

# Prussianism and Pacifism

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Poultney Bigelow







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The Two Wilhelms  
Between the Revolutions of 1848 and 1918

By

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(1806-1848)



G. P. Putnam's Sons  
New York and London  
The Knickerbocker Press

1919

II 12/17/19  
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*Price \$1.50 net*

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

©CL.A529137

JUL -9 1919

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“And it was no small affliction to consider that he had lost in one hour all that glory and power which he had been getting in so many . . . bloody battles; and that he who but a little before was guarded with such an army of foot, so many squadrons of horse, and such a mighty fleet, was now flying in so mean a condition and with such a slender retinue, that his very enemies who fought him could not know him.”

(PLUTARCH—referring to the end of Pompey the Great twenty centuries ago.)





## PREFACE

IN this little book I have attempted to sketch the past seventy years of Hohenzollern glory and shame—beginning with the flight from Berlin of the first Wilhelm when Crown Prince (1848) and closing with an escape equally remarkable by his grandson (1918) to Amerongen. In the matter of names and dates any encyclopædia or college textbook could furnish all that these pages offer; but while German presses have issued endless material in this field, experience leads me to think that much of interest has been wilfully colored if not wholly suppressed through official influence.

It would be sinning against proportion were I to weight so slight a sketch with a bibliographic appendix or even an index. Much that I here print is opposed to popular history as made in Germany and still more has come through personal channels.

Of course I claim no credit unless it be for a desire to serve my country and at the same time tell the truth—rarely a grateful or even possible

task. It is to my father that I owe all that can give interest to this work. It was he who guided my studies and stimulated my taste for historic literature. From my earliest recollection to the close of his ninety-four years he frowned upon every needless expenditure yet was generous to extravagance in providing me with books however bulky or costly. It was to him that I owed my opportunities not merely at the court of the Wilhelms but also in the capital of Eugénie and her deplorable Napoleon. Above all it is to him that I owe a lifetime of study and travel without which this book could not pretend to the small portion of value recognized by my perhaps too indulgent publishers.

As I lay down my pen it is with the feeling that it will never be raised again—not even in self-defence! I am now too near the scriptural span of human life to cultivate the mock modesty of a sophomore in letters; and have more than once yielded to the temptation of garrulous reminiscence. If I wound the sensitive in any word, may he do me the justice to believe that I have set down naught in malice. If I awaken a responsive chord in the hearts of many whose faces I may never see, let them attribute this to the fortunate fact that in my long life I have suffered

much and seen much; and whilst I have never known idleness, still less have I ever been compelled by pecuniary pressure to surrender my liberty as a commentator on current events.

And so to the critical and the kindly I send the benediction of an old man who has sought diligently for the truth and earnestly hopes he may have found perhaps a fragment—however small.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

MALDEN-ON-HUDSON, 1919.



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## CHAPTER I

### The Two Wilhelms—Some Points of Resemblance

THE collapse of the Hohenzollern Empire in 1918 carries the mind to the equally amazing debacle of Bonapartism in 1870; for each of these short-lived empires seemed to many learned contemporaries the symbol of outward strength and internal efficiency. Let us merely recall that when Napoleon III. marched forth against Wilhelm I., the newspaper correspondents hurried to join in what they believed would be a triumphant march into Berlin. It was only after rebuff at the French Headquarters that they reluctantly sought those of Germany. And now once more in 1914, we find the same species of ignorance amongst Americans of academic eminence and even amongst officers graduate from our naval and military

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colleges. In July of 1870 bets at West Point and Annapolis would have favoured France. In July, 1914, bets at the same messes would have argued a swift and complete victory for Wilhelm II.

Of course the wise minority existed in 1870 as in 1914, but this country is too busy to concern itself with minorities—wise or otherwise. American publishers and politicians find but qualified satisfaction in exploiting unpopular views or lugubrious predictions. The student of history will marvel if he attempts to scan the thousands of articles in popular periodicals during the years immediately preceding these two tragical conflicts. He will perhaps conclude that the liberty of the press means the power of an ignorant majority to exclude from public notice the reasoning of those whose knowledge might prove unwelcome to their readers or offensive to advertisers. It is difficult to explain otherwise how a great nation blessed with every apparent facility for acquiring knowledge—free schools, free press, and free speech—should in August of 1914 have doubted in regard to the aims of the Prussian Empire. There are no surprises for the statesman who knows history. Moreover there is no moment in the life of a nation that is more important than any other. Wars and famines, earthquakes and pestilences—these

make convenient aids to memory and help to fasten the attention of uncritical readers. But if history is to serve humanity, its duty is to lay bare the causes of disaster and thus help the legislator to frame better laws for the future. The seeds of Sedan were planted by Napoleon III. before even the imperial crown was placed upon his head and the flight of Wilhelm II. from his army in November of 1918 was foreshadowed by the policy of his grandfather, of whom he was an enthusiastic and pious disciple.

The resemblance between grandfather and grandson is not superficially apparent, particularly as this comparison has been mainly made when Wilhelm I. was an old man conspicuous for his benevolent appearance and courtly simplicity. Wilhelm II. on the other hand dazzled his contemporaries by the almost acrobatic violence of his accession to power; the rapidity with which he commenced touring the neighbouring countries; the boyish enthusiasm with which he discussed social reforms, art, music, biblical archæology, anything and everything that met his fancy. But behind all this, which was foreign to the tastes of Wilhelm I., was a deep-down belief in the divine mission of a Hohenzollern and in this creed grandfather and grandson were one. Wilhelm II. was

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the beloved of Wilhelm I. and the grandson adored his grandfather as the perfect flower of Prussian autocracy. We may reasonably picture William II. on his knees in July of 1914, praying his God for information as to what would have been done under like conditions by his ever-to-be-remembered grandfather. We shall soon see that the answer to this prayer, if not from the lips of Wilhelm I., was at least in harmony with what those lips had repeatedly uttered throughout his long years of public life.



## CHAPTER II

Wilhelm I. and the Revolution of 1848—His Relations  
to England and Russia—Nicholas I. and  
—Last!

WILHELM I. lived more than ninety years and died peaceably in his bed amidst a people who mourned him as the greatest of Germans, the source of their power as an Empire. Whether the worship of a god be inspired by dread of his displeasure rather than admiration of his virtue, we need not here discuss. In Prussia at least experience had taught that whilst adoration of the war lord was usual and perfectly safe, those who lagged in their worship were rarely successful—save in some other country. Wilhelm preferred that Prussians should adore him, because in this manner the task of the recruiting officer was rendered less costly. The first Kaiser was, like his father (Friedrich Wilhelm III.), a thrifty and simple man. He desired a docile people as my neighbour prefers a docile cow at milking time. But whilst the farmer may sell a cow that kicks

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his pail, the Prussian King is put to the expense of mobilizing troops, employing secret agents, filling prisons, and thus withdrawing from profitable work many potential taxpayers. The dread of popular agitation was ever in this King's mind and whatever his outward aspect of benevolent courtesy might be, it reposed upon the consciousness that his will was law—to a people in arms.

Twice had Wilhelm been forced to seek refuge under the protection of a foreign flag—the first time was when Napoleon I. marched his army into Berlin after the crushing victory at Jena (1806). He fled then with his mother along the Baltic to the Russian border, until they were allowed to pause for breath under the bayonets of a brother autocrat, the Czar Alexander I. The impressions of this year, shameful in Hohenzollern history, burned ever after in the spirit of Wilhelm, for he was of an age when lads receive their most precious lessons and learn to hate and fear and worship. In that year he hated and feared Napoleon—but he worshipped the autocratic Czar who saved Prussia from annihilation; and whose successors became as partners in a pious but unpractical mission to suppress revolution and to guarantee each the other's territory.

In 1848 Wilhelm, as Crown Prince, was again

chased from Berlin; this time by his own people, who had voted themselves a liberal constitution, and proposed to make a federal Germany somewhat after the pattern of the United States. Wilhelm was offered up as a sacrifice to the popular clamour; he was secretly conveyed at night from the big Berlin palace to Spandau, a fortress dominating the capital. Thence he was driven to Potsdam, and concealed on an island in the Havel, where the gardener's cottage gave him shelter. Thence he made his way to Hamburg in disguise and was concealed in the house of the Prussian consul, who secured passage for him, under an assumed name, to England. In due course and after hardships and dangers vastly greater than those likely to meet a modern traveller circumnavigating the globe, our hunted autocrat pounded at the door of the Prussian legation in London and pounded long and loudly, for it was an early hour in winter and the British are not early risers. Those who care for the details of a monarch's life (and I do not) must hunt them in the dozens of lives that are in any public library. In these pages we are concerned with a study of this remarkable King and his even more remarkable grandson, only so far as they together explain the colossal crash of 1918.

Wilhelm I., after 1848, worshipped but one God

—a Prussian God—a God in spiked helmet and rasping voice—a God who promised that never again should the people dictate to their divinely appointed King; never again should Prussia be anything but a military state ruled by their Hohenzollern war lord. Piety of the old-fashioned God-fearing kind was part of Wilhelm. He had little imagination, but a natural love of discipline and tidiness which fitted well into his Prussian surroundings and made of him the favourite toast of every mess room between Ehrenbreitstein and Memel. Had he been a man of imagination or had he even associated with men of the world, he would in his English exile have absorbed some useful, if novel, ideas. In 1848, nearly every throne was emptied and nearly every champion of autocracy fled into hiding—most of them taking refuge in the world's temple of civil liberty, under the shadow of Westminster. Here might Wilhelm have pertinently enquired how it happened that whilst his land of the military goose step was now a political bedlam, London and Glasgow went about their business much as usual; Queen Victoria drove out daily with her beloved German husband; and they felt sorry for dear, good Louis Philippe—and also for their cousin of Potsdam. But the idea that Englishmen would rear barri-

cedes when they had legal redress in other ways—that was indeed ridiculous to them no less than to their subjects. Wilhelm was profoundly bored in England, where he was but one of many royal refugees and where he sadly missed the parade ground movements that had ever been his delight. Bitterly he blamed his brother (Friedrich Wilhelm IV.) for having exiled him to the sooty solitude of London when the Romanoff court would have been immensely more agreeable; for was not his sister wife of Nicholas I.? Wilhelm had made frequent visits to that court—more even than those of Wilhelm II. to the Vatican. Nicholas had much of the Wilhelm in him—he was of majestic and soldierly stature—he was a devout believer in absolute military rule—he knew no personal fear and, next to the cholera, knew of no disease so pernicious as public discussion. Wilhelm was always happy with Nicholas, for at that court were never heard any clamours for a constitution. Siberia was full of deported subjects whose crime consisted in thinking aloud, but Wilhelm did not see these. He saw only the line upon line of well-drilled guards and heard only their shouts of loyalty which resounded automatically on the appearance of their war lord. He did not see beyond these lines; his imagination

did not help him to feel that a great people can only be ruled through fear when the ruler is a Nicholas I. Little did he dream of another Nicholas whose Russia, in 1918, would become a wilderness of Bolshevik barbarism. The parallel is ghastly—Nicholas the first and second; Wilhelm first and—second or last!

### CHAPTER III

Hohenzollern Education—House Law of Kings—  
1848—Imperial Crown Rejected by Friedrich  
Wilhelm IV., 1849—Revolution Suppressed and  
Autocracy Triumphant

THE house of Hohenzollern is remarkable amongst European dynasties because of the persistence with which they have pursued a fixed policy, and still more because of the family discipline which they have exercised over a long line of rulers.

Between the first and last of the Hohenzollerns have appeared exceptions; very few, however, and these have but intensified the faith of their successors in rule by divine right, or in other words—the sword. A Prussian prince at the age of ten is already buttoned up in the “King’s coat,” and drilled on the Potsdam parade; and from that time on he is merely one more Prussian officer over whom the King has power of life and death—of promotion or degradation—of happiness or misery. Nor would any Hohenzollern wish it

otherwise. Frederick II., when young, did, it is true, seek to desert from the army; but he lived to regret the follies of his youth and in his old age to make the military yoke an ornament dear to Prussians.

The Hohenzollern ruler owes allegiance—not to his people, much less to a constitution—but first, last, and uninterruptedly to the dynasty whose law is embodied in successive mandates or testamentary epistles piously treasured and expounded for the benefit of the next in order of succession. The law of the land is that which governs the people in their civil relations; but the house law of the Hohenzollerns is one that is from above and is known only to the initiate who draw authority from heaven. There is a strange and almost paradoxical analogy between the pretensions of a Lutheran King on the Spree and a Papal Bishop on the Tiber—each claims to rule by right divine, each claims to be above the civil or common law, and each has a canon or house law known only to the initiate and expounded only by the representative of a Holy Majesty. In each of these dynasties have happened momentary exceptions, to which loyal chroniclers have referred as regrettable acts of weakness; but in general the policy of Rome, as that of Berlin, has been consistently



one of autocracy. Of course, the corollary to this is that whilst Pope and Kaiser suppress liberty amongst their own subjects, they as energetically encourage rebellion elsewhere whenever a political advantage may be thereby secured.

When Wilhelm I. fled from Berlin in 1848, he was the target for many lampoons—he being held responsible for the order to fire upon the people who had assembled in front of the palace, to cheer the King, his brother. There had been much confusion at the palace, and reports of what happened are conflicting; but there can be no doubt that Wilhelm urged vehemently the immediate massacre of all civilians who dared disobey the police; that he flung his sword in a rage at the King's feet and declared his uniform dishonoured by the cowardly concessions made to a mob.

The details of this revolution are in my *History of the German Struggle for Liberty*, a book which, to my surprise, gave offence to Wilhelm II. on its appearance in 1896. Without therefore more than noting the interesting fact that this revolution was practically bloodless excepting for the military provocation, let us bear in mind that those who met in congress at Frankfort (1849) to frame a constitution for the new Fatherland demanded that there should be a United States of Ger-

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many and that its head should wear an Imperial Crown.

But the canon law of the Hohenzollern deemed it sacrilege to recognize the people as other than dutiful subjects. Their code taught that it was for the King to graciously give and for the people dutifully to accept. The parliamentary deputation was therefore treated as an unauthorized band of impertinent busybodies; the Prussian regiments had meanwhile been quietly mobilized; Wilhelm I. (then Crown Prince) had been recalled from England under vows of loyalty to the new order of things and very soon the last vestige of democracy disappeared—and the last of the democrats dreamed their dreams behind the bars of Prussian prisons or on emigrant ships bound for Milwaukee by way of Hoboken.

Wilhelm I. was only two months in exile when loud clamour arose for his recall—and with him the same regiments that had fired on the people. Wilhelm I. had not changed—he was consistent throughout his life. The people had had a momentary brain storm like the tantrums of a child, but it was soon over; and the same mob that yesterday yearned for a republic, today glorified their absolute monarch and hastened to forget all but the hereditary loyalty of a servile race.

Wilhelm once more commanded his well-drilled Prussians. The King (Friedrich Wilhelm IV.), who but a few weeks before had paraded the streets of his capital dressed in the colours of the revolution, now ordered his troops to hunt down everything that looked other than monarchical—whether in Prussia or in neighbouring German states. Wilhelm acquitted himself of this task to the satisfaction of the Yunker party and particularly of his brother-in-law Nicholas of Russia, who was very angry with Friedrich Wilhelm IV. for his weakness in regard to the Berlin mob. Indeed he needed but slight provocation to have marched a Russian army against the German Republic as he gladly did against that of Hungary—and most bloodily did he do his work amongst the Magyars.

And so closes the year 1849—fifty-three years had passed in the life of Wilhelm I. and he felt happy that Russia and Prussia were now staunch allies in the cause of autocracy on earth and a German God in heaven.

## CHAPTER IV

Romanoff and Hohenzollern—Conspiracy of Autocrats—Russian Aid to Prussia—Polish Insurrection

THE personal ties which bound the courts of Peterhof and Potsdam for half a century were founded not merely in sympathetic blood kinship but in a common dread of civil liberty. In those days the mere word *Constitution* meant chaos to both Nicholas and Wilhelm, and while the Hohenzollerns have been compelled on rare occasions to mention that hated name in public it was only to gain time—much as we rattle a measure of oats before the horse whom we desire to coax from the pasture. In 1815, at the outset of the Waterloo campaign, Friedrich Wilhelm III. solemnly promised his people a constitution. They believed him—and he broke his pledge. In 1848 his successor renewed the promise, but in the year following forgot it. Wilhelm I. did the same when the opportunity offered. Indeed one

must feel, in reading Hohenzollern history, that every concession to the people was made with a mental reservation which permitted the King to tear up any such contract the moment he felt himself out of danger.

Yet we are here considering rulers of otherwise respectable lives—who gave their time loyally to the duties of their high station—who never scandalized the world as did the latter-day French kings by wasting the people's taxes on frivolous amusement and shameless women. Nicholas and his successor (Alexander II.) held the creed of autocracy as an inherited faith and they loyally helped their Hohenzollern neighbour because together they represented sound and safe government.

In 1830 the Czar felt so much offended at Louis Philippe for accepting his crown from the people that he refused to address him with the formula of "my brother." And when Louis Napoleon became Emperor (1852) he was even more indignant; and he precipitated the Crimean War as a punitive expedition against an insolent rival who had dared to accept an Imperial crown—not from the hand of God, but from a popular vote. Nicholas died of a broken heart (1856) in the midst of a war which humiliated his autocratic pride; for

like Wilhelm II., in 1914, he had anticipated an easy victory over the French and English and a correspondingly valuable triumph of his pet principles. Prussia helped Nicholas by a neutrality so benevolent that it prevented Austria from joining France and England; and for this she reaped substantial aid in her own day of need. Let us anticipate and dismiss the Russian element in Prussian events by reminding the student that when (1859) Napoleon III. gave Italy her unity, he puzzled Europe by a sudden armistice immediately after two successful battles at Solferino and Magenta. Why should Napoleon withdraw before a defeated Austrian army, asked the uninitiated? These must be referred to the Hohenzollern or Romanoff archives—if so be any have escaped the red reformers. Neither Russia nor Prussia could endure the triumph of a popular movement in Italy, much less a disaster to Austria that might once more raise up a republic in Hungary and popular agitation in Bohemia. Consequently rumblings of war reached Napoleon in Piedmont and still more ominous rumours of rebellion reached the ears of Franz Josef. Each was equally keen to close the contest in Italy, the one for the sake of his German frontier, the other to look after his polyglot subjects. But neither

the French nor the Austrian monarchs published the real reasons of their truce.

In 1863 Berlin and Moscow once more proved the force of their union, when bleeding Poland was fighting desperately for freedom—one of those periodic struggles in which peasants armed only with pitchforks and hatred of the oppressor hurl themselves against the guns of well-drilled troops and die with liberty on their lips. Poland has been for more than a century the unwilling victim of Prussification on one side and Russification on the other; and the result has been but one more proof that whilst bodies may be enslaved and minds oppressed by ignorance, the spirit is a thing of God and therefore defies all human tyrants. Poland battled fiercely for two years. She might have battled longer had Russia been her only enemy, but again in this matter Prussia and Russia acted as one; and, while Alexander II. bore the odium of wholesale executions and deportations to Siberia, history must permit a large share to his partner Wilhelm I., who placed at Russia's disposal an admirable secret police and a frontier force whose business it was to hunt down such Poles as had taken refuge on German soil and hand them back to their tormentors.

In 1864 Russia stood by benevolently whilst

Prussia consummated the rape of Denmark and in 1866 the work of defeating Austria at Sadowa was the more complete because of the knowledge that all Prussian troops could be safely withdrawn from her eastern border. In 1870 again Russia was a powerful factor, for she not merely maintained benevolent neutrality towards her Potsdam partner, but was prepared to check Austria had she chosen to seize this opportunity for wiping out the disgrace of 1866.

Thus we may note that throughout the life of Wilhelm I., from the day when he fled with his mother to the headquarters of Alexander I., on the Memel (1806-1807), down and through the days of Metz and Sedan, he had ever at his elbow a loyal and well-armed ally who step by step watched the progress of Prussia, kept her true to the teachings of autocracy, helped her to destroy one rival after another until from being a puny state of five million souls (1807) she rose within the lifetime of one man to the rank of a mighty Empire with a population of more than fifty millions, an army the most powerful in the world, more than a million square miles of tropical colony, and a navy second only to that of Great Britain.

Wilhelm I. never failed to manifest the gratitude he owed to his Muscovite brother. He, at least,



carried to his grave the knowledge that the glory of his long reign—even his crown—he owed to a Romanoff. On this account it was that with his last breath he adjured his grandson to keep the peace with Russia, no matter how great might be the provocation to war. Wilhelm II. was mindful of these monitions and more than once vehemently insisted that under no conceivable circumstances would he ever act otherwise—but then this form of vehemence was made before 1896! What must now be the reflections of him who rudely brushed aside every outstretched hand in 1914; who broke the pledge made at the deathbed of a venerated grandfather; who invaded Russia with a recklessness only second to the perfidy with which he inundated neutral Belgium; who laughed at treaties as mere scraps of paper; who referred to the British army as “contemptible” and to an American intervention as negligible! Wilhelm II. may find comfort in the thought that his agents have successfully propagated the doctrine of anarchy in Russia; have reduced her to a state of economic helplessness and set back the clock of civilization to the days of Ivan the Terrible.

German writers—at least those of them seeking favour at court—have dealt very sparingly with the subject of Prussian dependence on Russia.

On the contrary, since 1870, and notably since the accession of Wilhelm II. (1888), scarce a professor of history but has made a bid for preferment by furnishing detailed and wearisome proof that since the Russian is of an obviously inferior *Kultur* it is the divine mission of those whose *Kultur* is higher to intervene and thus help the neighbouring empire by Prussification. These historic effusions have been of slight value in themselves, but they have become powerful adjuncts when utilized by the propaganda bureau of Berlin. Then they multiply into millions of leaflets—they are made part of every German's breakfast through the columns of an officially supervised press; the police, the clergy, and the department of education encourage a public sentiment by means of which some day war upon Russia may be welcomed by the people as not merely the duty of a higher civilization towards a lower one, but as one promising enormous material reward at a comparatively small cost. For thirty years I have heard this matter discussed by merchants, by masters in ethnography, by professors of history, and—what is more important—by officers about the court. Each group discusses from its own angle of vision, but the determining group takes orders from the War Department. Public sentiment

may be artificially roused and maintained over many years, but the soldier times his movements by the information secured by spies, and declares war when he feels sure that he has a superiority over any and all probable enemies.

And now let us leave Russia and return to Wilhelm I.—still Crown Prince of Prussia.

## CHAPTER V

### Accession of Wilhelm I.—His Coronation— Parliamentary Friction—Decides to Abdicate

IN 1857 Wilhelm I. at last secured his opportunity through the mental collapse of his older brother (Friedrich Wilhelm IV.). This brother had so scandalously coquetted with partisans of liberalism, constitutionalism, and other *isms* hateful to the military aristocracy that it needed little more to have caused a palace revolution in favour of the warlike Wilhelm—a revolution that would have been justified in Yunker eyes on the ground that the monarchy could not otherwise be preserved. Indeed the mental and political eclipse of Wilhelm's elder brother caused little chagrin anywhere; for while the new autocrat was disliked as a mere barrack-room graduate, the fat and fatuous predecessor had promised reforms which he had not executed and had jailed or exiled all those who had dared to remind him of broken promises. He was unsoldierly in appearance and

temperament; discoursed volubly on symbolism in theology; posed as a connoisseur in art and fell an easy prey to courtiers who flattered adroitly. Meanwhile the Prussian army was neglected and no one chafed more on this account than the Crown Prince, who cared little for any art that went beyond the practical needs of an efficient army.

The moment that Wilhelm I. laid his hand on the rudder the ship of state sailed steadily; there was no more shaking in the wind for there were no more drowsy quartermasters. From 1857 to his death in 1888 Prussia moved forward on her journey; now tacking against head winds, now followed by favouring gales, sometimes without an observation but always under the control of a master whose daring was tempered by a prudence born of much sad experience and a life which seemed patriarchically extended.

He was sixty years old when called to the regency—he was sixty-four when the death of his brother enabled him (1861) to feel completely safe from interference. In that year he became *de jure* no less than *de facto* King of Prussia. He seized the crown with his own hands directly from the altar of God. Hitherto he had been compelled to drop a word now and then which recognized

the share of his people in the government of their country. That time was now past and Wilhelm der Grosse, Wilhelm der Siegreiche, came forth from the Schlosskirche of Königsberg like another Siegfried armed by Heaven with a sword destined to prove redoubtable not only to the enemy beyond his frontiers, but even more so to those of his brother Germans who subsequently questioned his overlordship. And this Hohenzollern entered upon a career of military triumphs at an age when in many armies men are pensioned for old age.

We must now return to the stormy year of his coronation, when at the Altar of his Lutheran Wotan he drew the sword of absolute monarchy and shouted to his people that henceforth there was but one law—his will. He knew there was a Prussian Parliament and that 1848 had plagued his brother with a so-called constitution. He had no objection to popular delegates meeting and talking so long as they voted his military budget and asked no further questions. But the delegates of 1861 had still much of the spirit of 1848, and political independence had not yet disappeared so completely as it was destined to under the persistent poundings of a Bismarck. The Prussian delegates were loyal; but, unfortunately for themselves, their loyalty was mani-

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fested more to the constitution than to their King—and as the constitution is a thing made by human hands, and a crown comes from divine ones, Wilhelm I. saw his duty—and he did it.

He consulted no cabinet ministers or parliamentary committees, but decided *ex proprio motu* that the Prussian army should be immediately reorganized, be increased in numbers, and that universal service should be for three years. He did not stoop to consult those who constitutionally represented the purse of the people; he saw no reason why he should prepare the public mind for a largely increased army, a heavier burden of personal service, and above all a tax of unprecedented proportions. It seemed to him sufficient that he should demand the money; it was their business to obey the King and vote accordingly. In England such a king would have been arrested, tried, and decapitated. But in Berlin the people, in Parliament assembled, went no further than to vote a protest—and this was a degree of self-assertiveness wholly unknown hitherto save in the one momentary spasm of 1848.

The King demanded money for his army and the common people dared to deny! He demanded a second time; the request was again denied, nor was this all—the other German states were in

a ferment of liberalism that bordered ominously on discontent, not so say revolution. The police had done their dirty duty of hunting down not merely those who had helped the men of 1848 but any on whose premises had been found pamphlets disrespectful to the authorities. Germany in general and Prussia in particular bore the outward appearance of a complete political calm ever since Wilhelm had scattered the rebels (1849) in Baden. This period is known to Germans as the period of *Reaction*, when the outward military calm was more than made up by a fierce and cruel persecution of all things politically liberal. This persecution was conducted secretly, at night, by police agents and judges who knew that their promotion would be proportionate to the zeal they showed in exterminating the pestiferous champions of constitutional liberty.

Wilhelm I., in 1862, faced a situation for which his purely military training had but feebly prepared him. He needed money for the army yet this money was in a way kept from him by a constitution granted by his brother, who also was divine! How much of his divinity clung to this uncomfortable constitution? Should he attack these fragments in order to save the larger divinity embodied in his own majesty? Should he



send to jail the impudent mob of M. P.'s—or better still have them shot for *lèse majesté*? And if he did so, what would be the effect outside of his Yunkers and the army? He had had a taste of one revolution—could it possibly happen again?

Wilhelm stood alone in this crisis, and as usual, with men of his holy attributes, he prayed to the God of his family. He could not—would not—yield or compromise. Rather than parley with a vile mob of civilians, he would break his sword—abdicate. And so Wilhelm decided to abdicate. This he did at Babelsberg near Potsdam, his little imitation Windsor castle that is embowered in a park laid out on an English pattern. In this little oasis of rustic relaxation, contrasting agreeably with the stiff pseudo-French terraces and *allées* of Sans Souci, Wilhelm wrote out his promise to resign in favour of his son—later known as *Unser Fritz* and as Emperor, *Frederic the Noble*—the son-in-law of Queen Victoria.

What if the crown had passed in 1862 to the youthful husband of an English Princess! However, such visions are for the dramatist; we are concerned with history. Wilhelm I. prayed for help and—Enter Bismark!

## CHAPTER VI

### Bismarck Becomes Chief Minister—Prussia without a Constitution—Military Reform in Earnest

WILHELM I. received Bismarck as an answer to prayer; but whether his prayer reached heaven or the place whence Faust welcomed Mephistopheles, is a problem whose untangling depends upon the political, not to say theological angle from which the student approaches this turning point in German history. In each case the result was profitable—for a very brief period. Bismarck came to Wilhelm and raised him from despair to a height of worldly glory rarely achieved and never surpassed by any monarch of modern times. But the price had to be paid—in 1918!

Wilhelm was sixty-five and Bismarck forty-seven years of age when they met for their momentous contract in September of 1862. The robust and resolute diplomat was fresh from eminently satisfactory missions to both Petersburg and Paris. At the court of Alexander he cemented

even more closely the confidential relations uniting these two autocracies, and his visit to Louis Napoleon gave him the assurance that in any prospective difficulty with Denmark or Austria, Prussia need fear no harm from either of these neighbours. It was not probable in his mind that England would act alone—consequently his problem as a Prussian was comparatively simple—to secure such a military preponderance as would check, if not crush Austria, and thus raise Prussia to the leadership of all German states.

Bismarck was not merely soldierly in appearance, but he owed much of his power and popularity to an Iago species of blunt, even brutal, frankness. In his moments of most cunning and duplicity he could simulate such splendid bursts of persecuted virtue as to draw heart-felt hosannas from millions who had never seen him; and to mystify even seasoned parliamentarians. They knew from experience that his fame as an uncompromising monarchist was deeply tinged with an equally uncompromising manner of supporting his arguments with the weapons of the duelling ground. Bismarck had honestly earned the reputation of bully amongst the colleagues who had enjoyed the honour and misfortune of sharing the same conference table—though not the same views.

No one knew the tricks of the jury lawyer better than this Yunker. He practiced the art of weakening the opposing cause by browbeating and discrediting its representative; and this in so public a manner as to drive him discomfited from the field. There is a famous German painting which may in counterfeit be seen in most German hamlets, representing Bismarck at the moment of his culminating triumph, dictating terms of peace after the collapse of the French Empire (1870-71). The iron Chancellor alone fills the exulting eye of his admirers. He towers in rugged forcefulness over a shrunken little old man whose natural proportions seem reduced even more by the vast arm-chair into which he collapses. Bismarck is in full Prussian armour—the reincarnation of Thor, Wotan, Siegfried—the ancestral type that has displaced the blessed Saviour in modern Germany and substituted a polytheistic Walhalla where Wagnerian choirs chant of blood, and an iron Chancellor marks time on a noisy anvil. Modern Germany is fired by this majestic picture; for she sees there a symbol of her dominion over other countries. The little crumpled-up enemy in the bottom of the big chair is to us an honoured name, that of Thiers—historian, statesman, patriot. To the Teuton he represents

## Bismarck Opposes Abdication 33

merely an insignificant fragment of a vanishing race, a puny Frenchman whose land will soon be known as a German province—another Posen, another Sleswick, another Alsace!

