes, and some handsome lasses who wore a single gar-

ment. The day was violently hot, but not hot enough to discourage me from enjoying the society of my box-load, which behaved, by the way, with more courtesy one to another than many a compartment of higher grade in countries that consider themselves more civilized. Two priests of the Greek Church sat near and sought to converse with me. My dress was much the worse for hard service, and as I carried a sailor's kit bag, they took me, of course, for a bankrupt mechanic or sailor sent home by his consul. These priests wore robes of majestic dignity, the effect of which was, however, spoiled by the amount of grease and other filth that had accumulated all over them. They were, like those I subsequently saw, handsome men, with long beards and hair reaching to the shoulder. Each carried a dirty bundle under his arm—from the corner of one I noticed the end of a loaf of coarse bread protruding. It was some time before either of these priests could find a seat, as no passenger rose to offer his. And yet this was just the sort of passengers of

whom, in any other country, such a courtesy might have been expected. What is more, the priests themselves did not act as though they expected any more consideration than other peasants.

However, I was anxious to talk with them, and as they spoke no modern language save their own, I called to a half-drunken man, who had been raising much merriment at their expense, and asked him to interpret for me. This man I had, some minutes before, pushed off the bench in front of me because his behavior annoyed a little girl next to him, but he bore no malice and spoke to me in pretty fair German.

"Where do you come from?" I asked.

"Nowhere! I am a Pole," was his laconic but sad answer. Instead of acting as interpreter, however—for I asked him if the priests spoke Latin—he took his battered hat from his head, shook it at arm's length in the faces of the clerical gentlemen, and said :

"Is there anything inside of that hat?"

"No," was my answer.

"Well, there is just so much in the heads of those dirty pigs!"

The reverend gentlemen thus referred to obviously failed to understand what my Polish informant said; though, from the way in which the people in general treated them, I doubt whether anyone in the car would have much resented the language used.

My Roumanian friend had prepared a welcome for me in the shape of a peasant dance, to which had been invited all the young people of his village, as well as the parents. The dancing was upon the lawn in front of the high verandah. Wine and cake were dispensed without stint; the young lads and lasses danced with wonderful grace and vigor; the maidens were pretty and very active; the old people had seats brought out for them by the servants of the house; and nothing was lacking to form a picture of Arcadian contentment. Soon, too, arrived the village priest, his long grey locks flowing in waves upon his shoulders, and with a beard to make the fortune of a prophet.

No one paid more attention to him than to

another, and it did not occur to anyone to invite him into the house or even to sit upon the verandah. He came, however, without being asked; stopped a few moments to partake of refreshments; then, receiving no encouragement to continue his visit, rose and went again to where the gipsy band was putting life into the frisky feet of the peasants. As his form reached a safe distance, I heard something like "Damn his impudence!" from more than one upon the verandah, and this gave rise in me to the suspicion that my long-robed friends of the third-class compartment were, after all, not such bad specimens of the priestly craft in this part of the world. I took the first opportunity of comparing notes on this subject with not merely my host, but others in his station, who know their country well and what they have to hope and fear from their priesthood. To put their many statements into a concrete form would make one somewhat like this:

"The Roumanian priest is educated for the most part in Russia, and as the little he knows comes from such places as Kieff, it is natural

that our priests in general look to Petersburg for guidance much as the Roman Catholics of London and New York turn to Rome. I cannot deny that they are a power—a great power; but they are far from being the greatest. If they were well educated they would be dangerous, but they are as a rule so stupid, and so little beyond the peasant with whom they consort, that they lose much of the opportunity offered them."

"What is their social position?" was a question I put my host—rather a superfluous one after what I had witnessed.

"They are dirty brutes; no one will have them in their house. This one you saw comes here once a month to scatter holy water about and frighten away the devil, for which I have to give him a few francs so as not to make him my enemy. He goes about doing this sort of thing all over the district, squeezing coppers wherever he can. He had the impudence to come up here to-day because he wanted to see you and find out something about you; but we never dream of having him inside of the house

as a guest. Why I don't believe he ever used a fork in his life!"

"Are they then so poor?"

"Not a bit of it. They are much better off than the priests in Greece, and even in Russia. Each of them has sixteen pogons of land—about sixteen acres—and they get in addition a sack of wheat once a year from each one of their peasants, and on top of this they get a State bounty, for here everyone must pay taxes to support the Established Church, no matter whether he is Jew or Protestant.

