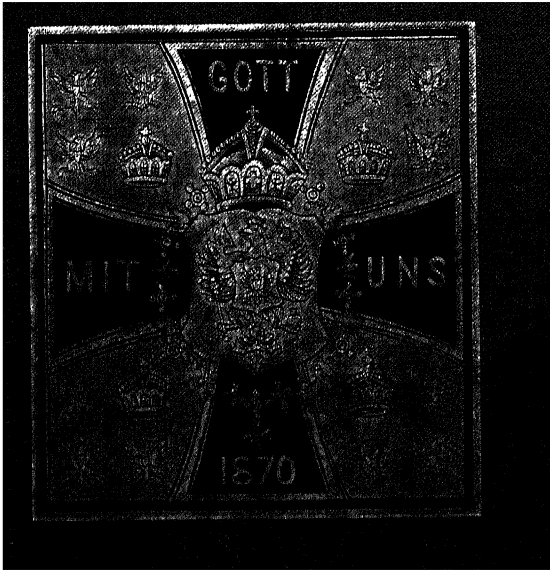


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BISMARCK
IN THE
FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

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IN THE

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

1870-1871.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF

DR. MORITZ BUSCH.

(ABRIDGED.)

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BISMARCK

IN THE

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.



CHAPTER I.

DEPARTURE OF THE CHANCELLOR—I FOLLOW HIM TO SAARBRUCKEN—JOURNEY CONTINUED TO THE FRENCH FRONTIER—THE MOBILISED FOREIGN OFFICE.



ON the 31st July, 1870, at half-past five in the afternoon, the Chancellor, who had some days before partaken of the Sacrament in his own room, drove from his residence in the Wilhelm Strasse to the station, accompanied by his wife and daughter, in order to start with King William for the Seat of War, in the first instance for Mainz. Several Councillors of the Foreign Office, a secretary of the despatch department of the Central Bureau, two experts in secret ciphery, and three or four messengers of the Chancellor's department were appointed to go with him. The rest of us followed him only with our good wishes, as, helmet on head, he walked down the stairs between the two Sphinxes, through the great hall, and stepped into the carriage. I had resigned myself to taking part in the

war only on maps and in newspapers. But a much better fate was in store for me.

On the evening of the 6th of August the Government received the telegram announcing the victory at Wörth. Half an hour afterwards, work being over, I carried the joyful news, still fresh and warm, to a company of friends who were waiting in expectation in a wine-shop in Potsdam Street. Every one knows how Germans celebrate good news, and this was so good that it was celebrated by many too well, and by most of us at any rate, too long. In consequence I was still in bed when next morning a chancery messenger appeared, bringing the copy of a telegraphic despatch, requiring me to set out for headquarters in the course of the day.

Benignant fate! say I. So quickly were my few necessaries collected, that by midday I had my railway-pass, my passport, and my military billet; and by eight o'clock in the evening I was joined by the two companions ordered by the Minister to accompany me. We travelled by the Anhalt railway, going by Halle, Nordhausen, and Cassel, anxious, by God's help, to reach headquarters as fast as possible.

We began our journey in a first-class *coupe*, but we came down to a third-class, and at last to a luggage-van. Everywhere there were long delays, which seemed longer to our impatience than they really were. We crossed the Rhine by night. As the day broke we found, lying beside us on the floor of the van, a well-dressed gentleman, who was talking English to some one, whom we afterwards discovered to be his servant. This turned out to be the London banker, Mr. Deichmann, who was bound for headquarters, in the hope of obtaining leave from Roon to serve as a volunteer in a cavalry regiment, for which purpose he had brought his horse with him. The train being now brought to a stand in consequence of the many others blocking up the line in front of us, we drove across the plain, by Deichmann's advice, in a fast-trotting country car to Neustadt in the Palatinate, which we found swarming with soldiers — Bavarian riflemen, Prussian red hussars, Saxons, and other uniforms. From Neustadt we proceeded, amidst much discomfort, to St. Johann, a suburb of Saarbrücken lying on the right bank of the Saar, where we saw few traces of the French bombardment of a few days before, though it presented a lively picture, in other respects, of a state of war. A medley of forage-carts, baggage-waggons, soldiers on horse and on foot,

Knights of St. John with their crosses, and such like, hurried through the streets. Hessian troops, dragoons and artillery, were marching along, singing the while :

“Red d. w. that lights me to my early gr ve.”

At the inn where we alighted, I heard that the Chancellor was still in the place, and had taken up his quarters at the house of one Haldy, a merchant and manufacturer. In spite of all difficulties, I had thus happily reached the desired haven. It was not a moment too soon, for as I was going to Haldy's house to report myself I heard on the stairs from Count Bismarck-Bohlen, the Minister's cousin, that we were to move on immediately in the afternoon.

I took leave of my fellow-travellers from Berlin, for whom there was no room in the Minister's carriages, and of the London banker. I then moved my baggage from the inn to the cook's van, which, with other vehicles, had crossed over at the Saar bridge. Having arranged this, I turned back to Haldy's house, where, in the ante-room, I presented myself to the Chancellor, who was just coming out of his own room on his way to the King. I then sought out the newly-established Bureau, that I might hear whether there was anything for me to do. There was plenty to do ! The gentlemen had their hands full ; and I immediately undertook the translation of the Queen of England's speech on opening Parliament, which had just come, for the use of the King. Of the highest interest, even though I did not quite understand it, was the declaration in a despatch, which they gave me to dictate in secret cipher to one of the experts, that we on our side should not be content with the mere overthrow of Napoleon.

It seemed like a miracle ! Strassburg ! Perhaps the Vosges ! Who could have even dreamed of this three weeks ago ?

A little before one o'clock, in the bright sunshine, the carriages drove to the door, all with four horses, with soldiers for outriders, one for the Chancellor, one for the councillors and Count Bismarck-Bohlen, one for the secretary and the two cipherers. After the Minister had taken his seat with Privy-Councillor Abeken and his cousin, and the two other councillors had mounted their horses, the others followed with their portfolios beside them. I took a seat in the carriage of the coun-

cillors, as I always did afterwards, whenever those gentlemen rode on horseback. Five minutes afterwards we crossed the river and entered the long main street of Saarbrücken. From thence the poplar-shaded road led up to Forbach, past the battle-field of the 6th of August, and in half an hour after leaving St. Johann we were on French soil. Of the bloody battle which had raged here just on the frontier, five days before, there were still many traces to be seen : trunks stripped by the balls, knapsacks thrown away, tattered garments, linen rags lying about the stubble fields, trodden-down potato fields, broken wheels, holes made by shells, little wooden crosses roughly tied together to show the place where some of the fallen were interred, and so on. But, so far as we could see, all the dead were already buried.

And here at the beginning of our journey through France, I will interrupt my narrative for a little, to say a few words about the mobilised Foreign Office, and the mode and fashion in which the Chancellor travelled, worked, and lived with his people. The Minister had in his suite the acting Privy-Councillors Abeken and von Keudell, Count Hatzfeld, and Count Bismarck-Bohlen. There were besides, the private secretary Bolsing from the Central Bureau, the cipherers Willisch and Saint-Blanquart, and lastly myself. Engel, Theiss, and Eigenbrodt acted as messengers and attendants ; the last of whom was replaced in the beginning of September by the active and intelligent Kruger. We were accompanied by Herr Leverström in a similar capacity, the "black horseman," so well known in the streets of Berlin as a government courier. For the care of our bodies we had a cook, whose name was Schulz or Schultz. Let it be noticed, how exact I am trying to be, and that I rob no one of his name or title ! In Ferrières the group of Councillors was completed by Lothar Bucher, and a third cipherer, Herr Wiehr, also joined us there. Holnstein, young Count Wartensleben and Privy-Councillor Wagner joined us at Versailles. Bolsing, being unwell, was replaced there for some weeks by Wollmann, and business increased to such an extent that we required the services of a fourth secret cipherer, as well as of one or two additional messengers whose names have escaped me. The kindness of our "Chief," as the Chancellor was called in ordinary conversation, by those belonging to the Foreign Office, had arranged things so that his fellow-workers, both secretaries and councillors, were all to a certain extent

members of his household. We lived, whenever circumstances would permit, in the same house with him, and had the honor of dining at his table.

The Chancellor wore uniform during the whole of the war—generally the undress of the yellow regiment of heavy Landwehr cavalry, with its white cap and great top-boots. When riding, after a battle, or in watching its course, he wore a black eather case, fastened by a strap round the chest and back, which held a field glass, and sometimes a revolver and a sword. During the first months he generally wore as a decoration the cross of the order of the Red Eagle; afterwards he also wore the Iron Cross. I never saw him but once, in Versailles, in a dressing-gown, and then he was not well—his health was excellent through the whole campaign. During the journey he generally drove with Councillor Abeken, since dead, and once, for several days in succession, with me also. As to quarters, he was most easily satisfied, and even where better were to be had, he put up with the most modest accommodation. At Versailles, when colonels and majors had splendidly furnished suites of apartments, the Chancellor, all the five months we were there, was content with two little rooms, of which one was study as well as bedchamber, and the other, on the ground floor, though neither spacious nor elegant, served as a reception-room. Once, in the school-house at Clermont, in Argonne, where we stayed some days, he had not even a bed, so that we had to make him up one on the floor.

During the journey we generally drove close behind the King's carriage. We started about ten in the morning, and usually accomplished nearly forty English miles a day. On arriving at our quarters for the night we at once established a Bureau, in which work was seldom wanting, especially when the field telegraph reached us; by its means the Chancellor again became—what, indeed, he always was at this time, with brief interruptions—the centre of the civilized world of Europe. Even where we only halted for one night, restlessly active himself, he kept all about him in constant employment till quite late. Orderlies came and went, couriers arrived with letters and telegrams, and were immediately sent off again. According to the directions of the Chief, the Councillors prepared notes and orders; the clerks copied and registered, ciphered and deciphered. Material streamed in from all points of the compass in the shape of reports, questions, articles in the

newspapers, and such like, most of which required immediate attention.

Among the councillors the one who was fastest at work before the arrival of Bucher, was, undoubtedly, Abeken. He was in fact a very power in himself. From long years of service he was thoroughly acquainted with all the ins and outs of business, a lover of routine, furnished with a fine store of phrases, which dropped from his pen without much necessity for thought. Master of several languages, so far, at any rate, as was needed for the work required of him, he seemed made to put the thoughts of his Chief into proper dress. He did it with the rapidity of a steam-engine. The substance was supplied by the genius and knowledge of the Minister, who occasionally improved the style in which Abeken had presented his ideas.

The almost superhuman capacity of the Chancellor for work, sometimes creating, and sometimes appropriating and sifting the labours of others, his power of solving the most difficult problems, of at once seeing the right thing, and of ordering only what could be practically done, was, perhaps, never so wonderfully displayed as at this time; and this inexhaustible power of work was the more remarkable as his strength was kept up with so little sleep. The Minister lived in the field much as he did at home. Unless an expected battle summoned him before daybreak to the army at the side of the King, he generally rose late, as a rule about ten o'clock. But he passed the night sleepless, and fell over only when the morning light shown through his window. Often, hardly out of bed, and not yet dressed, he began to think and work, to read and make notes on despatches, to study the newspapers, to give instructions to the Councillors and other fellow-workers, to put questions or state problems of the most various kinds, even to write or dictate. Later in the day there were visits to receive, or audiences to give, or a statement to be made to the King. Then came the study of despatches and maps, the correction of papers he had ordered to be prepared, the jotting down of ideas with the well-known big pencil, the composition of letters, the news to be telegraphed or sent to the papers for publication, and in the midst of all this the reception of unavoidable visitors, who must sometimes have been far from welcome. It was not till two or often three o'clock that the Chancellor, in placés where a halt of any length was made, allowed himself a little breathing-time; then he generally took a ride in the neighborhood.

Afterwards he went to work again till dinner at five or six o'clock, and in an hour and a half at the latest he was back once more in his room at his writing-table, midnight frequently finding him reading or putting his thoughts on paper.

The Count differed from other men in the matter of sleep, and he arranged his meal times in a peculiar manner. Early in the morning he took a cup of tea, and perhaps one or two eggs; after that, generally nothing till dinner in the evening. He very seldom took a second breakfast, and then only tea, which was served between nine and ten o'clock. Thus, with very few exceptions, he ate only once during the four-and-twenty hours, but then, like Frederick the Great, he ate plentifully and with appetite. Diplomats proverbially keep a good table, and, I am told come next to prelates. It is part of their daily business to entertain distinguished guests, who, for some reason or other, have to be put into a good humor by the contents of a well-stocked cellar and the efforts of a skilful cook. Count von Bismarck therefore kept a good table, which, when circumstances permitted, rose to the rank of a very good table. This was the case, for instance, at Rheims, Meaux, Ferrieres, and Versailles, where the genius of the artist who wore the livery of the household prepared breakfasts and dinners for us, to which persons accustomed to simple fare did justice, feeling almost as if they were sitting in Abraham's bosom, especially when, beside the other good gifts of God, champagne was not wanting in the list of drinkables. For such feasts the travelling kitchen contained pewter-plates, tumblers of some silver-like metal, gilt inside, and cups of the same kind. During the last five months of the campaign, presents from home added *gracé* to our hospitable board: for home, as it was right it should, thought lovingly of its Chancellor, and liberally sent him dainty gifts both solid and fluid, corned geese, game, fish, pheasants, cakes, capital beer, and fine wine, with many other excellent things.