Wilhelm was at one with Bismarck on the common purpose of achieving the undisputed autocracy of the Hohenzollerns; of arming the country for a struggle with Austria and finally for achieving the military headship or hegemony of Prussia. Yet Wilhelm shuddered slightly at the prospect of this partnership; not because Bismarck was likely to prove unequal to his part of the contract, but rather because the venerable King dreaded that his prospective chancellor would hurry him along with too much violence; and precipitate quarrels before the time to fight had sounded on the great gong of Hohenzollern destiny. On this memorable September morn of the year 1862, Bismarck found his King alone pacing a path between the palace and the Havel, which here spreads into a pleasing lake. The King had in his hand the paper on which he had written out his abdication. He read this to Bismarck, who advised him to tear it up. The King commenced to do so and dropped the fragments into a little stream that runs through the estate. Bismarck, however, promptly picked out each little scrap,

thus furnishing immediate evidence to Wilhelm that this noisy negotiator could show caution greater even than his own. The whole situation was then discussed as between a patient who has tried all medicines in vain and a doctor whose treatment is known to be heroic.

Wilhelm had high standards of honour—as understood by a Prussian. He was a cordial believer in, if not author of, the jingo jingle that vibrates today with undiminished meaning in every officer's mess:

*Gegen Demokraten  
Helfen nür Soldaten*

or in our language, there's no good democrat but a dead one. Wilhelm would gladly march out and shoot down every man, woman, or child who by act or innuendo reflected on his divine right, but how reach a parliamentary majority whose pestiferous behaviour was protected by the solemn oath of his God-fearing, ever to be remembered and illustrious, resting in the bosom of Wotan, brother Frederick William IV.! Even he could not, unaided, commit such a crime as nullifying the act of a divine predecessor. A Prussian officer could not break his word of honour, his *Ehrenwort!* But Bismarck soon made it clear to his patron,

that his word of honour would suffer no harm. The parliament would not vote his military budget? Very well, we'll do without parliament! But what about the constitution granted by the resting-in-God predecessor? Bismarck promised to look after that—the King should have no worries from disloyal deputies—he could now give his undivided attention to a reform of the army—yes, it was perhaps a trifle irregular to abolish a constitution—but then what was a trifle like this compared with the ultimate benefit to his army—why let a scrap of paper stand between an honourable King and the achievement of his glorious troops! And thus piety and perplexity fought for mastery in the soldierly bosom of Wilhelm. He listened as one who would gladly share in the result of a crime, but would be more glad if the odium were borne by others. It was with joy that the pious old King recognized at last the one subject who not only shared all his hatred of popular government but also his desire to gag both parliament and press—more than that, Bismarck agreed to face the mob in and out of the forum and in any case to be the scapegoat if he failed.

And thus was the compact sealed between master and man—a compact that was loyally held for more than a quarter of a century—and which

forms one of the most remarkable friendships in kingly chronicle. And now the curtain rolls down on the first act in the drama; and the man who wrote his abdication in 1862 closed his eyes on an empire where monuments to his glory were, in 1888, more than the days in a year.



## CHAPTER VII

### Bismarck—His Policy and his Manners—Prussian Violation of Denmark and the League of Nations in 1864

NO one fact in history can be understood save in its relation to all other facts; and to push this argument even further we might insist that no historic fact is less important than another. The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was the logical outcome of a conflict between the British Crown and the descendants of those English who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620. The surrender of Lee at Appomattox (April of 1865), concludes a chapter commencing with the introduction of the African on American soil; but it opens another and more serious one: what to do with the negro now that he is free! The violation of Belgian neutrality by Wilhelm II., in 1914, stands as a landmark in criminology, but it is inseparably linked with that pleasant day in September of 1862 when the grandfather of Wilhelm II. gave

one of many instances where treaties have been but scraps of paper—in Hohenzollern eyes.

Bismarck now faced his Prussian Parliament with the comfortable secret that whichever way they voted or declaimed he had in Wilhelm a power capable of supporting him even if the streets of Berlin ran once more with blood. He thundered from the ministerial tribune on the importance of a stronger army; on the mission of Prussia to guard the interests of all Germany; on the union of all her little principalities under Hohenzollern leadership. It was on the 30th of this memorable month that he unmasked his parliamentary batteries and bellowed forth to an astonished world that: great problems of state are not solved by debates or by majorities but—by BLOOD and IRON! He spoke this to a parliamentary majority that was sick of blood and iron, and that answered him by once more declining to pass his war budget. *Blood and Iron* has been a part of German creed ever since 1871, but in 1862 it was repulsive, for it savoured of Russian methods to a people who had not yet been educated out of the humanities. Bismarck was a forceful speaker—very direct—with a fund of homely similes drawn mainly from country life. In conversation he was illuminating from the variety of his travel and the notable men

whom he had met; but his chief charm lay in his explosions of wrath and consequent indiscretions which were greedily garnered and put in circulation by the Boswells of Berlin. How far the great Chancellor's anger was feigned it would be presumptuous to enquire. But he was a Prussian; and my experience leads me to think that he acted according to the instincts of his tribe in lashing himself into the appearance of outward rage in order to help intimidate such as were to face him. I have seen such men amongst Kaffir tribes, who painted their bodies to resemble demons and who danced ferociously and emitted savage yells before going into battle. In my youth I noted amongst Prussian schoolmasters the custom of simulating anger in order to impress children. Officers cultivate a vicious guttural snarl when addressing their docile troops and even the railway servants answer the questions of travellers after the manner of men who do not wish to be confused with mere civilians. In my later years I have found this interesting survival of ancestral barbarism illustrated by the behaviour of German professors and titled officials one towards the other when assembled for scientific or literary intercourse. Here also the pundit, whose conclusions are not shared by a colleague, adopts the tribal

manner of spitting at his academic opponent; of questioning his veracity and, finally, of denouncing him as a pig or camel—in short, following the methods usual amongst Baltic aborigines. Dealing as I am in relative concepts I can explain only by remarking that men of the *great* race do not act as bullies when addressing a parliamentary body; they do not habitually cultivate brutal manners towards enlisted men; they do not seek to intimidate school children, much less do they fly into a passion when differing on cuneiform inscriptions or an error in the fifth dimension.

Bismarck, like his master—(and perhaps both in imitation of the Czar Nicholas)—always cultivated a warlike dress no less than a barrack room speech. No German member of Parliament could ever have entertained a high opinion of his own importance; but whatever of dignity might have been his, on taking his seat, was soon dispelled when Bismarck in the uniform of a Pomeranian cuirassier reared his glittering crest before them; rested one hand on his cavalry sabre; raised a large glass of brandy and water in the other and knitted his brows after the manner of a judge about to pronounce sentence of death. And then followed words meant as a scourge to the members, who listened like sulky schoolboys. Nor did

Bismarck mind their sulkiness. On the contrary, his talk was the better for every contradiction. A hostile house made him the more thirsty; and before the end of his harangue, and the brandy and water, he had risen to such a state of exaltation and pugnacity that the roomful of people's delegates shrank into shabby insignificance—hopelessly overwhelmed by the magisterial manner and martial accessories of their King's chief minister. True, they still persisted in their obstinate clamour for the rights granted them by the constitution; but Bismarck soon drew away the attention of their constituencies to schemes far more interesting than parliamentary budgets. He first secured an edict forbidding political gatherings, excepting of course those in his favour. Then he made every newspaper an instrument of his policy, not merely by forbidding any criticism of his methods, but by organizing a press propaganda which soon educated a tame people to forget the heroes of national liberty and to think better of such as preached salvation through Blood and Iron.

And thus we come to the year 1864 when Prussia marched an army into Denmark in a moment of profound peace; overran the southern and by far the richer half; annexed the strategic line from

Kiel on the Baltic to the North Sea, and then coolly turned upon an astonished and mildly indignant world with the complacent smile of who would say: "And what are you going to do about it!"

England, Russia, France, Austria—all the so-called Great Powers of Europe had solemnly joined with Prussia (May 8, 1852) in signing at London a treaty whose prime feature was a joint guarantee of Danish integrity. Much the same sort of treaty had been signed also in London (1831) referring to Belgium, and each treaty was violated successively by Prussia when the opportune moment offered for a war of spoliation.

The year 1864 was the psychological one for Prussia—which means that her army was fit for the field and the neighbouring "great Powers" not likely to interfere. England was indignant and vented her feeling violently. Indeed the audacity of Prussia fairly took the breath from John Bull—it was something wholly beyond his pacifistic horizon—it was illegal—it was outrageous—it demanded immediate police interference—it could not be endured and much more to the same effect. But when the Russian Cabinet invited the British to make a move, Queen Victoria would not listen to any suggestion of war. She loved peace, par-

ticularly so when peace was the thing most fervently desired by Prussia, for whose King she felt a sympathy more than cousin german. Little did Victoria dream of the blood that would be shed by her brave subjects in consequence of this policy dictated by emotional pacifism. How could she, good mother and conscientious Queen, imagine that the habit of breaking treaties and violating the territory of weaker neighbours would become chronic in the land made holy to her by the love she bore to her German consort. England stood by, consenting to the spoliation of Denmark (1864); and her wise men wept at the crime; and they blushed at their share in it; for whilst Continental Powers might find apologists in such a matter, to the glory of Great Britain be it said, that her statesmen in our time have been men of clean hands and truthful tongues.

Our Civil War was then threatening to leave North America a divided and exhausted conglomerate of disorganized communities; and Napoleon III. had a French army in Mexico whose ostensible reason was to maintain the dignity of Maximilian but whose ultimate purpose, it was feared, had something to do with a campaign across the Rio Grande and annexation of whatever might be secured from the wreck of our States.

Austria had been dragged into the Danish campaign by diplomatic means highly creditable to the talents of the Prussian negotiators. She sent a force rather by way of watching what the army of her rival might do, than with any interest of her own at stake, and of course quickly discovered that she had been made a dupe of Bismarck who only used her for the sake of appearances and cast her aside when his object had been secured. Nicholas was dead, but his successor continued the same intimate personal relations with Wilhelm I. that had subsisted for now nearly a whole generation. Alexander II. was profoundly grateful to Wilhelm for Prussian aid in suppressing the Polish rebellion and to the same extent angry at Napoleon III. for encouraging it; he was prepared therefore to cordially support Prussia in her rape of Denmark—and he did this in many quiet ways, for his foreign policy was guided by a statesman of rare vision and very smooth manners, an older than Bismarck and a less turbulent one—Prince Gortschakoff—who pressed heavily on Austria—so heavily that Franz Josef did not dare to make a move. In Paris he passed the word around that if Napoleon III. intervened he would have to reckon with more than one enemy. It was about this time that a Russian fleet made



its appearance in American waters, and stirred the Northern States to infinite enthusiasm because that fleet was by some mysterious means made to indicate the present purpose of Czar Alexander to ally himself with the forces of Uncle Sam in case of any hostile move on the part of Napoleon. Nothing was put on paper; and Gortschakoff was able to shrug his shoulders and treat the matter as a mere coincidence; but no man knew better than himself the enormous moral effect of that fleet—not merely in Washington, but above all in Paris. And thus it came about through a dozen different causes, each of them inextricably wound about antecedent ones, that in 1864 the great “League of Nations” stood by motionless whilst helpless little Denmark was beaten, robbed, and mutilated by one of its own members.

## CHAPTER VIII

Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel—Eugénie and the Crimean War—Cavour and Bismarck

IT would indeed have been a bold prophet who, in the midst of our Civil War, should have predicted a moment within his own life when an American President would take a seat in the palace of Louis XIV., with delegates from China and Japan to say nothing of European states—all united for the purpose of doing justice to Belgium. In 1864 America's interest in foreign affairs was negative. We held as our national creed the opinion that no state of Europe should meddle with affairs of our continent, and to the same extent we would have declined to assist Denmark in her struggle against Prussia; however much we might have sympathy with a people of liberal constitution defending herself against an absolute monarchy. Paradoxically, however, we hotly resented the presence of French troops in Mexico, although their master Napoleon III. was at that time

acclaimed in more cities than Paris as the friend of down-trodden Poland and the liberator of Italy. To push the paradox further still, let us here claim that Italy's glorious position today as a free and independent great power is the work very largely of Wilhelm I. of Prussia and Napoleon III. of France. We have pointed out that the invasion of Denmark in 1864 was but preliminary war practice in order to make sure of the Prussian Army when the time should come (1866) for an attack on Austria. Italy at that moment also sought an occasion for attacking the enemy who then ruled the Venetian states, and what more natural than that Bismarck and Wilhelm I. should unite with Cavour and Victor Emmanuel in the double purpose of expelling the Hapsburgs from Germany and securing an ally in Italy.

When we say what more *natural*, we speak not for Wilhelm, but for Bismarck. The power of Prussia in Hohenzollern eyes rested wholly on her army; the power of Victor Emmanuel reposed upon the loyalty of a turbulent yet trustful and liberty loving people. Many Italians attacked Cavour for being conservative, others abused him for being a hotspur. It was a day of illiteracy, suspicion, and lawlessness in much of Italy, and for that reason we must marvel that out of

what seemed political chaos emerged finally the figure of a monarch ruling a free and united people from the Alps to Sicily and from Genoa to the Adriatic. What my grandchildren study as the past is to me the story of my own life, for as a child my ears caught the fervid shouts of welcome for the allied armies returning triumphant from Magenta and Solferino (1859); and in Paris many were the popular songs linking the two liberators, Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel.

Cavour stands out as one of the world's great men because he not only achieved what Bismarck achieved, the unity of his country, but he achieved all this and much more without ever violating the constitution or alienating the love of his people. Bismarck and Cavour were both great men—the Prussian believed that his people could be ruled only by the dread of punishment; the Piedmontese proved that an appeal to his people's patriotism and love of liberty was enough. Both men achieved the end they sought, Cavour through lawful methods, Bismarck through blood and iron. Must we conclude that each was right—that Cavour appealed to reason because his people are of a higher human type? The Iron Chancellor has done much to encourage this view,—and the *great* war has done more still.

## Napoleon III. as Revolutionist 49

Napoleon III. in his youth had rushed to the ranks of the Carbonari, in order to fight against the two autocratic powers who then oppressed the disunited states of Italy (1830)—Austria and the Pope. The revolutionary bands were hunted down and the youthful prince narrowly escaped in disguise; but ever after, he cherished a chivalrous desire to assist in the restoration of national unity amongst the states of Europe. From Italy he made his way to Poland where the patriots desired him to be their King. But before this coronation could take place the Russian Czar had put an end to Polish plans no less completely than had those of Italy been damped by the autocrat of Vienna. The story of Napoleon does not belong here save by way of contrast to that of Wilhelm. In 1848 the same revolution that drove Pius IX. from Rome placed Louis Napoleon on the steps of an imperial throne. As member of the Carbonari he had incurred the curse of the Pope; but between 1830 and 1848 he had spent much time in political pondering and plotting.

He was in a desperate situation; tossed up by the turbulent waves of a frenzied political tide to a post which he owed partly to his name and partly to many utterances in favour of popular government. That a Napoleon should remain member

of a republican committee for long was incredible, and so he prayed for help—as Wilhelm did fourteen years later, and with analogous results. Bismarck came at the cry of Wilhelm, and when the excommunicated Napoleon piously pleaded for any rope that might lift him to a throne—it was reached down to him by Pius IX. This rope proved a noose, as all may read who are permitted to read other than expurgated editions. The Pope helped Napoleon, it is true, but Popes expect payment. Napoleon paid by handing over to a Papal priesthood the children of France and by sending a French army (1849) to scatter the republican army of Mazzini—and restore a theocratic monarch to a temporal throne. Then followed the marriage with the beautiful but very shallow Eugénie (1853) who delighted the shopping districts of Paris by her extravagance; but gave still more joy to the Papacy by an ardent—I had almost said atavistic—enthusiasm for everything mediæval and priestly in France. The union of Napoleon with a beauty so frail and bigoted was for France a calamity almost equal to that of the bargain with Pius. She bore him but one boy, a delicate artificial thing resembling her in face no less than character. But while she could do little to dignify a throne or provide for posterity,

she surrounded herself and her weak husband with men whose allegiance was first to the Pope and after that, to their country.

No sooner was Napoleon squarely seated on his throne (1852) than he looked about him for the means of making that throne look less parvenu in the eyes of the scrupulous—and it was just at that moment that Nicholas of Russia insisted autocratically on his right to control the various places where miracles were said to have been performed by early Christian martyrs. The matter was of small consequence, seeing that the soil of Palestine had been systematically spaded for several centuries after the death of our Blessed Saviour, and Europe flooded with graveyard products alleged to be bones of saints and martyrs; to say nothing of timber by the ton, all certified as having been part of the true Cross. If the pious autocrat of the Greek Church found pleasure in supporting the cost of guarding part of the Sultan's territory, it would seem that Christianity at large owed each of them gratitude, especially as the religion of Mahomet had displaced Christianity in those parts for more than a thousand years. But Eugénie saw in this an opportunity for a crusade of Rome against the Russian heretic. Her husband saw an opportunity of humiliating

a Czar who had grudgingly recognized his right to the throne, and both rejoiced at the prospect of an alliance with the very correct Queen of England and the equally legitimate Victor Emmanuel in a war (1853-1856) that was destined to humiliate the most military empire of the world; to give hope and courage to down-trodden Balkan states; and to stir profoundly the sentiment of Italy in favour of unity under Victor Emmanuel. And this brings us to the close of the Crimean War.



## CHAPTER IX

### How Cavour Created Italy

CAVOUR and Bismarck resembled one another in each being a farmer, cultivating their estates scientifically yet profitably; and each necessarily familiar with the economic needs of that part of the population on whose prosperity the safety of the state reposes with most security. The deplorable condition of country life in America may be largely traced to more than half a century of legislation at the hands of town-bred lawyers, reformers from the big cities, and agents of rail-ways and factories. The greatness of Cavour, like that of Washington, rests less upon the sum of their respective achievements than their courage, not to say audacity, in undertaking an imperial task with implements most provincial. Cavour like Bismarck worked each under a king of patriotic and warlike nature, but monarchs have more at stake than any subject; and more than once the plans of the prime minister nearly collapsed through

a shrinking of the monarch from the consequences of a signature. Now that both of these statesmen have achieved their uncontested positions, we may safely say that great as was their diplomatic and political tasks, they were less arduous than in overcoming the scruples of their respective sovereigns at certain critical moments.

Little Sardinia of 1848 under her gallant King Charles Albert bore to the mighty Hapsburg Empire the relative importance of Nicaragua to the United States. Few knew where it was—still fewer cared. Cavour, however, did not hesitate to profit by the year of revolution to declare war at once upon Austria and her ally, the Pope. It was a war for civil liberty and national unity; it failed on the field of battle, but national honour survived as it did in Belgium when her brave peasantry dared for a moment check the overwhelming invasion of 1914. The failure of Cavour in 1848 coupled with that of Belgium in the Great War leave few lessons for the strategist; but they are of infinite encouragement to those in public life who introduce reforms, suffer political defeat, live for a time under a cloud of social ostracism; yet, by patiently pushing forward on the same line and overcoming the mists of prejudice and misunderstanding, they finally, as did Cavour,

reconquer the confidence of a free people and are the stronger for what each has endured. Not the least of Cavour's triumphs was the notable stability of the Sardinian or Piedmontese throne when those of Berlin and Vienna rocked under revolutionary movement. When a monarch is one with his people the word revolution is never heard—people do not insurge against themselves! They go to the polls and elect men more to their liking—these make changes in the policy of the cabinet—the King wisely invites the co-operation of ministers responsible to Parliament—and thus for nearly a century Italy has from year to year improved her economical condition, strengthened her military position, achieved her unity, and above all found strength in herself to insist upon the right of the state to regulate the education of her children—many years in advance of France in this last matter.

In 1852 Cavour became prime minister at the age of forty-two, having in the four previous years persistently educated his people to the importance of keeping religious matters out of politics and working together loyally for civil liberty at home and the expulsion of Austria from Italian soil. In 1853 his opportunity once more arrived—when Austria arbitrarily sequestered the property of

Italians who had been suspected of rebellious acts or words, Cavour boldly demanded the restitution of these estates, or at least evidence that they had been seized according to law. Victor Emmanuel bravely seconded his minister and every court of Europe was made to hear of Sardinia's audacity and Austria's disingenuousness. Italians were still smarting from their military disasters of 1848 and 1849 (Custozza-Novara), but they rallied loyally to the same King and the same political leader for another venture that looked equally hopeless.

In 1853 the Crimean War began to loom on the diplomatic horizon—a joyful sunburst for Cavour. He lost no time in securing the assent of his King to a project which he dared whisper to no one else; and when (1854) England turned to him for aid, he offered immediately an Italian corps of fifteen thousand. It had been proposed that these troops should be regarded as merely mercenaries hired for the war and added to the British forces without more importance than those hireling Germans who sold themselves to George III. (1775-1783) in order to earn money by crushing the American efforts at independence. The history of Germany is the history of mercenary armies from the Lanzknechts of Charles V. to the Hessians who sur-

rendered at Saratoga and Yorktown. But Italians are not German; and Cavour proudly threw back the insulting proposal emanating from a singularly ill-advised and very Germanized court, substituting one of his own, that the Piedmontese army should fight side by side with British and French, as allies of a sovereign state, not as hirelings.

Napoleon III. immediately supported the view of Cavour and England yielded, little dreaming how far reaching would prove the effect of this very small and ostensibly very barren, not to say comical, alliance of little Sardinia with her two overshadowing partners.

And barren indeed seemed the fruits of this bloody and costly campaign to the little state under the Alps. So barren were the fruits and so bloody the war that a Wilhelm would have had to fly in disguise to the shelter of an alien flag. But not so Victor Emmanuel and Cavour. The Crimean War added nothing to Italian territory; not even could she compel Austria to do justice in regard to the estates she had arbitrarily seized. But the moral triumph was superb when at the conference of the Great Powers in Paris (1856) the representative of this little overlooked Piedmont sat as an equal; and, there, in the face of

all Europe boldly brought forward the cause of oppressed nationalities and demanded that Italy be considered.

Here at last was heard for the first time in many centuries a challenge flung forth in the name of humanity by one helpless man speaking for one helpless people—but that one man was a Cavour; and his King from that moment became not merely the champion of little Piedmont but the heaven-sent saviour of a new and reunited country whose purified capital was to be a depapalized Rome.

## CHAPTER X

More about Cavour and Napoleon III. and how  
Wilhelm Profited by the Blindness of France

WILHELM'S increasing power was aided so remarkably by the paradoxical policy of France in his time that we must again call attention to Napoleon III. as an element in the creation of United and Irresistible Germany. The Napoleon of 1858 was ostensibly the strongest military monarch on the Continent. He stood for Imperialism nominally based upon universal franchise. He had sent his troops to Italy (1849) in order to suppress the republic of Rome and had on its ruins restored the hated autocracy of Pius IX. Yet, the same year that Wilhelm of Prussia became Regent (1858), and inaugurated comprehensive army reforms, the French Emperor called Cavour to him and together they conspired for thirty-six hours in secret on a war very agreeable to Prussia, humiliating to Austria, and never pardoned by the Pope. Official propaganda has

falsified history so much in Hohenzollern interest that we cannot often enough emphasize the almost incredible blindness of the French Emperor who was incapable of penetrating the peaceful professions of Prussia and who felt so secure on his Rhine frontier that he persistently wasted his military power in far-away wars and woke up finally (1870) to find Wilhelm at his throat and—no weapon at hand. Cavour came to Napoleon when he was undergoing a cure in the Alsatian mountains and easily persuaded him to march an army into Piedmont in the spring of 1859, expel the Austrians, and be hailed as the liberator of Italy; just as, in 1857, he had set free Rumania and, earlier (1830) had offered his sword to insurgent Poland. In the same breath, however, that he conspired to strip autocratic Austria of her Italian provinces, he (or should we say Eugénie?) strictly insisted that the Papal autocracy should not be disturbed at Rome: Cavour knew his Italy well—Napoleon knew it only as he knew Bismarck—superficially. And therefore the minister of Victor Emmanuel promised everything, knowing that his country's prime need was the mere expulsion of the alien Austrian. After that, events would shape themselves quite independently of popes or emperors.

Napoleon desired no reward for his quixotic



labours, but for the sake of political prestige at home thought it well that Cavour should cede him a bit of territory—say Nice and Savoy—which was of course done. And then to cement the good fellowship, Victor Emmanuel ceded his royal daughter to wed the French Emperor's cousin. This was indeed Napoleon's first triumph on other fields than politics and war. To him it meant what the alliance with an Austrian archduchess had meant to his uncle—a patent of legitimacy. Of course it was a hard fate for the Savoy Princess to marry into a court whose throne was occupied by a bastard adventurer and a woman of no princely prestige. Amongst the sacrifices of Italian patriots on the altar of their country's greatness, history does honour to the names of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini, but surely every woman will remember also the supreme sacrifice of Princess Clotilde curtseying to the ground before a social inferior whom the whirligig of a Paris revolution had tossed into an Imperial bed.

Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel returned each in triumph to his respective capital—the French Emperor enriched by military glory, and an addition not merely to the territory of France but to the social prestige of his court; Victor Emmanuel returned from Magenta and Solferino sharing the

profound disappointment of Cavour at having achieved but an imperfect peace; for the Venetian territory remained in Hapsburg hands and the Roman states in bondage. Time, however, worked after armies had apparently demobilized; and never did she gallop more furiously than in the few months remaining to Cavour. He was destined to pass away in June of 1861, cut off when only sixty years of age; but as though to sweeten the last moments of his remarkable life, God crowded into Italian history a series of popular triumphs unparalleled even by the Germany of 1866-1870. Garibaldi was encouraged (1860) in the famous expedition that wrested Sicily from the Bourbons and in a short time caused all of Southern Italy to proclaim its independence and its desire to join the free federation headed by Victor Emmanuel. The example of Naples fired all the rest of Italy; and, in 1861, a National Congress proclaimed liberty to all Italians; hailed Victor Emmanuel as their King, and designated Rome as the only possible capital of this great and free union. Some portion of this proclamation was deferred until 1866, some until 1870, and some is waiting fulfilment as these lines are being penned (1919), but on June 5, 1861, Cavour, with his last breath, uttered words of confidence in the future of his country.

He died in the arms of a loving nation. Strong men wept as for their father and of those who gazed upon his coffin none saw through a heavier mist of tears than his loyal and courageous King.

We of America were in a distracting war of our own, between the firing on Fort Sumter and the first battle of Bull Run. We were in a fight for union, but knew as little of Italy then as we do now of patriotic movements in China.

Of Garibaldi we had but a hazy idea that he wore a semi-cowboy dress and made trouble whenever the opportunity offered. England at that time gave no encouragement to the struggling states whom Cavour was uniting—indeed much of the Victorian Court rather resented any popular disturbance although in a platonic way favourable to constitutional liberty. The more credit then to the immortal Cavour and the more glory to the first King of United Italy, the courageous Victor Emmanuel.

## CHAPTER XI

How Bismarck Humbugged Napoleon before 1866  
and how Italy Profited—The Sceptre Passes  
from France to Prussia

NOT long before his death Cavour penned these lines to the talented Comtesse de Circourt, whose drawing-room was then famous for wit and beauty. We may regard his words as a summary of his life work no less than a key to the success that has followed in the wake of Italy's liberal policy, when contrasted with that of "blood and iron" so frequently and noisily proclaimed in Potsdam during the same period.

It is my belief [wrote Cavour] that with a parliamentary majority one can do many things unattainable in a mere autocracy. Thirteen years of this work has convinced me that an honest and energetic ministry has much to gain from parliamentary opposition provided that its hands are clean and that it does not allow itself to be frightened by the extremists of either party. Never have I felt my weakness more than when parliament was not sitting. Besides, how

could I be false to my antecedents and cast aside the principles of a lifetime? I am the child of Liberty and it is to her that I owe all that I am.

Little wonder then that the King, who tolerated such a torch bearer, should have been excommunicated, that even the parish priest who attended Cavour on his death-bed should have been punished; and, indeed, every Italian treated as a bad Catholic if he preferred the flag of his country to that of the Pope.

We have had little to say of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and other champions of liberty in Italy because we do not wish to lose ourselves in digression; and, moreover, much as we honour those men for their courage and the purity of their motives, we cannot escape the conclusion that had either of them been in control, their country would yet be a conglomerate of discordant principalities. We have but to imagine John Brown of Ossawatimie in the chair of Abraham Lincoln to picture the course of Italian history under the rule of such undisciplined visionaries as the gallant Garibaldi and the wholly impracticable Mazzini.

Wilhelm had no sooner taken breath after his raid into Denmark (1864) than Bismarck placed himself in friendly and very confidential relations with the secret societies of Italy, promising them

that if they would attack Austria in the spring of 1866, he would help them from north of the Alps. With equal zeal he stirred the Hungarians to insurrection and would no doubt have also incited the Austrian Poles to rise did he not fear a fire that might attack his own barns.

With consummate adroitness he again paid his court to Napoleon and played the part of a stupidly frank but very entertaining clown. The Empress enjoyed his daring stories and when he was gone said: *C'est un drôle de corps!*

"He's a madman," was the sententious conclusion of her husband. And so this crafty clown made the acquaintance of all that was worth knowing about the persons who made up the France of that day and, in many confidential chats over good cigars, Napoleon III. was completely humbugged into the belief that for his mere neutrality in a possible war, Prussia would reward him by an equal complaisance should France wish to annex Belgium or extend her frontiers to the Rhine. Bismarck could afford to be generous with property to which he had no title; and had Napoleon insisted, he would gladly have promised him any other country on the same terms. He was now sure of Russia and France, so that he need not protect himself on those frontiers; and

isolated Austria was weakened still further by having to place an army on the Italian border and suppress probable outbreaks in the land of Kossuth.

Bismarck was destined to live more than thirty years after the triumphs of 1866, but in all the length of his remarkable career never did his genius for bluffing and cajoling, combining, isolating, and forecasting burst forth more brilliantly than in the campaigns that link themselves logically together (1864-1866) and which ended in the complete rout of Austria, the humiliation of Napoleon III., and the restoration of Venice to Italy.

Poor Napoleon rubbed his eyes when he woke to the state of things as they were in reality rather than through the smoke of Bismarckian cigars lighted by the tapers of Biarritz and Fontainebleau. The good-natured clown of yesterday had in a few days remade the map of Europe, expelled Austria from the German Federation, and flouted Napoleon's claim to hold the balance of power. In vain did he call upon Wilhelm's minister to redeem some of those rosy promises gaily made a few months ago. Bismarck had forgotten all about them and when in anger the poor French Emperor talked of war, Bismarck smiled as though he had been offered another cigar. Alas!

poor Napoleon—not enough that he was even then tormented by the disease that was soon to end his life—he had to smart under Prussian insolence at a time when he was evacuating Mexico under pressure from the now triumphant government of Washington. Eugénie was indignant that Lutherans had been permitted to humble the Pope's most apostolic of allies and all the world wondered why France, that had made a nation of Italy at Solferino, should permit Prussia to reap the glories of Sadowa. And here again we pick up one of those many threads that were spun when the French usurper sold himself to the Papacy. He entered Piedmont in 1859 as the liberator of the *people*, and for this Italy cheered him. But when this people declared Rome Italian and her territory national, then Napoleon sent his troops to enslave that same people and thus the flag of France became hated as the symbol of Papal tyranny and national impotence. Napoleon had been invited to join with Prussia and Italy in 1866; and had he been half awake he would have leaped at the opportunity of reaping military glory at a cost so small and at a time when his prestige sadly needed assistance. But again the bigotry of Eugénie and his compact with the Papacy made him demand so many favours



for Pius the IX., that the fortunate moment passed; and instead of Napoleon III. being the Sphinx of Europe, that rôle henceforth fell to a Hohenzollern who spoke very rarely but moved with astonishing swiftness, especially when accompanied by a million or so of spiked helmets.