"Moreover, as in the Anglican Church, the bishops sit in Parliament and influence legislation. The bishops, however, in Roumania are drawn from religious orders whose members are not allowed to marry, whereas the parish priests must marry. The class from which bishops are created is also much superior in intelligence and breed to that from which parish priests are recruited. The bishops are nominated by the Synod, but are selected by a joint vote of both Houses before the names can be submitted to the King for approval. So far,

it is taken for granted that names submitted to the King will always be approved."

As to their relations in the event of war I received no encouraging answer.

"The Roumanian priests are the most dangerous enemies we have. They are pretty much all under Russian influence, and cannot conceive of anything good emanating elsewhere than from Kieff or Moscow. The Russians are massing troops against us all along their Bessarabian frontier, and none of us are simple enough to suppose that those troops are there for ornamental purposes."

"What is to be the result then?"

"The patriotism of the people will carry the day the moment war is declared. The priests may do their worst; but they can never make us forget what we did for Russia in 1877, how cruelly we have suffered at Russian hands since then, and how much worse things are in store for us if Russian troops again march across our territory. Make no mistake, Roumania realizes what Russian friendship means; and that is why we are preparing for a

fight to the last man when the signal is made in Berlin."

I need only add that my friends were all orthodox members of the Greek communion.

CROSSING THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER ON FOOT.

INSTEAD of returning home from Galatz by the quickest way, I thought it might be instructive to run over to Odessa, and from there by easy stages reach the Baltic and the Channel. My canoe, which had carried me from the sources of the Danube as far as Bulgaria, I saw safely stowed upon a steamer bound up the river, and with it I sent all luggage that might possibly cause delay at the frontier. Then I looked about for a vehicle to carry me from this easternmost town of Roumania to the nearest railway station on Russian soil. Murray's guide to Russia, as well as the principal atlases, both English and German, indicated a railway between Galatz and Reni, but this was a mistake, as I quickly discovered. The distance to the Russian frontier is called ten miles, and thence to the Russian railway

at Reni is at least five more. I offered much money, but could find no driver in Galatz bold enough to take me amongst the Russians. I offered to procure a passport for them from the Russian consul, but this they assured me would not be respected; they might be kidnapped into the army, clapped off to Siberia, sent to jail—they were not sure what shape their punishment might take, but they one and all declined, through fear of bodily harm. This proves nothing except the confidence inspired by the officials across the Pruth.

The only thing for me to do, therefore, was to drive as far as the boundary and then take my chance. My baggage consisted of a waterproof sailor's bag containing the remnants of my camping wardrobe—mostly books and maps, and a large ulster that I used sometimes as a makeshift bed. The road to the Pruth lay for the most part along the edge of a vast lagoon of the Danube, the river itself being hid from me by low, marshy tracts covered with reeds. Water-fowl of many kinds were abundant, herons, flamingoes, ducks, and sea-gulls.

But it was the savage lonesomeness of the stretch that made most impression upon me. But for the telegraph poles, supporting a single wire, there was scarcely a sign of civilization between the important town I had left and the railway terminus I was seeking. The road was more like a dirt track than a commercial highway, and would be difficult to find in thick weather were it not for the telegraph poles. After a journey of more than an hour of rough jolting we drew up at a shabby house, from which emerged a Roumanian, who demanded my passport, which, as he could not understand it, he handed back with much grumbling.

The Pruth, which here separates Russia from Roumania, is no larger than the Thames at Oxford, and I expected to find at least a bridge, possibly a cab, for this is the shortest route between Galatz and Odessa. There was no bridge, however, so I procured a man to paddle me across in a native dug-out canoe, reminding me of those in use by the natives of Florida and British Guiana. This man had, apparently, a dread of Russia as genuine as that of the

Galatz drivers, for he would not carry my bag up to the Customs House, but dumped it on the mud bank of the stream, and hurried back to Roumania. At each end of this little ferry stood a soldier, forming a link in a vast chain of frontier guards—5,000 on the Roumanian and 25,000 on the Russian side, who are night and day vigilantly on the look-out for a smuggler, a suspect, or a Jew. A villainous-looking official slouched down to the Russian sentry-box as I climbed up the river bank and ordered me into the only house to be seen, where sat another of the same type, who was soon joined by several fellows stamped with official savagery. George Kennan has described this type in the language he uses about one he met with in Kachinski—an inspector of police—"an evil-looking miscreant with green, shifty feline eyes, who, without his uniform, would have been taken anywhere for a particularly bad type of common convict." The moment I looked at these men I began to wish myself back, even in Roumania.