To conclude this chapter I remark that, beside the Chancellor, only the Councillors at first wore uniform, von Keudell that of the Blue Cuirassiers, Count Bismarck-Bohlen that of a regiment of Dragoon Guards, Counts Hatzfeld and Abeken the undress uniform of officers in the Foreign Office. It was afterwards suggested that all persons belonging to the Minister's permanent staff, not of course the two first-named gentlemen, who were also military officers, should wear this dress. The

Chief consented, and so Versailles saw the chancery messengers in a costume which consisted of a dark blue coat, with two rows of buttons, with black velvet collar and cuffs, a cap of the same color, and for the Councillors, secretaries and cipherers, a sword with a gold *porte-épée*. In this costume old Privy Councillor Abeken, who made his horse prance about bravely, had quite a military air, and I think he knew this and liked it. He was well pleased to look like an officer, just as he once travelled through the Holy Land in Oriental costume, without understanding either Turkish or Arabic.



CHAPTER II.

FROM THE FRONTIER TO GAVELOTTE.

IN the preceding chapter I halted at the French frontier. That we had crossed it, was evident from the names of the villages. "Departement de la Moselle" was to be read on all the way-posts. The white road swarmed with carts and waggons and troops on the march, while soldiers were quartered everywhere. In the neighborhood, which was hilly and partly wooded, little camps were to be seen rising up here and there, with horses fastened to picket-posts, guns, ammunition waggons, forage-carts, holes for the cooking fires, and soldiers in their shirt-sleeves, busied in the preparation of food.

In about two hours we reached Forbach, which we passed through without stopping. In the streets where we drove, we observed that while the goods and trades of the different shops were described in French, the names of the proprietors were mostly German: for instance, "Schwarz, Boulanger." Many of the inhabitants who were standing before their doors saluted the carriages as they passed; most of them looked very cross, which did not add to the charm of their appearance, but was very easily explained, for they had evidently more soldiers quartered on them than they liked. Every window was full of blue Prussians.

We went up hill and down dale, through woods and villages, till we reached Saint-Arnold, where, about half-past four o'clock, we were quartered with the Chancellor in the house of a M. Laity, No. 301, in the Rue des Charrons. It was a one-storied house with white blinds, and though it had only five windows in front it went back a long way, and was tolerably roomy. It opened behind on a well-planted garden, with trim walks among fruit and vegetables. The day before our arrival the possessor, apparently a retired officer, and well-to-do, had gone

away with his wife, and had left an old woman, who could speak nothing but French, and a maid. The Minister had the one front-room; the rest of the party shared the rooms opening on the passage leading to the back parts of the house. In half an hour, the Bureau was established in the first of these back rooms, which served also as a sleeping-room for Keudell. The next room, which looked out on the garden, was given to Abeken and me. He slept in a bed placed in a recess in the wall. At the head of the bed there was a crucifix, and over the feet a Madonna with a bleeding heart. The people in the house, therefore, were thorough Catholics. They made a very comfortable bed up for me on the floor. The Bureau was at once set to work; and as there happened to be nothing to be done in my particular line I endeavoured to help in deciphering some despatches, a task which presented no great difficulty.

After seven we dined with the Count in the little parlor next his room, the window of which looked into a court prettily ornamented with flower-beds. The conversation at table was lively, the Minister taking the lead. He thought a surprise not impossible; for, as he had seen for himself, our outposts were only three English miles from the town, and very far apart. He had asked at an outpost where the next one was, but the men did not know. Afterwards he remarked that in his flight our landlord had left all his drawers full of clean linen, and added: "If the people from the ambulances come here, they will cut up his wife's fine chemises to make lint and bandages, and very properly too. But then, of course, it will be said that Count Bismarck carried them off."

We then talked of the disposition of the troops, and the Minister said, "Steinmetz has shown himself very self-willed and disobedient. He will," said he, in conclusion, "come to grief with his obstinancy, in spite of the laurels he won at Skalitz."

We had on the table cognac, red wine, and sparkling Mainz wine. Some one spoke of beer, and remarked that we had none. The Minister rejoined: "That is of no consequence. The wide-spread use of beer is much to be deplored. Beer-drinking makes men stupid, lazy, and impotent. It is the cause of all the democratic pot-politics which people talk over it. Good corn brandy would be better."

I do not know, how or in what connection the subject of the Mormons came up, but the conversation turned on the question,

whether they and their many wives should be tolerated. The Count took the opportunity to express his own opinion on religious liberty, and declared himself very decidedly for it ; only it must, he said, be impartially managed. "Every man must be saved after his own fashion," he added, "I will one day agitate this question, and the Reichstag will certainly vote with me. But the Church property must of course remain with those who stand by the old Church which acquired it. A man who secedes from the Church ought to be able to make a sacrifice for his conviction, or rather for his unbelief. It does not offend us when Catholics or Jews are orthodox. Where Lutherans are so it does ; and the Church is constantly accused of a 'persecuting spirit' when she casts out the non-orthodox ; but people consider it quite *en regle* that the orthodox should be persecuted and maligned by the press and in their lives."

With the morning there arrived a green orderly from Berlin with dispatches. Such messengers have winged feet, yet this one had not been quicker than I in my fright lest I should arrive too late. He had started on Monday, the 8th of August, and had changed horses several times, and yet it had taken him quite four days and nights to reach us. Early in the morning I again assisted the cipherers with their work. Later, while the Chief was with the King, I went with the Councillors to see the fine large church in the town, over which the sacristan conducted us. In the afternoon, when the Minister rode out, we inspected the Prussian park of artillery, placed on a hill behind the town.

The Chancellor returned by four o'clock, when we dined. He had been a long way to find his two sons who were serving as privates in the Dragoon guards, and he had learned that the German Cavalry had already gone forward to the upper Moselle. He seemed to be in good humor, perhaps because our cause was prospering, and quite inclined to talk. When the conversation turned on mythology, he said that "he never could bear Apollo. He had flayed Marsyas from conceit and envy, and for the same reasons had killed Niobe's children. He is," he continued, "the very type of a Frenchman ; that is, one who cannot bear that another should play the flute as well or better than he. That he had sided with the Trojans, did not prejudice him in his favour. Honest Vulcan would have been his man, and Neptune would have suited him still better, perhaps because of the *quos ego* !"² He did not, however, say this.

After dinner we had to telegraph the following joyful message to Berlin: "By the 7th August, we had above 10,000 prisoners. The effect of the victory at Saarbrücken turns out to be much greater than we at first believed. They left behind a pontoon train, with about forty waggons, nearly 10,000 blankets, which are now of great use for the wounded, and a store of tobacco worth a million of francs. Pfalzberg and the pass over the Vosges at that place are in our hands. Bitsch is watched by a company, as it has a garrison of only 300 Mobile Guards. Our cavalry is already close to Lunéville." A little later we were able to send another pleasant message, namely, that the Minister of Finance in Paris, evidently in consequence of the approach of the German army, had issued a proclamation warning the French people not to keep their money at home, but to send it all to the Bank of France.

On the 13th of August, we arrived at Faulquemont, or, as it is now written, Falkenberg. Like that which we had traversed at Saarbrücken, the country through which we drove was hilly, often covered with brushwood, and equally full of martial sights. The road was covered with trains of waggons, artillery, ambulances, gendarmes and orderlies. Long lines of infantry were marching on the road and to the right across the stubble fields to follow the course of the columns, marked out there by poles with wisps of straw round them. Sometimes we saw a man fall down in the ranks; and here and there stragglers lay in the ditches, for the August sun shone fiercely from a cloudless sky. The troops who were before us, and, latterly, mostly behind us, were the 84th Regiment (Schleswig-Holsteiners), and the 36th. At last we got out of the thick cloud of yellow dust which rose from their steps, and entered the little town, where I was quartered on one Schmidt, a baker. The Minister had disappeared in the clouds of dust, and it was some time before I learned from one of the Councillors remaining in Falkenberg that he had gone on with the King to the village of Herry, five English miles further.

Falkenberg is a place of some 2,000 inhabitants, with only one tolerably long principal street, and sundry little narrow lanes on either side. It lies on the ridge of a gently-sloping hill. Nearly the whole of the day troops continued to march through. Among them were some Hessian infantry. The Saxons were stationed close by. They sent their sutlers even

in the night-time to my baker to get bread, who was soon left in consequence without any.

The people with whom I was quartered were very polite and agreeable. They cleared out for me the best of their rooms, and though I begged them not to trouble themselves on my account, they brought me a good breakfast with red wine, and coffee in the French manner, in a little bowl with a silver spoon, with which I was to drink it; and this they made me take in spite of my reluctance. The woman spoke only broken German, but the man talked fluently, though in a German *patois*, and with here and there a word of French. The pictures in their rooms showed them to be Catholics.

Sunday, August 14.—After luncheon, we followed the Minister to Herny. The sky over our heads was of the deepest blue, and the fields reeked from the scorching heat. Near a village on the left of the road some Hessian infantry held divine service in the open air, the Catholic soldiers in one circle, the Protestants a little distance off in another, each round their own clergyman. The latter sang the hymn—

“*Ein, feste Burg ist unser Gott.*”

Arrived at Herny, we found that the Chancellor had taken up his abode in the first story of a long, low, whitewashed house, a little aside from the principal street where his window looked on to a dung heap. The house was tolerably roomy, so that we joined him there, and I was again with Abeken. Hatzfeld's room was also the Bureau. The King took up his quarters with the pastor, near a fine old church the windows of which were filled with painted glass. The village consists of one broad straggling street, with a well-built mairie, which contains also the parish school, and of houses mostly crowded close together, looking at the back into the little railway station. In that we found a great deal of wanton destruction, papers scattered about, books, torn up, and such like. Near it some soldiers were guarding two French prisoners. After four o'clock we heard for several hours the heavy thunder of artillery from the neighbourhood of Metz. At tea-time the Minister said, “I did not think a month ago that I should to-day drink tea with you gentlemen in a peasant's house in Herny.” Amongst other matters we talked of Gramont, and the Count wondered that this strong, healthy man, after such unhappy antecedents, had not joined a regiment, in order to atone for his stupidity.

He certainly was big and strong enough. "I should have acted differently in 1866, if things had not gone well with me," said he; "I should have joined a regiment at once; I never would have allowed myself to be seen alive."

When he returned to his room, which by the way was a low, countrified little parlour with very little furniture, I was frequently called to receive orders. It seemed useful to enable our illustrated papers to give a representation of the storming of the Spicherenberg. Then the assertion of the *Constitutionnel* had to be contradicted, according to which the Prussians burned down everything in their march through France, and left nothing but ruins behind them; of which, with every opportunity to know the facts, we could honestly declare we had seen nothing. Finally it was desirable to counteract the *Neue Freie Presse*, which had hitherto shown itself to be friendly to us, but these last few days its circulation had, according to the *Constitutionnel*, suffered, perhaps because of its partiality to the Prussians, and perhaps because there was something in the report that the Hungarian French party had bought the journal and had given it another tone. "Say this," said the Chancellor, concluding his directions with regard to another article of the *Constitutionnel*, "that there has never been the least question in the Ministerial Council of ceding Saarbrücken to the French, the matter not having been mentioned except in confidential communications; and of course a national minister—one in sympathy with the national feeling—could not therefore entertain it. Yet this rumour may have a little foundation; it may be a misunderstanding, or a perversion of the fact that the question was mooted and discussed in the Ministerial Council before 1864 whether it might not be advisable to make over the coal-mines at Saarbrücken, which are national property, to companies. I proposed to pay the cost of the Schleswig-Holstein war in this way, but the thing came to nothing in consequence of the King's aversion to any such transaction."

Monday, August 15, seemed to begin all at once and unusually early. At daybreak, by four o'clock, the attendant called out in the room where Abeken and I slept, "His Excellency is going off directly; the gentlemen will please to get ready." I got up at once and packed up. It was, however, a mistake. By the "gentlemen" only the Councillors were meant. About six o'clock the Chancellor started with Count Bismarck-Bohlen. Abeken, Keudell, and Hatzfeld followed him on horseback.

We others remained in HERNY, where there was plenty to do, and where, when we had finished our work, we could make ourselves useful in other ways. Thick yellowish-gray clouds of dust were rising from long lines of infantry passing through the village; amongst others, three Prussian regiments, partly Pomeranian, almost all large, fine men. The band played "Heil dir im Siegerkrantz," and "Ich bin ein Preusse." One could see in the eyes of these men the burning thirst they were enduring, so we organized, as quickly as possible, a little fire-extinguisher's brigade. We carried the water in pails and jugs, and reached it out to them as they marched along—for they dare not stop—in their ranks, so that at least one here and there could get a mouthful to carry him on a bit, either in the hollow of his hand or in the little tin cup which he carried by his side.