## CHAPTER XII

### The War of 1866 with Several Comments on Popes and Emperors

THE contempt which Wilhelm entertained for Parliaments and similar playthings was always felt and never more freely expressed than when in the spring of 1866 Bismarck assured him that the time had come to apply the good old Prussian maxim about blood and iron. Moltke as Chief of Staff and Roon as war minister assured their monarch that his army was more than a match for the sum of all the armies likely to oppose him; and so, after a decent period for prayer and pious resistance, Bismarck prevailed once more and the glorious campaign of 1866 rapidly unfolded itself before the eyes of an astonished world.

It was in essence a German civil war—a powerful Prussia setting forth to bully the weaker states of a federation in which she and Austria were competing for leadership. Bismarck took each state successively by the throat and threatened

murder if she refused to join him against Austria. But most of the little states detested the swaggering manner of their northern neighbour and refused to be Prussianized. They readily joined their forces to those of Austria; for, the Hapsburg, while unprogressive and lacking in military precision, yet had been on the whole a good-humoured neighbour and had far better manners than the Hohenzollern. Wilhelm, in 1866, had, therefore, to make war not upon Austria alone but also on Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Nassau, Hessen, Saxony, and Hanover. It was, from the standpoint of a *liberal*, the war of a well-prepared barbarian against a complex of civilized communities amongst whom war was a secondary occupation. The two field armies were in numbers not far apart—about four hundred thousand on each side. But the Prussian army was a body of efficiently drilled and officered professionals to whom the many-headed and loosely commanded troops of Southern Germany counted as barely better than excellent militia. We can hardly recall the names of any who commanded on the southern side, while those of Wilhelm, Roon, Bismarck, and Moltke grow each day greater in military history. Such a combination was perhaps never before—let us praise God that nothing comparable existed in

1914! South German states were weak in 1866, just as England and America were weak in 1914. They had fatuously concluded that no civilized country would invade them, least of all one of their own language. They believed themselves in safety behind the paper bulwarks of what some pacifistic folk called a "*league of nations*" and they quickly learned the lesson taught by all such Walls of China, that pacifism is a creed by which can profit only the crafty military autocrat.

Wilhelm gave his drowsy neighbours no time to think, much less unite their scattered armies. Early in June he picked a quarrel with Austria; on the 15th of that same month war was formally declared; and in little more than a fortnight Saxony and Bohemia were flooded and the Austrian army routed in one pitched battle, known to the civilized world as Sadowa, but to those who of two sounds clutch eagerly at a harsh one, known as *Die Schlacht bei Koeniggratz*. The great feat had been performed—the patient parade-ground labour of the past eight years had been crowned with success; all of the South German states felt the fall of Austria and capitulated one after the other, and Wilhelm rode home in triumph through the Linden Avenue of his capital at the head of an army that not merely gave him power to meet

any foreign enemy but, what was to him of greater importance, protected him against his own beloved people. Sadowa rang through the world like a challenge from Berlin. The conqueror of Magenta and Solferino looked with less pleasure on the laurels he had plucked in Piedmont, for Prussia at Sadowa not merely reduced Austria to secondary importance but earned the gratitude of Italy by helping her to the Venetian provinces.

Is it a wonder that Berlin went wild with joy and all Prussia swaggered violently! The patriotic and very unselfish deputies, who had for the past four years carried on a hard parliamentary fight for constitutional liberty, were now hooted down by the mob who always shout for a successful Cæsar. Parliament immediately condoned all the crimes of those who returned with the spoils of war. Wilhelm and Bismarck received praise and forgiveness, the papers and politicians who one month ago charged them with breaking treaties and wrecking the temple of Liberty now swung incense before them as the Saviours of the Fatherland, the authors of National Unity.

Is it ever profitable to speculate on events as they might have been? When today Wilhelm II. contemplates the wreck of an empire reared by the long labour of his grandfather is it possible

that he loses faith in mere force as an instrument of statecraft? Was Germany ripe for constitutional monarchy in 1866? Was she ripe for liberty in 1848? In those days there was turbulence in the forum; but out of that political hurly-burly there emerged some popular and commanding figures, who, little by little, were educating the people in self-control and constitutional methods. Had there been no Bismarck and no Moltke we might have heard more of parliamentary development. But popular tribunes under Wilhelm were either shot, jailed, or driven beyond the seas. We mention with respect such names as Robert Blum, Virchow, Lasker, Bunsen, Bamberger, Schurz—names anathema to Yunkers and sadly lacking in the Bolsheviki carnival that now passes for democratic government in Berlin.' Those who worship power only, have always apologized for tyranny by asserting that the victims of such rule were not fit for liberty. Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. each popularized the plausible dictum that France was not fit to govern herself, and little did Wilhelm think, in 1870, when Napoleonism sank in mud and blood, that it was from a self-governing France that his autocratic grandson was to receive a blow heavier than Sedan—or Sadowa! What if Mazzini had been assisted by Napoleon when

Rome proclaimed the republic and Pope Pius ran away! How glorious would France have been if instead of handing her children over to Jesuits for education she had inaugurated national and rational education in 1848? And how happened it that with all Napoleon's concessions to the Vatican he did not compel Pius IX. to come and consecrate his marriage with Eugénie!

Alas for France, there was little of Carolus Quintus in the third Napoleon and even less of Napoleon the Great. But Wilhelm and Bismarck were there, two stubborn facts that never happened before. They made three wars in their time and they made inevitable the war of Wilhelm II. Had this combination not existed Germany might have moved more slowly to her powerful position; but we are inclined to think that she would have today more friends and more happiness.

In 1866 Bismarck showed an apparent generosity towards the conquered that gained him enormous praise in the newspaper world. He asked of Austria and her South German allies very little compared with what he had wrested from Denmark and was soon to take from France. Indeed he insisted only upon the obvious and minimum—that Austria should confine herself to the Danube and let the rest of the German states

group themselves economically and diplomatically under Prussian leadership—that was all! In return he offered his victims pecuniary compensation and trade privileges that were bound up in a Customs Union from which each participant would soon draw substantial benefit. Of the four kings who had joined the Austrian Emperor, Wilhelm allowed Bavaria and Wurtemberg to remain intact but he deposed the Hanoverian and confiscated his hereditary possessions. He also absorbed much land in that neighbourhood which made Prussia now a well-rounded state—not yet complete, but so near to it, that Bismarck could arrange for the next war—which was timed for the moment when the German military preparations should be adequate and France isolated.



## CHAPTER XIII

As to the German Soldier's Docility and Servility—  
Wilhelm I. and Three Years' Military Period

WHEN Wilhelm I. left Berlin, in July of 1870, to make war against Napoleon, he was followed by the cheers and blessings of the same people who four years before criticized, if they did not curse him, for a tyrant and perjurer. The battle of Sadowa, and particularly the political consequences which Bismarck had exploited to the full, had stirred throughout North Germany new passions born of popular confidence in the statecraft of their chancellor and the military genius of their war department. Few people have been proof against the fascinations of a successful soldier; France succumbed for a time to her great Napoleon and even Napoleon III. owed much of his domestic power to the glory associated with Inkerman and Balaklava. Uncle Sam professes horror of war, yet for over half a century our politicians have sought presidential candidates from

amongst those who gained fame on the field of battle, however helpless they proved themselves to be in the entanglements of party lines. It is enough to name McClellan, Grant, Fremont, and Hancock—notable soldiers who fell before political temptation. Of latter names, McKinley and Roosevelt, who were primarily politicians, exploited to the full such military record as they had, or believed that they had.

If now nations of such character as France and the United States have yielded to this pardonable weakness for men of warlike fame, and if even Great Britain has shared our honourable failing, what can we expect of Prussians who for centuries have known no law but that of force and who have never possessed power save as an instrument to wield like the hammer of Thor against the nearest opponent. Children in a foreign land learn much that escapes their elders; and while Prussia was invading Denmark I was learning much by frequent single combats on the Rhine—myself being there at school and sharing a then inexplicable yearning to resent anything that looked German. We youngsters were wiser than our years for we discovered what our elders had not the means of discovering, that the Prussian is distinguished from those of the Great Race by an abnormal defi-

ciency of what the Roman terms *Virtus* and the modern recognizes as *character*. We could never conceive fair play as part of a Prussian schoolboy.

In 1866 the Austrian prisoners came streaming through Bonn on their way to different camps; there were Slovaks and Tschecks and Poles and Hungarians—many of those who had fought for liberty under Kossuth and who regarded Prussia only as one more tyranny on the Russian plan. One day I was with a dozen of my school-fellows—American and English—and we carried the Stars and Stripes to the railway station where a train-load of prisoners had halted. I recall as yesterday, the glow of happiness that lighted up those faces when we consented to each of them cutting a piece from our American flag and pinning it somewhere on their tunics. It was all done hurriedly, and that it was done at all was owing to our physical insignificance in the eyes of the Prussian functionaries. That flag disappeared in minute fragments and an incredibly few seconds, and in the midst of the depressing black and white of Prussia there went out of that station, amidst thunderous hurrahs, understood only by us of the initiate, a car-load of mysteriously excited and smiling polyglots bedecked with red, white, and blue emblems. Those Austrian prisoners represented a superior race—

more character. The Prussian has nothing to offer which the man of Prague, of Budapest, of Warsaw, of Vienna cares to copy. On the other hand the Prussian eagerly travels and enquires and returns and wonders why it is that with such a magnificent army and such admirable municipal regulations the individual Prussian remains today just as unlovely and just as much of an erudite bore as Voltaire depicts him in Pangloss.

And this brings us to the causes that within one decade made a mighty empire out of a second-rate state and sent forth into the world a host of blustering and swaggering Prussians whose conversation was loud and much interlarded with such words as *Wir Deutsche*. Those who knew the Prussian from within had no fear of the result—even in 1914—for they knew that a river cannot rise higher than its source nor can a nation achieve permanently a greatness that bears not some relation to the *virtus* of her citizens. The Prussian being devoid of individual character we must look for the greatness of the German Empire elsewhere, and we find it in the marvellous docility, not to say servility, of Prussianized Germany. This explains why Prussians of themselves have done little that history cares to record, whether in science, art, invention, or even war. It explains

better, however, the fabulous achievements of this people when their docility and thrift have been exploited by a Wilhelm and a Bismarck, a Moltke and a Roon. It has been frequently noted that physical courage is largely a matter of discipline and daily contact with danger. Chinese Gordon created an invincible army out of material which normally symbolizes pacifism. In Egypt British officers have made good fighting regiments out of men who not long before cringed at the sight of an official. Our own negroes have but the pedigree of an African slave market yet under officers from West Point they have added to the military glory of America whilst opening a new vista for their race.

The French and Anglo-Americans fight none the less well for knowing what they are fighting about; nor do their officers find it necessary to strike their men in the face or call them by offensive names. In Germany all this is otherwise, and officers have assured me, over and over again, that the true greatness of Prussia reposed upon a military discipline so thorough that the soldier could not possibly do other than obey the word of command—without a murmur—without even a thought.

Before Wilhelm I. came to power the Prussian recruits were drilled consecutively for two years,

which was deemed long enough for practical purposes and which would seem to you or me excessive. But Wilhelm thought that three years would be better still—that it would more effectually drill out any latent sparks of individual thinking that might have been brought from home to the barracks. It was this little matter that caused all of liberal Germany to oppose their King in Parliament, and in this matter the King triumphed by throwing his sword into the balance. And the King was right from one point of view, for he commanded an army which had, in three years of drill, become so automatically brave that they attacked with equal violence Danes in 1864, brother Germans in 1866, and Frenchmen in 1870. Nor is there evidence that they fought at Saarbrücken or Worth any better or worse than they did at Langensalza or at the storming of Düppel. They were drilled to fight and they were drilled so long and so brutally that fighting any enemy seemed preferable to the daily petty miseries incident to the home barracks. Thus a race of inoffensive, thrifty, and possibly molluscous habits, becomes in a short period an organized terror and the main support of a mad autocracy.

Let us for a moment consider Prussia's most famous strategist—Moltke, the Dane.

## CHAPTER XIV

Moltke the Dane and his Conception of War—Also  
the Great General Staff

WILHELM I. could have done nothing without a Bismarck; who in his turn would have been helpless but for Moltke and Roon. It was Wilhelm who recognized the merits of these three incomparable servants; he fastened them to him by bonds that were dissolved only in the hour of death. All three were of the aristocracy, all three owed their advancement to courtly influence, all three were creatures of favouritism, all three were champions of Hohenzollern autocracy, all three were successful, all three are today venerated as patriots.

Moltke lives in history as a military strategist pure and simple; who played battles as others play chess. He could not have been the Moltke of Sadowa and Sedan had he not been born at the right moment and, in the ripeness of his powers, had at his command resources that were unattain-

able by a Cæsar or Napoleon. As Prussia was the first great military autocracy of our times, so was she the first to treat a Moltke as a necessary, if not the most important, feature of her government. Napoleon and Cæsar had strategy at their finger ends; so had they the position of every regiment or legion on the day of battle; and they each knew the art of stimulating soldierly courage by a timely phrase or dramatic movement. All this was possible in battles where the commander could see from one wing to the other and where the soldiers could feel that they were observed by a beloved chief. In the navy, matters were roughly analogous, the admiral was all things afloat, for, every ship could read his signals, and a Nelson embodied all that a great sailor then needed of gunnery, seamanship, and naval strategy. Wilhelm I. was the first who recognized the influence of modern resources upon war and at the right moment divided his labours into three parts. Roon had charge of all details affecting the recruiting, equipping, drilling of the army—as minister of war. The King as nominal war lord selected those who took charge of the different units in the field and led them to battle; but the brain of the whole machine was Moltke, who at his leisure elaborated the architectural drawings for the



mighty war temple. It was in times of peace and with a staff of admirably equipped experts that the great strategist proved beyond a human doubt that he could destroy the French army in a few weeks. Napoleon or Cæsar might have accomplished the same in their day, for they were men of genius. But even they suffered some sad checks. Moltke did not pretend to be a genius. He had the contempt of a scientifically trained man for theatrical effects and soldier heroes. To him war was a business matter in which the winner is he who eliminates the most chances. He entered the war against France as an engineer would undertake a monster bridge or tower. He had on his chessboard an army, each unit of which was drilled mathematically to the same standard as every other one. He wanted no "crack" regiments and above all, he wanted no "charge of the Light Brigade." He secured just what he wanted and what neither Napoleon nor Cæsar could have secured in their day—an army in which every man could march at a standard rate, carry a standard pack, and drop into the firing line with a standard amount of ammunition and muscular power. Moltke first applied to war what our great captains of industry have found to be a prime condition of success in manufacture—he

worked for a standard—a good average standard. He was not interested to know that one regiment had some notable athletes or a squadron had famous cross-country riders. These might make pictures for illustrated weeklies and fill the notebooks of war correspondents who find comfort in the Rough Riders of a Roosevelt; but he frowned on such child's play.

Moltke was sixty-six years of age when the world suddenly discovered that the art of war had been revolutionized since Waterloo, and that Sadowa was the work of a new school. And indeed herein lies another claim of Moltke to greatness—he effaced himself, but gave every aid to his pupils in the General Staff. When Bismarck laid down his pen on the chancellor's table in the Wilhelmstrasse, there was no one to take it up; for Bismarck feared a rival and did not educate any possible successors. Moltke on the contrary created a school; and when he died full of honours and years, he was the happier for knowing that whilst he was nothing, the General Staff was everything. This word of General Staff I use with reluctance for we have stolen it from Berlin and made it a burlesque of what Moltke intended. However there is no other word—and we must speak of the General Staff as we speak of Chris-

tianity—with mental reservation regarding the much of political mischief that may exist behind the curtains of each great and respectable institution.

The basis of Moltke's creation is knowledge; and the knowledge Moltke sought first was geographic. Consequently when his King had set him the task of invading an hypothetical neighbour it was the first duty of the General Staff to purchase, purloin, or secretly make, detailed maps of the territory in question. In the case of France these could be purchased or purloined by means of bribery save in the neighbourhood of fortresses. Napoleon had to make his own maps for the larger part of Europe and Cæsar had none in our sense. In our Civil War topography bore no closer relation to physical geography than the charts of Ptolemy to those of the British Admiralty. When Moltke was born (1800) there was no scientific map of Prussia, but before the Franco-Prussian War he had made his General Staff maps a model for the rest of the world. Moltke, like Roon, was primarily a map maker and specifically a military geographer. He published the first correct map of the Dardanelles country during his life in Turkey (1835-1839), and later gave to the world her first topographical map of the then country about

Rome (1845). Had Moltke and Roon sought work in London, instead of Berlin, the year 1870 might have discovered them at the head of a flourishing atlas, each an F.R.G.S. and possibly geographers to the Queen under the firm name of Roon, Moltke & Co. Limited. But Moltke was not merely the right man; his King put him in the right place and both happened in the right time.

The Prussia of Moltke's youth had few if any good roads, and Wilhelm I. seconded his General Staff in this important military matter. It is not always that an autocrat unconsciously serves the higher interest of his people by carrying out plans formed primarily for war; but in the first half of the nineteenth century it may be said that the economic growth of Prussia was owing largely, if not wholly, to the labours of a King whose only standard of value was military efficiency. The correct and very detailed maps of the General Staff were not merely necessary for the instruction of officers at the autumn manœuvres but they were an immense stimulus to commerce and travel. Moltke strategy eliminated chance and therefore broad hard highways had to communicate from all centres to the frontier; otherwise he could not calculate to the hour when a battery of artillery starting from Spandau would reach Coblenz.

Grant and Sherman were sometimes glad if their guns did not disappear in the Virginia quagmires, let alone move on good macadamized roads. Good roads helped the farmer no less than the soldier; and when the telegraph and railways made their appearance these were promptly added to the Prussian war equipment; and, by their aid, Moltke was able to make military combinations undreamed of by any of his predecessors and unsurpassed until this Great War. Moltke did not invent anything, but at a moment when France and England and Austria were blind to the powers of science in warfare, Moltke harnessed these in masterly manner to the chariot of Mars and easily placed his country in the lead of all the world, for at least a whole generation.

The Prussian railways have been run as a part of the army. They boast little of extra fast limited Chicago flyers; they move with remarkable regularity and a monotonous absence of those crashes that cost America more lives than many a small war. The Prussian railway enabled Moltke to treat with almost mathematical accuracy an element in warfare which nearly every other nation misunderstood or ignored. I mean MOBILIZATION.

## CHAPTER XV

### Mobilization—Moltke and Prussian Preparedness in 1870

**M**OBILIZATION means no more to our lawmakers than trans-substantiation to a Zulu. But to our nimble-witted Hebrews and contractors it means opportunity to press money from a distressed government—an orgy of extravagance, waste, and jobbery. My own life covers a period which includes the great Civil War, when we had to improvise an army of a million men on one side alone and when all suffered heavily save the so-called “bounty jumpers” who fattened on the fruits of frequent desertion. In the Spanish War we mobilized 250,000 men, and killed of them a larger proportion through filth, diseases, and incompetent officers than were in sight of the Spanish lines. The Great War found us equally unprepared; and the Washington Government, so far from educating public opinion and protesting against the Prussian atrocities, deprecated all

military preparedness and even blacklisted such of our citizens as gave timely warning of impending calamity. Our President preached pacifism even after the *Lusitania* massacre, and some of his conspicuous friends in office spoke and acted in a manner that could give pleasure only in Berlin. The then Secretary of State (Bryan), who had competed for the Presidency many times, assured our ignorant masses over and over again that war could never touch these shores and that in case of danger nothing more was needed than a Presidential proclamation and, presto! an army of a million well-armed soldiers would spring from the ground and chase the Kaiser's army into the sea.

Our grandchildren will marvel that a scholar of the Wilson calibre could tolerate as principal member of his cabinet one whose life for a full generation had been that of a shallow talker, emitting political theories with the fluency and earnestness of one whom we look for at the county fair selling some patent pain-killer, and each grows rich in the process.

We did finally conclude to mobilize (1917), but instead of an army stamped from the ground in a day or two on the Bryan plan, General Pershing found that one year was barely sufficient, and even then we had to borrow from France artillery and

air craft whilst England had to provide the ships on which our gallant army finally reached Europe in safety. West Pointers know that our army in France was not a real or complete army; that our quota of capable officers was pitifully small and that only the most extraordinary intelligence and courage could accomplish in one year what in Europe had been achieved by three years of fighting. We voted six hundred millions of dollars for aeroplanes that never flew; we seized upon all the machinery of industry and commerce throughout the country from railways and coal mines to motor cars and candy stores. The cost of living more than doubled, and labour conditions became paradoxical—some unskilled earning ten dollars per day in shipyards or munition plants, others reduced to want by the difficulty of securing the material or the help needed in their little industry. Let us add up the millions upon millions taken from the pockets of our people through hastily made tax laws; let us note that our medical officers inject poison into our recruits by way of preventing possible disease. We have so far squirted but three kinds of serums into them, but there are many dozens on the market and fanaticism amongst physicians falls little short of that generated by too much theology. In 1918, through the months



of January, February, and March the deaths in the American army in France from pneumonia alone averaged nearly four times those of the same period amongst the British troops, although in general we had the pick of our men overseas and our papers kept up a persistent glorification of our matchless medical corps and Red Cross machinery. The time would seem to have arrived when the science of common sense should be applied in preference to one which preaches salvation by serums.

In the summer of 1870, Moltke received word that his King had declared war, against France. "Very well—open draw X Y Z and you will find the French frontier—the orders are all made out—see that they are delivered. Good day!" and the venerable head of the General Staff turned over and finished his nap.

The words used on this memorable occasion are immaterial, but the fact that Prussia was ready for this or any other war is a fact of importance, for it meant that a million Germans were swarming over the Rhine and into Alsace-Lorraine before Napoleon III. had half completed his plans for holding even his frontier fortresses.

Even strangers could note on all sides the increase in military work, the arrival of reserve

troops, serving out of equipment, trains moving at half hour intervals crowded with men, horses, artillery. Soon the trains came steaming back loaded with French prisoners, Turcos from Algeria, wounded of both armies. On paper all this sounds like an upheaval, but in fact life in the Germany of 1870-71, as I saw it at many points other than Berlin, ran along normally enough, so far as the surface of things was concerned. The mobilization, that in America and England shook the commercial fabric to its foundations, was barely felt on the Elbe or the Rhine. The government had looked ahead and provided in time of peace for the strain that would come with war. Every cart and every horse is numbered from year to year; and hard cash is also stored up against the time that the state may wish to purchase much and to make no noise about it. The moment war is declared there flows a stream of coin from each military headquarters directly to the pockets of thousands of peasants who know just what is expected of them for they have been drilled in time. Every farm road now groans with the traffic of heavy wagons loaded with produce—all numbered and all headed towards the front with minute instructions. The railways are each year trained in troop transport, the stations are all

under military control, and thus in the time which we would be wasting by covering our fences with liberty posters and holding meetings to encourage recruitment, a German army is raised, equipped, and deposited on the soil of the enemy.

In speaking of Moltke as one of the greatest of soldiers it seems paradoxical to say that he was never himself in command of men. One might almost say that he who won the greatest battles of his time was never on one of his own battlefields, save when all was over. He won his victories by teaching others where and when to strike. His battlefield was the war map; his headquarters was a table to which ran telegraph wires from every corps; his power lay in the knowledge that each regiment was under perfect discipline and that when an attack was timed for a certain hour it would mean on the stroke of that hour and not one minute sooner or later. The French had then as ever, an army of brave soldiers and gallant officers in the lower grades, but they were as children in the great game of war. They had apparently learned nothing since the Crimea, and more particularly had declined to note what the school of Moltke had done in Germany.

One day (1892) an aide-de-camp of Wilhelm II. was boasting to me that Germans could afford to

be generous in regard to the many foreign officers who attended their Imperial manœuvres in mufti. His reason was that the one secret of German success needed no lock and key, for it was their inimitable machinery of mobilization.

Moltke was merely a man of practical common sense who recognized war as a periodically recurring disease that should be met with all the resources available. He regarded a pacifist as the product of unhealthy social conditions—something that should be quarantined. Leagues of nations and arbitration societies and organizations to enforce peace were all well enough outside of Germany, for they weakened his enemies.

As a man of science he laboured to make it as infrequent and as painless as possible. To him a battle should be bloodless—the enemy should be surrounded and made prisoners, not corpses. He would thus have surrounded Metz and Sedan in 1870 and then have politely invited their respective commanders to an inspection of the German lines and surrender.

Moltke applied to modern warfare the methods which Napoleon would have applied had he lived. He studied Napoleon and never went beyond that general's classic maxim that all of war consists in having at a certain point at a certain moment

a certain number of men. Moltke achieved this with such scientific simplicity that we today look back and marvel that the rest of the world could not have developed equal simplicity.

It was all like the egg of Columbus! and forget not that Columbus was not a product of Spain, nor was Moltke a Prussian.

## CHAPTER XVI

Wilhelm Yearns for War in 1859—More of Moltke and Roon—Also Steuben and Kalb

PRUSSIA has been ever famous for the dullness of its court life; the coarseness of its aristocracy and the absence of genius, inventiveness, or even originality amongst her people. Military rule being easily understood and most directly personal, not to say elemental, appeals to the Prussian peasant. People who are happy under Prussian rule make excellent subordinates but dangerous leaders. They may be compared to the millions of Bengalee Baboos of India who pass easily the literary examinations of English colleges; who can write letters glibly; frame plausible excuses interminably, and otherwise act the part of routine office clerks. But Baboos were born without backbones as Prussians were born without the higher qualities that make a straight sportsman.

Moltke was a Dane and Roon of French extrac-

tion. Indeed nearly every name associated with the resurrection of Prussia after the collapse of Jena is that of a non-Prussian. We have but to recall Scharnhorst, the author of universal service in the army; Blücher; and Gneisenau, his chief of staff; Ernst Moritz Arndt and the grand old Freiherr von Stein. Not one of these was a Prussian and without them we cannot conceive of a Hohenzollern participating in the battle of Leipsig (1813), much less being recognized at the Congress of Vienna (1814). These men took charge of Prussia when all her territories combined barely exceeded the population of New York or London; when her treasury was empty and her throne on a par with that of latter-day Greece, Bulgaria, or Montenegro. Reverse the picture and ask what Prussia has contributed to the rest of the world in her own chosen province of military efficiency. We of America have good humouredly granted pedestals in order that German singing and *turn* societies might thereon rear monuments to alleged military heroes who are credited with having sacrificed home, fortune, and a glorious career for the sake of shedding their blood in the cause of American liberty. We know of only one man who answers to this description—Lafayette, of France. If there is another it is Kosciusko, the



Pole. Of Prussians I know none, though dozens of German names have figured on our military annals through influences more political than historical. Serious officers about the late Emperor have never wearied of assuring me that our Northern States triumphed over those of the South (1865) merely because there were so many Germans in the Union army. They did not mean to be offensive; nor could I more than smile gratefully unless I had intended to insult their understanding. It never does to argue with a Prussian. He grows angry and becomes even more fixed in his opinion. Conversation can continue only on condition that one party declaim and the other applaud. Germans declaim loudly on their heroes in America—their Siegels and Heintzelmans of the Civil War; their De Kalbs and Steubens of the Revolution. But real soldiers of the Grant and Sherman school dreaded nothing so much as going under fire in company with German regiments who talked more noisily than they fought.

Steuben has monuments rivalling those of Franklin, Hamilton, or even Washington; yet he obtained his fame and pay in our service by pretending to a military rank which he had never held at home. The German vote keeps his memory a patriotic myth but history knows him only as an



average Prussian drill master who came to America for the betterment of his purse and military rank. Of De Kalb we know just about as much. His real name was Kalb (German for calf) and the noble prefix *De* or *Von* he pinned on later by way of ornament. He was a Bavarian peasant who sought his fortunes as a restaurant waiter in France, enlisted against his own people in the Seven Years' War and finally became major-general by act of a credulous Congress in our War of Independence. Americans have so long submitted to a Teutonic ascendancy founded largely upon legendary achievement not to say fraud, that it would seem now a suitable moment for a revision of our school histories and a readjustment of national heroes. Prussian propaganda may find it profitable to plant Berlin thick with statues of Hohenzollern rulers and generals, for these monuments appeal to a public trained by centuries of military drill to respect only those who wear the dress of a soldier; but this country has the blood and traditions of a liberty-loving England and whilst we honour a Washington and Cromwell we pay equal homage to a Franklin or a Bacon, a Shakespeare or a Milton.

That Wilhelm I. should have discovered a Moltke and Roon and bound them to him for

life is noteworthy when we reflect that the King's choice was limited to the high aristocracy. There have been exceptions, but so rare as to make the Prussian rule remarkable. Fortunately for the German army, however, aristocracy needs bread no less than quarterings, and genius like that of Moltke and Roon must find a patron or starve.

In 1858 Wilhelm displaced his lunatic brother; became *de facto* King and immediately started Moltke and Roon at their respective posts with very definite purposes in view—first of all to make a second revolution impossible.

In the spring of 1858 there was perhaps no more melancholy prince in Germany than Wilhelm. He had been already fifty years a soldier yet since the fall of Napoleon he had watched with ever increasing irritation a growing tendency towards peace amongst the nations of Europe. He detested peace on principle as a period when military efficiency relaxes; and, when the Crimean War appeared, he loudly complained to his circle of friends that here was a splendid opening by which the Prussian army should profit. He was sixty-one years old and mourning that he would soon die without ever having been permitted to start a first class war or even to have carried through his schemes for a reform of the army. Whether

he contemplated suicide I know not, but his lamentations recall the equally ludicrous ones of Voltaire who also signed himself moribund at the opening of a new era destined to cover several decades of unprecedented activity and good health.

Wilhelm was born grave and dignified; his youth was spent under a cloud of military misfortunes and a dyspeptic father; he was compelled to abandon the only woman he ever loved and to grow venerable under an elder brother who sat on the Prussian throne as though it were the stall in a cathedral, and who knew more of the holy places in Palestine than the concentration camps of his army. The two royal brothers had little in common. Friedrich Wilhelm IV. was voluble, vague, and full of half promises. Wilhelm was silent, direct, soldierly. The one saw the world through stained glass windows and yearned to be ranked with the Emperor Constantine. Wilhelm saw only what could be reached on the field of war by means of the naked eye and a long-range gun.