My passport was, of course, immediately de-

manded in an insolent manner, and while three looked on, the fourth attempted to examine it critically and write down my name. As, however, no one of them knew French, German, or Latin, our attempts at an understanding proved abortive, and as none of them understood a word of my passport, they concluded that my name must be the first word that was in script, which happened to be the word Plenipotentiary. My name is therefore to-day entered in the police chronicle of Bessarabia as Mr. Plenipotentiary, my Christian name being put down as Minister. Much shaking of heads occurred over the fact that the passport was dated London, while the superscription was that of the American State Department, they evidently regarding this as an evidence of sharp practice of some kind. They asked me many questions in a very rough manner, but as I made all my answers in English, they finally gave me up, and proceeded to rummage my sailor's bag. I happened to have the last number of the *Speaker*, a copy of *Punch*, and a large work in German on the lower Danube. All my notes

I had carefully concealed next to my skin. *Punch* and the *Speaker* they studied carefully and at length, but the work that disturbed them most was the tamest of all books, Heck's *Danube*, in German, with many illustrations. This they fumbled page for page while I stared at a large chromo of the Czar, which occupied nearly all of one side of the room. As it took me more than an hour to pass this frontier with only a boat-bag for luggage, I calculated that at this rate not more than twelve people could conveniently run the gauntlet in any one day. It is needless to say that my boat-bag was completely turned inside out and every article examined to the smallest, and that no effort was made to assist me in putting the articles back again. I was treated exactly as though I had been found guilty of a gross offence and was before particularly offensive judges.

At last I was permitted to leave. I asked no questions, but taking the points of the compass by the sun, struck a trail which I judged would bring me to Reni in a couple of hours; and it did. But my tramp was made on the

hottest day of a hot and dry season, and my boat-bag and ulster weighed very much before I had gone the full five miles. I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and trudged along in the dust, grateful only that I had passed the customs without having been locked up pending examination. Half-way on my tramp, as nearly as I could calculate, I passed several earthworks well situated to command the Danube against a descending flotilla, and ready to receive three batteries at least. Shortly beyond these I found a little tree, in the shade of which I sat down to cool off and make a few notes. My tramp had been along the edge of a swamp on one side and a bare prairie on the other; and only one peasant cart passed me as I trudged in the dust and heat. Near the earthworks were two large compounds formed by four brick walls thick enough to resist old-fashioned light artillery, about fourteen feet high and, from my estimate, four hundred feet long in each direction. In the midst of each compound was a building of brick at which men were busy repairing the roofs and making the

windows smaller. The casual passer would have said that it was being arranged as a store house for war material. It did not invite a nearer inspection, as many of the busy people wore uniform hats.

And so I sweated along to Reni, which is, after seeing many villages of Holy Russia, perhaps the dirtiest, shabbiest hole that is at present used for human habitation outside of China. The principal industry of the town appeared to be the filling of magazines with grain, and as the English papers were then full of accounts of a famine all over the country, I could not but be surprised that it should be stored here on the very frontier of Roumania, and that the people who did the storing appeared all to wear official caps. Had this grain been intended for the famishing millions of the Czar's people, it would have been taken to the railway or to the boats in the river, and thence shipped to the points of distress; but here it seemed to be stored up in order to feed any troops that might be needed at this particular point of the frontier. What I saw was so highly suggestive of

various things, that I paused a few moments to think it over—and that was wrong I discovered, for an official of the type described by Kennan came up to me, and in a snarling tone of voice snapped out the ominous word "Pass."

I was not sketching, was not making notes, had committed no crime, beyond appearing to be a foreigner, and for this was treated in the open highway as though I had come to rob a Russian hen-roost. Of course I pulled out my document, and though this brute, like the others, could understand nothing of its contents, he commenced to mutter at me, indicating that it was not in order, and that I must come with him. Now this was the last thing that I had a mind to do, and I was saved by the lucky accident of a crowd collecting about me, and with it a physician who spoke French fluently, and who offered to interpret for me. This gentleman explained the passport to the feline, tallow-skinned, pink-eyed official, who was thus robbed of an excuse for making some money out of me, and I was allowed to walk on. The physician saluted me coldly as we separated on

the street, and I regretted it, as he appeared to be of superior breeding. The explanation came soon, however, for when we met by accident in the dirty hotel of Reni, the manner of the man was quite changed. He was cordiality itself, but gave me to understand that it would not do for him to appear to have any sympathy whatever with an outsider. He was a Greek, he said, who was resident here when the country was Roumanian, and after it passed under Russian rule he had secured a small official post in connection with his profession. He was going back to Athens in a few weeks, however, as life in Russia was becoming daily more intolerable to a man of education or liberal ideas, particularly if he was not Russian in every respect. He had come to this hotel to see a patient, he said; shook me warmly by the hand, as no one was watching us, and we parted. He is now safely over the frontier, or I should not dare mention this.