Our Councillors returned from their ride about three o'clock; the Minister was rather later. Meanwhile Count Henckel, a stately dark-bearded gentleman, and Bamberger, a member of the Reichstag, had arrived; also a Herr von Oldberg, who was to be Prefect, or something of that kind, so that we begin to feel that we are masters of the conquered land, and are settling down in it. How much of the country it is intended to keep had been told me in the morning by a telegram sent eastwards, in the deciphering of which I had been helpful, and which had said plainly that, God willing, we should keep Elsass.

As we learned at dinner, the King and Chancellor had made a sort of reconnoitering tour to within three English miles of Metz, and had seen General von Steinmetz. The French army stationed outside the fortress had been violently attacked by him the day before near Courcelles, and driven into the town and forts. The enemy's loss was estimated at 4,000 men; they found forty dead "Red-breeches" in one ditch, most of them shot through the head.

In the evening, as we sat on a bench near the house door, the Minister came up for a moment. Whilst he talked with us he asked me for a cigar, but Councillor Taglioni (one of the King's cipherers, formerly in the Embassy at Paris, now dead) was quicker than I in getting it out of his pocket. The more's the pity, for my weed was a great deal better than his.

We were told that we were to proceed next day to Pont-à-Mousson, and as we turned in for the night, I thought to pay Abeken a compliment by telling him that the day's ride was quite astonishing for one of his years; he really ought to be con-

gratulated. But he did not take it altogether well ; he did not like to appear old, and I vowed to myself quietly that in future I would be more sparing of my surprise and my good wishes.

On August 16, at half-past nine, a lovely, but warm morning, we set off again. I drove in the Councillor's carriage, as some of them rode, and by me sat Landrath Jansen, one of the Free-Conservative party in the Reichstag ; a good-looking, pleasant man, who had come to take part in the administration of the conquered district. The journey took us over a broad undulating plain, to the chain of hills on the right banks of the Moselle, among which stood out the cone of the Mousson, with its extensive ruins. We drove on an excellent road, through some more villages with handsome mairies and schools. It was everywhere full of life and bustle, with the infantry soldiers, the detachment of Saxon horsemen in bright blue, and all kinds of carriages and carts. Here and there, too, there were little camps.

At last about three o'clock we drove over the slope of the hill, and down into the valley of the Moselle towards Ponte-à-Mousson. It is a town of about 8,000 inhabitants, stretching along both sides of the river, over which is a beautiful stone bridge, and with a great old church on the right bank. We crossed the bridge and came into a market-place surrounded with arcades, hotels, cafes, and an old town-house, before which the Saxon infantry were lying on straw spread on the ground. Here we turned into the Rue Saint-Laurent, where the Minister, with Abeken, Keudell, and Count Bismarck-Bohlen, were quartered in a small mansion at the corner of the Rue Raugraf, which was covered with a red-blossomed climbing plant. His involuntary host was, so we heard, an old gentleman who had gone off with Madame on his travels. The Chancellor took possession of the apartments on the first floor, which looked out on the little garden at the back. The Bureau was established on the ground floor, in a back room, and a smaller room next it served as the dining-room. The Landrath, I, Secretary Bolsing, Willisch, and St. Blanquart, the other temporary cipherer, were about ten doors off, in the Rue Saint-Laurent, in a house which seemed to be inhabited only by some French ladies and their maid servants. I slept with Blanquart, or to give his full title for once, Hofrath St. Blanquart, in a room which a chance visitor might have called an *omnium gatherum* of memorials from every country ; dried flowers, wreaths of roses, palm branches, photographs from the city of David, also

Vino di Gerusalemme, a darabuka, cocoa-nuts, corals, cray-fish, sponges from the bottom of the sea, a sword-fish, and other monsters with gaping jaws and sharp teeth; three German tobacco pipes, next which came three Oriental cousins of theirs—a tschibbuk, a nargileh, and a schischi; then came a Spanish Madonna with half-a-dozen swords in her breast, reminding one of a bull fight; antelopes' horns, pictures of saints from Moscow, and, lastly, framed and glazed, a French newspaper, with an article in it obliterated by a Russian censor of the press. In short, a complete ethnographical cabinet.

We remained here only long enough to make ourselves decent. Then we hastened to the Bureau. On the way we saw different proclamations nailed up at the corners of the streets. One, of our victory, of the 14th, a second, about the abolition of the conscription, and a third in which the mayor of Pont-à-Mousson exhorted the inhabitants to circumspection,—which must have been issued the day before the attack of the civilians in this place on our soldiers, or even before. The inhabitants were also ordered by our people, under threat of punishment, to put lights in all the windows at night, and to leave open all shutters and doors, and to deliver up all their weapons at the town-house.

The distant thunder of cannon was heard during the greater part of the afternoon, and in the evening, at dinner, we learnt that there had again been a hardly-contested action near Metz, upon which some one remarked that perhaps we should not succeed in preventing the French from accomplishing their object, and withdrawing to Verdun. To this the Minister replied jestingly, “Molk, the hard-hearted reprobate, said that such a mishap would not be to be lamented, for then we should have them safe.” Which meant, I suppose, that then we should shut them in on every side, and prevent their further retreat,—in fact, annihilate them. Of the other sayings of the Chancellor on this occasion, I give only this, that he said “The little black Saxons, who looked so intelligent,” had pleased him greatly, during the visit he had paid them the day before. He meant the dark green riflemen, or the 108th regiment, with the same colour of uniform. “They seem to be sharp, nimble fellows, and we ought to mention this in the public press.”

The following night I was awakened several times by the measured tread of infantry marching through, and the rolling and rumbling of heavy wheels over the uneven pavement. As

we learnt afterwards in the Bureau, they were Hessian soldiers. We were told that the Minister had already, about four o'clock in the morning, ridden off towards Metz, where a great battle was expected to-day or to-morrow. As there was every probability of my having little or nothing to do, I seized the opportunity to take a walk with Willisch in the neighbourhood of the town.

We descended once more to the confusion of war time and to our house in the Rue Raugraf, but only to hear that the Chancellor had not returned. News had been received of a battle the day before to the west of Metz. We heard of the heavy losses of our side, and that Bazaine had with great difficulty been prevented from breaking through. The chief scene of the fighting seemed to have been the village of Mars-la-Tour. The Chassepot balls literally fell like a shower of hail. A Cuirassier regiment, so it was said then, with an exaggeration not uncommon in such cases, had been almost annihilated, and the dragoons of the guard had also suffered severely. There was no division whose battalions had not had terrible losses. To-day, however, when we would have the superiority of force, as the French had yesterday, a victory might be expected if the French attempted to advance.

This, however, seemed not quite certain. Consequently we were rather uneasy—no sitting still, no steady thinking, was possible; as in a fever, certain thoughts were constantly recurring. On going to the market and to the bridge we found the slightly wounded gradually dropping in on foot, those badly wounded in waggons. Along the road from Metz we met a long line of about one hundred and twenty prisoners. They were chiefly small, meagre men, but still there were amongst them some well-grown, broad-shouldered fellows—Guards, recognizable by the white cord on the breast. Coming back from the market we went into the garden at the back of the Bureau, where, on the left hand, in a corner not far from the house, “the dog was buried,” the dog of Herr Aubert, who was, apparently, our landlord, and who erected a stone in memory of the departed, with the following touching inscription:

GIRARD AUBERT'S EPITAPH ON HIS DOG.

Ici tu es, ma vieille amie,
 Tu n'es donc plus pour mes vieux jours,
 O toi, ma Diane chérie,
 Je te pleurerai toujours.

At last, about six o'clock, the Chancellor came back. No great battle had taken place to-day, but something would most likely happen next morning. The Chief told us at the table, that he had been to visit his eldest son, Count Herbert, who had been wounded by a shot in the upper part of the thigh during a cavalry attack at Mars-la-Tour, and who was lying in the field hospital of Mariaville. The Minister, riding about, at last found it in a farmyard at the top of a hill, where were also a considerable number of other wounded men. They were left in the hands of a doctor who could not contrive to get water for them, and who, from a kind of prudery, refrained from taking the hens and turkeys which were running about the yard for the use of the sick. "He said he dare not," continued the Minister. "Friendly representations made to him were no use. Then I threatened, first to shoot the hens with a revolver, and afterwards gave him twenty francs with which he could buy fifteen of them. At last I remembered that I was a Prussian general, and I told him so. Upon which, he listened to me. But the water I was obliged to look for myself, and get it taken to them in barrels."

Meantime the American General Sheridan, had entered the town. He came from Chicago, was staying in the market-square in the *Croix Blanche*, and wanted an interview with our Chancellor. I waited upon him by the Count's wish, and said that he would expect him in the course of the evening. The general, a little corpulent gentleman of about forty-five, with a dark mustache and a tuft, spoke a most decided Yankee dialect. He had with him his adjutant, Forsythe, and as interpreter, McLean, a journalist, who was also war correspondent for the *New York World*.

In the night, from our room, we heard again the heavy tramp of soldiers marching through the town, and we afterwards found they were Saxons.

Next morning they told me in the Bureau that the King and the Minister had already driven out about three o'clock. There was fighting again almost on the battle-field of the 16th, and it seemed as if matters were coming to a crisis. As may be easily imagined, we were more excited by this news than any time before in these last days. Restless and impatient to know what was going on, we started to walk in the direction of Metz, and arrived in a state of mental and bodily stew, at a spot about two miles and a half from Pont-à-Mousson. On the road we

met some who were slightly wounded, walking—some singly, some in pairs, some in larger bodies—to the town. Many still carried their muskets; others were supporting themselves with sticks, and one had enveloped himself in the red-lined cloak of a French cavalry soldier. They had taken part in the action the day before at Mars-la-Tour, and Gorze. About the fight which was going on this day they bring reports, good and bad, which were repeated in the town with exaggerations. At last, good news got the upper hand, but even when the evening was far advanced nothing absolutely certain was known. We dined without our Chief, for whom we waited in vain till past midnight. At last, however, we heard that he along with Sheridan and Count Bismarck-Bohlen was with the King at Rezonville.

Friday, August 19.—When we knew for certain that the Germans had been victorious the day before, Abeken, Keudell, Hatzfeld and I, drove towards the battle-fields.

Immediately after passing Gorze we came upon traces of battle; ditches ploughed by cannon balls, branches torn from the trees by shot, and a few dead horses. Further on there were more; in some places we counted two or three close together, and in another there was a heap of eight such carcasses. Most of them were frightfully swollen and their legs were stretched up in the air, with their heads lying limp on the ground. Near Mars-la-Tour there was a Saxon camp. The battle of the 16th, as it appeared, had done little harm to the village; only one house was burned down. I asked a lieutenant of Uhlans here where Rezonville was. He did not know. "Where is the King?" "At a place about six (English) miles from here," was the answer. "Out there," said the officer, pointing toward the east. A peasant woman, who tried to show us where Rezonville lay, also pointed in that direction, so we drove on straight along a road which brought us after a time to the village of Vionville. Just before we reached that place I stumbled on the first of those killed in this fight—a Prussian musketeer lying between the ditches on the edge of the road and a stubble field. His face was as black as a Turco's and his body fearfully swollen. All the houses in the village were full of badly wounded soldiers; German and French doctors were moving along the road, and ambulance men with the Geneva Cross hurried backwards and forwards.

I determined to wait here for the Minister and the Councilors, for I thought they would certainly come to this place, and

that probably before long. I walked to the battle-field through a narrow path on the left side of the road, where, in a ditch, a man's leg which had been cut off lay under a mass of bloody rags. About four hundred paces from the village I came to two ditches about 300 feet long, running parallel to each other, neither wide nor deep, which men were still digging, and near them great heaps of dead bodies, French and German huddled together. Some were half-dressed, most of them still in uniform, all blackened and frightfully swollen from the heat. There must have been 250 bodies, which had been brought together here, and carts were still arriving with more. Many others had, no doubt, already been buried. Farther on towards Metz the battle-field sloped upwards a little, and here more seem to have fallen than elsewhere. The ground was strewn with French caps, German helmets, knapsacks, arms, and uniforms, linen, shoes, and papers, all strewn about. Among the furrows of the potato field lay some single bodies, some on their faces, some on their backs; one had lost the whole of his left leg to a span above the knee; another, half his head; some had the right arm stretched stiff towards the sky. Here and there we came upon a single grave marked by a little cross made of the wood of a cigar-box and tied together with string, or by the bayonet from a Chassepot. The odour from the dead bodies was most perceptible, and at times, when the wind blew from the direction of a heap of horses, quite unbearable.

It was time to go back to the carriage, and I had had quite enough of this picture of the battle-field. I took another road, but here, too, I had to pass heaps of the dead; this time, "Red-breeches" only, heaps of discarded clothing, shirts, shoes, papers, and letters; prayer-books and books of devotion. Near some dead bodies lay whole packets of letters which the poor fellows had carried with them in their knapsacks. I took two or three of them as memorials, two of them German letters from one Anastasia Stampf, from Scherrweiler, near Schlettstadt, which I found beside a French soldier, who must have been stationed at Caen just before the outbreak of the war. One was dated from "25, hay month, 1870" (July), and concluded with the words, "We commend thee always to Mary's holy keeping."