But in the moment of Wilhelm's deepest despondency his mediæval senior was removed; joy returned to his bosom and youth was born again.

War had in the past been his only interest. Now as King-Regent he would translate into deeds

the promises of his heart. The year 1859 seemed his and he approached Austria with a view to co-operating against France. But he placed conditions which Franz Josef would not accept and when finally matters did adjust themselves diplomatically so that Wilhelm engaged to mobilize his whole army against France, the moment had passed—Napoleon III. and Franz Josef had signed the Peace of Villa Franca (11th July, 1859).

For those who see the hand of Providence or the influence of heavenly bodies in human affairs, this year, 1859, is interesting; for while Wilhelm had then his Moltke and Roon, there was no Bismarck; and Wilhelm was no diplomat. Had Prussia engaged in that war the result would have been to benefit her Austrian rival, whereas a Bismarck would have waited patiently for a better occasion. However the mobilization was of value in laying bare many grave defects and emphasizing the importance of making military efficiency the guiding policy of his reign. The matter had become the more important from the fact that Austria loudly laid the cause of her calamities to Prussian treachery; and this cry was echoed throughout the South German states where such a charge was welcomed as probable even though not strictly true. A Wurtemberg military

plenipotentiary (Suckow) reported Wilhelm as being very indignant over the rumours current at this time and as having addressed a council of South German officers in these words:

“Go home, Gentlemen, and when you meet any one accusing me of such things, I beg you will slap him in the face—in my name!”

How many of those present availed themselves of this pleasing power of attorney history does not record; but the emotions that agitated the usually dignified and correct Prince-Regent are measured by the violence of his language on this occasion. But whilst the War of 1859 was destined to pass him by, he had made war inevitable between Prussia and Austria—had also stirred the suspicions of France—and all this when his army was at its worst; when Moltke and Roon were still at the beginning of their great task and Bismarck nowhere in sight.

## CHAPTER XVII

Preparing the War of 1870—Bismarck and Napoleon  
—Augusta Victoria and the Empress Frederick

WILHELM was seventy-three years old in 1870, Moltke was seventy, Roon sixty-seven, and Bismarck was a mere youngster of fifty-five. This was the quartette that ruled Germany with secrecy and force, that moulded the army no less than public opinion, and that prepared the arena for a fight that was to upset Europe as had no previous one since Jena. The average age of this great quartette was more than sixty-six years but each thirsted for the war with the keenness of sixteen years and each concealed this longing with the craft that comes of practice.

Bismarck was assured by both Moltke and Roon that Germany could bring to the firing line not merely two men to every one of Napoleon, but men better drilled and equipment altogether superior. War seemed to Prussia a political

necessity because Bavaria and the rest of South Germany were showing renewed signs of restlessness under Hohenzollern pretensions. Those familiar with German ethnology need not be told that there is more difference of blood between peasants of Bavaria and those of the Baltic than between Swedes and Spaniards. They have a common language, but only amongst those of higher education. The average farm labourer of Mecklenburg could no more follow a folks theatre performance on the Danube than could a French Canadian trapper understand an address at the Sorbonne. Furthermore Bavaria was very Catholic and Prussia very Lutheran. Time has done much to modify these divergences. Bavaria has become more liberal in matters of theology, and Wilhelm II. became less Lutheran, not to say more Papist. Increased facilities of travel have helped the language question, and commercial reciprocity in a well-framed customs union has enriched a large number of merchants and manufacturers who frequently vote for their pockets.

But however much the matter of language and theology may in the future favour Prussian domination, there will remain ever the cleavage made by difference in blood—a cleavage that was there

in the days of the Roman Empire and can be altered only by extirpation root and branch; and sowing on the vacated soil the dragon teeth of a Brandenburg Cadmus.

The Russian Czar not only was friendly to Wilhelm I. but stood ready to check any hostile movement that Austria might attempt. All now depended on France; for it was necessary that Bismarck should run out into the highways of the world and make everyone believe that he was the soul of peace but that he had been compelled to take up arms, not merely for the defence of Prussia, but much more for the honour of his dear allies in South Germany. And so he kept the big war bell booming in the Berlin temple; kept the papers full of alleged news from Paris calculated to give the impression that Napoleon meant to march against the Rhine. To the Reichstag he unfolded his honest heart, his hope that all good Germans would close up their ranks under Prussian leadership in this hour of peril. Meantime towards the helpless and suffering Napoleon he showed through diplomatic channels that he felt that kind of contempt which one trickster feels for the pal whom he has outwitted.

Bismarck demanded war—the sooner the better; in this case he made the Spanish throne a pretext.



Had a Hohenzollern Prince not been selected for this vacant post, another pretext would have served equally well. The ostensible reasons for a needless war I am glad to leave to others, for they have little to do with the march of events. The causes of the 1870 war are to me of no more interest than those adduced by Wilhelm II. for his irruption into Belgium—the important thing for us to know is that in 1870 the King and his Chancellor demanded war as a prime political necessity and that its success depended largely upon the South German states who were made to believe that they were in peril and that under Hohenzollern leadership they could alone find security.

Bismarck was a good hater—and amongst those whom he singled out for the objects of his thinly veiled aversion were the respective wives of both Wilhelm I. and his son the then Crown Prince, later Emperor Frederick. Each of these women represented schools of thought and breeding foreign to the Pomeranian squire. Each lived in a world of ideas and ideals; they were interested in the education of women; in training schools for nurses; they cultivated the conversation of travellers, men of science, artists, and notably of eminent foreigners sojourning in the capital. This

subject is delicate to handle—a woman's hand should here be substituted and I refer with much relief to Lady Russell's incomparable light on the quality of Prussian home life in court circles no less than less important ones as illustrated in the pages of *The Benefactress*, *The Solitary Summer*, *The Caravaners*. She has reflected the living truth but for the sake of a superstitious public has given to her books the euphemistic label of "Fiction."

Augusta Victoria was not Prussian, far from it. Her marriage with Wilhelm I. was a matter of statecraft and Berlin with its military methods and intellectual materialism sickened her, after the literary and artistic experiences in her home town, Weimar. Her grandfather was the prince who had made this little capital a centre for the best minds of Germany. Aside from Schiller and Goethe, Weimar in the opening of the nineteenth century was to Northern Europe what Boston was to North America in the days of Prescott, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow. The world of letters made pilgrimages to this little Thuringian court and lingered gladly in its pleasing neighbourhood when Berlin offered no attraction save to a soldier or commercial traveller. Augusta Victoria penetrated the hypocritical dis-

guise of Bismarck and shrank from the brutal methods which he had not the delicacy to disguise.

Her daughter-in-law shared these views; and as a child of Queen Victoria she took far less pains to conceal them than her more Germanically trained mother-in-law. These two ladies had for the great Chancellor that species of aversion which the high-bred rarely fail to exhibit to those whom they look upon as not quite the gentleman—something of an “outsider.” There was no question of the loyalty of these two princesses, whether to their husbands or to the flag of their new country; yet to their very end, Bismarck delighted in spreading evil rumours about them in order to undermine their influence in Germany. Augusta Victoria spent all the time possible in a country home on the Rhine, and the Crown Princess, who was very happy with her husband, formed a circle of their own, lived much in the country, saw of Berlin only what was officially necessary, and held a salon where the Bismarck-minded felt themselves out of place.

These women did not encourage the pan-German schemes that were fashionable with Wilhelm and the Yunkers; they saw in war a necessary evil where Bismarck regarded it as a wholesome exercise.

And of course Bismarck hated these women. But the first lady of France, the beautiful Eugénie—she did just what the Prussian Chancellor most desired! She urged war.

## CHAPTER XVIII

War of 1870—Napoleon and the Vatican—Collapse  
of France at Sedan—Prussian Treatment  
of Prisoners

IF one dared generalize in so delicate a matter it might be profitable to comment on the fact that in 1870 the warmest support of Napoleon III. was the Roman Church and that support cost him his throne. In 1914, Wilhelm II. found in the Vatican his dearest encouragement—and he too lost his throne. United Italy has had but one serious enemy, the Pope; and consequently she has grown and prospered. In 1870, Austria would have yielded to papal influence and aided France had not the Russian Czar bluntly announced that in such an event Russia would mobilize on Prussian behalf. And Bavaria balanced long and seriously before she yielded to the pressure from Berlin; for Bavaria is but little behind Austrian Tyrol in ardent clericalism. The wars of 1870 and 1914 have this of the paradox that Wilhelm I. stood

forth to the neutral world as the champion of Protestantism and universal education against a priest-ridden France. In 1914, a Lutheran Wilhelm II. represented papal pretensions whilst Catholic France represented the right of a free people to govern itself without the intermeddling of an alien theocrat. Napoleon in 1870 was urged to his doom by a religious corporation claiming universal dominion. In the Holy Land and Asia Minor he claimed to be papal champion of Christian missions. The war in China (1860) had been fought for the same pious end; and the mad venture into Mexico (1864) had been warmly advocated by the beautiful Empress and her ultramontane court. At every step in the career of Napoleon we have to hunt for the influence of his evil genius of Rome, and our search rarely leads further than the hoop skirts of a Spanish siren.

Italy could have been allied to France in 1870 had Napoleon been loyal to her people instead of to the Pope. But again the interests of France were sacrificed to those of the Vatican and a French army insulted Italy by acting as protective guard of honour to Pius IX. If there was a political blunder that Napoleon did not commit between 1848 and his flight from Sedan, it must

be that Eugénie failed to suggest it to his vacillating vision. We have but to note the undeviating, persistent, and brutally practical line pursued by Wilhelm I. over these same twenty-two years in order to appreciate the helpless manner in which the Napoleonic ship of state filled and backed and fell off and finally broached to while a furious gale smashed the seas over her and knocked the lubberly quartermaster from a rebellious wheel.

Moltke and Roon had a well-founded contempt for the French military machine, its general staff, its leaders, its equipment, and above all, for its Emperor. But even these experts were surprised by the extent to which political jobbery had undermined an army which seemed to be joking when it styled itself Napoleonic. Bismarck had craftily stung France into making the first war move (July 15th), by voting a vast credit; and as the war party of the Empress had loudly boasted that the army was in perfect condition even down to the last button on the gaiters of the youngest drummer boy, what wonder that the gallant men marched out singing gaily "*À Berlin!*" little dreaming that only as prisoners of war would their refrain be realized.

So confident of success was this army that they

carried maps of Germany, but none of the land between Sedan, Metz, and the Rhine. The Paris papers bragged and vapoured mendaciously, as did those of Berlin in 1914—and from cognate causes. Napoleon went forth to the war amid mad cries of *Vive l'Empereur* and the little Prince Napoleon went also to his "baptism of fire." The curtain went up before an enthusiastic audience assisted by a highly paid orchestra. But the performance left much to be desired. For many reasons inexplicable to the average French taxpayer, the much-promised mobilization moved slowly everywhere and in some cases broke down completely. The army of half a million veterans destined to cross the Rhine and march upon Berlin faded away with painful regularity while, at the end of July, Prussia stood ready for the fight with about one million, and wondered when the French would make their first attack. But poor France had been horribly hoodwinked in regard to her fighting forces; and after two weeks of preparation her armies were found floundering about anywhere between Metz and the Swiss frontier in vain seeking serious contact one with another—in vain looking for some general plan of action; in vain seeking to fill up the many vacancies in the ranks, and above all looking in vain for a ray of



hope from the imperial dotard to whom it was agony to mount into the saddle.

The French armies floundered about within their own frontiers during the blistering heat of August—they knew not what they were doing—every map of France seemed in German hands at that time. They asked of their officers, but these knew little more than the men. Yet never did braver soldiers march than those veterans of the Second Empire, men who could show honourable scars from battlefields far apart as Peking or Pueblo; Algiers or Inkerman, Magenta or Solferino. They feared nothing save dishonour and, although they were but as one to three of Germany, never did men fight in a lost cause more gallantly than those who in battle after battle were outnumbered and outgeneraled until Metz and Sedan crowned the climax of imperial incompetence.

How many of those rugged hands have I not had in mine! And how vividly do I recall the fortress of Erfurt where I mingled with prisoners fresh from the bloody fields of Sarrebruck, Woerth, and Wissenbourg. All my schoolboy savings I had invested in tobacco, but without that passport I had a key to their confidence acquired by seven years of childhood in Paris. They gave me all they knew and all they felt. Their news was

comparatively fresh, for they had come by train direct from the Front and had much to tell which no French newspapers were then allowed to publish. The debacle of Sedan was foreshadowed in the earlier encounters; and these details were poured into the ears of an American lad in Thuringia nearly a month before they became known to the boulevards of Paris.

Never was a war more craftily planned nor more rapidly carried to its climax. In Germany the daily bulletin was a daily victory, commencing with the first skirmishes at the beginning of August and moving in a crescendo line to the capture of Napoleon and his army at Sedan, on September 2d. Events moved so rapidly, the German armies were so busily occupied in hard marching and fighting, that little was heard of atrocities such as amazed and outraged the civilized world in 1914. Never had a nation better excuse for generosity towards a brave beaten foe than Prussia had towards those whom she captured in August of 1870. And I recall the generous treatment of England towards Boer prisoners; of Uncle Sam towards those she took in the Spanish War, and of Russians interned in Japan (1905). In these cases the prisoners were treated almost as guests of the nation and permitted a diet even better

than that of their captors. But the Prussian has no such word as generosity in his lexicon, and the French prisoners in Erfurt were compelled to live on the sour black bread which to them is dietetically a poison, as would be to me certain dishes that delight a Laplander or a Siamese. It would have cost little had Prussia provided her prisoners with the food to which they were accustomed—good coffee and milk and white bread for a morning meal—but no, it would appear that the authorities desired an epidemic of dysentery—anything rather than show to the conquered the quality that makes true glory to him who conquers.

Every Frenchman with whom I talked in Erfurt accused their military chiefs of having been traitors—and how could they otherwise explain their mysterious disasters—an army of unsullied record for twenty years to be in one short month driven from one position after another and finally penned up like sheep for the shambles! These were bitter concomitants to the sour black bread, and lost nothing of their sting for being uttered in a city of Germany where the Great Napoleon had within the memory of men then living convoked the famous “parterre of Kings.” The soldiers of that Napoleon suffered also, but none thought of crying: “*Nous sommes trahis!*”—nor

has that cry been heard from amongst the thousands of brave Frenchmen who have suffered at Hun hands in this Great War. Lee surrendered unconditionally his whole army—yet not a man of them but would have begged for a benediction at his hands. It is perhaps the most crushing indictment ever sustained by the second French Empire that the very soldiers of the Imperial Guard cursed their officers as traitors.

## CHAPTER XIX

### Coronation of Wilhelm at Versailles

THE military prestige of France disappeared when Napoleon III. surrendered himself to Wilhelm I. at Sedan. The news of this catastrophe was the signal for revolution in Paris; Eugénie fled for her life to the shelter of an American dentist while her husband was conducted as prisoner of war to the Prussian palace of Wilhelms-höhe. The Empress finally reached England in disguise where she was joined by the rest of her distracted family. Her husband died in a couple of years at the early age of sixty-five; her son was killed by the assegai of a Kaffir in Zululand, a few years later. But the evil genius of latter-day Napoleonism has shown phenomenal vitality in the person of the ex-Empress, now more than ninety years of age. Is it her punishment? Was she preserved that she might see France shake off the shackles of Romanist domination which her bigoted influence had helped to forge? Has the

Greek drama any more potent Nemesis than what broods behind this venerable sinner when she is made to know that the France that was trailed in the dust behind a Prussian war chariot in 1870, now, after a generation of self-government dictates her sovereign will to a demoralized German army? Let the Furies force this knowledge upon her as she mumbles over her beads and crosses herself in senile bigotry. Let her know that France was crushed because Pius IX. was on her side; and make her now quiver, ye messengers of historic vengeance, with the damning truth that France is once more great because she is once more free.

Wilhelm I. chose the palace of Louis XIV. as the scene of his coronation; possibly Bismarck chose it for him—which would be about the same thing. There was something dramatically impressive in this grand act, for it was this same *Roi Soleil* who had sent his most Catholic armies into the Protestant Upper Rhine land and driven from their farms into exile thousands of people whose only crime consisted in having in their youth learned from a different catechism than his. In Prussia, Louis XIV. stood for all that was tyrannical in political or theological belief. Moreover he was odious because of his artificial and very costly display of wealth. He died smothered in

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priestly vapours and financial overdrafts which crippled the government of his successors and did much to make inevitable the bloody liquidation which commenced with the fall of the Bastille.

That Wilhelm I., as protagonist of a Protestant Prussia, should crown himself Kaiser of Germany in the sanctuary of France's most Romanist of Bourbons, gave delight that vented itself in every schoolroom throughout the fatherland. Catholic Germany moderated its joy; but even there, the thought of a victory over the hereditary French foe made them for the moment neglect their hereditary patron in Rome.

Wilhelm had already been crowned King of Prussia in Königsberg. A decade had passed; and now on the 18th of January, 1871, this monarch, whose years numbered nearly three quarters of a century, was called upon for the supreme sacrifice—nothing less than a degradation—from Prussian King to German Emperor! He had been a sanctified sovereign, an autocrat, or should we say a monarch divine of the autodynamic order whose will in Prussia was the only law. He had a Reichstag and he had a chancellor and these occasionally annoyed him, but what planter in the palmy days of slavery had not frequent cause of complaint against pet servants whom he spoiled and who in

turn bullied their master! Bismarck was but a spoiled butler in the eyes of Wilhelm, and for that reason the aged monarch submitted to much for the sake of a loyal and indefatigable service.

And Bismarck had indeed a difficult job before him—to placate the German people, to placate the German princes, and, finally, to overcome the feelings of his pious and tearful King. As a politician Bismarck knew that the world at large, and the German-speaking world in particular, would be pleasantly impressed by the picture of a whole people represented in the Parliament of a United Germany, offering the Crown of Empire to the dean of a royal faculty. The picture is pleasing and as a piece of Hohenzollern propaganda has had much success—notably in America—but the picture is false. Wilhelm I. detested popular sovereignty in every form; and the idea of accepting a crown from the dirty hands of the common people revolted him as it had his elder brother in 1849. To the Germans of Cape Town, Chicago, and Melbourne it was a soul-soaking consolation that in 1871 the Reichstag had as its presiding officer the same patriot (Simson) who had in analogous capacity offered the Imperial crown to Frederick Wilhelm IV., twenty-two years before. Liederkrantz and beer clubs dwell melodiously



and huskily from Hoboken to Milwaukee on the loving bonds which bind the people to their Kaiser, and they see the symbol of this in the rugged popular tribune handing Wilhelm his crown in the name of *Wir Deutsche!* If anything could have made the idea of a constitutional empire more odious than it had always been in his eyes it was this very coincidence of having it thrust at him by a representative whose record was made in the '48 Revolution. Simson should have been shot long ago, thought Wilhelm; and hard was the conflict between himself and his chancellor before he could be induced to even receive the Parliamentary deputation with the barest forms of external civility. He gave them the plainest hint that their services were not needed; that this coronation was no business of the Reichstag; that their long journey from Berlin was merely a burden to the railway service.

He was annoyed by this intrusion of men in frock coats, white ties, and silk hats at a moment when he wished a radiant display of military uniforms and princely pomp. Simson lived to celebrate his ninetieth birthday, but Wilhelm never forgave him the double impertinence of offering an Imperial crown to a Prussian King first in 1849 and again in 1871. When Frederick III. as-

cended the throne in 1888 he sought to do a tardy act of justice by decorating the venerable patriot, much to the disgust of Bismarck and all orthodox Yunkers.

The people of Germany shouted jubilantly for Wilhelm Kaiser as all France had voted for Napoleon III. at the outset. But Wilhelm would accept of the crown only in the character of a *legitimate* sovereign—and since he did not recognize the Pope's authority in these matters the next best source of legitimacy lay in the unanimous vote of brother initiates. How happy would Napoleon have been had he secured a pope to place the crown on his head, and indeed it seems criminal carelessness on his part to have neglected a feature so important not to say dramatic, in orthodox eyes. Napoleon I. had kidnapped one for this purpose and the concordat was, therefore, not wholly wasted. What was there to prevent Napoleon III. from securing Pius IX. as equivalent for the French regiments that garrisoned the papal states! There was abundant precedent, to cite merely the Emperor Charles V. who first flooded Rome with his German mercenaries, sacked the Holy City by way of paying his men arrears of money due them, and then compelled Clement VII. to sanctify him and crown him and

bless him, all of which happened yesterday, tomorrow, 1530, in point of fact, but the date is immaterial. The moral is important. Charles V. lived and died honoured by popes and powers temporal though he pillaged Rome and kidnapped her Pontifex Maximus. Poor Louis Napoleon propped up the fortunes of Pius at great cost to himself, alienated his people, and lost his own throne—all because he did not carry a pope to Paris for coronation purposes! Popes are coy; they preach peace, but like many maids, they make sheep's eyes at the burly kidnappers against whom they first exhaust their nails and lamentations.

The princes of Germany came tamely to the Bismarckian call. The smaller the principality the more tamely did the prince respond. The larger ones looked about for means of curbing Prussian ambition and they succeeded in securing for themselves something that looked remotely like a constitution. Prussia professed most liberal views towards Germany in general and insisted only upon what was obviously useful for the general welfare, an efficient army, under the leadership of the Prussian monarch, soon to be called German Emperor. Bismarck made the wording of this contract sound very reasonable, especially the

clauses which apparently left to the individual states bountiful measure of local self-government and guaranteed the territories and privileges of each little potentate. For well did the Chancellor know that the essential was force and that with Prussia in command of the whole army, the rest could safely be left to time and to economic legislation already in operation.

## CHAPTER XX

Ludwig of Bavaria Helps to Make the Empire—  
Wilhelm I. Discouraged in 1871

THE GREAT DAY was approaching, and with it arose difficulties that would have alarmed a less crafty minister than Bismarck. Wilhelm objected to surrendering his hereditary title of Prussian King, and Ludwig of Bavaria objected with even more vehemence to an Imperial crown on a Prussian head. The pious Wilhelm sought refuge in tears and prayers while the more romantic Ludwig quenched his political worries in long draughts of Wagner music. This King resembled Frederick Wilhelm IV. of Prussia in his passion for mediæval unrealities and the glamour of an Imperial crown. Both died in mad houses or under the medical restraint reserved for paranoiacs. Both professed the loftiest sentiments, both laboured for a broader education amongst their people and a higher standard of human legislation. Whether one or the other was really mad, I cannot

tell, but Prussia was ruled by Yunkers and Bavaria by Jesuits. Nothing could be more natural, therefore, than for a jury of Brandenburg to proclaim any King insane who coquetted with the wider problems of humanity; and as for Munich and Hohenschwangau, their King must surely be possessed of a Protestant devil if he encouraged free schools under lay teachers! The attitude of a Prussian Junker towards a democrat is much the same as that of a Bavarian priest towards a Lutheran, of an American dragoon towards an Apache; not far from the feeling which Philip II. had for the reformer of Wittenberg or Louis XIV. for his Huguenot subjects. We first adopt the theory that whoever holds an opposite view to ours must be either a traitor or a lunatic—and in either case he is dangerous to the community and should be destroyed. Whether therefore Ludwig was mad or not matters little, he was an enemy to many pretensions of the Papacy and he fell. The pretext for his fall I refer to those who study history amongst pigeonholes and card catalogues.

He had been taken from his university studies in order to succeed his father on the throne, and had from the outset (1864) been called upon to face in Bavaria political problems that would have taxed a strong statesman, and which easily

overwhelmed a modern Hamlet. He dreamed of a Germanic Empire but woke to the sound of Prussian artillery forging the federation by means of "blood and iron." He dreamed of a League of Nations inspired by love of the true and the good and the beautiful; he woke to see Prussia first crunching up and then swallowing down complacently the successive members of this flabby fabric. He dreamed of educating his people and woke to find a peasantry however loyal to their King, still more loyal to their parish priest. Then Ludwig prayed and God sent him Richard Wagner. Here at last was the Mephisto who could restore serenity to the melancholy spirit which had been profoundly acerbated by contact with rude realities. Forget not that Wilhelm had prepared his abdication document and had found a Bismarck! Ludwig was born under less happy conjunctions. He loved the fairy world evoked by Wagnerian magic; flying Dutchmen were to him more interesting than towboats on the Danube; the Rhine was in his eyes a reservoir of beautiful nymphs, and the recesses of his Alpine parks concealed mythical monsters destined to delight him when mechanically projected in his court opera. Ludwig could not save Wagner from the Jesuits who chased him out of Bavaria in 1866 as it had ex-

pelled the beautiful and accomplished Lola Montez in 1848; but he aided the author of *Lohengrin* to the extent of his influence and purse; and it is to this remarkable friendship that Bavarians should now be grateful when they find their little state a Mecca to the world of art.

Ludwig did much for his country by erecting palaces that are architectural marvels and by encouraging the sister arts in every field. Of him it might be said that when he ascended the throne (1864) he became head of a German state resembling a dozen other ones; and that when he died, Bavaria, in spite of her military disasters and political failures, had become not merely the most important among the secondary states of the German Empire, but in what is essential to civilization, the superior of Berlin. All this was the work partly of Ludwig I. (who abdicated with Lola Montez!) but much more of Ludwig II., whom the priests harried to his death.

When the Imperial crown was being discussed at Versailles, Ludwig II. was no longer on speaking terms with his ministers and he had no Bismarck to speak for him. In vain did messengers attempt to draw him from his happy retreats—he would communicate only on paper and on no account leave a scene of enchantment for a noisy



railway ride to the Prussian headquarters. Wilhelm would listen to no Kaiser proposition save from the lips of his brethren in the purple, and here was the great day at hand and the principal actor, the Hamlet of the play, declined to make appearance—could not even be approached on the subject of his part in the great drama! The clerical or ultramontane influence in the government was of course profoundly annoyed at the idea of adding to the prestige of a Lutheran King; and Ludwig himself had a wholly different conception of the Holy Roman Empire than that put on paper by Bismarck. However, the knot was finally cut by a letter, which the Prussian Chancellor framed so well that Ludwig drew from it the pleasing surmise that Bavaria after all was to play the most important or at least the most dramatic rôle; and all this without the painful journey to Versailles. Bismarck could write very persuasively; and never did he exert himself more or to better purpose than in an autograph letter to the distracted Ludwig in which he posed as the faithful old servant who honoured the King of Bavaria and desired his happiness and fame above all things. He pictured the grand moment when all the kings and kinglets of the Empire would bow before Ludwig and from him receive a sum-

mons to recognize Wilhelm as Emperor. Who could resist such an appeal to histrionic impulse! To patronize a Wagner was truly noble—but to create also a German Kaiser! Could he resist? Of course not! And so at the eleventh hour Bavaria gave her kingly autograph to a letter of Bismarck's dictation which, when read aloud to a world ignorant of state machination, sounded as though a jubilant Germany had rallied to the Hohenzollern throne at the call of a Wittelsbach herald.

How serious these moments were which preceded the 18th of January, 1871, it is not easy to exaggerate—they recall dark moments of 1848 and 1862. The German schoolboys of that time heard and saw nothing but outward jubilation and triumphant bulletins. The pictorial press flooded every home with elaborate pictures alleged to have been drawn by eyewitnesses but really done in the studios of Leipzig and Berlin; these made one see the venerable Wilhelm like a reincarnate and bewhiskered Siegfried cantering majestically amid the exploding shells of an orthodox battlefield, and escorted by various German princes who gazed rapturously upon their beloved leader as though to symbolize the yearning of all German states for Prussian rule. Of course we all believed

these pious fabrications then and Germany is carefully suckled from generation to generation on text-books that bear no more resemblance to history than does the Athanasian Creed to the Sermon on the Mount. While, therefore, the banners of Prussia are frantically waving at Versailles and salvos of artillery are announcing that the German Empire has been born again in the war lord of Brandenburg, let us follow this triumphant chief to his writing desk where he can divest himself for a moment of imperial burdens and write the truth to his aged wife Augusta:

It is impossible for me to tell you how wretchedly downcast I have been these past days owing partly to the high responsibility which I am now called upon to accept, partly to my suffering when I see the title of *Prussian* pushed into the background. Yesterday I was so bitter and discouraged when the matter was discussed that I was on the point of abdicating and handing everything over to Fritz! (Crown Prince). Only after having turned myself to God in deep and searching prayer was I able to recover my serenity and strength!

## CHAPTER XXI

Prussia Dictates the Terms of Peace in 1871 and  
Wilhelm Makes his Third Entry into Paris

WILHELM I. had selected the 18th of January, because on that date one hundred and seventy years before, Prussia had been raised to the rank of a kingdom; and he desired above all else to advertise the fact that this war and its imperial ending was a Prussian, not a mere German achievement. The propaganda press of the day studiously fed the receptive public with carefully concocted reports showing the venerable Wilhelm in the theatrical robes of a Charlemagne or Barbarossa rolling his eyes to heaven whilst the Bavarian King frantically acts the part of an apoplectic choragos to a horde of cheering princes and parliamentary dignitaries. Bismarck knew that this picture would do good; and it is thus that the average German still imagines that historic moment. He does not wish to hear that Ludwig of Bavaria was absent; still less that Wilhelm I.

rejected with scorn the mere idea of exchanging his Prussian uniform for any robes however imperial. It was to him a ceremony purely military and as such carried out with no more regard for public opinion or convenience than a swearing in of Potsdam recruits. The press of the world magnified the setting of this dramatic scene; for that press knew little beyond what Bismarck wished them to know.

He was proclaimed Kaiser whilst his guns were bombarding Paris; and, as though the struggle against a besieging Germany was not enough, civil war added its horrors; and the Prussian army of occupation could complacently eat its three meals a day whilst French killed French in a struggle that cost about fifty thousand lives and many monuments which Paris prized as her dearest.

A few days after Wilhelm became Emperor, and on the birthday of his grandson, the fugitive of Amerongen (January 27th), Bismarck dictated an armistice to Jules Favre, which was followed by a preliminary treaty of peace (February 26th) dictated to Thiers. This was finally made formal by the death sentence delivered at Frankfort (May 10, 1871); a sentence that Germans called a treaty of peace, but which her victims could

regard only as a summons to prepare for a life and death duel in 1914.