Reni is a ragged, dirty village, with broad, unmade streets choking with dust, and rough peasant houses, or rather cabins. I made my

way to the railway station, and found here a terminus fit for a metropolis. No one here could speak anything but Russian, and only by pantomime did I discover that there was no train for Odessa until the day following. So I strolled about the place, and wondered why they needed so much railway terminus for a place that connected nothing but a swamp and a rolling, naked prairie. Here are three well-made side tracks, one a thousand, a second nine hundred, and the last eight hundred yards long. These tracks are surrounded by a palisade of wooden planks steeped in tar; and as the arrangements cannot have been made with any reference to the commercial requirements of this dirty village, and the grass and weeds have grown up luxuriantly between the tracks, the casual stroller is inclined to think that this elaborate station was made so as to be handy when it is determined to seize the mouth of the Danube.

When I boarded my train on the morning following, I counted six passengers distributed amongst six railway carriages, and twelve men

in uniform, who seemed to belong in some way to the train. The locomotive was made at Chemnitz in Germany, and pulled us along a very rough road at the rate of fourteen and a half miles an hour to Bender, where I changed to another road for Odessa. The first thing I did on arrival was to hunt up the best book shop, kept by a German, and try to get some works on Russia. "There is only one good book on Russia," said the head of the house, "and that I cannot give you. It is by George Kennan."

RUSSIA, WAR, AND FAMINE.

THE German Emperor has as late as last November assured at least one personal friend that he will not attack Russia, that his country is in need of peace, and that so far as in him lies he will maintain it.

Whatever hostile criticism this ruler may have drawn upon himself through too frank utterances in after-dinner speeches, or in contributions to the birthday albums of his intimates, not even a Russian can charge him with hypocrisy, or its twin-sister, fear. His recent action against prostitution; his interference for the more humane treatment of soldiers by officers and non-commissioned officers; his decrees in favor of freeing the poor book-ridden school children from the short-sighted though well-meant tyranny of the professors; his treatment of the Poles in his Eastern prov-

inces, differing so widely from what they had been led by Bismarck to expect; his efforts to establish the principle of arbitration in the quarrels between employers and employed—these and other measures associated with his name are not, as in some monarchies, merely the productions of boards and commissions, but are, in his case, the very reflection of his personal study and sympathies. And these measures owe a very large share of their efficiency to the vigor with which he enforces their execution.

Within the last few days the correspondents of foreign papers in Russia have felt themselves compelled to publish as news that there was in Berlin a war party; that Russia had reason to fear that this war party would be too strong for the German Government, and would impel Germany to attack Russia at a time when, as she wishes the world to believe, her resources are greatly diminished by famine. She is assiduously seeking to create the impression abroad that she is the friend of peace, that she is doing nothing to provoke her neigh-

bors, but is so fearful of their sudden incursion across her borders that she must appeal to the rest of the world to recognize the innocenee of her position.

In view of what Russia is doing in this respect, even to the extent of having the Czar's picture published in an English review as the "PEACE-KEEPER OF EUROPE," and particularly by way of marginal reference to more matter of the same kind, no doubt now on its way from St. Petersburg, let me mention one or two reasons for thinking that Russia's professed desire for peace is not above suspicion.

The Czar, as we all know, spent part of last year in Denmark. On his return to Russia it was expected that he would make an effort to return the visit which he owed the German Emperor. He did nothing of the kind, although in returning to his home he made use of German railways to transport him, of German regiments to line the railway tracks, and of German officials, who were paraded upon the platforms in his honor.

It might have been expected that he would

have observed such common forms of ceremony as prevail when one gentleman trespasses upon the estate of another. In other words, Germans had reason to think that, in case extreme urgency called him to his home, he would at least have sent a message to that effect, and, in a measure, have excused himself. He did not, however, so much as send a servant to leave his pasteboard upon the front steps of his neighbor's house, while himself making a short cut over that neighbor's lawn. Whether he is responsible for this or his Ministers, matters little, for the effect is the same in either case.