When I got back to the carriage the minister had not yet arrived, and it was four o'clock. We now turned round and took a nearer way back to Gorze, and I saw that we had driven round the two long sides of an acute-angled triangle, instead of

choosing the shortest route. Here we met Keudell, to whom I explained our mistake and the unfortunate roundabout road we had taken. He had been with Abeken and Count Hatzfeld with the Chief, in Rezonville. While the battle of the 18th was raging, the decisive struggle taking place on Gravelotte, Bismarck had advanced with the King rather too far, and for a little time they were in some danger. Afterwards he, single-handed, had been carrying water to the badly wounded. At nine o'clock in the evening I saw him safe and sound in Pont-à-Mousson, where we all met together once more at supper. The conversation at table turned naturally on the two last battles, and the gain and loss which accompanied them. The French had left masses of people on the field. The Minister had seen their Guards laid down at Gravelotte in rows and heaps. But our losses, too, were, he said, very great. Those of the 16th of August were only now known. "A number of Prussian families will be thrown into mourning," remarked the Chief. "Wesdehlen and Reuss are laid in one grave; Wedell, dead; von Finkenstein, dead; Rahden (Luca's husband), shot through both cheeks; a great number of commanders of regiments and battalions killed or severely wounded. The whole field at Mars-la-Tour was yesterday still white and blue with dead Cuirassiers and Dragoons." In explanation of this remark we learned that a great cavalry attack had been made, near that village, on the French who were pressing forward in the direction of Verdun; that though this attack had been repulsed by the enemy's infantry in the style of Balaklava, it had so far been successful, that it had arrested the enemy, till reinforcements reached us. The sons of the Chancellor had been present at this action, and had displayed great bravery; the eldest had received no less than three shots, one through the breast of his coat, another on his watch, and a third through the fleshy part of the thigh. The youngest seemed to have come through it unhurt; and the Chief related with manifest pride, that Count Bill in the retreat had, with his strong arms, dragged out of the fray one of his comrades who was wounded in the leg, and ridden off with him slung across his horse, till they got assistance. On the 18th still more German blood was shed, but we had won the victory and attained the object of this destructive war. By nightfall Bazaine's army was decisively driven back on Metz, and the officers who were taken prisoners themselves admitted to the Minister that it was all over

with them. The Saxons, who on the two previous days had made very stiff marches, and had reached a position to take effective part in the fight at the village Saint-Private, stood now across the road to Thionville, and thus Metz was entirely surrounded by our troops.

The Chancellor, as it appeared, had not approved of some of the measures of the military in these two fights. Among other things, he said of Steinmetz, "that he had made a bad use of the really prodigious bravery of our troops—a blood-spendthrift!" He spoke with vehement indignation of the barbarous manner in which the French waged war; they had fired, it was said, on the Geneva Cross flag, and even on the bearer of a flag of truce.

The Minister seemed to have quickly got on very good terms with Sheridan; for I had to invite him and his two companions to dinner next evening.

On the 20th, early, came Herr von Kuhlwetter, who was to be civil commissioner, or prefect, in Elsass or Lothringen. At eleven the Crown Prince, who with his troops was stationed some twenty-five miles from Pont-à-Mousson, on the road from Nancy to Châlons, came to visit the Chancellor. In the afternoon there passed through the Rue Notre Dame nearly twelve hundred prisoners on foot, and amongst them two carriages with officers, guarded by Prussian cavalry. In the evening, Sheridan, Forsythe, and McLean were guests of the Chief, who talked eagerly with the American General in good English, whilst champagne and porter circulated. The latter was drunk out of the metal pots I have described, one of which filled up to the brim he sent to me, saying: "Doctor, do you still drink porter?" I mention this because at this time no one took porter but the Minister and the Americans, and because the gift was extremely welcome and agreeable; for though we had more than enough of wine, champagne, and cognac, we had had no beer since Saarbrücken.

The General, well known as a successful general of the Unionists in the latter part of the war of Secession, talked a good deal. He spoke of the fatigues he had undergone during his ride from the Rocky Mountains to Chicago, of the horrible swarms of gnats, of a great bone cave in California, in which fossil animals were found, and of buffalo and bear hunting. The Chancellor also told a hunting story in his best style. He was one day, in Finland, in considerable danger from a great bear, which he could not see plainly, as he was covered with

snow. "At last I fired," he continued, "and the bear fell, about six steps in front of me. He was not dead, however, and was able to get up again. I knew what was the danger, and what I had to do. I did not stir, but loaded again as quietly as possible, and shot him dead as he tried to stand up."

In the forenoon of the 21st we worked hard for the post and the telegraph in order to send off the news, and articles commenting on it, to Germany. The parlementaire who had been shot at by the French, as he approached them with his white flag, was, we heard, Captain or Major Verdy of Moltke's staff; the trumpeter who accompanied him was wounded. We received certain intelligence from Florence, that Victor Emmanuel and his minister, in consequence of our victories, had determined to remain neutral, which hitherto had been far from certain. Lastly, we were now able to calculate, at any rate pretty nearly, the losses of the French on the 14th at Courcelles, on the 16th, at Mars-la-Tour, and on the 18th at Gravelotte. The Minister put these, for all the three days, at nearly 50,000 men, of whom 12,000 were dead, and added, "The jealousy of some of our leaders was the cause of our losing so many of our men."

Monday, August 22,—I wrote in my journal :

"Went early with Willisich again to bathe before the Chief was up. At half-past ten I was summoned to him. He asked at once how I was, and whether I had not been attacked by dysentery. He had not been well in the night. The Count and dysentery? God preserve him from that! That would be worse than a lost battle. All our affairs would fall into uncertainty and confusion."

There is no longer any doubt that, in the event of ultimate victory over France, we shall keep Elsass and Metz, with the surrounding country, and the following was, perhaps, the train of thought which led the Chancellor to this decision.

A contribution, however great it might be, would be no compensation for the enormous sacrifices we have made. We must secure South Germany, exposed as it is, from the attacks of the French: we must put an end to the pressure which France has exercised upon it for two centuries, especially since this pressure has essentially contributed to the derangement of German relations during the whole of that time. Baden, Würtemberg, and the other countries on the south-west, must not again be threatened from Strassburg and overrun at pleasure. It is the

same with Bavaria. During the last two hundred and fifty years the French have undertaken more than a dozen wars of conquest against the south-west of Germany. Guarantees against such disturbances of the peace were sought, in 1814 and 1815, in a policy adopted towards France, which, however, proved to be too forbearing. This forbearance was useless, and even now would be fruitless and without result. The danger lies in the incurable assumption and dominating spirit inherent in the French character; attributes which may be abused by any ruler—not merely by the Bonapartes—to provoke attacks on peaceful neighbors. Our protection against it does not lie in fruitless attempts momentarily to weaken the susceptibility of the French, but in the gaining of a well-secured frontier. France has, by her continued appropriation of German territory, and of all our natural defences on our west frontier, placed herself in a position to penetrate into the heart of South Germany with an army, relatively speaking, not very great, before any help can be brought down from the north. Since the time of Louis XIV.—under him and his successor, under the Republic, under the first Empire,—there has been a constant repetition of these attacks, and the feeling of insecurity compels the States of Germany to keep their eyes incessantly on France. That a feeling of bitterness will be created in the minds of the French by taking away a piece of territory, is really not worth considering. This bitterness would exist even without cession of territory. In 1866 Austria had not to cede one square rood of her territory; and what thanks did we get for it? Our victory at Königgratz filled the French with aversion, hatred and bitter vexation; how much more effect will our victories at Würth and Metz have upon them! Revenge for this defeat of the proud nation will, therefore, even if we took no territory, be the war-cry in Paris and the provinces influenced by Paris, just as, for many years, they thought of vengeance for Waterloo. But an enemy which cannot be turned into a friend by generous treatment after defeat, must be rendered permanently harmless. It is not the levelling of the French fortresses on the east frontier of France, but their cession, that can alone be of service to us. Those who cry out for disarmament must be the first to wish to see the neighbors of the French adopt these measures, for France is the sole disturber of the peace of Europe, and will remain so as long as she can.

It is quite astonishing how naturally such opinions of the

Chief already flow from my pen! What ten days ago still looked like a miracle, is now quite natural and self-evident.

At table the conversation again turned on the improper, not to say base, manner in which the Red-breeches carry on the war, and the Minister said that at Mars-la-Tour they had fallen upon one of our officers, who was sitting, wounded, on a stone by the wayside. Some said they shot him, others said, and a doctor who examined the body was of the same opinion, that he was thrust through with a sword, whereupon the Chief remarked that if he had to choose, he would rather be stabbed than shot. Then he complained of Abeken's movements during the night, so that he, who was a bad sleeper in any case, was disturbed by Abeken's calling out, running backwards and forwards, and banging the doors. "He thinks he is feeling for his connections by marriage," said he. This referred to the Counts York, with whom our Geheimrath had become distantly connected by his marriage with Fraulein von Olfers—a relationship on which, with his perpetual "my cousins, the Yorks," he plumed himself more than a man of self-respect and high feeling would have done. One of the two Yorks had been wounded at Mars-la-Tour or Gravelotte, and the old gentleman drove that night to see him. I can easily imagine him, under the pressure of high-wrought feeling, reciting on the way, as he sat behind the coachman, something gushing, or thrilling, or dithyrambic, from Goethe, or Ossian, or even out of the old Greek tragic poets.

Count Herbert was brought here to-day, from the field-ambulance to his father, on the floor of whose room they made him a bed. I saw him and spoke with him. His wound is painful, but apparently not at present dangerous. He will go back to Germany in a few days till he recovers.

NOTE 1.—According to the *Constitutionnel* of August 8, the pressure of public opinion in Vienna had grown steadily. It showed itself in this way, that in a single day the *Neue Freie Presse* received more than a thousand letters from subscribers, to give notice to stop their papers, as they would no longer take in a print which continued to promote the interests of Prussia to the injury of Austria.

NOTE 2.—According to one of the articles inspired from Vienna in the *Constitutionnel*, the *Morgenpost* of that city, of August 2, contained revelations said to come from "a personage on a very friendly footing with the Grand Duke of Baden," "according to which M. de Bismarck" is said to have "proposed in full Ministerial Council to give up Saarbrücken and Landau to France. The Grand Duke himself," it goes on to say, "told the fact to the person, who published it in the *Morgenpost*, and the Grand Duke had it from the King of Prussia, who asserted that it was only through his own opposition that the proposition of M. de Bismarck was not adopted by the Council."

CHAPTER III.

COMMERCY—BAR-LE-DUC—CLERMONT IN ARGONNE.

TUESDAY, *August 23.*—We set out again on our journey westwards. Sheridan and his people were to accompany us, or follow us immediately. President von Kuhlwetter remains here for the present as prefect; Count Renard, of gigantic frame and corresponding beard, at Nancy, and Count Henckel at Saargemund, in similar positions. We saw the Imperial envoy Bamberger again. Herr Stieber, too, made his appearance in the neighborhood of the house at the corner of the Rue Raugraf. Lastly, as I paid a parting visit to the interior of the town, in order to take away a mental image to remember the place by, I saw the refined, wrinkled, smooth-shaven face of Moltke, for the first time since I saw him along with the Minister of War mounting the steps of Bismarck's residence, eight or ten days before the declaration of war. It wore to-day, as it seemed to me, a very happy and pleasant expression.

An account of the way in which Thiers had spoken not long ago of the immediate future of France interested me not a little as I returned to the Bureau. He had clearly pointed out, that in the event of victory we should take possession of Elsass, that Napoleon would, after the loss of battles, certainly lose also his throne, and that he would be succeeded for some months by a Republic, and then by some member of the Orleans family, perhaps even by Leopold of Belgium, who, as my informant claimed to know from certain knowledge, was very ambitious.

We left Pout-à-Mousson at ten o'clock. The fine weather of the last few days had changed between morning and afternoon to a gray cloudy sky and showers of rain. I drove in the Secretaries' carriage, which carried the portfolios of the Foreign

Office from place to place. Beyond Gironville the road ascended a steep hill, from which there was a fine view over the plain beneath. We left the carriage here, to ease the horses, the Chancellor walking with Abeken at the head of the procession for a quarter of an hour, in great wide top boots, which in size and shape reminded one of those one sees in portraits from the Thirty Years' War. Next to him walked Moltke, the greatest artist in war of our days, by the side of the greatest statesman of our time, on a French road leading to Paris, and I could bet that neither thought it specially remarkable.

When we returned to the carriages, we saw, to the right of the road, that a telegraph had been established by some smart soldiers. Soon afterward we descended into the valley of the Upper Meuse, and shortly before two reached Commercy, a pretty little town with about 6,000 inhabitants, close to a great forest. The stream here is still narrow and muddy. On it is an old mansion, with a colonnade in front. The white shutters of the better houses in the street were mostly closed, as though the proprietors were determined not to see the hated Prussians. The people in blouses, on the contrary, seemed more curious and less hostile. Over several doors was to be seen "Fabrique de Madeleines." These are biscuits in the shape of little melons, which are in great request all through France, so we did not fail to buy some boxes to send home.