If France escaped any humiliation that Prussia could impose upon her between the investment of Paris (September 19, 1870) and the final act of that war, be sure that it caused pain to Bismarck. With the naïve bluntness of a Genseric, he roared with joy when a French village was wrecked and civilians shot who had been suspected of defending their homes. He growled his disfavour when he heard of prisoners—they should have been shot! And as for the sentimentalists who objected to the bombardment of Paris, towards them he could not be respectful even though married to Hohenzollerns. We may easily picture the vandalism of officers and men when such talk from the Chancellor's table reached the scattered regiments! Is it a wonder that the name Bismarck and *Prussien* became bywords for barbarity, lust, and sacrilege wherever French villages felt the burden of German occupation? With my father I called upon many of his old friends in Paris, immediately after the war; and listened amazed while tale after tale of atrocity was related circumstantially by men of mature age and exalted character. Not until 1914 could I fully believe that Prussians, in 1870, could act in conquered villages of France

after the manner of legendary Huns in Roman provinces. Thiers and Favre were notable scholars, men of letters, and statesmen. But in the cabinet of Bismarck they shrivelled to the proportions of a schoolboy under the frowns of an offended master. The Iron Chancellor, like his King, never appeared save in armour, for he appreciated the moral value of a heavy cavalry sabre and shiny steel helmet. Thiers was then seventy-four years old, the Nestor of historians and a power in the Republic of Letters. Favre was his junior—albeit six years older than Bismarck—and was then in the front rank of the Paris bar to say nothing of literature. But the event would have been the same had a ghostly deputation with Molière, Voltaire, and Montesquieu pleaded for mercy. France was to drink of the dregs and Bismarck grinned at every gulp. He played with the French plenipotentiaries much as might a burly ruffian who is eating the lunch of a passing school child, amused by the infantile explosions of anger and tears. Burly ruffians may have a run of luck, but the little child grows up and sometimes lives to see her tormentor punished. Well had it been for Wilhelm had he listened to the pleadings of Thiers and Favre rather than the harsh terms which harmonized with his predatory

instincts. France had to accept, and so peace preliminaries were signed. Immediately afterwards Wilhelm marched as Emperor Triumphator (March 1st) through the Napoleonic Arc de Triomphe and camped as conqueror in the Champs Élysées. This was necessary in order that nothing be omitted that could humiliate a defeated enemy. In 1918, Prussia was the defeated enemy, yet France halted at the Rhine. Sentimentally this was noble, but politically a blunder; for we should not act softly towards one who misunderstands our motives. The Prussian will always hate us with the malice of a beaten bully; but now he despises us as well for not having exploited the power that was ours. Had we marched our armies across the whole of Germany in so leisurely a manner as to have occupied at some time or other every town and village between the Rhine and the Baltic, the children of today would have told the tale to their grandchildren who in turn would repeat it to a generation yet unborn; and so for a century to come the land of the Hun would be a land of peace because it remembered the millions of men who in the great war chased their Kaiser into exile, scattered their boasted armies, bottled up their big navy, and promenaded in derision all over Deutschland before embarking



for their homes. That was a lesson sorely needed, and if they do not receive it, in 1919, they will all believe that we were afraid to push forward any farther—and that means a new war not far off!

Wilhelm had twice before marched with Prussian troops into the French capital (1814 and 1815), but this glorious third was the culmination of all earthly ambition. In the wars against the great Napoleon, Prussia was only one of many allies and her army had to be equipped and paid by England. Now, however, her King commanded the strongest military organization in the whole world, and rode into the capital of a shattered empire the more proudly for feeling that he was the first Cæsar in a new and vigorous nation called by divine grace to exterminate a people that had survived their military fame and had, therefore, merited their fate.

## CHAPTER XXII

Wilhelm I. Makes Berlin Capital of Germany—Some  
Remarks on this—A Monument to Schiller

BERLIN on the 16th of June in the year 1871 was the centre of the world to all who honoured military glory personified by Wilhelm I. From sunrise of this very long day the streets of the Prussian capital were crowded with hurrying families bearing babies and lunch-baskets, all seeking a spot whence they might cheer their sovereign and his troops. All day long I watched the flow of interminable bayonets, guns, and sabres and late that night I fell asleep in an Imperial metropolis wild with joy of conquest and shouting itself hoarse with *Die Wacht am Rhein*. Yet this was merely the normal garrison of this one city which at that time had no better water supply than corner pumps, and no more complicated sewerage than the street gutters leading into the Spree. But war throws glamour over civil affairs; and in the unanimous ovation

of which Kaiser Wilhelm was the object, it would have taken keen eyes to note that in the cheering crowd was a large proportion of citizens who while they forgave much for the sake of the French milliards yet grudged France the liberty of which they were themselves deprived. France paid off the indemnity within two years, to the amazement of her conquerors; she also exhibited to an astonished world an example of self-control and national dignity that was the more striking for coming on the heels of an administration half-priest and half-Cæsar.

The speculative historian would gladly have recorded the abdication of Wilhelm on June 16, 1871, at the moment when his life work had been done; the spoliation of France accomplished and an Imperial German army restored to the united Fatherland. Frederick William, his eldest son, was now forty years of age, endeared to the army by his interest in soldier welfare and to the people even more so because of his known attachment to constitutional liberty as opposed to merely military autocracy. But the speculative historian is listened to impatiently and we shall have yet seventeen more years of the Greise Kaiser—years filled with bitterness and Bismarckian failure. By the time death opens a way for Frederick III.

to ascend the throne he will do so only as a very sick man—nearly sixty years of age—a man who has been deliberately kept away from active public life, because suspected of opinions which the Yunkers call heresy but which we consider to be conservative.

Wilhelm, like Bismarck, had nothing of the magnanimous in his nature, however much both of them cultivated that reputation throughout the provinces. At the Versailles coronation, not Germany, but Prussia, was symbolized, by the soldier dress of the Hohenzollern and by the regimental banners about him. How little enthusiasm for him there was in Bavaria may be gathered from the fact that it was not until three days *after* the Versailles proclamation, that the Bavarian Congress concluded to recognize the Prussian pretensions; and this conclusion was reached only after ten days of violent debate and by a vote of 102 to 48. But Wilhelm almost hoped that Bavaria and others would secede from the Confederation; in which case he could easily conquer by the sword what negotiation had failed to accomplish.

Berlin is a bad capital for Germany geographically, ethnologically, and politically. Leipzig or Weimar has higher claims on each of these

grounds; but the sword has decided, and the whole weight of Bismarckian influence has gone to make Berlin an artificial metropolis. Prussian methods are military and therefore we find in Berlin the reflection of that infinitely careful detail that has made the German army the model for all others and the German capital worthy of so perfect an army. The provincial Prussian capital, which had little more than half a million when I knew it first, has grown like a Johannesburg or Chicago; but its growth is like that of the German navy, the product of hothouse conditions. The new Germany forced all roads to centre in Berlin; and all administrative bureaus were gradually concentrated here. It was the policy of Bismarck to compel all who sought public employment to frequent his capital, if not his antechamber; and even the tourist public discovered that wherever in Germany they might wish to travel, all trains, or at least all good ones, compelled a halt in the Wilhelmstrasse.

The new Empire controlled not merely a Prussia much enlarged, but claimed exclusive control of the conquered French provinces, of the new German navy, and of the monster colonial empire that was about to develop. Aside from the large permanent garrisons of Berlin, Spandau, and Pots-

dam, officers from all over were called to the new capital on general staff duty or for examination. Museums, professional schools, churches, monuments, barracks, these increased as did the opening of new streets and all the concomitants of an efficiently administered city. Sewage farms were laid out in the sandy suburbs, the waters of Spree and Havel were kept free from pollution, an excellent water supply was furnished in abundance, paving, lighting, and sewerage all became models to other cities, and municipal markets at many convenient points enabled the farmers to bring their produce direct to the *hausfrau* and thus make this capital no less remarkable for political efficiency than for low cost of living. Comparisons are rarely pleasant to both but candour compels me to make my statement clear by saying that one who knows the administration of Berlin enters New York with the same disgust that one of us might feel on first encountering the sanitary dispositions of Canton or the Bagdad of pre-British days.

Yet Berlin was not satisfied. She built monument after monument and barrack after barrack, but the great world persisted in preferring the capital of spoliated France to the *parvenu* atmosphere that blew through the Linden to the King's

palace. We youngsters of 1870 were not speculative philosophers and we rushed frantically to honour the heroes of the moment, to make our bows before the scholarly Moltke, when we were so fortunate as to meet him as he strolled to or from the General Staff Building. He always returned our salutes with kindly gravity and we felt proud at having had so great a God to worship.

We did not know then that there were others in Germany besides those in uniform; much less did we know that there was a social excommunication pronounced by the Prussian All Highest against those who were so reckless as to think for themselves in matters political. We of the unthinking world saw only soldiers and cheering mobs and a patriarchal Kaiser who said he loved his people and who fell upon his knees and burst into tears and sought divine guidance and wrestled inwardly like another Augustine of Hippo Regius. We have of this venerable Kaiser biographies without number and they are mainly panegyrics as of some national demi-god whom it would be sacrilegious to approach save as a worshipper. We have worn out much of our eyesight in the search after the truth regarding this period, and from this effort we rise as from thumbing an orthodox

catalogue of Roman saints, more bewildered than edified.

If Berlin is the dullest capital in Europe, we must admit that it has been made in the image of Wilhelm to whom God's landscape appeals primarily as a field of military manœuvre. Berlin had no interest to him save as the headquarters of an army, where he dispatched a great deal of routine work. The matter of municipal adornment left him cold, but he saw to it that the strategic points of the city were so disposed that his troops could readily command all approaches to the palace and sweep away any mob by a timely application of grapeshot. Of his ninety-one years of life, more than eighty had been spent in the uniform of a Prussian guardsman, and I doubt if he had ever met a dozen civilians to whom he would have given the title of gentleman. In Berlin he recognized only Prussian officers as fit for court society, and if he made an exception under pressure from his wife it was well understood that such exception should never be treated as a precedent.

Bismarck, after the Treaty of Frankfort, appeared to the outside world as having reached a level little below divinity, yet in the eyes of Wilhelm he had achieved but secondary honours so long as these were limited to decorations, titles,



and emoluments to which any civilian might aspire. The culmination of earthly glory to the Iron Chancellor came when late in life the Emperor finally conferred upon him the titular rank of "*Prussian* General." Hitherto, he had always worn the uniform of a militia or reserve officer, but now he was to be admitted as knight of the Kaiser's round table, to be a real Prussian paladin, not a mere prince or statesman. We must imagine a Cobden, or a Bright, or a Gladstone compelled in his old age to exchange the toga for a cuirass, and address the forum with a sword clattering at his heels. And we must go a step farther and learn that Wilhelm was not joking when he dubbed Bismarck a general nor did the Iron Chancellor flinch when his master said to him: "All your past honours are trifling compared with the one which I am now about to accord you."

The dulness of the Berlin court is the dulness of any barrack room society, particularly a society where woman plays a subordinate rôle and the men are all of the same mind. It is not merely Frenchmen who glorify their Paris, or Britons who browse lovingly about Fleet Street and Chelsea. All the world goes gladly to places where great men have been appreciated and great thoughts encouraged; the Quai Voltaire appeals

to the scholar of every clime with a force little less than Paternoster Row or Westminster. Berlin has straighter avenues than either Paris or London—we may admit, also, that she has more monuments. But her triumph is in the quantity rather than in the quality of the wares that she offers; and, after admiring many miles of the Spree city, we regret that it is not interesting. In my younger days Berlin was congested with statues of Prussian kings and military heroes and allegorical figures symbolizing warlike triumph. But there were scarce any monuments for the great writers, reformers, and thinkers. Wilhelm saw no good in such men; he knew but one kind of great man—the soldier who had shot down enemies of monarchy. Unfortunately nearly every German whom the world held to be great had at some time been treated as an enemy to the monarch; for to think independently is frequently high treason in Berlin.

The Age of Wilhelm is the Golden Age of German scholarship, art, and music, but *he* never knew it save as a period of blood and iron and rebellious agitation. Schiller waited long for a monument in Berlin; but Schiller to Wilhelm was like a Luther to Madrid. Schiller had sung of William Tell and liberty and for that had been ostracized by all governments friendly to the Holy

Alliance. When, therefore, the citizens of Berlin clamoured for a monument to their great poet, Wilhelm saw in this a revival of revolutionary disturbance. He declined to countenance by his presence the unveiling of so obnoxious a person; he would not permit that effigy to be exposed at a point where he would have to see it on his daily drive. Whether Wilhelm ever read a play of the great dramatist I know not, but when he was approached on the subject of honouring the unveiling with his presence he answered with scorching finality: "Schiller—Schiller—is there such a name amongst my officers!"

## CHAPTER XXIII

War between Pius IX. and Wilhelm I.—Œcumenical Council of 1870—Its Effect in Germany

SHORTLY after the triumphant entry of Wilhelm I. into the new capital of united Germany, Victor Emmanuel made an entry vastly more impressive into the ancient capital of Italy. For centuries Rome had been ruled by a corporation of celibate priests who had finally succeeded in making the papal states a byword for corruption amongst officials and brigandage on the highways. The new Italy demanded its ancient capital and her army lost no time in taking possession. Victor Emmanuel was hailed as liberator by those who had fought under Mazzini and Garibaldi, and cursed or excommunicated by Pius IX. from his Vatican retreat.

During the past three German wars there had been no time for anything but the thunder of artillery made by Krupp. In 1871, however, the thunders made in the Vatican rumbled over

the face of the waters and raised echoes in every hamlet where Catholics asked themselves whether it was better to be a good citizen or a dutiful Romanist. Wilhelm was an autocrat by practice and conviction. He thought well of papal autocracy because in the alleged successor of Peter he recognized a monarch who was generally opposed to socialism, democracy, and most forms of popular initiative. Wilhelm, however, hotly resented any meddling with his German subjects and when Pius IX. launched his so-called *Syllabus* in 1864, and then followed it up by a blasphemous claim to infallibility (1870), the Grand Lama of Lutheranism scented the enemy and acted accordingly with characteristic directness. He gave notice that henceforth all teachers of religion, morals, or the alphabet, must swear allegiance to the head of the state; they must be subject to the law of the land; Prussia would tolerate no priests who were followers of two flags; they must choose between that of Pope or Kaiser. This is only one manifestation of the eternal conflict between Church and State. Republican France had to undergo a long and painful struggle before she asserted the right of her people to free schools untainted by alien or papal direction. Italy has also had to incur papal anathema in her

struggle for liberty of conscience; and the new states of Bohemia and Poland have yet that fight before them.

Yet Pius IX. ascended the papal throne (1846) acclaimed like Napoleon III. as a reformer and friend of liberty! But this momentary popularity was soon exchanged for the character of a theocratic monarch which he retained to the close of his eighty-six years. Both Wilhelm and Pius were embittered in 1848, for each had been forced to fly from his own people amid groans and hisses—in Berlin the mob was Lutheran, in Rome it was Catholic—otherwise things were much the same. Pius, like Wilhelm, had been crossed in love and each had soldierly ambition; although the military ardour of the Italian was checked by the medical board who found him unfit because of epilepsy. When we consider, however, the notable proportion of illustrious conquerors who have been marked by this infirmity it would seem as though this alone would make us expect in Pius a career out of the ordinary. Nor are we disappointed. Like most men of abnormal if not morbid mentality, Pius early became conscious of miraculous assistance in material affairs. He had been much relieved if not cured by some priest who made an incantation over him accom-

panied by the laying on of hands; and later, on a journey to South America, he recorded some supernatural interposition that saved his life. Need we wonder then that he later caused the sanctification of the anæmic and hysterical girl who made Lourdes famous by her several interviews with the mother of God!

Most people have heard vaguely of the so-called *Kulturkampf*, which followed so closely on the heels of the Imperial coronation at Versailles as to appear almost a part of it. This was a three-cornered war, in which Pius attacked not merely the Lutheran heretics embodied in Wilhelm, but those German Catholics who deprecated the exaggeration of papal autocracy. During the summer of the Franco-German War Pius collected in Rome some seven hundred theologians whom he crowded into a building famed for its bad acoustic properties. The summer was exceptionally hot and in 1870 the Holy City was conspicuous as a breeder of disease. The final vote was taken on July 18th, almost coinciding with the opening of the war by Eugénie against heretical Wilhelm. The council had commenced with 754 delegates, but only 534 answered to their names at the deciding roll-call. Here was a defection of two hundred, who under various pretexts found it

more convenient to return home on the plea of health than record themselves in opposition to a measure which their Pope warmly advocated. Of those whose opinions are thus in doubt we must exclude seventeen who died during the discussion—they were no doubt envied by many! If we seek to analyse the vote by which infallibility was added to the Pope's many other titles, we find that of the three hundred and sixty-two (362) bishops who voted for Pius, 170 were Italians; and of these 170, 143 came from the papal states alone. It was well for Pius that his council happened in a peculiarly hot summer, of a peculiarly unhealthy city, on seats from which it was difficult to hear anything that was said. Had the debates been dragged on for a few weeks longer, the entry of the Italian army<sup>1</sup> (September 20th) would have made a wholesome diversion, especially for the many who might have taken courage when they realized that free and united Italy was about to absorb all the temporal kingdom hitherto claimed by the popes. We must consider also that in the majority of this infallibility council or convention were one hundred apostolic vicars dependent on the Pope for preferment, and many heads of religious orders, to say nothing of archbishops and cardinals who were more popish than the



Pope. The minority who dared to oppose the proposed papal claim to infallibility found themselves in a council where papal influence was pre-ordained if not prearranged; and even had this not been the case the conditions of debate were intolerable save to those who clamoured only for a show of hands. Of the minority, fifty-three united in a formal protest; of whom it is interesting to note that twenty-two, even then, were French; and twenty-one German, Austrian, or Hungarian. These returned to their several homes before the final vote, as did most of the thoughtful minority.

And thus was achieved the crowning earthly triumph of Pius IX. While his most Catholic Empress Eugénie was fanatically urging her husband on in his crusade against the northern heretics, her beloved Pope, confident of his powers and with infinite faith in the credulity of his illiterate millions, framed a decree of infallibility that has divided pious Catholics as nothing before since the days of Martin Luther.

But let us digress one moment on the *Syllabus*, so called.

## CHAPTER XXIV

The *Syllabus* of 1864 and its Effect on Wilhelm I.—  
A Drawn Battle between Infallibility and  
Invincibility

WILHELM was no less an autocrat than Pius IX. in matters theological; the main difference being that the Prussian kept within the boundaries fixed by the Treaty of Frankfort whereas the Roman claimed as much sovereignty in Germany as in China, Peru, or the papal states. Wilhelm ruled his Lutheran clergy after the manner of an enlightened and frequently benevolent despot. He saw to it that they all received an excellent education; for to him it was the schoolmaster that made his army invincible. But schoolmaster and clergyman, administrator and soldier, all equally felt the encircling pressure of an all highest power that said to them: "Your way must be my way or woe be to you!"

And Prussia in general accepted that way as the best one for them; for it was the way of the

soldier and all other ways led to discussion and dissension, riot and revolution. For these reasons Wilhelm took no interest in the various efforts of his German Catholics to found independent congregations. He could understand an autocrat Pope or an autocrat Czar of the Greek Church or a Grand Lama of Tibet, but he saw only political and social chaos in a multitude of independent religions—all claiming to be Christian, all claiming the right of conscience, and all indulging in the dangerous privilege of preaching a gospel that had little in common with views of a Berlin policeman—still less with those of a Roman Pope.

Had the Hohenzollerns shown half the interest in the spiritual welfare of Prussia that they did in the casting of cannon or the construction of railways, there would today be in Germany as in France, a strong national church, loyal to the government, yet free to develop along lines of modern ideals. There was a wholesome stir in Germany when the Roman Bishop of Treves (1844) exploited for gain the alleged seamless coat of our Saviour. The scandal was so great that many Catholics protested and founded independent congregations; professing the faith of their fathers, but rejecting the new papal abuses. The Prussian Government feared that these dissenting

communities might be nurseries of *liberal* ideas, particularly after the Revolution (1848); and, while they did not apply the rack and stake to these protesting Catholics (*Altkatholik*), the police placed so many obstructions in their way that they had but a slow and feeble growth. The movement received a new impulse by the infallibility decree and is destined to develop into national proportions by reason of the Great War that has witnessed a Pope, a Sultan, and Kaiser leagued amicably for the suppression of democracy throughout the world.

The scandal produced by the commercial exploitation of the Treves coat was perhaps heightened by the existence of a French rival at Argenteuil near Versailles. Pious legend pretended that this one had been worked by the Virgin Mary's own hands and had in consequence performed miracles innumerable. The mere fact of there being two seamless coats operating within contiguous territory and each certified apostolically as genuine does not appear to have been a serious objection in the eyes of the devout—least of all to Gregory XVI., who preceded Pius IX. in the pontifical office.

But let us return to that strange *Syllabus* (1864). It is a word of Greek origin used by the Vatican

to mean a collection or recapitulation of those papal commandments which an orthodox Roman Catholic must believe and practise and fight for with mouth or musket; otherwise he will incur excommunication in this world and, in the next, endless torment. These commandments are eight in number and they are in full force today in every Roman Catholic church throughout this land of free schools.

In 1864 America was in the agonies of her great Civil War and Europe was more interested in Wilhelm's rape of Denmark than in *pronunciamentos* from Rome. Yet in spite of these distractions, so violent was the effect that in such Catholic countries as Austria, France, Portugal, and Italy, the governments forbade its official publication. In Naples it was burned by the hangman. Yet it was merely a circular letter of a Roman pope to a few hundred bishops of his Church telling them what they must believe and what abjure.

The eightieth one perhaps covers ground enough to spare us further discussion of this curious document for in it the Pontiff states that the good Romanist must hold himself aloof from so-called liberal ideas, progress, and modern civilization. This was Rome's reply to the waves of religious inquiry that had been started twenty years before

at the time of the Holy Coat scandal. The immediate provocation had been a conference of Catholic bishops who had ventured to discuss at Malines (in Belgium) whether it was not possible for good Catholics to be also good citizens and march harmoniously with modern society. The answer of the Pope was a flat *NO!*—and moreover he left little room for doubt on any material point. There is scarcely any institution or practice which we regard as essential to civil liberty or self-government that is not condemned by the *Syllabus*. To summarize briefly:

God having revealed all things to His Church, there can be no progress made by human reason—miracles are the safer guide. Natural philosophy is but a snare unless linked with the supernatural. No man should be allowed to select for himself in matters of religion—his reason is but a poor guide. All forms of socialism, communism, secret societies, Bible societies, liberal societies,—they are all moral pests and must be eradicated. The Church has her rights from Heaven and these make her independent of human laws. No state must therefore presume to limit the powers of the Church. The priest must not ask permission of any state official—he needs not the assent of any civil authority. The Church is justified

in using force when her pretensions are denied. Priests are not subject to the state—they must not be called to do military service. The laws of a country cannot be regarded as more important than those sanctioned by a Pope. No state may in any way interfere with the utterances of the Catholic priesthood. Public schools should be under the control of the priests and indeed higher education should not be permitted unless in harmony with papal doctrines. There should be no separation of Church and State. The state has no right to grant a divorce and no marriage is valid unless performed by a priest—the civil power has no right to declare a marriage valid. The Roman Catholic faith should be made the state religion everywhere to the exclusion of every other. It is wrong for Catholic states to permit Protestants to exercise their faith; this alleged tolerance enables heretics to openly discuss religion and thus to disturb the minds of Catholics; the result of such tolerance is to corrupt the spirit and finally produce indifference.

If now there is any truth dear to a free people that is not condemned in this fulmination of 1864, let me refer the curious to any non-Roman library where he may peruse the unexpurgated text in the original Latin or its many translations.

We of the self-governing British tradition smiled at the *Syllabus* as did the lawmakers of Westminster, Ottawa, and Melbourne. We are of the sublime conceit that time and a dose of democracy can cure every complaint—for we are children in theological statecraft.

But Wilhelm had a different theory of man; and when Bismarck pointed out to him that there were Germans—nay Prussians—who might cease to be subject to his will the moment they graduated from a Roman Catholic seminary, then were heard rumblings of Thor and Wotan defying the apostolic Monsignori to do their worst.

The *Syllabus* of 1864 was merely the round writing of a dean in a college of bishops. It was received by the majority of Catholics in obsequious resignation, for the majority knows not how to think or has learned that thinking is more dangerous than silence. The minority of patriotic and farsighted priests protested, not at the opinion of their chief but at the mistake of making them public in so uncompromising a form.

There are those whom opposition sobers. Pius was not of these. On the contrary the almost unanimous protest of those whose characters he should have respected decided him to make the *Syllabus* more odious. In consequence, the



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Œcumenical Council (so-called) met in Rome; the substance of the *Syllabus* was adopted and its author raised to the rank of an infallible.

Œcumenical is the name given to this council by the Vatican, but it was so only in name, for its members were of the Roman Catholic sect alone; none came from the great Eastern Orthodox Church, whose popes in Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, and throughout the vast Russian Empire, claim for the throne of Constantine a sanctity in apostolic succession fully equal if not superior to that which any Roman bishop can maintain. We might go even further and allege that this council of 1870 did not represent the Roman Catholic people who in primitive times had a voice in the selection of their spiritual chiefs.

In Germany Bismarck lost no time in accepting the Pope's challenge. He called upon the new Reichstag for the necessary laws and soon thereafter (1873) word was sent to his theocratic majesty of Rome that he could no longer do business in Germany unless he swallowed the *Syllabus* hoof and hides, so far as Catholics in the Fatherland were concerned; and there were many millions in Bavaria, the Rhine, and Polish provinces. Wilhelm the Invincible and Pius the Infallible locked horns over the *Syllabus* for a decade. In the end

Pius discovered that Catholic propaganda can be conducted in a democracy far more easily than in a land governed on his own principles—perhaps he was consoled for his failures on the Rhine by successes on the Hudson, to say nothing of England and her colonies. Bismarck did for Germany what we have not yet dared do here. He insisted that every priest, no matter what his church, must recognize the law and the flag of the government under which he lives; all corporations, religious, or lay, must be under government control or inspection; no alien sovereign, pope, khalif, or lama, shall issue orders within our borders—and much to the same effect. Bismarck was right in principle, but brutal in his methods. He merely anticipated the laws which the French Republic was compelled (1894) to adopt in order to protect herself from Jesuit education in her schools and papal propaganda from the pulpit. But where France after a wholesome internal struggle completely vindicated her right to a national and patriotic church, Prussia had to compromise, because she was an autocracy; because her Protestants had been drilled into mere machines; because all the elements of free congregational worship had been suppressed and finally because the bulk of German Catholics had not in the past

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learned to expect from Berlin any more political tolerance than from the Vatican. Neither Pius IX. nor Wilhelm gained much by the *Kulturkampf*—yet the world was the better for a struggle in which, if infallibility proved ineffectual, the same could be said of that invincibility which for the first time in Wilhelm's reign ceased to work as in former wars.

## CHAPTER XXV

### The Abduction of Edgar Mortara—Activity of Pius IX. in America and England

WE must regretfully admit that the doings of despots, theocrats, and conquerors interest the human kind vastly more than the debates of legislative reformers or the report of a budget commission. Thousands will read of a Cromwell, a Gustavus Adolphus, or a Napoleon to one who would care for the Lives of the Lord Chancellors. Let us then, before we dismiss political theocracy entirely from this little study of two Wilhelms, consider the Pope Pius as a force in aid of militarism in Germany. The religious war inaugurated by the *Syllabus* of 1864 and inflamed by the edict of infallibility in 1870 ended only with the death of its author at the age of eighty-five. The next pope seized the first opportunity of meeting Wilhelm half-way, and between them it was concluded that their common enemy was the growing menace of democracy or socialism; and that, for the pre-

sent at least, they should lay aside the quarrel over things theological in order to first guarantee the stability each of his own throne.

Prussian and papal autocracy between 1848 and 1918 is doubly interesting if we recall that its growth was an appeal to force on the one side and illiteracy or emotional hysteria on the other. Also note that the recrudescence of papal pretension was never more conspicuous than in those years when modern science was raising new hope for oppressed humanity and when the names of Cobden and Bright, Huxley and Darwin, Dickens and Thackeray, David Livingstone and Abraham Lincoln appeared to symbolize a new world in which free schools and free speech would banish from the world the last lingering remnants of slavery—physical or spiritual.

Pius IX. commenced his reign (1846) amid popular plaudits, but when Mazzini proclaimed the republic under his very Vatican, and upset his rule in the papal states, he escaped in disguise as did many other autocrats of that day and returned only when the bayonets of a very Catholic French Government gave their protection, which was in 1849.

Next year he re-established a papal hierarchy in the Protestant land of Queen Victoria; and

thus gave official notice to his faithful that the British Empire should henceforth be regarded as a field for their missionary enterprise. It may be noted in parenthesis that this Anglican concession, so far from earning the gratitude of the papacy or conciliating Catholic Ireland has failed conspicuously in both respects.

Next year Spain agreed that only the Catholic religion should be recognized; and similar triumphs were scored throughout South and Central American states. In 1855 Franz Josef of Austria handed over his educational institutions to Jesuit control—a triumph for the papacy but a disaster for her dupe on the Danube.

In my youth the free press of both continents voiced an indignant protest over the kidnapping (1858) by priests of a child belonging to a Jewish family in Bologna. The church of course claimed that it was doing a pious (if not a legal) act by abducting this burning brand from a Hebrew flame; but the parents thought otherwise and loudly clamoured for the return of their offspring. Pius, however, saw no good reason for depriving the true Church of another convert; on the contrary, he was delighted to learn of a Jew child being baptized; and, when claims were pressed by legal means, he simply replied that these were

matters of spiritual concern and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of temporal judges and sheriffs. In Chinese ports, I found that the baptizing of foundlings was a favourite, because inexpensive, method of swelling the list of alleged conversions from Buddhism to Christianity; but as these foundlings were gathered mainly from city slums or sailor resorts there were few complaints on the score of abduction. Yet even in the Far East there are perpetual repetitions of this same tale; and, when a mission station is raided by the mob, it is often done because the people believe that some child has been abducted as was little Edgar Mortara of Bologna.

England, France, Prussia, each in turn made representations to Pius, who only shrugged his shoulders and smilingly replied: "What are you going to do about it?" In Austria the press was forbidden to speak of the matter in any form, and good Catholics defended this rape by claiming that it was sanctioned by laws of long ago. The Jewish family attempted to arrest the Roman Catholic nurse who had conspired with the priests in this abduction, but she also had been put under safe-keeping in a convent, and no one knew her whereabouts save her clerical keepers. Meanwhile little Edgar grew to be a lad of twelve

knowing nothing but Roman ritual, and the Pope then offered to restore him to his parents if *they* would abjure *their* faith! Luckily the year 1870 intervened and with it was swept away all papal jurisdiction in matters temporal, and so ends for us this remarkable case of abduction.

The year of papal infallibility saw the most learned and the most courageous of the Roman clergy protest against a policy in Rome which they regarded as unwise—not to say illegal—from a Catholic point of view. Doellinger in Bavaria and Hyacinthe Loyson in Paris cheerfully faced excommunication and helped to found free churches that were Catholic and Episcopal, yet free from the many innovations that had provoked the reformation of the sixteenth century and the scepticism of the nineteenth. In Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, Italy, and more particularly in Switzerland, Catholics broke away from papal control and sought religious comfort in churches more consonant with the simplicity of apostolic times. In America the movement has taken firm root, especially amongst those of Slav and Latin blood whose compatriots have been fighting for freedom in this great war whilst Catholic Irish have invited the common enemy to land in their midst, capture Dublin, and establish Home Rule



by the aid of Prussian bayonets. The people of Italy, Bohemia, Poland, and Croatia do not relish a religion, many of whose most important priests appear to be inspired more by anti-English fervour than zeal for liberty. The Irish church in New York has been conspicuously hostile to the institutions most necessary to a free people; and never more so than after the *Syllabus* and Infallibility Council of Pius IX. This church today makes in free America the same pretensions that provoked the secession of her ablest prelates in 1870. Rome has chosen America for her next battle ground, and here she has absorbed much land on which she has built many so-called religious houses that are exempt from taxation and governed by laws made in a foreign country and by priests who owe allegiance primarily to a foreign autocrat. Had Edgar Mortara or his abductors been spirited away to any one of the many asylums conducted by the Roman Church in America, would he have been any less closely and securely guarded than in the papal states of Pius?