The Russian papers promptly made specious explanations in regard to the circumstance, but is it not strange that no explanation was made to the one person against whom the rudeness was directed? Russia is in a position to say to her friends in the banking-houses of Paris: "You see that our Czar has offered Germany an insult; how can you doubt our devotion for you, and how can you hesitate to furnish us with all the money we need?"

The German Emperor himself can, of course, take no notice of this piece of gross incivility, and the press at large accepts what is telegraphed from St. Petersburg as though it did not know that all such utterances were carefully edited by Government officials.

The famine has been carefully exploited until, at last, some of the truth has leaked out. I believe the truth is what I was told on excellent authority, in Russia, six months ago. There is famine in Russia somewhere almost every year, just as there is on the North-American Continent, in the sense that the harvest is not a success at all points in the same season. The calamity from which Russians suffer this year over a small part of their vast country is not so much famine as an oppressive number of very ignorant, very brutal, and very immoral officials, who prevent the people from doing anything for themselves, and prevent the Government from knowing what it ought to do, even assuming that there was a Czar who wished that Government to act for the benefit of his people.

While the columns of English papers were telling the world that whole districts were starving, I was traveling from the Black Sea to the Baltic by way of Kieff and Warsaw, in the midst of every indication of good harvests; and hearing from merchants that the alleged famine need not occasion the smallest disturbance in Russian minds. Not only was the harvest good over a large part of Russia, but the grain-producing countries along the Danube were supplying fleet upon fleet of merchantmen with abundant cargoes of wheat and maize. Then, too, in the midst of this alleged distress, did the Russian Government do anything beyond discussing it in the papers? We certainly have no evidence that it did. On the contrary, the great transportation lines of the country have been utilized in these critical times, not in conveying food to famishing villages, or bringing peasants and their cattle away from farms which could not sustain them. In my journey along the western frontier, it seemed as though Russian railways had no freight to carry, save infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

The sidings were occupied for the most part by long lines of goods-trains, moving more troops up to the borders of Austria and Germany. Already, at that time, nine-tenths of the whole peace establishment of Russia was mobilized along this line, but that has not prevented the westward movement from continuing in the same menacing manner. Germany does not threaten Russia. Her frontiers are open to the inspection of every tourist. He can stroll past every picket from Memel to Metz, without fear of discourtesy, much less arrest. He will find the German troops in their proper garrisons as they are marked off on the ordinary military maps for sale everywhere, in glaring contrast to Russia, whose savages from the frontiers of Mongolia are now patrolling the banks of the Narew and the Niemen.

If Russia says that Austria is a menace, the plea is still feebler than the one she puts forward in regard to Germany. The Austrian Emperor has had great misfortunes in the course of a long reign. His warlike ventures have been unsuccessful; his empire is com-

posed of states animated by a strange hatred one for the other. He is a conscientious man, and in an eminent degree deserves to be called a gentleman. He makes few promises and breaks none. The Magyar may hate the Czech; the Serb and the Roumanian may come to blows; Austria may be attacked by all four, but not one has any feeling for Franz Joseph save esteem, if not love. He has won the hearts of his people in a more than conventional manner, and is loved most sincerely by the very Hungarians who fought him hardest in the days of '48.

This monarch has need of all his tact and the strength of every department of his State machinery to develop harmoniously the great resources of the country. He does not wish for war. He has said it, and he means it; and no one who knows him can suspect that his statement is any less genuine than that of his ally in Berlin.

If he is made to seem warlike, it is because Russia has the clearly defined purpose of conquering the countries that border the Lower

Danube, and bringing under her barbarous rule a vast territory lying in the path of Europe's commerce and civilization. Russia means to cross the Pruth, to annex Roumania as a matter of course; and whatever she may do with Constantinople, she at least means that the Danube shall be Russian and not European. The wealth which this stream represents is as yet hardly suspected by the most visionary political speculators, although it is to-day a stream comparatively insignificant, owing to the antiquated semi-civilized commercial legislation adopted by the feeble countries along its lower reaches—a legislation euphemistically called Protectionism.

Russia at this point has her hand raised to strike, and when she does, it will not be in the interest of European commerce or civilization.

A COMMERCIAL FORECAST.

IN the summer of 1891 I had been enabled, through a series of happy combinations, to undertake a consecutive voyage down the Danube from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. For about 1,500 miles of the river my only means of progress was a canoe weighing eighty pounds net, in which I slept at night and made notes by day—sometimes paddling, but more frequently using my two sails. Progress under such conditions was comparatively slow—fifty miles a day was considered a good day's work—but it was none too slow for one looking at men and things from a canoe deck.