The Chief was quartered with Abeken and Keudell at the house of Count Macore de Gaucourt, in the Rue des Fontaines, in which not long before a Prince of Schwarzburg had lived, and where only the lady of the house remained behind. Her husband was in the French army, and was therefore in the field. He was a man of very good family, descended from the old Dukes of Lorraine. There was a pretty flower-garden near his house, and a park with charming shade stretched behind it. I was not far from the Minister, at No. 1, Rue Hourtobise, on the ground floor dressing-room of a man living on his means, whom I found a friendly and obliging host. He gave me an excellent four-poster bed. In walking through the town I met Sheridan's adjutant, in front of a house with steps leading up to the door. He told me that he left California in the beginning of May, and travelled to Chicago in great haste, and from thence to London; then to Berlin, and from there to Pont-à-Mousson in five days. He and the General, who was looking out at a window on the first floor, now wear uniform. Afterwards, I sought

for the Chancellor, found him in the garden, and inquired whether he had anything for me to do. After some thought, he said "Yes," and an hour afterwards I set the field post, as well as the telegraph to work. I wrote, for instance, the following article :

"It is now quite certain that, the Princes of the Orleans family, in the expectation of seeing the star of the Napoleons pale and sink still lower, consider their time come. Emphatically declaring themselves Frenchmen, they have placed their sword at the command of France in the present crisis. By their indolence, for the most part—by adhering to the principle of *laissez faire* in dealing with the affairs of their neighbors, the Orleans family lost their throne. It seems as if they desired to reconquer it by energy, and as if by indulging the passions of Chauvinism, the craze for glory and the assumption of the guardianship of the world, inherent in Frenchmen,—they would seek to maintain themselves upon the throne. We are by no means at the end of our work. A decisive victory is probable, but not yet certain; the fall of Napoleon is somewhat nearer, but it is not yet a fact. If Napoleon actually falls, could we be content—in view of what we have just remarked—merely with this result of our enormous exertions? Ought we to feel that we had attained, in that event, what must be our supreme object—a peace with France, secured for many years? No one will assert this. A peace with the Orleanist family reseatd on the throne of France would be, without any doubt, far more delusive than a peace with Napoleon, who has had enough to do with glory. Sooner or later, we should be again challenged by France, when France probably would be better armed, and more secure of powerful alliances."

Three reserve armies are to be formed in Germany. one, the strongest, at Berlin; another on the Rhine, and a third—on account of Austria's suspicious attitude—in Silesia at Glogau. The latter was purely a defensive measure. The troops on the Rhine were to be commanded by the Duke of Mecklenburg; those at Berlin by General von Canstien, and those at Glogau by General von Löwenfeld.

Towards evening the military band played before the house of the King, who had been quartered in Commerce during the war of Liberation, and the street boys were quite pleased to hold the notes of the music for the men who played the horns and hautboys.

The Chancellor at dinner began to speak of his sons, and said, "I hope now that I shall keep at least one of my young fellows—I mean Herbert, who is on his way home. He had got very much in his place in the field. When he lay wounded near us in Pont-a-Mousson, and common dragoons came to see him, he conversed with them more freely than with the officers."

At tea it was mentioned that in 1814 the King had lived in the very same street, and, indeed, in a house close by the one he was quartered in now. The Minister said, "My plan for his Majesty in the future campaign is to send the Staff Guard on in front. The country right and left of the road must be thoroughly searched by a company of soldiers, and the head-quarters must keep together. Sentinels must be placed at short distances from one another. The King agreed to this plan, when I told him that it had been followed in 1814. At that time the monarchs did not drive, but always rode, and Russian soldiers, twenty feet apart, lined the road." Some one observed that it was quite possible that peasants or Francs-tireurs might fire on the King in the carriage.

In the evening some more articles were sent to Germany, amongst others one on the co-operation of the Saxons at Gravelotte, whose praises the Chief never tired in repeating. It ran thus:

"In the battle at Metz on the 18th, the Saxons distinguished themselves by their usual heroic bravery, and contributed most essentially to the attainment of the object of the German troops. To bring the Saxon Army Corps into the field, very long marches from the right to the extreme left wing had been made the day before, and even on the 18th itself. In spite of these fatigues they attacked with extraordinary energy, drove the enemy back, and completely fulfilled the duty they were charged with, preventing the enemy breaking through towards Thionville. Their losses in these actions amounted to 2200 men."

About nine o'clock the Bavarians began to march through. They went along the Rue de la Banque, and therefore passed the King's abode as well as ours. There were more French spectators than was convenient to us, on the pavement, on both sides of the rows of trees which border the wide street. The light cavalry in green uniforms turned up with red; dark-blue cuirassiers, among whom were many fine men; lancers, artillery, infantry, regiment after regiment marched for several hours

past the Commander-in-Chief of the German armies. As they marched in front of the house where the King stood, they raised loud riaging hurrahs, while the cavalry brandished their sabres, and the infantry held up their right hands and lowered their colours, amid blaring fanfare of the trumpets of the cavalry, and music from the bands of the infantry. Who, after the war of 1866, or even three months ago, would have thought it possible?

More articles were written for the post, and others for the telegraph. Our people press rapidly forwards. The heads of the German columns already stand between Châlons and Epernay. In Germany the three reserve armies which have been talked of for some days are in process of formation. In opposition to our plan of creating a safe frontier on the west, by the incorporation of French territory, neutral powers for the most part raise difficulties, especially England, which, jealous of us for some time past, shows a disposition to tie our hands. The accounts from St. Petersburg appear to be better, where the Emperor, though not without some doubts of the measures we have in view, seems disposed to favor us, and where too the Archduchess Helena has given us her active sympathy. We stand, however, by our plan, dictated by the necessity of securing South Germany from the attacks of France once and for all, and of thus making it independent of French politics, the achievement of which will doubtless be demanded by the national feeling with an energy quite irresistible. The troops before us report much exciting news about the bands of Francs-tireurs which have been formed. Their uniform is of such a kind that they can hardly be known as soldiers, and what they do wear to distinguish them as such can be easily thrown away. One of these fellows when a troop of our cavalry is going along the road, lies apparently sunning himself in the ditch near a wood. As soon as our men have passed, up he starts and fires his rifle at them, which he had kept concealed in the neighboring bush, and runs into the wood, out of which, perfectly acquainted with the paths in it, he comes again, a little further on, an innocent countryman in a blouse. I am inclined to think that these are not defenders of their country, but assassins, who should be hanged without ceremony, if they fall into our hands.

At dinner Count Seckendorf, Adjutant in the Crown Prince's general staff, was one of the guests. (*Vide* note 1, at end of

chapter.) He denied that the Crown Prince had, as reported, caused some treacherous French peasants to be shot; on the contrary, said the Prince, he had always behaved with great mildness and forbearance, even towards officers of the enemy, who showed great want of soldier-like breeding.

Count Bohlen, who is always full of fun and anecdotes, said, "When the battery von Breinitz, on the 18th, was sustaining such a sharp fire that in a short time nearly all its horses, and most of its men, were lying on the ground either dead or wounded, the captain said, as he rallied the last who were left standing, 'A fine fight this, isn't it?'"

The Chief said, "Last night I asked the sentinel outside the door, who he was, and what he got to eat, and I heard that the man had not had anything to eat for four-and-twenty hours. Then I went in and found the cook, and cut a great hunch of bread, and took it to him, which seemed to be most acceptable to him."

The conversation then turned from Hatzfeld's prefecture to other prefects and commissaries *in spe*, and when first one and then another name, which were all well known, were objected to, the Minister remarked, "Our officials in France may be allowed to do a few stupid things, if only their administration in general be energetic."

Friday, August 26.—They say that we are to advance to-day towards Sainte-Manehould, where our troops, as I telegraphed this morning to Germany, have taken prisoners 800 of the Mobiles. This expected move was announced by Taglioni, who by the way gave us yesterday some most excellent caviare, which he had, I believe, from fat Borek. The first thing this morning, I wrote an article on the Francs-tireurs, and described in detail their delusions as to what is permitted in warfare. Then—for the Chief had gone out, some said to see the King, others to make a tour of inspection in the upper town (*vide* note 2, at end of chapter)—in company with Abeken I went to see the fine old church of Saint-Pierre. The walls and pillars in this church are not so high, and the latter much less slender than is usual in Gothic churches, but the whole is very elegant. On one of the walls is a skeleton of marble, presented by one of the duchesses, who loved her husband in such a marvellous fashion that when he died she had his heart preserved in the hand of this skeleton. The windows are filled with painted glass, which throws a colored shade over the nave. Abeken

was strangely moved and excited by it. He cited passages from 'Faust,' and showed himself for once quite the romanticist he is or wants to be taken for. I fear that with the æsthetic tendencies of his character he imbibed during his residence in Rome, where he was preacher to the embassy, a strong leaning to the Catholic church, which was not weakened by the fact that distinguished people in Berlin, to whose circles he had the *entree*, were enthusiastic for it, and his heart will never be in the work if he has to form front against that Church.

On the 26th we did move on, but not towards Sainte-Menehould, where it was still unsafe, and Francs-tireurs and Gardes Mobiles were hovering about, but to Clermont in Argonne, where we arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. We met first some Bavarian troops and baggage wagons, from whom the King, who was just before us on the road, received a salvo of hurrahs, of which the Chancellor came in for a share. Then we overtook, one after the other, the 31st Regiment, the 96th, and the 66th, and afterwards passed some Hussars and Uhlans, and lastly some Saxon artillerists. Just outside a wood, not far from a village that, if I mistake not, is named Triancourt, we passed a vehicle containing captured Francs-tireurs, and behind them a second containing their arms and knapsacks, and the weapons of some other people of the same kind. Most of these fellows hung their heads, and one was crying. The Chief halted and spoke to them. He did not seem to have had anything very cheering to say. Afterwards a superior officer, who rode up to the Councillors' carriage and got a friendly glass of cognac, told us that these fellows or comrades of theirs, had, the day before, not far from this place, shot or murdered a major of Uhlans, named von Fries or Friesen. When taken prisoners, they had not behaved like soldiers, but had escaped from their escort, but in the vineyards to which they had crept, the troopers, assisted by some riflemen, had driven them up into a corner like game, and some of them were again captured, others shot or cut down. It is evident that the war is now beginning, in consequence of the practices of these Francs-tireurs, to take a savage turn. The soldier looks on them henceforward as men who meddle with things with which by right they have nothing to do, as those who do not belong to the profession, as mere bunglers, and he hardly needs to add to that that they are likely enough to lie in wait to shoot him.

We arrived at Clermont wet through, for we had, twice on

the way, been overtaken by heavy showers of rain and hail, and with the exception of Keudell and Hatzfeld, we took up our abode in the town school, on the left side of the principal street. The King was quartered just opposite. In the evening we had an opportunity of taking a look at the place. Returning to our quarters we found the Minister had gone, and left word for us to follow him to the Hôtel des Voyageurs, where we were to dine with him, our cooking wagon being late, or not having arrived. We went there and found food and places at the Chief's table, in a sort of back-room used for skittles, and full of noise and tobacco-smoke. An officer with a long black beard, wearing the cross of St. John, dined with us. This was Prince Pless. He said that the captive French officers at Pont-à-Mousson behaved in a very arrogant and shameless way, and spent the whole night in drinking and playing hazard. A general had wanted a private carriage, as proper for his rank, and had behaved in a very unseemly way when it was, as was natural, refused him. The Francs-tireurs and their unmentionable mode of warfare were then talked of; and the Minister mentioned, what Abeken had told me already, that when he overtook some of them in the road this afternoon, he had given them a terrible lecture. "I told them, '*Vous serez tous pendus; vous n'êtes pas soldats, vous êtes des assassins*,' upon which some of them began to whine." That the Chancellor is anything but hard we have already seen, and shall see often again.

In the morning a little quiet but ingenious contrivance and re-arrangement was required to fit our sleeping-room for our very different requirements. It became, without losing its fundamental character, at once Bureau, dining-room, and tea-room. In the artistic hands of Theiss some trestles, on which stood a kneading-trough, a cask raised to the necessary height by a not very high box, a door which we appropriated, and which was laid by the artist on the top of the kneading-trough and cask, made us a magnificent table, at which the Chancellor himself afterwards dined and breakfasted, and which between the meal times served as writing table for the secretaries and Councillors, at which world-stirring ideas of the Count in the room below were reduced to shape and written out, and the most important dispatches, instructions, telegrams and newspaper articles penned. The want of chairs was happily supplied by a form from the kitchen and an empty box or two; a

cracked and altogether shaky washhand-basin was found, which Willis, clever as an old sailor in mending and patching, made tight again by the help of sealing-wax. For candlesticks, the Minister and ourselves made use of the empty wine-bottles—champagne bottles answer the purpose best—and in the necks of these, good stearine candles burn as brightly as in the sockets of silver candlesticks. Not so easily and happily as in the matters of utensils, furniture and lights, did we contrive about getting the necessary water—either for washing or drinking purposes, for the crowds of men who had been besieging the little wells of Clermont during the two days before had pumped away all the water for themselves and their horses. Only one of us, who was something of a grumbler, complained of these little misfortunes; the rest, including Abeken, who was an old traveller, seemed to take them, as I did, good-humoredly, as giving a flavor to the expedition.