## CHAPTER XXVI

### Bismarck's Persecution of Count Arnim and George von Bunsen

WILHELM and Bismarck were so much of one flesh between 1862 and 1888, the years of their partnership, that we may use these names almost as interchangeable. The Emperor was perhaps happy that he had in his chancellor one who never hesitated at any methods however crude when it was question of removing or crushing an inconvenient opponent. The Kaiser consented to this brutality or it could not have been exercised; but the people at large adored their venerable Wilhelm while they trembled at the name of his chief minister.

Bismarck's brutality was applauded by the bulk of Germany so long as his victims were Frenchmen. But after the Treaty of Frankfort (1871) that same brutality so crushingly inflicted upon Favre and Thiers now found a scope even more free within the borders of the new Fatherland.

His first conspicuous victim was a German remarkable for liberal sentiment and statesman-like vision; worthy descendant of an illustrious line, and so successful in affairs demanding firmness and tact combined, that Wilhelm selected him as the first to inaugurate diplomatic relations between his new Empire and the Republic of France. Diplomacy has ever been the weakest feature of a government which employs force as its main weapon; and therefore is it the more notable that in such a juncture Prussia should have produced an ambassador combining high breeding, knowledge of the world, and tactful sympathy. I refer to Count Harry Arnim. Of course Paris was pleased. After a Bismarck, what Prussian would not have been acceptable! But Arnim had qualities which the Iron Chancellor could not forgive; he enjoyed the favour of his Emperor; he was becoming friendly to Frenchmen and he was even presuming to offer advice to a Bismarck! Unfortunately he gave good advice; and this was unpardonable. For in spite of popular legend, it is mainly the soldier who thinks of Bismarck as the great diplomat; while the great ambassadors politely refer to the Iron Chancellor as an excellent soldier. If we needed proof it might be found in the fact that so long as he

negotiated with superior battalions at his back, his diplomacy was proportionally successful, but after the Treaty of Frankfort he entered upon a period of mortifying compromises in spite of methods no less brutal.

Arnim had spent many years in Rome as agent of his King and wisely warned Bismarck in time regarding the trouble which Pius was brewing by his proposed œcumenical council. He urged that Prussia be represented in these deliberations. He also foresaw the coming war between autocracy and theocracy and urged Bismarck to facilitate the forming of Catholic congregations, independent of papal control in the spirit of Ronge and Doellinger. But Bismarck rejected all this as an impertinence, though he may have had secret regret when on the death of Pius IX. (1878) he looked upon the scars which that so-called *Kultur-kampf* had left upon his sword. We may never know the true reasons that urged Bismarck to disgrace Arnim but we shall not be far out if we realize that, next to brutality, the Chancellor's most conspicuous quality was jealousy, touching his prerogatives. In Arnim he detected a possible rival, if not successor; and, consequently his destruction was planned and swiftly consummated. It is always easy for a Bismarck to find the pretext

when a victim is to be sacrificed; and in this case the loose charge of treason was applied much as the correspondingly indefinite cry of heresy sufficed to destroy an inconvenient individual during the heyday of the Inquisition.

In 1874 Arnim was suddenly dismissed from his post in Paris and made the object of a criminal prosecution, which could not end well for the criminal, since Bismarck made the charge. So Arnim was disgraced, and condemned to three months in jail. The people knew nothing of the merits in this case, for, of course, the Chancellor flooded the subservient press with articles making out that Arnim had acted disloyally to his King—even if he had not committed overt acts of treason. The pious Wilhelm had to choose between Arnim and his masterful Chancellor and of course Arnim fell. He ventured to appeal his case to a higher court, but so far from getting acquittal, his term of prison was increased from three to nine months. Fortunately for himself, he escaped to Switzerland whence he published anonymously a defence of his conduct. The angry Chancellor regarded this as more than treason; it needed a new name: *Bismarckbeleidigung*; and Arnim was promptly condemned (in his absence), to five years of penal servitude. His

family made repeated efforts to have him rehabilitated by a fair trial but they did not succeed until just before his death (1881). He died a victim of Bismarckian vengeance—his heart was broken. Had he been born on the banks of the Ganges he would have smiled seraphically, whilst receiving the lashes of a tyrant, for he would have repeated the ineffable word that was in the beginning of time; and he would have rejoiced in acquiring merit for a prospective reincarnation. But not being a Brahmin, he cursed the brute who lashed him whilst all good Yunkers praised Bismarck for making an example that would stimulate loyalty in the rising generation of diplomatic servants.

The Arnim case was conducted on the principle which animated the Prussians in Belgium—*Schrecklichkeit* or “frightfulness.” It is the same *primum mobile* that made Louis XIV. quarter the most licentious of his dragoons upon his Protestant subjects and thus hasten the day when all in France would be of one faith. Bismarck succeeded in the Arnim case, if success is measured by the proportion of public servants whose idea of duty is to play the flunkey to the one above and be a bully to those below. It was he who prepared the chaos of present Germany by persecuting in

his day the small but precious minority of learned and courageous representatives who were slowly educating the people to the evils of socialism on the one side and the no less menacing danger of exaggerated protectionism and militarism on the other.

Throughout the duel between Pope and Kaiser, Bismarck maintained himself in the Reichstag by the support of a *liberal* majority who resented the idea of an alien potentate meddling with German education. This majority was equally helpful in counterbalancing the Socialist vote which was growing ominously in importance. Suddenly (1879), however, the great Chancellor decided to abandon the traditional policy of Prussia in the matter of a very moderate tariff, and to inaugurate a commercial era of state subvention, centralization, and protectionism. This met with opposition from the wisest of those who had hitherto been his loyal parliamentary supporters. Today in a Germany strewn with the wreck of autocracy and commercial militarism we should recall gratefully such names as Bamberger and Lasker, Rickert and Richter, Theodor Barth and George von Bunsen. These and many more such worked for ideals akin to those of Cobden and they dared to vote against Bismarck.

George von Bunsen was of English mother and also grandmother and his home in Berlin was the resort of all that could make a *salon*. No traveller of distinction failed to cultivate his society, and literary Germany, no less than the world of war and diplomacy, met under his hospitable roof as on a neutral field. Bunsen was an intimate at the palace of the Prussian Crown Prince, and his children were playmates of the then little princes. So long as Bismarckian brows did not frown over this happy household, Berlin could boast of at least one home where the Muses might have walked in without the goose step. But that was long ago. It was too good to last.

When Bismarck changed his policy, however violently, he expected all to obey or else be classed with the "undesirable"—the *Vaterlandslose gesellen*. Bunsen remained a free-trader when Bismarck had signified his wish that all Germans declare for protection—that was crime enough. He became now an enemy in the Chancellor's eyes whom it was the duty of every good subject to shun socially and attack indirectly. Officers of the army and navy were warned to avoid that *salon*; and all those who looked to Bismarck for good or ill, whether professors of the university or diplomatic agents of friendly countries, were



given to understand that intimacy with George von Bunsen was not the best way of securing friendly hearing in the bureau of foreign affairs. All took the hint; and soon the house of Bunsen, from being the resort of what was worth knowing in Berlin, became as one smitten with a pest, and Bismarck directed the quarantine. A few strangers and friends, conspicuous for their daring rather than for hope of promotion, still called; but these emphasized rather than redeemed the solitude which a tyrant had created. The political party to which he belonged was persecuted by police means; proprietors of assembly-rooms were warned against permitting on their premises a meeting of men whom the great Chancellor had branded as disloyal. Bunsen himself was haled into court and harried by the public prosecutor on account of an alleged speech to his parliamentary electors. The pretext was trifling—not greater than in the Arnim case—but the warning was meant to frighten from public life the few remaining Germans who had thought for themselves; who had felt the whiff of free parliamentary currents from Westminster; who had seen the great world and who fondly imagined that they could with impunity preach constitutional liberty in the land of the Wilhelms. Bunsen had heavy law costs; and,

whilst on appeal the case against him was lost through a legal technicality, he knew that persistent prosecution at government hands would ruin him financially, however the verdict might ensue; and between that and the wreck of his position in the world of society, this new victim of *Bismarckbeleidigung* found himself a man without a country, exiled to a political desert created for him by a government to which he had dedicated the best years of his life, and his fortune into the bargain. A coarser man would have turned anarchist or emigrated; but Bunsen was the father of a large family, and loved his country loyally to the very end—when he, like Arnim, died of a broken heart.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Professor Geffken—Another Victim of Bismarck—  
German Colonial Empire the Gift of a Paci-  
fistic and pro-German Government in England

WHILE no historical student would seek to eliminate from Germany the part played by Bismarck, we must remind the reader that few men in high office have exercised more freely their power to villify an opponent and correspondingly exalt their own merit. The men whom Bismarck persecuted most fiercely corresponded to those whom the Roman Hierarchy attacked; they were almost always men of learning, of travel, of social position, of independent character, and of lofty patriotism. Today we have difficulty in measuring the loss which Germany has sustained through Bismarckian persecution. In England or America many a public man has been in opposition to the government yet survived, or even loomed larger as the champion of a minority. But in the Berlin of my experience, to be politically at

variance with the great Chancellor was to become a social pariah in the eyes of the court, the army, and society, so called. Such men as Virchow or Mommsen, while honoured by every learned body the world over, could not be invited to any party in Berlin, where aristocracy was expected. It mattered little that Barth and Richter, Lasker and Bamberger were scholars of eminence, and politically men of the first rank—they dropped to the level of undesirables when Bismarck passed the word that no officer should be seen in their company; that to be a loyal German one should ostracize all such as opposed the Chancellor.

This being the state of servility to which Prussians had been degraded, it is not to be wondered at that the families of those who have been martyrs of state persecution, so far from praising the courage of their injured kin, deplore his injudicious behaviour and tremble lest vengeance should fall also on others of the family. In my researches regarding the champions of liberty in 1848, and even more so in regard to Bismarckian victims, I found that the heirs at law were interested less in the glory of their illustrious kinsman than in suppressing his very name or at least apologizing for the deeds which made him dear to the friends of freedom. From Robert Blum of '48 to George

von Bunsen of '78 the same sad tale is true—in each case their descendants have been concerned with their own worldly success rather than vindicating the memory of a martyr. Robert Blum has been mentioned in my *German History*; and now that his country has at last achieved some of the freedom for which he died, we may hope to see for him a worthy monument either in Cologne, which was French soil at the time of his birth, or in Frankfort, which was a free city when it rang with his forensic appeals.

One of my warm friends was the eminent authority on constitutional law, Professor Geffken—a name second to none in the world of juridical research and constructive statesmanship. He was, like von Bunsen, a man of wide mental horizon, much travel, and ample private fortune. He also was of the number dear to the late Emperor Frederick and his English wife, and to that extent was closely watched and cordially hated by Bismarck. It was he who drew up for the then Crown Prince the programme which he published when succeeding (1888) his father on the Imperial throne. It was a programme so modern and liberal in spirit, so instinct with the personal views of an English princess and so opposite to those of Wilhelm I. and his court, that the Chancellor looked

impatently for the moment when he might punish the author. During the lifetime of Frederick, this was not possible, but before his widow had completed her mourning, Geffken was arrested and put into jail on the same indefinite charge of high treason. Some strong men have survived prison life, but Geffken was of a constitution so frail that he had, on urgent medical advice, retired from active life when barely more than fifty years of age; and his arrest came at the age of sixty when he appeared many years older by reason of chronic infirmities. The Empress Frederick had given him some of her husband's diary with permission to publish it, and this was excuse enough for his enemy, who had now become prime minister to Wilhelm II. He was charged with having forged the diary—a charge no less absurd than malicious. Bismarck had ample means of knowing that the diary was genuine and also that it was published by authority of the author's widow. But he wished to strike with one Jove-like bolt, not merely so eminent a liberal as Geffken, but so exalted an opponent as the daughter of an English Queen. Geffken was transparently innocent, and had to be acquitted, even by German judges. But the vengeance was none the less complete and warningly dramatic. The innocent

victim suffered in jail to such an extent physically and mentally that on his release after three months he was a broken man and lived but a few years longer, another martyr over whose grave Clio carves the words "murdered by Bismarck."

In this case it was not the least of the Chancellor's triumphs that the Empress Frederick was compelled by him to submit to these affronts and to feel that even her own son was a party to her humiliation.

But a policy of personal vengeance, however successful it may be for the attainment of an immediate political advantage, rarely broadens the base of enduring fame any more than does Vandalism or *Schrecklichkeit* intimidate a brave enemy in war. Bismarck bullied and blustered and rattled his sabre and boycotted and prosecuted, but from the day of the Treaty of Frankfort to that of his dismissal from office (1890), although many were the mutilated victims of his wrath, his few victories were purchased at a price far exceeding their intrinsic value.

The Reichstag had but two Socialists in 1871; but in ten years they had increased to twelve; and they kept on increasing as fast as Bismarck attacked them by merely police methods. In the same ten years the Roman Catholic or Centrist

party had nearly doubled; and thus even before the reign of Wilhelm II., a Lutheran autocrat was balancing between yielding to a democratic-socialist majority or purchasing of the Pope his parliamentary support which, with all its drawbacks, had at least the merit of defending landed property; and no wonder, for is not the Roman Church the world's leading landlord?

And so Bismarck sought consolation for his papal compromises by launching furious police campaigns against Socialists; then against foreign languages, notably French, Danish, and Polish; then he applied more drastic laws in the provinces of Alsace-Lorraine and tried to Prussianize Poland and the Danish provinces by placing heavy burdens on all who would not be renegades. But the more he bullied and persecuted and prussified the more did the good people of Metz and Strassburg hate the name of Hohenzollern; and in Thorn or Posen his success was no better, for even the Prussian officials were drawn by the magnet of Polish beauty; and their offspring were lulled to sleep by the pleasant music of a Slav lullaby.

The ferocity of his chancellor's crusade against political heresy in the closing years of Wilhelm I. recalls painfully the persistent persecution of Protestantism by the Roman Hierarchy in France



during the years immediately preceding the fall of Bastille. So far from seeing that spiritual and intellectual forces are proof against bludgeons and prison bars, Bismarck met each of his failures by demanding an increase in severity.

On the field of colonial expansion he was met more than half-way by Queen Victoria, whose court and cabinet at that time took so little interest in Britain, beyond seas, as to raise the suspicion that they almost deemed it good statesmanship to cast from them vast possessions for which their more warlike ancestors had poured out much treasure, to say nothing of blood. The tyrant who fails in securing peace at home turns usually to a foreign field as a means of distracting the popular interest. Neither Wilhelm, nor Moltke, nor Bismarck cared for any territory that could not be overrun conveniently by a Prussian army. Nor had Frederick the Great, much less his three successors, given the matter a moment's thought. It was England herself that was responsible; or rather, that part of England which justified the disgrace of Majuba Hill and the yet deeper one of abandoning Gordon in Khartoum. Each of these blunders, if not crimes, had to be repaired by subsequent sacrifices enormously costly in blood and money. Majuba led directly to the

great Boer War and Gordon's death occasioned the later campaign up the Nile under Kitchener.

Bismarck originally discouraged the notion of German colonies, but when he discovered that the government of Westminster, so far from offering to fight, was actually giving them away with their compliments, what Prussian could resist! And so the world rubbed its eyes to find, in a very few years, that Wilhelm II. was to inherit not merely the amplified Germany accorded by the Treaty of Frankfort but over a million square miles of colonial empire which not long ago all the world regarded as part of the British Empire. Had the Victorian philanthropists received a large sum for this territory the commercial conscience might have been partially consoled; had it been even territory exclusively Britain's to give the case might have been less painful, but of the million square miles under consideration a large piece in South-west Africa belonged of right to the Cape Colony to which it is geographically bound as is New Mexico and Arizona to our South-west; and what Australian but loudly cursed a government that gave to Germany an Island Empire on her northern flanks—New Guinea, New Hebrides—a field where for a century English and American missionaries had spread respect for our language

and institutions; to say nothing of a large and growing trade with Sydney, Melbourne, and New Zealand.

Wilhelm I. became reconciled to this additional empire when he learned at what a bargain it had been secured and what a vast field it was likely to be for German enterprise, and above all for coaling stations.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

Wilhelm I. Makes a Gentleman's Agreement with  
Leo XIII. and Secures a Solid Catholic Vote  
for his Budget

WILHELM I. died in 1888, more than ninety years of age, and the last ten years of his life were burdened by a combination of events which were admirably exploited by his Chancellor. Socialism kept increasing with each parliamentary election; and this, added to the Catholic (or Centre) party, formed so formidable an opposition that many feared a conflict between the King and his Reichstag, or in other words between the army and the people. The King wanted an ever-increasing army; he repudiated the constitutional clause by which his Parliament voted the military budget from year to year; he insisted upon a vote that should make him master of the military chest for at least seven years. The representatives of the people invoked the law, but Bismarck rattled his sabre and drew dreadful

pictures of a revengeful France preparing to sack Berlin—frontiers that needed protection—the same old story which all have heard and all forget. This time the good people of the Fatherland were a bit weary of the everlasting bugaboo and many would have advised their beloved Chancellor to take indefinite leave of absence; but just then Pius died and in his place appeared the most scholarly and conciliatory Jesuit that had ever occupied the alleged throne of St. Peter.

Leo XIII. immediately reversed the policy of his pugnacious predecessor. He abated none of his pretension as viceroy in the Kingdom of God, but he proved in fact a warm friend to the Lutheran Kingdom of Wilhelm. The inner history of this unnatural union may be better known when the secrets of the Vatican are published by the side of those in the Berlin foreign office. At this point, in a sketch of the two Wilhelms, it is only necessary to point out to those who have not occupied themselves much with pontifical history that Popes do not join hands with Lutherans unless there is a reason. And so the fortunes of the Iron Chancellor once more seemed pleasing; the Catholic vote now helped him against that of the Socialists and even more in passing the budgets that strengthened Wilhelm as a military autocrat.

Had Leo XIII. not become Pope he would have been a notable figure in an age conspicuous for scholarly debate and political agitation. He had many of the qualities which endear Erasmus to students of the Reformation and his character may be epitomized in the one act of selecting Sir Thomas More, the author of *Utopia*, as worthy of beatification.

In every field of science that he entered, he achieved such triumph as a Macaulay might have envied, whether in Latin verse or physics, chemistry or theology, philosophy or literature. He owed all his training to Jesuit fathers and we may safely surmise that he mastered with ease all that even they had to impart, so much so that at the age of twenty-one he had already obtained the rank of Doctor of Theology. From now on his career was one of pleasant promotion; at thirty-three he was diplomatic representative of the Vatican in Brussels; at thirty-six he was an archbishop and ruled in Perugia for the next thirty-two years. He was sixty-eight when Pius died and his elevation to the Papacy was made the easier to his rivals by the reflection that so venerable a prelate would, in a short while, make room for a successor. But Leo XIII., on the contrary, partook bountifully of the then prevalent mania

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for living long. It was the age of political and military Nestors and why not theological as well! So Leo lived to be ninety-three, at least a score more than had been anticipated by his brother prelates of the sacred college. He lived to decorate Bismarck, the Lutheran, with a papal decoration in diamonds usually reserved for those who have extirpated heresy or at least made themselves odious to Protestantism. He received three visits from Wilhelm II. and before he died (1903) may be said to have inaugurated the policy which, without sacrificing any of the theoretical claims of his predecessors, permits good Catholics to adopt modern methods if in so doing they may win back heretics or increase the political power of the Papacy. Leo XIII. has encouraged his Catholics of America, France, England, etc., to take an active political interest in school matters and thus to win back for the Church through the ballot box what they lost under Popes who showed too plainly their theocratic purposes. Leo XIII. was a master Jesuit and professed loyalty to each government in turn, trusting for ultimate success to indirect and secret pressure exerted through carefully drilled and still more carefully selected agents or priests. In Germany he immediately made a quasi gentleman's agreement with the

enemy of Pius; and, whatever may have been put into writing or merely hinted at verbally, each of the contracting parties felt that he had scored a victory. Bismarck allowed many of the severest paragraphs to become faded while Leo, without questioning the infallibility of his predecessor, managed to meet the Prussian ministry of *Kultur* more than half-way and above all give the King what he most prized, a solid Catholic vote for the army and navy.

As to whether the Autocrat or the Theocrat gained most in this deal, who can measure. Certain it is that the Protestant Prussian monarchy gained little, if anything, by advertising its dependence on a Pope rather than upon the loyalty of a liberally educated people. To be sure it was not Bismarck who did the advertising; on the contrary, he was most anxious to spread the notion that German Catholics rallied spontaneously to his policy of heavy war budgets and high tariffs in favour of Yunker landlords.

As I write, the last square mile of colony has passed from beneath Germany's rule; but in justice to German Catholics, we may reasonably feel that in the *gentleman's agreement* with Leo XIII., the Lutheran Kaiser, as master of one million



square miles of new territory in many seas, promised his holy colleague on the Tiber that he would give to Catholic missionaries many and valuable concessions amongst his new people of black, brown, ginger, copper, and yellow complexions. This meant little, for he was giving away land that did not belong to him; and he was granting privileges that could be enjoyed only by the aid of a policeman or a punitive expedition. However, Wilhelm had plenty of land and a wilderness of pagans, whilst Leo had an endless line of missionaries of both sexes keen for martyrdom, and foreign adventure. The Kaiser insisted that all native converts should learn German and at least sing *Die Wacht am Rhein*; and Leo, in return, secured the aid of the German police in scouring the jungle for truant Kaffirs, Papuans, or Kankas. It was an arrangement that sounded well when dressed out by the orthodox writers of Berlin and the Vatican, but, in fact, it was a missionary scheme, recalling that which Columbus carried with him to the New World and which stirred the righteous indignation of Las Casas. Had I not heard on the spot some sickening details of German colonization in various islands of the Far Eastern Tropics, I too might have been humbugged by the stream of articles favourable to

missionaries and the Prussian colonial office—mendacious articles that no German dared contradict or whose contradiction no German paper dared print.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### Frederick the Noble and his Wife—Some Personal Memories

WE are now at the year 1888 in which the first Wilhelm died full of honours at the ripe age of ninety-one, and in which commenced the reign of Wilhelm II., destined to end in disaster, not to say disgrace, after only three short decades of dazzling activity. These two reigns are one continuous development of autocratic ideals dear to the Junker or landed aristocracy of Prussia; and, had these ideals triumphed, Wilhelm II. would now be receiving the homage of suppliant Rajahs from the Ganges and Irish Catholic politicians from the Hudson and the Ohio.

I have already remarked on the official difficulties that beset him who seeks to write independently regarding the great German Revolution of 1848—he can find more light on this period in the *British Museum* than in the collections of Berlin or even Munich. The History which I wrote in

order to prove that the uprising against Napoleon in 1813 was a popular one, gave deep offence to the military aristocracy in Prussia and by the Emperor it was regarded as hostile to his dynasty. Indeed we may lay it down as part of the creed of every modern Prussian that he pretend to ignore any activities that have not their origin at the Berlin court. It is for this reason that otherwise loyal writers on matters Hohenzollern avoid the reign of the Emperor Frederick or touch upon it as might an orthodox professor in a popish theological school when compelled to chronicle the existence of such heretical pests as Wycliffe or Huss, Savonarola or Martin Luther. Orthodox Yunkers and the generation that has passed through the officially tainted schools of modern Prussia with its *Kultur* propaganda skip the reign of the Emperor who reigned but ninety-nine days (March–June, 1888). The textbooks would imply that this was a deplorable period of lapse from autocratic virtue; that it was a case of mental deficiency—or if that position could not be maintained then the public must be taught that their Kaiser of the shortest reign had been bewitched by an English wife and had ceased to be a normal Prussian prince. At all hazards the state religion must be maintained and whenever a Hohenzollern

shows a disposition towards liberal ideas it must be regarded as evidence of bad health or bad company.

Frederick III. had been betrothed at Buckingham Palace to Queen Victoria's gifted daughter and from her eighteenth year to the day of his death they offered a cheering spectacle of happy family life and constant concern for works of public welfare. The wife in particular gave much of her time and money to promoting the improvement of women—more particularly to opening up avenues of employment in which they might earn honourable subsistence. In the Berlin of my time the man who would assert that any domestic servant, shop girl, or actress regarded her virginity as other than a commercial asset would have been smiled at indulgently as a recrudescent *Candide*. Women were not regarded as of any value save as the property of a man; they were not expected to go about alone save at their peril; men felt at liberty to make indecent proposals to any woman in a public place, the presumption being that she was out on a man hunt. The police regarded all women as prostitutes unless they could prove the contrary—they were forbidden to ride on the tops of omnibuses or to attend political meetings or even to occupy conspicuous tables in restaurants.

Empress Frederick gave her life to the task of infusing self-respect into the Prussian woman and for this every orthodox man cursed her and his orthodox wife did the same—illustrating the ancient maxim that if you wish to make an enemy for life you have but to do him a favour.

Her husband had early awakened the concern of Bismarck not only by a lack of enthusiasm for that minister's policy of blood and iron but by a scandalous disposition to speak favourably of men and measures constitutional. The Chancellor would gladly have locked up this prince as he did Geffken; or degraded him as he did Arnim and Bunsen. As to his wife he would have had her put in the stocks or the ducking stool—but Wilhelm the Venerable loved his boy Fritz, much as he deplored the dangerous doctrines which he had evidently absorbed from his wife. He would not do all that Bismarck would have done, but he yielded so far as to forbid the then Crown Prince from expressing any opinions in public—and the son had to obey.

But the wise people knew that Frederick *the Noble* was with them in spirit, and when he mounted the throne every liberal breathed more freely; and on the streets you could tell his wife by some ornament on which was the head of their

beloved *Fritz*. Wilhelm II. was nicknamed the *Reise* Kaiser and Wilhelm I. the *Greise* Kaiser, but for Frederick the Noble was reserved a name infinitely more precious, *Der Weise* Kaiser!

He came to the throne a dying man—exhausted by a syndicate of experimenting surgeons—but his first act (March 12, 1888) was to launch upon an astonished world such a proclamation as Prussia had never known from any ruler by right divine—a proclamation that made Bismarck angry but which made the hearts of good men rejoice at the prospect of a reign with less rattling of sabres and less persecution for *Kanzlerbeleidigung*.

We cannot resist the temptation of speculating here on the moral greatness to which Germany might have aspired under the leadership of this man and his remarkable wife. His reign of ninety-nine days is practically ignored by the bulk of courtly historians yet that reign was marked by acts which in the eyes of the ruling caste were little short of revolutionary. The state paper inaugurating his rule was written or inspired *not* by Bismarck but by Professor Geffken—a significant fact that did not fail to alarm all Yunkerdom. Next came a general pardon for political offenders and an intimation that henceforth Germany was to enjoy a government *for* the people and not for the Yun-

kers only. Several of his old and trusted liberal friends and advisers were selected for reward in the shape of a title or decoration, but though Bismarck put a sharp veto upon most of them, the fact became known in time and the friends of the dying monarch increased. Bismarck also vetoed a marriage which the imperial pair had projected for one of their children—a small matter historically, but a mighty means of bruiting to a delighted *Yunkerthum* that this Kaiser of the proletariat had found more than his match in their man of blood and iron. Rule or ruin was on the Bismarckian banner; yet to bully a dying man was not much of an achievement. Still less can we forgive him for launching through the press persistent defamation of the Empress Frederick in order to make both of them appear alien to German ideals and prejudiced in favour of the hated English. They did, to be sure, attempt to teach Germans the value of personal cleanliness; of ventilation, and above all to wean them from the barbarous practice of dieting children on beer, coffee, and sausage rather than the milky nursery diet of civilization. To me the Prussian seemed to have lost the sense of smell for he could continue in shops, theatres, and schoolrooms whose odour made my head ache. The rooms in which I played as a child with the



children of Frederick the Noble and his wife were exceptional in the Prussia of 1871 for simplicity, good taste, and above all fresh air. Whenever weather permitted we had meals in the open air, and these meals were my delight for there was always an abundance of milk and bread and plain English raisin cake and jam—the very opposite of the deleterious *delikatessen* diet forced upon my rebellious inner tubes by a tutor famed more for his knowledge of Greek roots than the food calories of a growing boy.

At these palace entertainments there was another feature that impressed me and was never omitted—namely the presence of the royal parents, who invariably said a few welcoming words to each of the little guests and sent them home with kind messages for father and mother. All this happened nearly half a century ago, but at an age when impressions are lasting. I see them now, he in the undress frock coat of an infantry general—an old coat usually, and one comfortably loosened in warm weather; she leaning on his arm, the picture of motherly pride and domestic responsibility. They inspected the food and satisfied themselves that it was wholesome no less than sufficient and any child there could feel that the régime of that nursery was strict, wholesome, and

eminently un-Prussian. Frederick the Noble died at the end of his ninety-nine days, mourned sincerely by those who dreaded a return to military autocracy and who instinctively foreshadowed the crash of today. Bismarck and the Yunkers concealed their joy when in public, but privately praised God for having removed so dangerous a man from their throne. All these now turned in noisy loyalty to the new Emperor who was already dear to them as a champion of military expansion and mediæval autocracy. Frederick the Noble was quickly expunged from the official slate, his widow retired far from Berlin, and even the name which she had given to her Potsdam palace was not allowed to stand—but was altered by order of her son.

She bore eight children and was to them an exemplary mother as she was a devoted helpmeet to her husband. In 1901 she was released from a life that had lasted sixty-one years, more than half of which had been embittered by the persecutions of a Chancellor who spared neither character, age, nor sex.

## CHAPTER XXX

Wilhelm II. a Pacifist until the Opening of the Kiel Canal—How the Change in his Policy was Produced

WILHELM II. became Kaiser in 1888 and thirty years later fled from the midst of his troops on the battle-front. Thirty years was the term of his grandfather's rule, counting the regency, and these two periods may be epitomized by noting that while the present Imperial refugee changed his chief minister half a dozen times, the first Wilhelm had but the one Bismarck. Hence the student is not surprised to learn that the three decades preceding 1888 were notable for continuity and persistence of political purpose, while these last three preceding the flight from Spa have been a perpetual source of disquietude abroad no less than expectant anxiety at home. In Potsdam, during the war of 1870, a German lad some years my senior who was preparing himself for professional life, one day took me into his confidence

so far as to produce from their hiding-place some pamphlets that had belonged to his father and which, if discovered would, said he, cause his arrest and trial for treason. He was very proud of his father, who had fought in the revolution of '48, and he cherished these documents above all his other possessions. He was one of the few Germans of my time who had what we call character or individuality—a most un-Prussian one he was, for he never told me a lie.