The commercial or economic feature of this cruise was an object lesson on the blessings of free trade. In Germany the Danube passes Baden, Bavaria, Würtemburg, Prussia, states which now trade freely one with the other, but

which, before the imperial federation, supported four sets of customs officials in order to prevent the people from seeking their natural market.

At the Austrian frontier a tax was demanded and our passport examined. Here the question rose naturally: If it is well for Austria to shut out the commerce of Germany, is it not equally well that the States of the Mississippi Valley act in the same spirit, and that Louisiana protect itself against Illinois, Kentucky against Iowa? We settled that question long ago, and we hope forever. Europe has a river that is in many respects like the "Father of Waters," in that it forms a great and natural commercial path across Europe. Many independent states are along its banks, each strangely jealous of the other, and to-day each seeks to restrict rather than increase her commerce with the other river neighbors. Russia, Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Hungary each acts toward the rest as though commerce were an evil instead of a blessing.

Thanks to my method of progression and to

many other facilities of social intercourse, I was much struck by the extent to which the German language was used, as compared with the French. Many of my friends who had visited the lower Danube some ten years before assured me that I should find German of scant use after leaving Austria proper, and that if I did not learn the languages in current use I had better try French.

The German language in Hungary, as is well known, was boycotted after the revolution of '48, and there is still the same popular distrust of Austria's language amongst the Magyars of to-day as there is of "British free trade" amongst Irish-Americans. In spite of this, however, considerations of trade have prevailed; and as Germans are the best customers within reach of the Magyars, the trading class, at least, realize that their children must speak that tongue, as well as their own. Hence it is that on the Danube I never found myself in a place so small that I could not hold conversation in German, nor did I ever find a boat, a raft, or a dock that was not

managed by some one speaking the tongue of "the fatherland."

From Hungary to the Black Sea the German tongue fluctuated according to the volume of trade done with western Europe and the intelligence of the individual. Even the proprietor of a water-mill in Bulgaria talked German with me, though his business was not one that brought him in contact with any but his own peasantry.

When Spaniards, French, English, and Indians contested for the Mississippi basin at the beginning of this century, the result was one which helps us to realize the deplorable consequences to commerce from division of control over such territory.

The Danube must soon fall to the control of one power, the one whose language is most general, whose administration is most respected, whose civilization promises the greatest material development, whose government gives the fullest guaranty of stability and force. To-day nearly every enterprise on the Danube is managed or owned by Germans, from the

floating bath at Galatz to the great engineering works at the Iron Gates.

German capital is seeking investment along this line as fast as the conditions of the country promise security; the trading community is ready for closer communion with the west; and there is in every class a growing feeling that the prosperity of the Danube countries depends not merely upon the Austro-Hungarian, but is bound up with the commercial policy of the German empire.

At this moment, therefore, it is not strange that from Vienna to Sulina anxious eyes should be directed towards Berlin—eager to know if the Emperor takes much interest in the problem of "Greater Germany" from a commercial standpoint.

Bismarck instructed William II. in political economy, and it is not too much to say that no politician of modern times has had a better opportunity of influencing the spread of protectionism than the late Chancellor of the German Empire. His instruction was given at the particular request of the pupil's venerable

grandfather, the late William I., and it is fair to add that it was begun with genuine reluctance on the tutor's part—for the Chancellor was very busy, the pupil very young, and considering the then magnificent health of the Crown Prince Frederick, there was no reason to think that the present Emperor would come into power until far into the next century. The young prince enjoyed his course hugely—as who would not with such a teacher! Youth admires the didactic professor, and the man who for a quarter of a century had by turns cajoled or bullied nearly every cabinet in Europe seemed eminently suited to impress the imagination of a youth strong in enthusiasm, but lacking the experience on which strong purposes are based.

The Crown Prince's tutor before attending the course of "Professor" Bismarck was a gentleman universally respected for the purity of his character and the many philanthropic efforts associated with his name. Of course, I refer to Dr. Hinzpeter. One day the doctor was kindly showing me over a most interesting

charitable institution and incidentally dwelt upon the force of great ideas in producing noble results. He deplored the money-making tendency of America and asserted, much to my amazement, that my country had not furnished a single idea of value to humanity. Of course I protested—thinking immediately of Franklin, Fulton, Morse, and Edison, to say nothing of several men of letters and statesmen whom I had been taught to venerate. Before I could formulate a reply, however, Dr. Hinzpeter halted and said: "Stop. Yes, you have produced one great man—one grand idea—Carey!" At this unexpected proposition I looked closely at the learned doctor to discover if he was perpetrating a joke at so serious a moment. I satisfied myself that he was not, and that he referred to the late Henry Charles Carey, of Philadelphia, the so-called Father of American Protectionism, and the author of many works, none of which has ever been regarded as a contribution to political science by any economist of repute.