In two little school-rooms on the ground-floor the Bureau of the War Minister, or the general staff, was established; and there quartermasters and soldiers wrote on the school tables and the masters' desks. On the walls were different kinds of apparatus for teaching, on one were maps and sentences and a black-board for teaching arithmetic, on the other an advice most applicable to these bad times: "*Faites-vous une étude de la patience et sachez céder par raison.*"

While we were still drinking our coffee in the morning, the Chief came and angrily inquired, why the proclamation, according to which certain offences of the population contrary to military law were to be punished with death had not yet been posted up. By his order I went to inquire of Stieber, who had found out good quarters for himself in the other part of the town, and I returned with the answer that Abeken had given the proclamation to the general staff, and that it was his duty as the director of the field police to post up only such proclamations as issued from his Majesty.

I took this message to the Chancellor and received some more commissions. I saw that he was hardly better put up than we. He had slept that night on a mattress on the floor, his revolver within reach, and he worked at a table so small that he could hardly put both elbows on it at once, in a corner near the door. The room was meanly furnished; there was neither sofa, arm-chair, nor anything of the kind. He who for years had made the history of the world, in whose head its currents met and

changed character according to his plans, had hardly a place to lay his head, while stupid courtiers in their comfortable four-posters had the sound sleep of the idle classes; and even M. Stieber himself had managed to get much more comfortably housed than our master.

On this occasion I saw a letter which had fallen into our hands, having been sent from Paris some days ago, and addressed to a French officer of high rank. According to its contents, the circles to which he belonged neither believed in the possibility of further resistance nor hoped to maintain the dynasty on the throne. The writer did not know what to hope or expect in the immediate future; a Republic without Republicans, or a monarchy without believers in monarchy, appeared to be the choice which he saw before him. To him the Republicans appeared too much in love with moderation; the Monarchists too self-seeking. They were enthusiastic, he said, about the army, but no one showed any great activity in joining it in order to fight the enemy.

I shall here introduce some interesting notes from the journal of a Bavarian superior officer, which have been placed at my disposal. In May, 1871, on the return march to Clermont he was quartered in the same house in which King William had lived during our residence there, and he also visited the hill and its chapel to St. Anne. There, too, he met the priest, made his acquaintance, and learnt from him all sorts of interesting things. The remains of walls which we noticed had belonged to an old castle, which was afterwards turned into a cloister, destroyed at the time of the first French Revolution. The priest was an old man who had lived in the place for fifty-six years. He was a man of much feeling, and a good patriot. The misfortunes of his country lay heavy on his heart, but he did not deny that it was a mischievous arrogance which had brought this sad fate upon it. Of this arrogance he gave a curious proof, which I will give as nearly as I can in the Father's own words.

“Like you, gentlemen, the French Cuirassiers appeared here suddenly last August. The beautiful hill tempted them too, to admire the country from its summit. They went joking along, and coming to my church, standing open, as usual, they said that a public-house would have been more in place here. Whereupon they got a cask of wine, which they drank in the chapel, after which they had dancing and singing. Suddenly

there appeared a sturdy cuirassier, who carried on his back a dog dressed in woman's clothes, which he set down in the circle of dancers. '*C'est Monsieur de Bismarck!*' he cried, and their noisy delight over this wretched joke seemed as if it would never end. They pulled the dog by the tail, and as he howled they shrieked, '*C'est le langage de Monsieur de Bismarck!*' They danced with the creature, and at last the soldier got it on his back again; after which they formed a procession, which was to go down the hill and through the town. This excited me past bearing. I begged a hearing, and told them it was a shame to compare any man, even an enemy, to a brute. In vain; they overpowered me with noise and thrust me on one side. In a rage I called out to them: 'Look to it, that the punishment due to insolence does not fall on your head.' However, they would not be warned; the noise went on and the crowd went away with their dog, shouting and brawling, unhappily, meeting only applause all through the town. Ah! all that I feared was only too completely realized. Fourteen days had not passed before Bismarck stood as conqueror on the very spot where he had been ridiculed in so absurd a fashion. I saw this man of iron, but I did not then think him such a terrible person, or that he would make my poor France bleed to death. Yes, I can never forget the day when these soldiers sinned against him so."

The author of the journal continues: "We returned to our quarters, and our host willingly showed us the room in which the Emperor William lived and the bed on which he slept. The old gentleman could not sufficiently praise the Emperor's chivalrous manners, and he did not think Bismarck nearly so dreadful as he was represented. The Count had come there one day to see the Emperor but had to wait a very long time, for Moltke was already engaged with him. He had taken a walk with Bismarck through the garden while he was waiting, and found him very pleasant. He spoke French admirably, and no one would have thought him such a terrible Prussian. He had talked with him about all kinds of rural matters, and had shown himself as much at home there as in politics. Such a man, he said emphatically, is what France needs."

Sunday, August 28.—When we got out of bed a fine, soft rain was falling from a dull grey sky, reminding us that Goethe, not far from here, in 1792, in frightful weather, amidst mud and dirt, had passed the days before and after the cannonade at

Valmy. I went to General Sheridan, who had found a home for himself in the back-room of an apothecary's shop, and by the Chief's directions, took him the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Then I wished to get from the Saxons some details of the 18th, but at first I could only find single soldiers who had no time to tell me anything. At last, by chance, I came upon one of the Landwehr officers, a country gentleman, Fuchs-Nordhof, from Mocker, near Leipsic. But he could not tell me much that was new. The Saxons had fought nobly near Sainte-Marie-aux-Chènes and at Saint-Privat, and had saved the Guard there, who had fallen somewhat into disorder, from entire defeat. The Freiberg riflemen had taken the French position on the right attack, at the point of the bayonet without firing a shot. The Leipsic regiment, the 107th, had lost many men and almost all its officers. This was all. He told me also that Krausshaar had fallen.

When the Minister rose we had plenty to do. Our cause makes excellent progress. I am to telegraph that the Saxon cavalry at Voussières and Boumont, in the North, have scattered the Twelfth Chasseurs. I learnt, and was allowed to repeat to others, that the determination to take some provinces from France was still firmly adhered to, and that peace would be concluded on no other terms. An article sanctioned by the Chief, explained our reasons in the following manner :

The German armies, since the victorious days of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte have continually advanced, and the time appears to have come when the question may be put, under what conditions Germany will conclude peace with France. In this we must not be governed by the love of glory or the lust of conquest, and as little by the magnanimity dinned into our ears by the foreign press. In all our proceedings we have to consider merely how best to protect Germany, and especially South Germany, from fresh attacks of French ambition, such as we have had renewed more than a dozen times from Louis XIV. to the present day, and which will be repeated as often as France feels herself strong enough to do so. The enormous sacrifices, both in men and money, which the German people have made in this war, and all our victories, would be in vain, if the power of France to attack were not weakened, and Germany's capacity of defence not strengthened. The German people have a right to demand this. If we contented ourselves with a mere change of dynasty or with a contribution, no sub-

stantial improvement in our condition would ensue. Nothing would prevent this war from being the first of a series of wars; and especially the sting of the present defeat would drive the pride of the French to revenge the German victories. The contribution would soon be forgotten, the riches of France being so great in comparison with our own. Each new dynasty, in order to maintain itself, would seek compensation for the disaster of the dynasty now in power by victories over us. Magnanimity is no doubt a very estimable virtue; but, in politics, magnanimity, as a rule, gets little thanks. In 1866 we took not a single acre of territory from the Austrians. Have we found that we are thanked in Vienna for this self-denial? Are they not full there of bitter feelings of revenge, simply because they were beaten? And further, the French growled at us from envy because of Koniggratz, where, not they, but a foreign power were conquered. How will they ever forgive us the victories of Worth and Metz, whether we magnanimously renounce or do not renounce any cession of territory? How they will dream of vengeance for the defeats which they have now suffered at our hands!

If in 1814 and 1815 the French were treated otherwise than as we here indicate, the result of the leniency with which France was then dealt with has sufficiently proved that it was a mistaken clemency. Had the French been weakened in those days, as it was desirable they should have been in the interests of the peace of the world, we should not have had to be carrying on this war now.

The danger lies, not in Bonapartism, although Bonapartism is specially pledged to a Chauvinistic foreign policy. It lies in the incurable, ineradicable arrogance of that portion of the French people which gives the tone to France. This trait of the French national character, which will prescribe its line of action to every dynasty, let it call itself what it may, even to a French republic, will continually be a goad to attacks upon peaceable neighbors. He who desires the load of military armament in Europe to be lightened, he who wants to see such a peace as will permit nothing of the kind, must wish for a solid and impregnable barrier against the war-chariot of the French lust of conquest, not in a moral but a material form; that for the future it may be made as difficult as possible to the French to invade South Germany with an army comparatively small, so as by the possibility of such an invasion to con-

strain the Germans of the south, even in a time of peace, to consider France. To secure South Germany by defensible frontiers is our present task. To fulfil it is to liberate Germany entirely—is, in fact, to complete the war of liberation of 1813 and 1814.

The least, therefore, which we must demand, the least which the German nation in all its parts, but especially our countrymen and fellow-soldiers beyond the Maine, will demand, is the cession of the sallyports of France towards Germany, the conquest of Strassburg and Metz for Germany. To expect a lasting peace from the dismantling of these fortresses would be a short-sighted illusion of the same kind as the hope that it is possible to gain the French by mere clemency. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that when we demand these cessions we are demanding the cession of territory originally German, a considerable part of which is still German, the inhabitants of which may perhaps again learn in time to feel their German nationality.

To us change of dynasty is a matter of indifference; a war contribution might weaken France for a time financially. What we want is the increased security of the German frontier, and this is only attainable by the transformation of the two fortresses which threaten us, into bulwarks to protect us. From being French fortresses of aggression Strassburg and Metz must become German places of defence.

He who sincerely desires peace on the continent of Europe, he who wishes that nations should lay down their arms, and that the plough should prevail over the sword, must wish above all that the neighbors of France on the East may secure this position, for France is the only disturber of peace, and will remain so, so long as she has the power.

NOTE (1).—Among other matters we talked at dinner of the Augustenburg prince who was serving with the Bavarians. The opinion expressed of him was much what was said to me some months later by a kindly disposed friend of his, who was at that time professor in Kiel, in a letter to myself. "We all know that he is not born for any heroic exploits. It is not his nature. It is a family trait that he rather takes to a persistent waiting on Providence, an expectation of the marvellous things his inheritance is to bring him. He has never once made any attempt at heroism. It would have been much more seemly if, instead of hanging about the army as a mere amateur of battle-fields, he had led a company or a battalion of the soldiers who were once almost his own, as a captain or a major, or, if he preferred it a Bavarian company. Probably little would have come of it, but one would have been glad at least of the goodwill it would have shown."

NOTE (2). --In the latter case the following may refer to our stay in Bar-le-Duc. Charles Loizet says in the *Paris Revue Politique et Littéraire* for February or March, 1874 :—"In a town in eastern France which had the sorry honor of harboring the highest personages of the invasion for several days, and where the forced march on Sedan was decided on at a moment's notice, the famous Bismarck took a walk round alone, up and down through the most outlying quarters of the town, indifferent to the ill-wishes and the amazement of the people who pointed at him. A man whose heart was made bitter by domestic trouble, and who had ceased to care for his own life, secretly sought a concealed weapon for an enterprise which would have made a great sensation. It was refused him, the people were terrified for fear he should find one. The inhabitants of the town, who were very patriotic, had been previously disarmed. The man hung about for days, and his plan went to the grave with him. And the Chancellor went alone, in uniform, for a walk through the meadows above the upper town!" The regret with which M. Loizet concludes his story has something tragi-comical in it.



CHAPTER IV.

WE TURN NORTHWARDS—THE CHANCELLOR IN REZONVILLE—
BATTLE AND BATTLE-FIELD OF BEAUMONT.

SUNDAY, *August 23.*—At tea we were surprised by great news. With the whole army, except what remains behind for the investment of Metz, we alter the direction of our march, and instead of going westward to Châlons we move northwards under the edge of the forest of Argonnes to the Ardennes, and the Meuse district. Our immediate object will be, it is said, Grand Pré. This movement is owing to Marshal MacMahon, who, with a strong force to the north of us, is marching to Metz to relieve Bazaine.

On *the 29th*, by ten o'clock, we started. The weather, which was at the beginning of the day rainy and cold, now improved, and the sky gradually cleared. We passed different villages, and sometimes a pretty château and park. On the road were Bavarian camps, line infantry, riflemen, light cavalry, and cuirassiers. We drove through the little town of Varennes, by the small two-windowed house where Louis XVI. was arrested by the postmaster of Sainte-Menchould, and which now contains a store of scythes belonging to the firm of Nicot-Jacquesson. The first market we came to in the town, with square-trimmed lime-trees, the little three-cornered square, which came next, and the large market-place further on, were all full of foot and horse soldiers, wagons, and guns. The crowd of men and animals was so great that we could with difficulty get through them out into the open ground, and then it was only to pass through other villages and by more camps, past the Prussian artillery, to Grand Pré, where the Chancellor took up his quarters in the Grand Rue, two or three houses from the market. The King lived at the apothecary's, not far off on the left side of the road, towards the gloomy old castle

above the town. The second division of the head-quarters, in which was Prince Karl, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin had arrived at the neighboring village of Juvin. The quartermaster had got a lodging for me not far from opposite the Chief, in a modest little room belonging to a milliner, who had left home. On our arrival in the market-place we saw there some French prisoners, and towards evening more came in. I heard that a collision with MacMahon's army was expected the next day.