When I commenced to study history outside of government text-books, one feature that struck me was the almost complete effacement of what we call *the people* from modern German history; and when Wilhelm II. became Emperor it naturally followed that I should solicit his aid in securing access to the archives which are usually reserved for officials. My request was granted; and thus I was enabled to write my history from an American point of view. The first volume appeared in 1896.

My reference to German affairs had been usually laudatory, for in every department of municipal and military work it is to Germany that we must go for lessons in the administration of cities and above all in that of an army.

Wilhelm II. showed me a side of himself that was wholly sympathetic; he professed to hate noth-

ing so much as war, and on each occasion that the subject recurred he vehemently professed the one ambition of mounting to heaven on a *bandwagon* blazing with the text: "He kept us out of war."

Even when the behaviour of Russia was unfriendly, not to say bellicose; when the Czar slighted him personally and advertised marked preference for France; when the hitherto German University of Dorpat became wholly Russified; when the Greek hierarchy was encouraged by the police to persecute German Lutherans in the Baltic provinces; when, in short, the Romanoff dynasty offered every provocation to a duel, Wilhelm II. told me earnestly and with a bang of the fist on his table that under no conceivable circumstances would he ever go to war with Russia. "We two," he exclaimed earnestly, "are all that now remains of absolute monarchy in Europe!"—and now (1919) the Romanoff empire is an ash heap and Germany a wilderness of debating clubs and riotous reformers.

At the outset of his reign he was not merely on good terms with official England, but cultivated ardently the friendship of her people. In this he found me a warm supporter, for nothing seemed then more conducive to the peace of Europe than an understanding between John Bull, the big police-

man of the high seas, and the Wilhelm who commanded the strongest land force of his day. Together they could readily restrain others from war and inaugurate the reign of a new Augustus. Nor did this then appear utopian, for in those early years of his reign British officers exchanged with their colleagues of Berlin military information regarding Russia; and both looked forward to a campaign as allies, not merely on the Volga but also on the Oxus.

During these early years I had made a Rob Roy canoe cruise from the headquarters of the Danube to the Russian border near Galatz, eighteen hundred miles; had then made two different journeys through western Russia between the Black Sea and Baltic bringing back some information useful to both England and Germany. Europe then halted on the brink of war and the halt was called by Wilhelm. Had he then fought he would have had an ally in England and, above all, a just cause of quarrel in the persistent persecution of his co-religionists in Russia. He could easily have had all Poland for him by a few generous promises—to say nothing of the Jews who had much to complain of at Muscovite hands. Today, looking back over the bloodshed, barbarity, and unsportsman-like behaviour that has characterized this war;

and, above all, the inanity of the pretext, we stand amazed at one who missed so good an opportunity as that which offered in 1891—and which never came to him a second time.

The Kiel Canal, built on territory torn from Denmark (1864), was opened in 1895—thus raising in Wilhelm the belief that he could dominate both Baltic and North Sea and ultimately claim a maritime rank second to no other power—not even England.

Perhaps this was at the back of Wilhelm's brain even when pretending more than formal friendship with the land of his grandmother—or perhaps we do wrong to seek rational explanation from the acts or words of one whom learned alienists have pronounced a paranoiac. Wilhelm I. and his Chancellor were never deterred for long by moral scruples; but through the duplicities and even forgeries of Bismarck we are compelled to recognize a result commensurate with the crimes committed in their behalf. In the case of Wilhelm II. we may rank him as a disciple of the Iron Chancellor in all that pertains to diplomatic and military villainy, but we cannot discover the higher qualities without which even the most elaborate and artistic mendacity is barren. Consider the years 1888 to 1896 and the kaleidoscopic whirligig in and about

Berlin! Each year Wilhelm visited England—his grandmother at Windsor or some nobleman on his estates—or best of all the yachts and warships in Southampton water. He wished to be known as first of all a true British sportsman to whom the stiff Prussian etiquette was wearisome. He loved to dress up as a British admiral and show interest in the fighting fleet of his neighbors; indeed, he has to me reeled off details regarding the names, tonnage, speed, and armament of ships flying the white ensign, astonishing in any but an active officer of that navy. England felt flattered by his thirst for maritime knowledge and showed him her treasures afloat as to one who would no doubt reciprocate at the first convenient opportunity. But as time passed and German naval manœuvres were announced, and English officers (to say nothing of American) were carefully kept on land, or at least at a safe distance, enthusiasm began to cool, particularly when the true purpose of the Kiel Canal came to be more generally understood. Of course all the good ships of the German navy were there displayed and of course all but German officers were excluded. The United States sent Admiral Evans to that international congress of sea notables and his fleet comprised what was most modern in naval construction and—most worth concealing



from a foreigner. But who then could think of Wilhelm II. as other than the friend of America! So the German Emperor passed a jovial evening on board the American flagship; inspected the latest inventions which we had successfully applied; made himself popular by his bluffness and infantile thirst for novelty and carried this beautiful nursery trait so far that he next day secured through a trusty deputy, and of course with American assistance, all the detailed information he coveted. In return, no American was permitted to see anything aboard any of the Kaiser's craft!—and it is interesting to reflect that three years later the same Admiral Diedrichs whom I met then at Kiel was in the name of this very same genial Kaiser, seeking to bully the American Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay.

In the study of Wilhelminian mentality I am therefore inclined to believe that two impulses were jostling the Imperial brain between 1888 and 1896—one to join with England and defy Russia, the other to imitate England until such time as he might defy her also, not merely on land but on the seven seas as well.

## CHAPTER XXXI

Some Anecdotes about Wilhelm II.—His Kleptomania and Cleverness in Securing Information  
—Yachting in Germany—Kiel

IF a guest should carry off a pair of my trousers in his baggage the inference would be that it had been done by mistake. If, however, the same sort of absent-mindedness should recur at other houses and by the same agency we might be justified in diagnosing the disease as either kleptomania or worse. The world was very indulgent to Wilhelm II. in his earlier years and many violent expressions were forgiven because they smacked of extreme youth and, after all, sounded warlike, manly, and generous. When he told his recruits that they must be ready to shoot even their own parents, if the order came from their Kaiser, no one then believed him to be in earnest; and when he referred to all political opponents as undesirables and vagabonds (*Vaterlandslose gesellen*), older people smiled and assumed that such words were

spoken in the heat of an after-dinner speech and would be forgotten when the fumes of wine should have passed away. But Wilhelm II. was no less pious nor less autocratic than his illustrious resting-in-God-grandfather; and, while he built churches to an extent that was edifying to the disciples of peace, he reared portentous barracks on a scale to delight the worshippers of Mars. He was never weary of reminding his subjects that *his* will was law, because *he* was divine; and therefore disobedience to his will was tantamount to sacrilege. In the golden book of the free and very liberal city of Munich he wrote over his Imperial signature the scandalous words borrowed from a Roman Cæsar, *Regis Voluntas, suprema lex*—or, done into easy English, “I recognize no Constitution or Parliament—my word alone is law!” The Mayor of Munich showed me this in his book, nor did he disguise his disgust at the insult offered to a self-governing city—and this by one who was then guest within its gates. One day the Kaiser referred to the increase of Socialism, and said to me with blazing eyes and clenched fist: “They are not dangerous yet, but so soon as they show signs of meaning mischief I shall make short work of them.”

Shortly after this was the annual reunion of

Socialists in the northern part of Berlin, and I spent a part of the day very agreeably in their company, for it was a family holiday and the casual stranger would have noticed nothing more than a rather large beer garden filled with neatly dressed men, women, and children, chatting or enjoying the music. Then came time for the march and of course I joined in a tramp through Berlin with my new-found friends. No banners were allowed and policemen were in force the whole way eager for an excuse to show their zeal against the political pariah. That evening the Emperor asked me jovially: "Well—and how did you spend your day?" "Marching in the Socialist parade!" I said. The Emperor looked cloudy for a moment, then changed his mind, recalled that I was not a subject, and asked with a touch of irony: "And what did you think of them?" "If those people are what you consider your worst, then you are to be congratulated," was my answer. At which the Emperor looked hard at me for a moment and then talked of something else. Dr. Hinzpeter, his tutor in our playmate days, said to me after his pupil had mounted the throne: "I have never been able to explain why the Emperor was ever attracted to you!" And without commenting on a tactfulness wholly Prussian, I cheerfully admit that the con-

scientific but painfully unimaginative Hinzpeter voiced a problem that no doubt caused him infinite worry. The year 1896 is now so far away that if Hinzpeter should repeat his question through some obliging agent of the spiritual world, I might be tempted to reply that Wilhelm courted me for the same reason that he delighted in *The Last of the Mohicans* and "Buffalo Bill." To him I was a novelty; and above all I had no interests in Germany and no favours to ask of him. As an American I could say words for which a courtier would have been disgraced; and while from him I have accepted nothing save innumerable portraits, which my wife conceals behind war loan posters of General Pershing, he, on the contrary, has taken from me many and valuable presents to which his title is little better than that of my supposititious guest with the yearning for alien trousers. He showed so ardent an interest in my priceless miniature of the Queen Luise, that I offered to let him *see* it—reminding him that I valued it highly as a gift from the venerable Queen of Hanover whose blind husband had been dethroned by Wilhelm I. (1866). Never was that miniature handed back to me, although I spoke of it earnestly to the Emperor's principal aide-de-camp, the late General von Zitzewitz. Not only did Wilhelm rob me of that

precious portrait, but his courtiers looked at one another with stupefaction when I made so strange a claim upon one who was evidently not accustomed to restoring what had once come under his all coveting hands. This happened one year before the Kiel Canal opening; and now that his character has had more ample scope for showing its purely Prussian features I recall with bitterness my favourite American cruising canoe *Caribee* in which I had shot the rapids of the *Iron Gates*. Wilhelm showed much enthusiasm for this to him novel craft; and, as final argument towards its acquisition, promised me that each of his many sons in turn should learn to be expert canoeists. It seemed therefore no less a patriotic than a friendly act to present this costly and beautiful craft to one who loudly proclaimed his love for yachting in general and this canoe in particular. But while I have lost my matchless *Caribee*, the Kaiser has broken his word, for when I visited her in 1913, she was hidden away amid other dust-covered nautical curios in an obscure corner of his boat-house at Potsdam. The old guardian did not know who I was and I stayed but long enough to learn that my canoe had never been used and that I had been the victim of a Prussian promise. And now that there is a republic on the Havel I fondly dream of the

day when *Caribee* and *Queen Luise* will rejoice the eyes of my declining years and thus forgive me for ever having put my trust (or trousers) in the hands of a Hohenzollern.

Wilhelm also owes me money, for on coming to the throne he immediately started a German imitation of the English Royal Yacht Squadron and constrained his faithful to become members. Of course I joined, although during my twenty-five years of life membership I was only once in the club rooms and then but long enough to note that no one else was there but myself; and that no one was expected ever to make use of these rooms excepting officers in uniform. I had paddled ashore in a *Caribee* replica from the vessel on which I was quartered as Kaiser's guest during the canal opening festival (1895) and was sharply challenged by the sentry when meaning to land at the stage facing the yacht club rooms. He had orders to shoot any one attempting this—unless they were in uniform. So I parleyed and Prussianized to the point of being permitted to visit the Commandant of the naval academy, whom I knew, and who was *ipso facto* guardian of the building in which were the so-called club rooms. But for this diplomatic duplicity, or shall I say presence of mind, I might have today

boasted of being expelled from a club that I had never seen.

The Kaiser's yacht club quickly filled, and the annual membership volume was handsomely illustrated with portraits, diagrams, and Imperial emblems. Myself was already member of an English yacht club, an arch-Corinthian one, all of whose members handled their own craft and loved the sea for the wholesome buffeting that gives keen joy to the natural born sailor. It was therefore surprising to me on glancing over this alleged club of German yachtsmen to find on its lengthy list scarce any save such as regard the chief end of this noble sport to be the wearing of white shoes and a cap bearing a conspicuous emblem. In this list I recognized my many friends of the Berlin court who, like myself, joined to please the Kaiser; and to whom the stem or stern of a ship meant no more than they did to Josephus Journalisticus when he was one day told to be Secretary of the United States Navy. Of course I do not count the German naval officers who raced mainly in government boats—but the Kaiser did; and the list therefore made up in quantity of names what it lacked in quality. There were a few dozen princes, Japanese, Italian, etc., also English and American millionaire owners of steam yachts, who had joined the club



as though it were an act incidental to writing one's name in the Visitors' book at the palace. The club in short was a sham, for only in name did it bear any resemblance to the real yacht clubs of England and America. Its true colours were hoisted in 1914, when it converted its picture pages into political cartoons depicting alleged triumphs of the German navy over the discomfited ships of France, Italy, and more particularly England. In view of the sorry showing made by the Kaiser's navy throughout the war, and particularly in its final surrender without a fight in 1918, such cartoons stir our laughter no less than our contempt. Is there a club of gentlemen throughout the world—anywhere between the Thames and Tokyo—that could show such bad taste as to make even the pages of its leading yacht association a vehicle for propagating political falsehood such as only a Prussian landlubber could relish? Of course I wrote a letter condemning this unsportsmanlike behaviour and of course I was promptly expelled and, of course, my money was *not* returned; and I can only hope that all other non-German members have been similarly treated.

Wilhelm never missed any opportunity of placing himself at the head of a sporting event if it had an international character; if it drew foreign

yachts to Kiel and, above all, if it proclaimed the new gospel of Hohenzollern hegemony afloat. Now that we have a wealth of documentary proof regarding his treachery towards those who had trusted him, it is interesting to call attention to his behaviour in 1912, on the occasion of the last notable yacht race across the Atlantic from Sandy Hook to the Lizard. Robert E. Tod (Lieut. Commander, U. S. N., at this moment—in charge of the port of Brest—) inaugurated this event and deserves credit for reviving the spirit for deep sea sailing amongst yachtsmen. The yachts were all either English or American, and there was originally not the slightest idea or desire that Germany should be in any way mixed up in the matter. To the amazement of an innocent world, however, the papers announced in the midst of the preliminaries that his Gracious Majesty Wilhelm II. would assume patronage of the event; would offer a *costly* prize for the winner, and would console the others by giving each a photo of himself duly autographed. But he rightly feared that our gallant yachtsmen, after their stormy three thousand miles, might wish to rest content at the snug anchorage beneath the windows of a real yacht club at Cowes or stretch their legs in Piccadilly and Pall Mall, rather than on the wearisome streets of a Baltic city. So he

craftily compelled them to continue their voyage all the way to the Kiel Yacht Club under pain of losing the alleged costly prizes, to say nothing of Imperial favour. The Kaiser again broke his word, for I was a guest on Captain Tod's schooner, and when we reached the Lizard no Imperial stake-boat or timekeeper was there as had been promised, nor did my gallant host receive a copy of the coveted photograph although he claimed it through the Kaiser's naval attaché in Washington. The whole episode would be insignificant save for illuminating a dark corner in the Kaiser—a corner whence have crawled far too many unsportsman-like reptiles. No one had asked him to be patron of this Anglo-American Yacht race; indeed, his meddling was privately resented however discreetly it may have been accepted in public. He had no interest in the matter save that of magnifying the importance of his own Yacht Club and correspondingly minimizing that of his Uncle Edward VII. He did not enter a yacht—on the contrary, he had to bring pressure upon a syndicate of German merchants who finally fitted out one competitor, built in America, but dressed out to look like a bona fide product of Germany. The members of the mercantile syndicate that came to the rescue of their Imperial master in this

crisis no doubt were each rewarded by a red eagle order of the fourth class, but they would no doubt now gladly exchange this for the money they sank.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### Wilhelm and the Jameson Raid—Dismissal of Bismarck

EVER since Great Britain gave to Germany her million square miles of Colonial Empire I have noted a steady increase in the hatred felt toward the Victorian benefactor. So far from recognizing the magnanimity, not to say pro-German pacifism that marked the policy of Westminster, the Prussians were trained to believe that courtesy was synonym for weakness and that it was the duty of a strong man to beat and rob a weaker one. Whilst the labour party agitated for better conditions of life, the Berlin Government kept pace by pointing out that England was their enemy and that matters would improve when the black eagle of Prussia was planted more frequently in lands now occupied by the banner of St. George. The philosopher who claimed that Truth alone was mighty and would prevail must have lived in that happy time when there were no Sinn Feiners

and no Prussians; for Truth means nothing to those who are not permitted to open their eyes. What boots it that for a hundred years England has been the mother of self-governing colonies and that under British rule Ireland has more liberal representation than even Scotland or Wales? Hatred of England is in the creed of the modern Hun-Hibernian and it darkens his political vision.

On the first day of January, 1896, the world was startled by the first shot in a series of quasi skirmishes culminating in the grand raid of 1914. I was dining that night in Berlin with a member of the diplomatic body and at the same table sat two of the Prussian ministry. News had arrived that a band of armed Englishmen, under Dr. Jameson, had marched into the Transvaal to relieve Johannesburg which at that time was ruled despotically and very inefficiently by the Boers. Their president Kruger was an illiterate and fanatical specimen of the primitive South African cattle-herder, reminiscent of a frenzied Peter the Hermit or John Brown of Ossawatomie. He was uncompromisingly pious in a faith whose devil had hoofs and horns and spoke English. He knew of John Bull only what he heard from Prussian agents who flattered him and incidentally secured contracts for arms and equipment. His private secretary

was of German education and sympathy; and if I managed to learn something of the political machinery that was hurrying the Boers to their fate a few years later, it was owing to having friends amongst the Germans who then ruled Dr. Leyds and his Transvaal president.

The Jameson Raid was instigated and financed by a small syndicate of mine owners, mostly Jew, who were hampered in their enterprises by the very mediæval and corrupt methods adopted by their masters in Pretoria. The bulk of the Johannesburg population was English, and these were weary of paying all the taxes and getting nothing in return—not even a vote. And therefore any raid that would put an end to so undemocratic a state of things was welcome throughout South Africa, save amongst the agents and dupes of Prussia. As all know, the Jameson raid was no more successful than John Brown's into Virginia; "Doctor Jim" and his followers were made prisoners and the whole matter would have simmered down to rank with many similar border troubles, in countries of like character, had not Wilhelm II. seized this opportunity for proclaiming to the world a purpose hitherto carefully concealed—at least from me.

Without the constitutional countersign of his

prime minister (the amiable and senile Hohenlohe), he launched from his Kreuzberg Olympus an electric bolt whose eccentric flashes alarmed every cabinet of Europe, and whose ultimate force penetrated the soil of South Africa so deeply as to make every burgher from Cape Town to the Zambesi feel that henceforth the Boer had a champion in Berlin. This cable of the Kaiser, commonly called the Kruger despatch, called forth almost as much consternation amongst responsible officials of the Wilhelmstrasse as it did surprise and anger throughout the English-speaking world. The words of Wilhelm II. were few and ambiguous, but to the mind of a superheated Kruger and a violently anti-English council whose understandings were of the primitive and apostolic order, subject to sudden passionate emotions divinely inspired from Berlin—there could be but one sense—namely, that the German Emperor would send his entire army to Pretoria rather than permit Queen Victoria to rule there any longer.

England answered this insulting cable by mobilizing a flying squadron. The German army did not move on Pretoria; and the official press of the Kaiser published miles of type proving most effusively that the words of the cable were very innocent, and that England should not feel hurt



by language so Christian—so timely! But my two friends of the Prussian Cabinet had no share in this mendacious press view. When I asked them what they thought of the Kaiser's cable, each rolled his eyes to the ceiling and each clasped his hands over his head and each exclaimed with bitter earnestness: HERRRR GOTT! All of which being interpreted meant that each desired to say: "Great God! What madness! What next! What must be the end of Germany with such a reckless hand on the helm!" The Kruger despatch converted England from a complaisant and very credulous friend into a suspicious, not to say hostile, neighbour. The Kaiser had virtually challenged her to a fight—but had quickly quitted the field on discovering to his disappointment that her navy at least was quite ready; and that behind it was an aroused public sentiment which he had not anticipated.

Needless to say that what I wrote from South Africa in regard to German meddling in British affairs pleased Wilhelm II. even less than my history, for in dealing with the Kruger despatch I pointed out that he, as Constitutional Emperor, violated his oath by emitting an important state document without the countersign of a responsible minister. There is a legend about the bureaus of

his capital that the cable was indeed read to some high official—possibly the Chancellor Hohenlohe—and that this official managed to tone down some passages that were originally more offensive than those ultimately entrusted to the telegraph. Even so, the time had come when he thought it well to announce that he not only did very well without Bismarck, but needed no prime minister at all, in the constitutional sense.

We of America have gradually become accustomed to a President who selects members of a Cabinet as others choose a chauffeur, a butler, or a valet; but then our Constitution is more than a century old and therefore regarded as out of date by politicians who draw their theories from the Republic of Plato and their language from the rhetorical arsenal of socialism. The founders of the American Commonwealth would feel as lonesome at the office entrance of the White House as the author of Christianity on the steps of the Vatican. Wilhelm II. in 1896 brushed aside the Constitution of Germany in a manner that would have shocked his autocratic grandfather. Grave Germans wagged their heads mournfully at this despatch; for much as they might hate Victoria, or wish well to her enemies, they could not foresee good from nullifying a clause of their Constitution

which was about the only one protecting the smaller states from acts purely Prussian and arbitrary.

In 1890, Wilhelm II. had explained to me with much emphasis and apparent frankness his reasons for dismissing Bismarck. Those which he gave did honour to his moral courage no less than to his filial piety; and as I had never seen in the Iron Chancellor more than the embodiment of superior cunning and physical power—I gladly gave credit to this version. Wilhelm told me that Bismarck had become simply impossible; that his brutal methods had not merely discredited Hohenzollern rule amongst Danes, Poles, and French, but they had not achieved the success promised. And, aside from failure in matters of domestic policy, the Kaiser's decision to part with the veteran Chancellor had been reached, he assured me, by learning of the part he had played in permitting attacks upon the reputation of a woman whom he revered no less as a gifted mother than as the exalted Empress before whom even a Bismarck owed obedience.

He saw in the Bismarck of 1890 an official usurping Imperial powers; and it was his duty to protect the Crown from encroachment—even from so powerful a source. In 1896 the rôles were reversed.

It was now an Emperor encroaching upon his own Constitution, but there was no Bismarck—at least not in office. Since 1890 Wilhelm has had many ministers but all have been pliant or easily dismissed. In 1896 he decided to throw aside the mask of moderation, not to say pacifism, to which the world was growing accustomed; and from this point on to the moment of raiding France from behind a curtain of poisonous gas we have almost annual and increasing evidences of megalomania complicated with acute anglophobia; also a fanatical conviction that he was the divine agent for purifying a rotten world by ruling it according to the new gospel of Prussian *Kultur*.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### Wilhelm's Anti-English Crusade—Missionary Policy —Seizure of Kiaochoh—German Treatment of Rival Traders in their Colonies

WILHELM failed in 1896—at least he failed in the field of war and diplomacy; but his people at home responded to a propaganda against England which was intensified by the Boer War (1899) and which made this Great War of 1914 almost a fanatical crusade. But throughout South Africa, to say nothing of Australia, Canada, India, and the Eastern ports German traders cursed their Kaiser for a meddling swashbuckler, because from the day of the Kruger Despatch Germans became less welcome as commercial travellers. How often have I heard honest and loyal Germans say: “Ach! if that Kaiser of ours would only leave us alone!—he spoils our business with his everlasting sword rattling!”

But these Germans who were scattered throughout the great colonial world of England had little

influence at home where the Prussian principle of expansion prevailed—the principle of predatory warfare disguised in various ways according to the necessities of each case.

In 1897 the next war move of Wilhelm was made against China; and the pretext was pleasing to the Pope no less than to a syndicate of German contractors. Two Christian missionaries had been killed up country by a fanatical mob who cordially detested all propagandists, particularly those of the popish persuasion. The Chinese Government had sought to dissuade these men of mistaken zeal from invading an interior city with their doctrines of social anarchy; but a conflict was desired by Berlin; pretext for war was needed and a couple of missionaries more or less mattered little compared with the greater glory to God and Kaiser when the Imperial German Eagle should scream throughout the sacred province of Confucius and German locomotives whistle from Kiaochow to Tsi-nan-fu. Men are murdered at short intervals throughout our great republic, sometimes by mobs; but we would smile at those who should therefor call us a semi-civilized people. In certain sections of Spain or South America, Italy, or even the enlightened home of St. Patrick a mob would make short work of any missionary daring to preach anti-papal

doctrine. Such people would be assisted to the nearest lamp post whether they drew their salary from a Buddhist, Brahmin, Mahometan, or Methodist society for the spread of truth.

China to me, is not merely one of the most favoured in all that makes for geographical grandeur and fertility of soil, but her people have practised the essentials of the Christian religion many centuries before Christ wandered through Palestine. The great Empire of Cathay, well named the Middle Kingdom, has an area about equal to ours with a population three times as great. The honest merchant or tourist may travel from one end to the other with less danger to his life or pocket than on any similar stretch in the United States—indeed he will be amazed at the high standards of social purity, domestic happiness, and financial honesty in a country where politicians and lawyers are happily few. While Europe has been the scene of interminable persecution and religious wars ever since Christianity secured the secular arm as an ally, China has not only preached, but practised, tolerance to all purely religious bodies. The doctrines of the gentle Buddha have proved congenial to a peace-loving people, and the wisdom of Confucius has provided a proverbial philosophy satisfying to the man of letters no less than to the

labouring coolie. Strange it is then to those who learn of the world mainly through missionaries, that in a land where dozens of religions flourish in peaceful rivalry, the only one singled out for public reprobation should be that of the "meek and lowly" Jesus. If you ask a Chinese man of the world he will tell you that of all sects operating in China not one behaves disloyally save only the Christian, and more particularly, the Roman Catholic. All other sects mind their own business and minister to their own souls. The Christian alone pushes into the country by means of gun-boats and punitive expeditions preceded by offensive treaties repugnant to the people. The Christian not merely denounces a faith that is five centuries older than his own, but teaches that a Chinaman should be loyal to a ruler on the Tiber rather than to one on the Yangtze or Hoang-ho. In other words the Chinese head of a respectable family sees in our well-financed missionary establishment little more than a huge propaganda calculated to undermine domestic virtue and on its ruins rear a theocracy, plutocracy, or autocracy engineered by foreigners.

Imagine then the scandal caused no less in China and Japan than on the Ganges and the Irrawaddy when Wilhelm II. drew with his own hands a horrid



picture of some Wagnerian dragon about to pounce upon several cowering German children. Over the pouncing monster hovered a slim lieutenant of the Prussian cuirassier guards labelled St. Michael—who, of course, kills the Buddhist gargoyle. The Emperor has genius in so many fields that he is necessarily devoid of talent in any; and, therefore, this picture had to be touched up by a professional draughtsman before it was launched on its disastrous course. This was Wilhelm's conception of the "Yellow peril" and to make it clear that the mythical beast was intended to symbolize all Oriental races and religions he attached this legend: "People of Europe, protect your most sacred treasures!"

How this recalls 1914! Whenever in this war Wilhelm contemplated some fresh infringement of international law he would first charge his enemy with the crime and then plead it in justification. Thus in 1897 having first inflamed the mind of his people with hatred of a race distinguished for its unwarlike organization he chose a moment when the garrison of Kiaochow had not a round of powder in order to make a raid into its waters and hold it by way of indemnity for the two dead missionaries. Is it to be wondered at if the Kaiser chuckled when he learned the good news! By the

loss of only two Germans he had secured lordship over Chinese territory about equal in size and population to the whole of France—and all this without firing a shot or expending a single extra mark! What he had lost at Pretoria was amply made up to him in Shantung; and as he rubbed his hands he must have murmured softly beneath his *Schnurrbartbinde*: “If my missionaries only hold out, I shall soon own the earth.”

The German seizure of Kiaochow was an act of piracy deeply resented by Japan no less than by China. It was also resented by all who traded in the Far East. German apologists, who have echoed the statements put forth by the Berlin foreign office, have sought to justify this rape by pointing to acquisitions made by Great Britain. There would be merit in such a plea if any German could point to any British colony where the British flag was not welcome to the natives no less than to traders in search of justice. Germans flock to Sydney, Calcutta, Rangoon, and Singapore because under the British flag they share in all the rights of the Englishman with very few of his burdens. Consequently the Chinese welcome Englishmen as masters of Hong Kong; they made no objection when the Kowloon territory was annexed (1898) and Wei-hai-wei became British almost

automatically after the Prussian seizure of Kiaochow.

Throughout the Far East from time out of mind the flag of Great Britain has meant suppression of piracy; charts, lighthouses, and freedom of the seas. On the contrary wherever the German flag has appeared there have come the selfish methods of Prussia, the unequal administration of law, the violation of treaties, revival of slavery and sharp discrimination against foreigners. And while throughout the British world Germans continued to enjoy the treatment of the most favoured, in every German colony the English trader was an object of petty persecution instigated by officials and gladly seconded by their all too willing countrymen. This matter I have ventilated freely wherever opportunity offered in the press or on the platform before bodies of German geographers or economists—but my words have been attributed to pro-English prejudice.

When Wilhelm annexed Kiaochow he made a quasi treaty on the subject which sounded well enough and would have been hailed with universal joy had it been signed by a British plenipotentiary. But this German treaty soon proved another scrap of paper; for whatever the wording might have been, the practical effect was to make the whole of

Shantung one Prussian preserve in which other than Germans entered at their peril.

Next year it was the turn of the United States—but before entering Manila Bay let me point out that Prussia in her dealings with other nations has so cloaked her dishonest proceedings that at each individual one her neighbours have not thought it worth a war, albeit the sum of her petty crimes has led directly to the prison of Amerongen.