When the present Emperor came to the

throne it was almost a criminal offence to question Bismarckism in any form. George von Bunsen had been prosecuted for venturing to make a speech to his constituents in opposition to the tax on breadstuffs; a law was in existence giving the police extraordinary powers of search and arrest, nominally to overawe socialists, but practically to intimidate all who were not Bismarckian; the very universities had become so infected with a nondescript doctrine of Bismarckian state socialism and paternal protectionism that it is no exaggeration to say that political economy as a science had ceased to exist in Germany. The personal power of Bismarck had reached such proportions that questions of every kind, from theology to pork-packing, were solved by a determination of what was or was not Bismarckian. The advancement of every man in Germany seemed to depend upon loyalty to Bismarck's teaching—whether that man was a preacher, a jurist, a teacher, an engineer, a soldier, or an official. In a country where beneficiaries of the government represent nearly ten per cent.

of the population, a prime minister is sure of a strong vote of support; but in the case of Bismarck he had not only this, but also an enormous prestige from the boldness with which he had caused himself to be regarded as the author of the German Empire.

The new Emperor on mounting the throne was, of course, expected to sustain the policy of a minister whom his grandfather had honored with every mark that a loyal subject or even a money-making one could ask. The reign of Frederick III., less than an hundred days, had been too short and too full of physical suffering to let the world know the strength and breadth of the ruler whom Bismarck next appeared to represent. In his successor the Germans have an Emperor who has not only abundant physical energy and endurance, but has along with it a contempt for humbug, socialism, and the crooked police methods that always suggest a feeble or rotten executive. He is a practical manager and does not pretend to be a savior of society. He has no quack nostrum for poverty, crime, prostitution,

or the discontent that sets class against class. His business is to see that the government machine runs smoothly, that competent men are employed, that the people's taxes are spent for the public good, that the law is administered without favor, and that reforms are inquired into. He has the mind of a Yankee; he loves experiment; his methods are direct. He is the sort of man that forges to the front in a new country—the enterprising pioneer. We can imagine him learning his trade in some machine-shop, then rapidly rising to a position where inventive talent, thoroughness, patience, and, above all, honesty tell—say, at the head of some great manufacturing or ship-building enterprise.

On his succession to power, 1888, he did what most intelligent young men do when suddenly placed in charge of an estate. He inquired how the previous manager had done his work; he examined personally into cases of alleged wrong; he noted carefully the testimony of qualified observers; his eyes were opened to the need of reform in many directions; he sug-

gested these reforms to his manager; the manager did not agree with the master; the manager resigned and now spends his time in embarrassing as far as he can the movements of the manager who has superseded him. The immediate cause of Bismarck's resignation will be known when the Emperor chooses to make the matter public. To-day we can regard only the official acts of the minister, and from these infer what reason there was for his being retired from office. Let us suppose Bismarck in soliloquy when he is frank with himself. Would he not say something like this? "I have ruled the people of Germany for twenty years. I have taught them that protectionism is the right policy, and I have tried to lock up all who disagreed with me. I have increased the cost of the workingman's food in order to benefit the landed proprietor who wants high prices for his wheat and hogs. I, too, am a landed proprietor, but that is immaterial. My protectionism has been logical. When the working people grumbled because I taxed their dinners I told them that the Gov-

ernment would provide for them in old age and help them when they were hurt. Strange to say, the people were not even then satisfied because they found that I had docked their wages in order to create my insurance fund, and they preferred their own private and independent insurance to the one associated with Bismarckian methods.

"Socialism has constantly increased since I have been in power. At the first imperial election the socialist votes cast were only about 100,000, and at the last they were over 1,000,000. That is odd, for I have set the police on the discontented as severely as possible. I have broken up meetings, confiscated printing presses, imprisoned agitators, and done everything in my power to protect the country from heresy.

"I am also mortified to note that my stern measures on the French frontier have not made those people love me. I have done my best to harass the people in the Polish part of Prussia, but even they detest me and grow more Polish every day. It is, besides, painful to no-

tice that while I have always tried to snub Austria and England and make friends with Russia, the Czar is constantly moving his troops against the German frontier and evidently means war. In short, I have made rather a mess of my stewardship."