In Grand Prè, too, the Chief showed that he had no fear of any murderous attack upon his person. He went about the narrow streets of the town freely in the twilight without a companion, in lonely places where he was quite likely to be attacked. I say this from my own knowledge—for I followed him at a little distance. It seemed to me possible that I might be of use to him.

I heard the next morning that the King and the Chancellor were going out together, to be present at the great *battue* of this second French army. Remembering what the Chancellor said to me at Pont-à-Mousson, one day when he came back from Rezonville, and the proverb he quoted another time, "It is he who makes himself green that the goats will nibble," I took heart as the carriage drove up, and begged him to take me with him. He answered "Yes, but if we stay out the night, what will you do?" I replied, "Never mind, Excellency, I shall be able to take care of myself." "Well, then, come along," said he smiling. He then took another stroll to the market-place, while I joyfully got together my bag, my waterproof, and my faithful diary, and when he came back and got into the carriage, he beckoned to me to take a seat by his side. A man must have luck, as well as do his duty, to get on.

It was a little after nine when we started. First we went back a little way on the same road we had come by a few days before, then to the left, up through vineyards, past more villages in a hilly country, with columns of troops and parks of artillery everywhere before us marching or resting, then down another road to the right, through the valley to the little town of Busancy, which we entered at eleven o'clock, where we halted in the market-place to wait for the King.

The Count was very communicative on the way. First he complained that he was so often disturbed at his work by people

talking outside his door, "especially as some of the gentlemen speak so loud. The common inarticulate noises do not irritate me. Music, or the rattle of carriages, does not put me out; but talking, if the words are audible, is quite a different thing. I then want to know what is being said, and lose the thread of my thoughts."

Further on he remarked that it was not proper for me to return the military salutes of officers who passed the carriage. The salute was not to him as Minister or Chancellor, but simply to his rank as general, and officers might take it amiss if a civilian took their salutes as including himself.

He feared that nothing decisive would be done to-day, an opinion which was shared by some Prussian artillery officers standing by their guns close to Busancy, whom he asked about it. "This," said he, "reminds me of a wolf hunt I once had in the Ardennes, which began just here. We were for many long days up in the snow, and at last heard that they had found the tracks of a wolf. When we went after him he had vanished. So it will be to-day with the French."

Then he expressed a hope that he might meet his second son here, about whom he frequently inquired of the officers, and he remarked, "You see how little Nepotism there is with us. He has been serving now twelve months, and has not been promoted, whilst others, who have not served much more than one month are ensigns already." I ventured to ask how that could be. "Indeed, I don't know," replied he. "I have particularly inquired whether there was any fault in him—drinking or anything of that kind; but no, he seems to have conducted himself quite properly, and in the cavalry fight at Mars-la-Tour he charged the French square as bravely as any man among them." A few weeks afterwards both sons were promoted to the rank of officers.

Then, amongst other things, he told another of his experiences on the evening of the 18th: "I had sent my horse to water, and stood in the dusk near a battery which was firing. The French were silent, but," he continued, "when we thought their guns were disabled, they were only concentrating their guns and mitrailleuses for a last great push. Suddenly they began a quite fearful fire with shells and such like—an incessant cracking and rolling, whizzing and screaming in the air. We were separated from the King, who had been sent back by Roon. I stayed by the battery, and thought to myself, 'if we have to

retreat, put yourself on the first gun-carriage you can find.' We now expected that the French infantry would support the attack, when they might have taken me prisoner unless the artillery carried me away with them. But the attack failed, and at last the horses returned, and I set off back to the King. We had gone out of the rain into the gutter, for where we had ridden to the shells were falling thick, whereas before they had passed over our heads. Next morning we saw the deep holes they had ploughed in the ground.

"The King had to go back farther, as I told him to do, after the officers had made representations to me. It was now night. The King said he was hungry, and what could he have to eat? There was plenty to drink—wine and bad rum from a sutler—but not a morsel to eat but dry bread. At last, in the village, we got a few cutlets, just enough for the King, but not for any one else, so I had to find out something for myself. His Majesty would sleep in the carriage, among dead horses and badly-wounded men. He afterwards found accommodation in a little public-house. The Chancellor had to look out somewhere else. The heir of one of the greatest German potentates (the young Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg) kept watch by our common carriage, that nothing should be stolen, and Sheridan and I set off to find a sleeping place. We came to a house which was still burning, and that was too hot. I asked at another, 'full of wounded soldiers.' In a third, also full of the wounded. In a fourth, just the same; but I was not to be denied this time. I looked up and saw a window which was dark. 'What have you got up there?' I asked. 'More wounded soldiers.' 'That we shall see for ourselves.' I went up and found three empty beds, with good and apparently fairly clean straw mattresses. Here we took up our night quarters and I slept capitally."

"Yes," said his cousin, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, when the Chancellor told us this story the first time, and with less detail; "you did sleep sound; and so did Sheridan, who—where he got it I don't know—had rolled himself up in white linen all over, and who must have been dreaming of you, for I heard him several times murmuring, 'O, dear Count!' H'm, and the Hereditary Grand Duke, who took the thing very well, is a particularly pleasant and agreeable young fellow." "The best of the story is," said Bohlen, "that there was no necessity for such a pinch, for we found out that quite close by there was an

elegant country-house, which had been prepared for Bazaine—with good beds, sack in the cellar, and what not—everything of the best. One of our generals lodged there and had a capital supper with his friends.”

On our way to Busancy, the Chancellor went on to say, “The whole day I had had nothing to eat but the soldiers’ bread and fat bacon. Now we found some eggs—five or six—the others must have theirs boiled; but I like them uncooked, so I got a couple of them and broke them on the pommel of my sword, and was much refreshed. When it got light I took the first warm food for six-and-thirty hours—it was only pea-sausage-soup, which General Goben gave me, but it tasted quite excellent.”

Afterwards they gave us a roast fowl, “over whose toughness the best teeth would have despaired.” This had been offered to him by a sutler, after he had bought one uncooked from a soldier. Bismarck had taken the former and paid for it, and gave the soldier’s to the sutler, telling him, “If we meet again in the course of the war, you shall give it to me roasted; if not, then I hope you will pay it me back in Berlin.”

The market-place in Busancy, a small provincial town, was full of officers, Hussars, Uhlans, messengers, and vehicles of every kind. After a time Sheridan and Forsythe came. At half-past eleven the King appeared, and immediately afterwards we started again, news coming that the French were unexpectedly going to make a stand.

Some four kilomètres from Busancy we came on higher land with bare depressions to the right and left, with heights again beyond. Suddenly, a dull heavy crack in the distance. “A cannon shot,” said the Minister. A little farther on, beyond the depression on the left, on a treeless rise, I saw two columns of infantry stationed, and in front of them two guns, which were being fired. But it was so far from us that we hardly heard the shots. The Chief was surprised at my sharp eyes, and put on his spectacles, as I now for the first time notice that he is obliged to do when he wants to make out anything distant. Little white round clouds, like air balloons, floated for two or three seconds in the air over the hollow beyond which the guns stood, and vanished with a flash; they were shrapnels. The guns must be German, and seem to aim at the slope beyond the declivity on the other side. We could make out a wood on the slope, and in front of it dark lines which were

probably Frenchmen. Still further off on the horizon a high spur of hill, with three or four large trees on the top of it, stood forward; on the map this was called the village of Stonn, where, as we afterwards heard, the Emperor Napoleon remained to watch the battle.

The firing on the left soon ceased. Bavarian artillery, blue cuirassiers, and green light horse came along the road past us at full trot. A little further on, as we drove through some brushwood, we heard a crackling, rather like a long drawn out and badly-fired platoon salvo. "A squirt of shot," said Engel, turning round on the box.

Not far from this, on a spot where Bavarian riflemen were resting in the ditches and in a clover field by the side of a road, the Minister mounted his horse, in order to ride on with the King, who was before us. We remained some time standing on the same spot, and artillery kept continually galloping past. Many of the riflemen seemed to be dropping out of the ranks. One of them begged mournfully for water. "I have had dysentery for five days," he murmured. "Ah, dear comrade, I am dying; no doctor can do me any good! Burning heat inside, nothing but blood running from me!" We comforted him, and gave him water with a little cognac. Battery after battery rushed past us, till at last the road was again free. Right in front, on the horizon, which was here very close to us, the white clouds from shells were again rising, so that we concluded that the fight was going on in a valley not far off. The thunder of the guns was more distinct, and the snarl of the mitrailleuses, the noise of which sounds to us something like a coffee-mill at work. At last we turned into a stubble field, on the right from the road, which goes down at that point into a broad depression to the left. The ground now sloped gently to a height on which the King had taken his stand with our Chief and a number of princes, generals, and other officers of high rank, about a thousand paces in advance of the horses and carriages which brought them here. I followed them over fresh ploughed fields and stubble fields, and a little apart from them I watched, till night fell, the Battle of Beaumont.

A broad not very deep valley stretched before us, at the bottom of which was a beautiful deep green wood of leafy trees. Then an open, gently rising country in which the small town of Beaumont, with its fine church, was visible a little to the right. Still further to the right were more woods. To the left

also, at the edge of the valley in the background, there were woods to which led a road bordered with Italian poplars. In front of them was a small village, or rather a collection of buildings, belonging to an estate. Beyond the gently-swelling ground before and behind Beaumont the prospect terminated with dark hills in the distance.

Now the guns could be seen distinctly firing. From the heavy cloud of smoke hanging over it, the town seemed to be burning, and soon afterwards smoke burst up from the village or farm at the wood beyond the poplar-trees.

The firing now slackened a little. First it was in the neighborhood of the town, then it moved upwards some to the left, and at last it came from the wood at the bottom of the valley, apparently from the Bavarian artillery which had passed us.

To our left, behind a village which lay a little below our station, and is named in the maps Sommauthe, a regiment of Bavarian hussars and another of light cavalry filled up the foreground of the picture for some time. About four o'clock these bodies of cavalry galloped off towards the wood below, and disappeared there. Afterwards more cavalry, Uhlans, if I remember right, went down into the hollow, beyond which we first saw the firing from the road behind the place where the carriages were left, and rode on to Stonn. At the edge of the wood beyond the burning village in front and to the left, the battle again seemed to be raging furiously. Once there was a bright burst of light, and then a dull report. Probably a munition wagon had exploded. It was said that the Crown Prince himself had been for some time taking part in the battle.

It began to get dark. The King now sat on a chair, near which a straw fire had been kindled, for the wind blew keenly, and watched the battle through his field-glass. The Chancellor watched it too; but he had taken his place on a grassy ridge, from which Sheridan and his adjutant also observed the spectacle. We now distinctly perceived the flash of the exploding shells, changing the little round balls of vapor in a moment into jagged stars of fire, and the flames as they burst forth from Beaumont. The French were retiring more and more rapidly, and the battle disappeared behind the ridge of the treeless heights, which closed the horizon on the left of the woods beyond the burning village. The battle, which from its commencement appeared like the enemy covering his retreat, was won. We had caught the Minister's wolf, or would catch him

that day or next. The following morning I wrote home, after making out additional details.

The French, with whom were the Emperor and his son, gave way at all points, and the whole battle was in fact, a constant advance of our side and a constant retreat of theirs. They never showed the energy which they displayed in the actions at Metz, and which showed itself there latterly in vehement attacks. They were either greatly discouraged, or the regiments had in their ranks many Mobile guards, who, as may be easily imagined, do not fight like real soldiers. Even their outposts were badly set, so that their rearguard could be at once surprised by an attack. Our losses in killed and wounded were far less this time than in the battles at Metz, when they were not far from equal to those of the French. They had lost, however, frightfully, especially in that surprise, and still more frightfully at Mouzon, where they were crowded back over the Meuse. As far as yet ascertained we have captured about twenty guns, among which there are eleven mitrailleuses, the equipages of two tents, masses of baggage and military stores. Up to the present we have taken nearly 15,000 men prisoners. The French army, which was estimated at from 100,000 to 120,000 on the morning of the day of battle, is now in Sedan, cut off from the possibility of a farther march round about the extreme end of our right wing towards Metz. I think we have cause to count August 30 as one of the best and most productive of our days of victory in this war.

From the position whence we had witnessed the fight at Beaumont, we returned, as darkness came on, towards Busancy. Everywhere along the road, and a great way off from it we were reminded of the night life of a great army. The road was full of Bavarian infantry. Further on gleamed the spiked helmets of Prussian line troops, whom, when we approached, we found to be the King's Grenadiers. Lastly, there were long lines of wagons, which had sometimes lost their way, so that we were detained some time. At one place, where there was a steep declivity between two hills, and we were forced to make an unusually long halt, the Chief said, "I wonder whether the reason why we are stuck fast here is the same as that which made the five Swabians capable, after they had eaten the dumplings, of blocking up the defile."

It was pitch dark when we reached Busancy. Round it blazed a hundred little fires, in the lights of which glided the

silhouetted figures of men, horses, and wagons. We dismounted at the house of a physician, who lived at the end of the principal street, not far from the house in which the King had taken up his quarters, and in which those who had been left behind in the morning in Grand Pré had also meanwhile found accommodation. I slept here in an almost empty back room on the ground floor, on a straw mattress, under a blanket fetched from the town hospital by one of our soldiers somewhere about ten o'clock. But the sleep of the righteous was none the worse on that account.