My first visit in Chinese waters was 1876, my second in 1898, the third in 1906, and the last in 1910. Each of these intervals marked the progress of Prussian propaganda with its hostile head towards England. All white nations fraternize when ten thousand miles from home and all would naturally recognize the debt due to England for such rights as they enjoy in countries where political institutions are of a precarious nature. The German would naturally have been a co-operative unit in 1898 as he was in 1876; but his Consul and the agents of subsidized lines and the commercial travellers acting for banks and manufacturing houses affiliated with Government bureaus of Berlin—all these together united in encouraging separate German clubs, in every British or treaty port. In these the German language only was permitted and every scheme was encouraged that

could damage English prestige and exalt the glory of Deutschland in the eyes of Malay, Hindoo, or Chinese. In 1876 there was but one sentiment, one club in each of the Asiatic treaty ports. Here gathered the English and Americans,—merchants, travellers, naval officers, and here were discussed common measures for streets, fire brigade, local police, or defence in case of native riots. The whole white community was one, whether Swiss, or Swede, French, German, or Anglo-Saxon. And so did these happy families remain until the poison of "Deutschland über Alles!" worked its way from the centres of propaganda in Berlin, thanks to the many subsidized agencies that have followed in the wake of the new policy of colonization. People far away felt this malevolent influence but those of London could not. And while German officials truculently demanded as their right every scrap of privilege commonly regarded as international courtesy, English merchants found scant sympathy when they sought to interest their colonial department in case after case in which the Kaiser's Government had violated treaties and misused English merchants. And so Wilhelm II. was encouraged in his dreams of Empire by discovering that the dreams of Downing Street were dreams of peace.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

Admiral Diedrichs Picks a Quarrel with Dewey in 1898  
—Manila Bay—England Stands by America

IN 1898 Wilhelm II. celebrated the third anniversary of the Kiel opening by seeking a quarrel with Uncle Sam during the Spanish-American War. For this purpose he sent a large squadron under Admiral Diedrichs to Manila Bay with orders vague enough for any purpose—particularly that of seizing something from the wreck of Spain's colonial empire. The German admiral was already a hero in German eyes, for it was he who had annexed Kiaochow to the Empire and at the moment of steaming to the mouth of the Pasig River a noble monument was being reared in his honour on the field of his bloodless but theatrical conquest. Prussia rears monuments to Victory, whichever side wins, which explains the quantity even though it does not always exalt the quality of her architectural display. The grandest of Prussia's triumphal arches is the *Brandenburg*

one of Berlin which commemorates the victory of France's ragged republican army over that of the Prussian King Frederick Wilhelm II. at Valmy (1792) and the time is ripe for another Arch of Triumph in Berlin to similarly stir the patriotism of her people—maybe it will be called the Amerongen Thor or the Spa Exit or something equally calculated to recall the retreat of their army from before the Allies of 1918 and the welcome of that army—as from another Valmy! The shabby success at Kiaochow had so turned the head of Diedrichs that he counted on an easy job so far as the contemptibly small force of Admiral Dewey was concerned. The Pope was of course on the side of Spain and most cordial was he also with the Kaiser. Diedrichs therefore fraternized with the Spanish garrison; contemptuously ignoring the port regulations laid down by Dewey. So far did this insolence go that although Germany was nominally neutral, her ships that plied between Hong Kong and the Philippines neglected the usual courtesy of assisting in the mail service although they smuggled away the Spanish Governor and of course denied all knowledge in the matter. Had a pacifist then ruled in Washington or had another than Dewey commanded at Manila, the bullying of Diedrichs would have imposed upon some of

the Americans concerned; for our fleet was short of coal and ammunition and was anxiously waiting for the regiments that were to come from California and make the conquest complete.

These pages being a study of Wilhelm II. and not a history of the Spanish War it is only necessary to recall to children that when war was declared, Dewey who commanded our ships in Asiatic waters received a very curt but comprehensive order to immediately hunt for and destroy every warship of Spain. He did so, and did it so completely that by sunset of May 1st there was not a Spanish flag afloat east of Suez—there was practically nothing left of that enormous colonial empire which had been granted to her some four centuries ago by no less a landlord than the infallible vicar of God on Earth.

The career of Diedrichs would read oddly elsewhere than Berlin, for he had first served in the army, then had spent some years on merchant ships, and finally entered the navy of Prussia in 1865, after the Danish war. Dewey was a graduate of the United States Naval Academy (Annapolis) at the beginning of our Civil War; and, in the next few years, participated not merely in such memorable actions as forcing a passage up the Mississippi under Farragut in 1862 but in dozens



of minor ones which gave him a war experience second to no naval officer of his years. In all his life Diedrichs had less fighting afloat than Dewey in any one week between the fall of Sumter and the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. But Diedrichs had one advantage over Dewey which he shared with most of his Prussian colleagues both ashore and afloat—our Admiral could not bring himself to say what he knew to be false.

Dewey at first courteously called the German's attention to facts which any but a wilful enemy would have respected—notably that the American flag was in those waters to be saluted as that of the temporarily supreme. But Diedrichs persisted in ignoring the status of Dewey; his officers cruised about by day or night paying regard neither to the rules of marine law nor international courtesy, much less the much-talked-of hereditary friendship between Germany and America. Finally Dewey flatly challenged the German Admiral to fight and at that the bully collapsed completely—just as did his Kaiser when John Bull mobilized a flying squadron after the Kruger dispatch.

The details of this international episode I hold from the lips of both Admiral Dewey and his warm friend Admiral Chichester of the British Navy, both of whom I met for the first time in Manila

Bay during that very warm period. The whole story I heard repeated after a few years' interval, by our Admiral in Washington and by the Briton in London. From others who were there at the time I have verified every detail, so that for historical purpose few critical moments in military events have been narrated from so many angles and by men so truth-loving and sportsmanlike as that one in which Wilhelm used Diedrichs for the purpose of frightening Dewey. The attempt failed pitifully. Diedrichs had evidently a license only for lying, cheating, and bullying—not for precipitating the world war. Dewey was of such stuff that he would have fought his ships to the last and then gone down with his flag flying. But Great Britain had in Chichester (then a captain) a man equally fit for the emergency. Diedrichs sought to win him over to measures offensive to the American; and sounded him cautiously.

“What would you do,” asked the German, “if I attacked the Americans?”

“No one knows—excepting Admiral Dewey—and myself,” was the prompt and decisive answer of this grand old sea dog.

And then he ordered his ship to be so moored that any shot at Dewey would hit first, a ship flying the White Ensign of Great Britain—and this

act was cheered in England for it symbolized the broad fact that it is the English-speaking race that has created what is now talked of as the Freedom of the Seas. England and America have for a century practically given joint support to this doctrine and our policy in the future should be to continue a practice that has raised no protests, excepting from pirates and a predatory Prussian dynasty.

Wilhelm did us an unfriendly act in 1898; for when war was declared against Spain few Americans knew what the Philippines were, much less their geographical position or colonial importance. We would probably have handed them over to some self-styled native government, or, more wisely, to Japan. But the tactless behaviour of Wilhelm and his Diedrichs compelled Congress to plunge this country into a career of colonization which so far has not won for us the respect of the natives nor a return at all commensurate with the efforts expended. Germany did get the Carolines, which should have come to us as part of the Spanish debacle; and so, spite of failure in the main object, Wilhelm saved his face, advertised the increase of his possessions in the Pacific, and promoted Diedrichs. Shortly before his death Admiral Dewey authorized a life of himself in

which the story of Manila Bay is told in simple, sailorly manner—the same story of which here I have given but the bare outline. Then, of course, Diedrichs was ordered to publish *his* version, which I read with no surprise for it merely denied each Dewey statement seriatim and proved conclusively, so far as the official press of Germany is concerned, that throughout the Spanish War, and particularly at Manila, America had no warmer friend than the Kaiser!

## CHAPTER XXXV

Wilhelm Visits Palestine—Proclaims himself the  
Protector of Christian and Moslem—The  
Boer War—Prince Henry Visits America

HAVING now made belligerent faces at England in 1896, at the "Yellow Peril" in 1897, and at Uncle Sam in 1898, it was now the turn of France; and so in the latter part of this year the Kaiser made a second visit to the Sultan's Empire, dressed himself in something intended to look like a crusader, and climbed the Mount of Olives. Here let us pause in hope of seeing the most pious of Lutherans fall upon his knees and silently meditate on the majesty of God and the nothingness of earthly power. But otherwise was the Kaiser programme; for on the spot sacred to the founder of Christianity there now stood one who serenely challenged comparison with Jesus of Nazareth. Three times during his reign did Wilhelm visit the Sultan's land and three times also that of the Pope in Rome. With what words he edified the

successor of St. Peter I know not but we do know that he secured the Catholic vote of Germany for his military programme. In the land of the Caliphs his visits were equally fruitful—for a short while. Already in 1889 he had paid formal visit to the Sultan in Constantinople and laid the foundation for such concessions to German commerce and railway construction as must have stirred any less pacific power than that of Queen Victoria. In the winter of 1898-9 the Kaiser earned still more laurels in his rôle of commercial traveller by loudly proclaiming, throughout the Mahometan world, that henceforth, France was deposed from her hereditary protectorate over Christians in the near East and that her place was to be filled—not by Russia or England—but by the parvenu Prussianized Empire! In 1899 came the Boer War; and with it such ferocious and universal attacks upon England by German patriotic societies and inspired newspapers that once more we heard the rattling of an Imperial sabre. Those days were as dark for England as were with us the first three years of our Civil War when, to the dread of Washington falling into the hands of Lee, there was added the fear of a foreign intervention. In every German town Boer committees were formed who organized celebrations whenever news came

of a British failure and who paraded jubilantly for every Boer success. It looked from day to day more warlike; and had the Kaiser then proclaimed *Der Tag* it would indeed have been a popular one. The delegates of the insurgent Boer republic were received throughout the Fatherland with demonstrations of noisy joy; and one Boer General told me that they were counting confidently upon the Kaiser's assistance because he had promised this through one of his agents—a German officer. Paranoia is a species of chronic unrest, neuropsychopathic in its nature and marked by sudden desires reversed with equal suddenness. The mad Ludwig of Bavaria answered to this prognosis; and so did Wilhelm II. but in a form less violent or more carefully concealed. Only on this hypothesis can I explain his violent changes from one mood to another. In the Boer War he had encouraged the mental attitude calculated to make war against England popular and then, without any warning, he suddenly decided that he would not receive the envoys from Kruger, but on the contrary soon afterwards boasted of having helped his grandmother to suppress that insurrection. It is disconcerting to one who has worked historically through the years of Bismarck, Moltke, and Wilhelm I. to suddenly cease looking for logical

sequence in the three decades of this Wilhelm. But unless we recognize at each step the wobbling will power of one subject to mental disease we waste much time—for we seek not the fruits of consistency on trees rooted in paranoia.

I had the honour of escorting the Kaiser on his first visit to the Sultan, when he paused in Athens in order to link together German and Hellenic interests through a marriage of his sister with the late unsatisfactory King of Greece. It was to me very interesting; for while the newspaper world saw in this excursion merely the gratification of Imperial curiosity, those in the suite of the Kaiser had very clear visions of a German Railway that would link Berlin with Bagdad, and a German influence over the military education of Turkey that would ultimately facilitate operations against the back door of India. Other nations had hitherto limited their intimacy with Turkey to an occasional intervention evoked by broken treaties or massacred Christians; but Wilhelm II. disregarded all diplomatic precedents by noisily slapping the somnolent Sultan on the back; jovially claiming him as a dear old pal; and proving to him in conclusive manner that France was now dead, England moribund, and only the Hohenzollern counted in matters of world Empire. Who could resist



Wilhelm when in jovial mood, and what Viziers could resist Wilhelm's tall soldierly Prussian guardsmen and more particularly the financial and technical experts who called after dark and made costly presents and exchanged commercial promises and smoked nargilehs until they saw visions of the Far East, and Stambul once more the great bazaar of the world thanks to a new route to Bombay and Delhi—all Turkish under the protectorate of a Prussian Kaiser!

India has seventy-five millions of Mahometans and on each visit to the Sultan's domains Wilhelm emphasized his desire to befriend the faithful, not merely on the Bosphorus and Euphrates but more particularly on the Indus and the upper reaches of the Ganges. By this he hoped to weaken not merely the British hold on India but France's prestige in Northern Africa. He succeeded in everything—at first! His primary impulses were violent and loudly applauded at home, but 1914 disclosed the pitiful results of a policy bewildering in the multiplicity of its aims and disconcerting by reason of the contradictory character of their author. Wilhelm achieved little in the Mahometan world much as he conspired to stir a holy war against both France and England. He had come even to Morocco in 1906 for the purpose of dazzling

the market-place of Tangiers by words of comfort. All—all in vain! And even Russia, for whose rulers he had to me professed undying loyalty—this same Russia drifted slowly but steadily away to the arms of *la belle France* in spite of the loud but less interesting cries from the nymphs of the Spree and Havel.

The Boer War may have caused another change in Wilhelm, for soon afterwards he made desperate and most conspicuous effort to advertise that mythical love which he claimed had always existed between America and the land of Frederick the Great. He may have been urged to this by noting that many Americans had joined the British army during the Boer War and that, apart from Germans and Roman Catholic Irish, the people of the United States were in no mood to see England humiliated—least of all by a Kaiser who had shown his true disposition during the Spanish War. So Wilhelm staged a grand theatrical demonstration that should prove to all the world that Diedrichs and Manila Bay were forgotten and that now he felt for America the same affection that he had so warmly voiced for the Mahometan millions of the older world.

He sent his brother Henry as his personal ambassador; and a syndicate of American mer-

chant princes paid the bills incidental to railway excursions and costly banquets. The Emperor had not been invited—nor his representative—but every effort was made in the Berlin press to see in this reception by Americans that which they desired to see—namely a close alliance between Washington and Berlin and corresponding isolation of England. To this end Prince Henry had brought with him a big box filled with Prussian medals which he had been ordered to pin on the coats of such as had distinguished themselves by services to the cause of *Deutschthum*. But with the exception of Germans, no one here cared for such distinction, least of all the captains of industry who had spent most generously on committees of entertainment. It was to Prince Henry a mortifying experience when he was finally compelled to realize that Americans of German descent did not necessarily recognize the Kaiser as their Lord—on the contrary they usually insisted on being American in spirit no less than in formal allegiance, and they rejected contemptuously the pretensions of German consuls who desired to organize them after Prussian fashion. Prince Henry had to return home with a heavy heart and an equally heavy chest of decorations. He had seen much of life in the Far East and as a sailor had a better

insight into human nature than his irregularly built brother. He could see that the courtesy of Americans in 1902 was little more than the morbid curiosity of a mercantile community to boast of having shaken hands with an Emperor's brother. The Kaiser sent over a statue of Frederick the Great and a job lot of casts representing mythical German heroes. He later encouraged an interchange of professors and flattered inordinately those who came to him from our side. American universities blossomed out in a chain of societies united in the bonds of *Kultur* made in Germany, and systematic agitation resulted in forcing forward the language of the Kaiser so prominently as to not merely eclipse temporarily that of Racine and Corneille but to raise in the mind of *Grossdeutschland* the vision of a North America in which all tongues would yield before that of the prospective world conqueror.

But meanwhile Wilhelm noted angrily that while his brother Henry was winning all hearts by an affable manner and perfect command of the English language, the really important figures in American official life were conspicuous by their absence and of these figures no one was so conspicuously absent as the Admiral of the American Navy, the illustrious George Dewey.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Wilhelm II. and Alsace-Lorraine—Speech in Metz—  
Treatment of Lord Roberts at the Kaiser-  
Manœuvres

WHEN I say that the popularity of Wilhelm II. in Prussia was owing to the fact that he was essentially of the Baltic type of Germany, I have also explained how it happened that the talent of diplomacy or tactfulness was largely lacking in his impulsive nature. He who grossly offended American feelings in 1898, apologized even more grossly in his efforts to win back our confidence through the purchase of a yacht and the distribution of cheap decorations. In England he rushed with equal violence from unnecessary effusive intimacy in one year to a warlike challenge in the very next. With France his behaviour showed the same unstatesmanlike fickleness—leading him at one moment to pay marked honour to some Frenchman on a mission, and at the very next to sign a paper whose effect was to embitter

even more the relations of Alsace-Lorraine and her military taskmaster.

The grand Kaiser-Manœuvres held about Metz, a year or so before the Kiel Canal opening, made me for the first time realize the extent to which a much be-flattered autocrat can deceive himself regarding the real things about him. He had been made to believe that Alsace-Lorraine was a triumph of Prussian assimilation; when he heard of a local disturbance in his conquered territory his police agents assured him that this was merely the work of a few agitators instigated by politicians of Paris. In order to advertize the alleged Prussianization of these most French of provinces he purchased a countryseat near Metz; and, in that historic city, sought to make Frenchmen forget Custine, Ambroise Thomas, Paul Verlaine, and the Maréchal Ney—by rearing dreary reminders of Hohenzollern dominion. As well seek to eradicate the memory of Calvin in Geneva by planting her beautiful embankments with a row of popes. Already Metz had been compelled to see two Prussian Kaisers planted in their midst on pompous pedestals, and now a third was to be reared in honour of another Hohenzollern who was conspicuous even amongst Brandenburgers for brutality in his own family and cruelty towards the enemy.

Never did God offer to any monarch so full an opportunity for the display of generosity. Never had Wilhelm a better chance for undoing some of the mischief done during the past forty years of misgovernment on French soil. He was on a battlefield drenched by the blood of thousands who had here vainly struggled to stem the tide of Hun irruption in 1870; he had in his suite many guests of other countries than his own, and the military operations were all in sight of the French frontier. Today we need to be reminded that some twenty years ago many in France were inclined to accept the Prussian Yoke as a fact, very real however disagreeable. These loved their national traditions none the less, but in the face of dwindling birth-rate at home and doubling of population beyond the Rhine they saw little hope in the future save as one more province of the new Hohenzollern Empire. How often have I heard, in Paris even, expressions of admiration for Wilhelm when contrasting the powerful commercial strides of his country with the lamentably uncertain movements of their successive cabinets, half socialist, half demagogue, that appeared bent upon finishing by the ballot box what had been but half accomplished by the treaty of Frankfort. The praise of Wilhelm was the cry of a people who recalled the glories of a

Napoleonic Empire and saw of the Kaiser only the outward power. They envied Germany her Kaiser! They would have worshipped him had he been of their blood. But that was long ago!

So far from profiting by his opportunities Wilhelm, on the contrary, made the Metz manœuvres an occasion for administering to every Frenchman such a slap in the face as must have smarted upon the cheeks of the least patriotic of pacifists. He called about him all the notables of the neighbourhood that they might listen whilst he made an oration magnifying the virtues of his Uncle Friedrich Karl. As guest of the Kaiser I had been bidden to seats reserved for the mighty but for obvious reasons I preferred to mix in the French audience that stood about the base of the statue and thus feel at first hand the effect of the Kaiser's oratory.

His voice was harsh—almost hissing—and he jerked out his words with the intenseness of one who is condensing a momentous message—a pitiless judge passing sentence upon a people that has incurred his wrath. I listened keenly and with increasing wonder. The ravings of a madman could not have sounded more strangely. Had he addressed his French subjects in French the blow would have been hard; but he chose the rasping



nasal snarl that marks the Prussian officer scolding his recruits in a Potsdam garrison and, in the tongue of their conqueror, he truculently vaunted the glories of Germany and reminded them that he was now their master.

“Germans you are—” screeched he with menacing look—“Germans have you always been and Germans shall you be for ever, so help me God and—my good sword!”

This was his peroration, if my memory serves, and while no loud sounds were uttered at the close of this horrible speech, on all sides of me men looked meaningly at one another; shoulders were significantly shrugged and the bolder ones courted police denunciation by whispering meditatively—“*Nous verrons ça!*” and similar ejaculations—oracular though not complimentary.

We must praise God for the blindness of Wilhelm in matters diplomatic; for, when we consider the extent to which England and France, no less than these United States, were drugged by the drowsy doctrines of pacifism, it required only time and opportunity for Prussian tactlessness to rouse the civilized world from the spell put upon them by such slogans as “Peace Without Victory” and “Too proud to fight.”

In England, Lord Roberts recognized the preda-

tory policy of Wilhelm and urged preparedness so strongly that the Government of the day sought to silence him much as President Wilson and his colourless Cabinet have employed the political boycott against conspicuous Americans who have said aloud what the discreet say to themselves. Lord Roberts was guest of the Kaiser at the grand manœuvres shortly before the Kiel opening. He was not only the most important soldier in British service but with his forty years of war practice in India, represented a volume of military experience rare at that time. The Emperor knew this, and he knew also that the victor of Kandahar fluent as he was in dozens of tongues beyond the Balkans, knew neither French nor German. Moreover it was of importance that the English commander-in-chief should return home with much military glamour but little information. Consequently the Kaiser selected as official guide and aide-de-camps throughout the days of war simulation one of the many empty-headed cavalry subalterns who are tolerated in a regiment of the Guards because they are noble and rich and can glitter on court occasions. This young lieutenant knew only a few words of elementary English and had apparently orders to steer Lord Roberts away from every part of the field where happened the things most in-

teresting to a soldier. It was a delicate situation for the British guest who naturally felt compelled to obey the suggestions of one selected by his Imperial host. With me no such obligation existed, and I am happy to think that I earned the warmly expressed gratitude of this beloved warrior by stepping between him and his wilfully ignorant guide and arranging matters so that henceforth it was Lord Roberts who ruled the situation and not his obtrusive Prussian. My part was easy, for I had a warm friend in the late General Fukushima, then a Major in the Japanese Army, and military attaché. With Fukushima I made a treaty by which henceforth Lord Roberts missed nothing of interest—for the Japanese Major became his beacon and by this light Lord Roberts never moved in vain—nor myself either. This meddling of mine was no doubt reported to the Commander of the army corps if not to the Kaiser himself; but neither could then have interfered without provoking on my part such a public protest as would have betrayed to the world the manifest purpose of Wilhelm to shower empty compliments on an illustrious British General while at the same time preventing him from seeing anything of interest.

At a later date the Emperor attempted to ex-

tenuate the enormity of his behaviour towards the gallant Briton by handing him some ribbon or medal, but it came too late. Lord Roberts could not mistake the disingenuousness that lurked behind the genial words of his Imperial host—much less could he fail to profit by an insight into a military machine terrible by reason of its huge proportions and more terrible still because of the spirit animating its war lord.

## EPILOGUE

Wilhelm—League of Nations—Freedom of the Seas—  
Moral—Finis

TOWARDS the close of the eighteenth century the incomparable historian of Roman glory and decline paused in his great work in order to indulge in that most elusive luxury—prophecy. He had been engaged in tracing the career of a great people through centuries of varying fortune; he was weary of slaughter and fondly looked forward to a world in which wars would be humanely conducted, fewer in number, or even wholly suppressed. He wrote at the close of a century in which soldiering had been the chronic occupation of Christian states and he was convinced that the time had arrived for such a league of nations as would effectually control the savage impulses of any prospective Genseric, Alaric, or Attila. He referred particularly to the royal philosopher who sat upon the throne of Prussia and a blue stocking Czarina whose court on the Neva suggested the

Happy Valley of Rasselas not to say the Groves of Academe. Gibbon reviewed the world of his day and saw with joy the noble triumphs of art, literature, and science. He saw religious persecution waning and monarchy daily assuming forms more in harmony with popular aspiration. The Huns and Vandals, thought he, had been eliminated from their ancient habitats or weaned from their pristine propensities; and the forests whence had rushed the hungry hordes who overran the Europe of fifteen centuries ago had given place to cultivated farms, smiling villages, and centers of Kultur. The skin-clad chief had been replaced by a Frederick the Great—the Cossack raider by a Catherine Romanov. Whence then could ever come another menace to civilized Europe? Surely not from Berlin or the now enlightened Empire of Russia! The great historian cast his gaze eastward to the plains of Central Asia—even to the valley of the Yangtse—and there too he found comfort in the reflection that Europe had a bulwark too strong for any future Tamerlane or Genghis.

In short the dream of Gibbon was the dream of Woodrow Wilson—as it has been the dream of every dreamer after every great period of war. Man becomes a pacifist through the security which

his fighting fathers have purchased. We would gladly forget the fighting and fondly hope that our possessions are forever safe. The age of Gibbon was in Europe and North America remarkable for the number of great men who favoured the idea of a world peace. We had our Washington, our Hamilton, our Franklin; and our seven-year war of Independence so far from making us quarrelsome had on the contrary led us to abolish every military safeguard the moment a truce had been declared.

In France Rousseau and Voltaire were but a fraction of the many brilliant writers who regarded war as a relic of barbarism, to be scouted by philosophers and relegated to the limbo of poisoned daggers, thumb screws, and the "King's touch." In England, David Hume, Joseph Priestly, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith—who can name the galaxy of learning, wit, and social reform for which that age is justly famous. It was axiomatic then that every philosopher was an enemy to war; every writer believed in a league of peace. The pacifism that ruled the world just before the fall of the Bastille is no less remarkable than the spread of the same disease in the years which preceded the raid of 1914. Indeed, were it worth while many theses could be compiled in order to prove that

nearly every great war has been preceded, if not provoked, by an all but universal sense of security; and a corresponding indisposition to undergo the fatigue and danger of war. These examples need not be limited to any one country, continent or period—the poisonous character of pacifism can be studied under mandarins in China and Rajahs in India no less than under a Thomas Jefferson or a William Jennings Bryan. The Empire of the Cæsars owed its fall to the pacifistic propaganda of Christian socialists quite as much as to any other cause; and if these United States become some day a province of Prussia the future historian will say once more that no nation deserves independence when it refuses to fight in defence of its flag.

The Great War has closed by another defeat of the Huns and Vandals—another retreat to their prolific haunts beyond the Rhine. This war has cost more in blood and treasure than previous wars; but we have no reason to suppose that Germany will not renew hostilities so soon as she has repaired the damage done to her own people and property. Whoever preaches that this is the last of the Hun raids may possess the book learning of a Gibbon but book learning alone is not enough in such a field. I have had rare opportunities of looking the Hun between the eyes in every military



district along the Baltic and in the spongy forests of the upper Spree; and, as the result of many years dedicated to a species of research unknown to those whose frontiers are their shelves of books, I bring away the feeling that the Prussian of today is the same as the Vandal who sacked and massacred a thousand years ago. The past raids of Germanic hordes were usually preceded by periods of pacifism in Rome or Constantinople, just as the insulting behaviour of Wilhelm to Uncle Sam was provoked by the pacifism that ruled in Washington. Wilhelm was checked in his designs upon New York by the courage and tenacity with which the brave men of France and England blocked his path to Calais and London. For three years the manhood of civilized Europe struggled and died; and by that struggle America was saved. Fortunately for us the Kaiser himself quickened our conscience and stirred our sense of shame not merely by insulting our Ambassador, but by flaunting German submarines in American waters and murdering on the high seas innocent passengers travelling under the sanction of international law.

This war is but one in a chain of wars that commenced when the first German saw that his neighbour had something. Wilhelm might have died in the odour of pacifism if not sanctity had he not

been tempted beyond his powers by the sight of neighbouring states rich in goods but poor in war material. Had England been well armed on land and Belgium so well prepared as republican Switzerland, think you that Wilhelm would have ventured upon his desperate raid? And should the day arrive when Great Britain shall permit Germany to cross the ocean with impunity—would not the Hun occupy our commercial centres until she had extracted the last dollar?

Our politicians now use nebulous phrases like Freedom of the Seas, League of Nations, Rights of Self-Determination, etc., because they are but too eager to accept any solution rather than the simple, although less agreeable, one of maintaining an adequate military force *all the time*. A League of Nations means nothing but material for college debating societies. It has been tried for thousands of years and works well only when all the world practises the Sermon on the Mount and the Lamb nestles against the jaws of the Lion. Germany yearns for leagues of nations—she yearns more still for seas on which she may with freedom once more fly her flag of destruction. The predatory state that prepares its forces in secret will be the chief beneficiary of this humanitarian scheme and the only enemy she dreads is the ocean policeman John

Bull. Our liberty in the seven seas has been threatened by none save the galleys of the Hun. If we wish to make freedom on the high seas even more secure, we have but to unite our forces with those of England. Leagues of nations cannot make people wise or courageous; and should a league now be formed it would not prevent the demobilization of our army or provide us with a far-sighted Congress. The Hun gives no long notice when about to strike and after our cities shall have been sacked it will be cold comfort to learn that a League of Nations would have come to our assistance if we had only been patient—for a year or two. Let us honour the peacemakers; let us labour for brotherhood amongst nations; let us rear churches to him who preached on the Mount of Olives, and let us even believe that man is improving in some respects if not all. But the man who loves his country should feel that the first duty of Government is to make that country safe from attack. In the infinite changes that have occurred throughout past ages, governments have had to adapt themselves to ever-shifting conditions; and we call those men statesmen who have most quickly made the alliances and combinations necessary for a definite purpose at a definite crisis.

Our American bosom swells with pardonable pride when learning that the political pundits of France rise respectfully and bow with humility before the scholarly rhetoric of our autodidactic president. We have for a century gloried in the memory of Benjamin Franklin receiving honours from the French Academy; but today not only does the world of science and art make ovation to Woodrow Wilson but before him stand bareheaded the President of France to say nothing of that venerable but valiant protagonist—the beloved Clemenceau.

Is it strange if Americans feel the reaction from this memorable moment? What wonder that men worship the wisdom of one whose words have apparently conquered the understanding of European statesmen and made a revolution in public sentiment throughout the world! We are a busy people and harassed by endless problems. We have no time to read history. Intellectually we feel that "sufficient unto the day" is the newspaper thereof. We are glad to hear that the old world applauds with courtesy when an American rhetorician emits platitudes which would excite smiles if offered by other than the nation's guest. Leagues of nations have been from the beginning of the world and they have always been failures,

particularly when directed by a pacifist. No one knows this better than the old-world scholars who clapped when Wilson spoke. Leagues of nations are old as pacifism, teetotalism, bolshevikism, feminism, and all the other isms with which we are plagued by so-called humanitarians. All that they teach has been anticipated by many centuries, and all we need if we would once more win back our national health, is to resolve never to open a modern book until we had first absorbed the wisdom buried in the pages of Plutarch, Aristophanes, Herodotus—and many more who lived before the discovery of America.

Whether Wilhelm be ever called back to Berlin as was his grandfather seventy years ago; whether a Hohenzollern be once more Kaiser in Prussia; whether the German League of 1870 hold together; whether the next generation produce another Genseric and another raid across the Rhine—these are matters of secondary speculation. Our duty today is more practical. Prussia must be made harmless if the world is to be made safe; and Prussia will stay harmless just so long as she is compelled to—and no longer. If history do not teach us this, then have I written to no purpose.



# Prussian Memories

By

**Poultney Bigelow**

Mr. Poultney Bigelow passed some years of his boyhood in Prussia, and in later years he made various sojourns in Germany. At the time of his school experience, his father, the late John Bigelow, was Minister in Paris. The father had friends among the Court officials in Berlin, and young Bigelow had the opportunity, during his school work, of associating as a playmate with the recent Emperor William. His boyish impressions were corrected or confirmed through the knowledge secured in his later visits to Prussia. He writes with full knowledge and with freedom from prejudice. He has in fact an appreciative memory of his playfellow William, and speaks with appreciation of other noteworthy characters with whom he came into relations. In summing up, however, the character, the aims, and the policies of Prussia, he arrives at the conclusion that the success of Prussia in its attempt to dominate Europe and to create a world empire would bring serious trouble upon Germany, upon Europe, and upon the world. Mr. Bigelow has a keen sense of humor and his narrative is dramatic, spirited, and thoroughly readable.

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# **GENSERIC**

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Prussian Kaiser**

By

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M.A., F.R.G.S.

Author of "Prussian Memories," etc.

The author draws a close analogy between Genseric and his Vandal hordes of the fifth century, and the masters of Prussianism to-day. This ancient chief of militarissmus who sacked Rome, and with wild wantonness plundered, devastated, spread horror, in all countries lining the Mediterranean shores is compared favorably with the "All Highest" of Central Europe who in the enlightened twentieth century has permitted his hosts to commit unspeakable atrocities in Belgium and other countries where the iron hand has fallen.

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