Bismarck, of course, did not use this language, and perhaps never will. But recent events indicate that the Emperor is not blind to the dangers into which Bismarckism with its socialistic protectionism has been hurrying the country. When he ascended the throne one of his first acts was to drop the policy of hounding the socialists. He recognized in socialism the manifestations of a discontented and cranky state of mind which could be cured, not so much by police bludgeons as by public sentiment and healthy discussion. It is gratifying to note that with the dismissal of Bismarck socialism appears to have lost half its vitality.

Socialism and protectionism spring from the notion that the state understands the management of private affairs better than the individ-

uals immediately concerned, and it is rare for a man to absorb one heresy without soon tolerating the other. This is illustrated by the hatred with which the socialists in Germany regard the "Freisinnige" party and its organ *Die Nation*, mainly because they are opposed to protection. The same hatred is here shown towards Henry George by trades-unions, protectionists, socialists, and other visionary or selfish people who dream of a community happy in its power to shut out all but their fortunate selves.

The Emperor has given the protectionists of his country much offence by insisting that the burden of taxation shall be equally distributed, that the people in one industry shall not be protected at the expense of another. He has broken through a thick cloud of prejudice created by almost unanimous academic and official efforts, and has led the way towards closer commercial relations with his neighbors.

The friendship which he feels for America is well known and springs from intimate acquaintance with our best workers; in almost

every field—literary, military, and scientific—we have to thank this feeling and not the spirit of protectionism for the fact that to-day Germany admits American pork into the country—a food product which Bismarck was the means of excluding. He has reached out the hand of friendship and commerce to his country's traditional enemy, Austria; he has broken down the barriers of prejudice which have separated these countries for centuries, and has, contrary to the teachings of his late chancellor, made of these two Empires a friendly federation of sovereign states. It is too much to say that Austria and Germany trade as freely as two States of our country; but I do not hesitate to assert that the manner in which the German Emperor has inaugurated and carried forward the present commercial policy towards Austria and Italy will not only extend the blessings of comparative free trade over a larger area than it has ever before covered in Europe, but that this move represents the first honest step towards making disarmament possible. He has drawn together by bonds more

sure than dynastic affinities at least three countries. These countries will find, as do our States, that the freer the trade with one another the better for all concerned, and that the best guarantee of peace is community of interest.

The Emperor has brought into one friendly federation more than half a million square miles of country, and over one hundred millions of people. He has encouraged commercial intercourse between the semi-tropical groves of Sicily and the amber coasts of the Baltic; from the iron mines of Westphalia to the cattle ranges of the Magyar kingdom. Nor can we think that his great economic reform can stop here. Between Hungary and the Black Sea are three agricultural countries, Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, with over 100,000 square miles of territory and more than 10,000,000 industrious people. They want to sell their farm products and need manufactured goods in return. The great Danube is a natural highway connecting them with Germany and civilization; the trade along this stream

is largely done by Germans, and would soon swell to respectable proportions if any government could promise them security. But satisfactory commercial progress is out of the question, in a country where the government cannot command the respect of its neighbors; and so long as it is doubtful whether Russia is to have Constantinople, so long will the states of the lower Danube remain a comparative wilderness.

Roumanians and Bulgarians expect a Russian advance across their territories, and are turning tentatively towards Germany for assistance. The Danube in Europe is what the Mississippi was to us in 1803. We could not permit Napoleon to hold the mouth of that stream even then when her commerce was a mere trifle. We would assuredly have fought for its possession had France declined to part with it peacefully.

The benefits that may be expected to result from the Emperor's new commercial policy will in time become so apparent that the states of the lower Danube will seek to share them.

The effect of this will be to draw together, I hope forever, all the people along the 1,800 miles of that great river, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea, a dozen states whose alliance would be as close as that of our people between Minneapolis and New Orleans. That will be a fitting time to give Russia a distinct notice that her road to Constantinople cannot cross the German's Mississippi.

The Eastern question has so long been accepted, like the Irish, as incapable of solution, that to apply to it a little dose from the pharmacopœia of Cobden may seem at first sight utopian. But homœopathic doses have done wonders in many obstinate cases; kindness combined with firmness has done in two years what Bismarck has failed to do in twenty. And who can say that the generous commercial policy now uniting Austria and Germany will not animate in the near future other states as well, and hasten the day of "Peace, good will, free trade, amongst nations?" But whatever the result may be, let us at least be grateful to William II., for being the first to reject

the mediæval doctrine that nations prosper in proportion to the harm they inflict upon their neighbors.

THE END.