Wednesday, August 31.—In the morning, between nine and ten o'clock the King and Chancellor drove out to inspect the battle-field of the preceeding day. I was again to accompany the Minister. At first we took the same road as the day before, past Bar de Busancy and Sommauthe, and between these two villages we passed some squadrons of Bavarian Uhlans, who were resting, and who greeted the King with loud "Hurrahs." It seemed to me as if their lances were shorter than the others. Behind Sommauthe, which was full of the wounded, we drove through the beautiful wood between it and Beaumont, and it was after eleven when we reached the latter. King William and our Chancellor here took horse and galloped across the fields to the right. I took the same direction on foot. The carriages went on to the town, where they were to wait for us.

Before I started, indeed, as soon as I was alone, as on the day before, I carefully noted the commissions which I had received on the road, and any other remarks which had fallen from the Chief this morning were committed to paper as accurately as was possible. The Chancellor was again unusually communicative and very accessible to questions. He spoke rather as if he had a cold. He had had cramp, he said, in his legs all night, which often happened with him. He was then obliged to get up and walk about for a while in his room with bare feet, and that usually gave him cold. So it was this time. "One devil drove out the other; the cramp went away, and the snivelling came on." He then said that he wished me again to notice in the press the horrible way in which the war is being carried on by the French, and their repeated violations of the Geneva Convention, "which indeed is good for nothing," said he, "and cannot be carried out in practice," and of their unjustifiable firing at those bearing white flags of truce, with

their trumpeters. "They have allowed German prisoners in Metz to be ill-treated by the mob," he continued, "giving them nothing to eat and shutting them up in cellars. But it is not very much to be wondered at. They have barbarians for comrades, and from their wars in Algiers, China, Cochinchina, and Mexico, they have become barbarians themselves."

Then he related how the Red-breeches had yesterday made no great stand, and shown very little foresight. "At Beaumont," he said, "they were attacked in their camp on a clear morning by a surprise party of heavy artillery. We shall see to-day where their horses are lying, shot at the picket posts, with many dead soldiers lying in their shirt-sleeves, chests rifled, bowls full of potatoes, pots with meat half-cooked in them and such like."

While driving through the wood—perhaps the remark was suggested by our having met before we came to it the King's suite, to which, by the way, Counts Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen had attached themselves—he spoke of Borck, the Keeper of the King's Privy Purse, and from him passed to Count Bernstorff, who was then our ambassador in London, and who had (while he was in office) "kept him for a long time from entering on his diplomatic duties while he was laboriously weighing and considering whether London or Paris was the better embassy to appoint him to." I ventured to ask what sort of a man von der Goltz, of whom one hears such different opinions, had been—whether he was really as clever and as considerable a man as people say. "Clever! Yes, in a certain sense, a rapid worker, well informed, but changeable in his judgment of men and things: to-day for this man, or these plans; to-morrow for another man and quite opposite arrangements. Then he was always in love with the Queens to whose courts he was accredited: first, with Amalia of Greece, then with Eugenie. He seemed to think that what I had had the good fortune to do, he with his larger intellect might have done still better. Therefore he was continually intriguing against me, although we had been acquaintances when young. He wrote letters to the King in which he complained of me, and warned him against me. This did him no good, for the King gave me the letters, and I answered them. But in this respect he was unchangeable, and continued writing letters, unexhausted and indefatigable. For the rest, he was not much liked by his subordinates. In fact they hated him. I remember, when

I went, in 1862, to Paris, and called upon him, he had just gone to take a nap. I wished to leave him undisturbed, but the secretaries were obviously delighted that he would have to get up, and one of them went off at once to announce me to him so as to cause him annoyance. He might so easily have gained the respect and attachment of the people about him. Any man can do so as ambassador. It was always a great object with me. But as Minister there is no time for that ; there are so many other things to do and to think of, that I am obliged to manage at present in a more military fashion."

From these characteristic traits we see that von der Goltz was a kind of intellectual kinsman and forerunner of Arnim.

The Minister spoke, lastly, of Radowitz, and said, amongst other things : "They ought to have placed their army sooner in position before Olmutz, and it is his blame that this was not done." The very interesting and characteristic remarks with which he supported this assertion must, unhappily, for the present, be suppressed, like some others made afterwards by the Chancellor.

The King and the Chancellor had ridden to the place where the "surprise patrols of heavy artillery" had done their work, and as soon as I had finished my notes, I followed them there. The part of the field referred to lay to the right of the road which brought us here, and about eight or nine hundred paces from it. Before it, near the wood at the bottom of the valley, were some fields surrounded with hedges, in which lay about a dozen dead German soldiers, Thuringians of the 31st Regiment. One of them was lying on the hedge, shot through the head. He was caught in the thornbush just as he was getting over it. The encampment itself looked horrible, all blue and red, with dead Frenchmen, some of whom had been blown to pieces by the bursting shells of the surprise party belonging to the Fourth Corps—in a manner quite impossible to describe. Blackened with powder, stiff in their blood, they lay, some on their backs, others on their faces—many with staring eyes like wax figures. One shot had scattered about five in one place—like so many ninepins ; three of them had their heads quite or half shot away, some had their bodies ripped up, whilst one whose face had been covered with a cloth seemed to have been even more frightfully mangled. Further on lay a piece of a skull like a dish with the brains on it like a cake. Caps, shakoos, knapsacks, jackets, papers, shoes, clothes and blacking-brushes, were

strewn about. Officers' chests open, horses shot at the picket post, pots with peeled potatoes, or dishes with bits of meat which the wind had salted with sand, at the extinguished cooking-fires—all showed how unhopèd for had been success to us, how unexpected their loss to them. A bronze gun even had been left where it stood. I took a brass medal from one of the dead, which he wore next his bare breast on a bit of elastic. A saint was represented on it with a cross in his hand, and below it the episcopal insignia—the mitre and crosier, over which were the words and letters, "Crux S. P. Bened." At the back in a circle of dots was a figure resembling one on our Landwehr crosses, covered with several letters, perhaps the initials of the words of a prayer or some pious charm. Also an amulet, seemingly of ecclesiastical origin, given no doubt to the poor fellow by his mother or by his pastor, but which had not made him bullet proof. Sutlers and soldiers went poking about. "Are you a doctor?" they called to me. "Yes, but not a physician; what do you want?" "There is a man here still alive." This was true, and he was removed on a hand-barrow covered with linen. A little further on, in front of me, at a field path which ran into the main road, lay a man stretched on his back, whose eyes turned as I approached, and who still breathed, although he had been hit in the forehead by a German rifle bullet. In a space of five hundred paces square there must have been a hundred and fifty dead bodies, but not more than ten or twelve of them were ours.

I had once more had enough of such sights, and hastened towards Beaumont, to reach our carriage. On the way, just before the first houses in the town, I saw a number of French prisoners in a redstone quarry to the right of the road. "About seven hundred," said the lieutenant, who with a detachment was guarding them, and who gave me some muddy Bavarian beer out of a cask, for which I showed my gratitude by giving him a pull at my flask of cognac. Further on along the road was a young wounded officer in a carriage, shaking hands with the men of his company. In the market-place and round the principal church of the town, which stood on a small patch of elevated ground, there were more captured Red-breeches, and amongst them some of high rank. I asked a Saxon rifleman where the King's carriages were. "Gone already—a quarter of an hour ago—that way." So I was too late. Alas! I hurried in the direction indicated, in the

pipng heat, along the poplar-bordered road, uphill towards the town which was in flames last night, and asked the soldiers there. "They are just gone through." At last at the edge of the wood, behind the last house, where lay a great number of dead Bavarians as well as of Frenchmen on both sides of the ditches in the roadside, I saw the carriage of the Chief stop. He was evidently pleased that I had returned. "Ah! there he is," he said; "I wanted to have sent back for you before—I would if it had been anyone else. But I thought to myself, The doctor will take no harm. He will stay all night by a watch-fire if necessary, and can soon ask his way back to us."

He then told me what he had seen and experienced since I left him. He also had seen the prisoners in the quarry, and among them a priest, who was said to have fired on our people. "When I charged him with it he denied it. 'Take care,' said I to him, 'for if it is proved against you, you will most certainly be hanged.' I allowed him in the meantime to take off his priest's gown."

"Near the church," the Chief continued, "the King noticed a soldier who was wounded. Although the man looked somewhat dirty from his work of the day before, the King held out his hand, to the great surprise, no doubt, of the French officer who was standing by, and asked him what was his trade. He was a doctor of philosophy. 'Well, you must have learned to bear your wounds philosophically,' said the King. 'Yes,' answered the soldier, 'that I had already made up my mind to.'"

On the road, near a second village we overtook some Bavarian stragglers, common soldiers, who were dragging themselves slowly along in the burning sun. "Halloa, fellow-countrymen!" cried the Chancellor to one, "will you have a drop of cognac?" Naturally he would, and another with his longing eyes looked like wanting it, and then a third and so they and some more each had his pull at the Minister's flask and then at mine, after which each of them got a genuine cigar.

A mile further on, at a village the name of which my map did not give, but which sounded something like Crehanges, the King had arranged a breakfast, to which Count von Bismarck was also invited; and there were all the princes of the second grade and gentlemen of the suite of the Crown Prince. Meantime I made my pencil notes on a stone by the roadside, and then went to assist the Dutch, who had set up their ambulance

close by in a large green tent, where they brought the wounded and nursed them. When the Minister came back, he asked me what I had been doing. I told him. "I should have liked to have gone too," he said, drawing a deep breath.

On the road afterwards, the conversation wandered for a while into high regions, and the Chief discussed good-naturedly and fully all the questions suggested by my curiosity. I regret that, for various reasons, I must keep these utterances to my self, the more so as they were as wise as they were characteristic, and as they were full of genial humor. At last we came down from the sphere of the gods above the clouds back to men; out of the region of the supernatural, or, if my reader likes it better, the extra-natural, back to the natural. There we stumbled upon the Duke of Augustenburg in his Bavarian uniform. "He might have done better," said he—I mean the Minister—continuing, "I wanted originally no more from him than what the minor princes had conceded in 1866. But he would not yield (Thank goodness, thought I to myself, and thanks to the wisdom of Samwer the advocate!). I remember a conversation which I had with him in 1864—he was with us in the billiard-room beside my study—and which lasted till late at night. At first I called him 'your Highness,' and was rather especially polite. But when I began to speak of Kiel harbor, which we wanted, and he said, 'that would be about twenty square miles of water,' which I could not but allow; and when he would also have nothing to say to our demands with regard to the military,—I put on a different face. I now called him 'illustrious person,' and said to him at last quite calmly—*plattdeutsch*—that we were quite able to wring the neck of the chicken we had ourselves hatched."

After an unusually long drive over hill and dale, we arrived about seven in the evening at to-day's destination, the town of Vendresse. On the way we passed several large villages, a few mansions, one very old with towers in the corners, like a castle, by a canal with old trees on both sides, and latterly through a district which the Chancellor said reminded him of a Belgian landscape. At a window in one of the villages was Ludwig Pietsch from Berlin, who must have been here as war correspondent—who saw me and screamed down his salutations to me. In the next village, Chéméry, a halt was made for half an hour, whilst more infantry regiments defiled before the King and saluted him with the usual hurrahs.

In Vendresse the Chancellor went to the house of Widow Baudelot, where the other gentlemen of the suite had already settled themselves. Keudell and Abeken, who I think had ridden here from Busancy, had met with an adventure on the way. When they were in the wood behind Sommauthe, or near Stonn, suddenly eight or ten French soldiers, with Chassepots, rushed on them out of a thicket, and then disappeared. The Councillors, thereupon, as was very natural, had turned round and taken a less suspicious road. It was not impossible that each party wished to give the other a wide berth. But Saint Blanquart, who had travelled the same road, with Bölsing and Willisch, and seen the same suspicious Red-breeches, was firmly convinced that he had risked his life for the Fatherland. Lastly, Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen could boast of a pretty little heroic deed, for at that place, if I remember right, where the Chancellor had breakfasted with the Princes, they had discovered a fugitive Red-breeches hiding in a vineyard, had started him out of it, and had either themselves made him prisoner or got some one else to catch him.

In Vendresse I saw Wurtemberg soldiers for the first time. They were mostly fine strong fellows. Their uniform, dark blue, with two rows of white buttons and black straps, reminded me of the Danish soldiery.



CHAPTER V.

THE DAY OF SEDAN.—BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON AT DONCHERY.

On the *1st September*, Moltke's chase after the French in the district of the Meuse, according to all that we heard, was evidently drawing to an end, and it was permitted me to join in it the very next day. Having risen very early to get forward in my journal—that book which was waiting for so many interesting entries—I left the house where I had been quartered for that of the Widow Baudelot, and just as I was entering it a large squadron of cavalry, consisting of five Prussian hussar regiments, green, brown, black, and red (Blüchers), passed by the railing of the little garden before the Chief's window. He, we were told, was going to drive with the King, in about an hour, to a commanding point of view near Sedan, to witness the catastrophe which was now confidently expected. When the carriage came, and the Chancellor appeared, he looked round, and his glance fell upon me. "Can you decipher, Doctor?" "Yes," I replied, and he rejoined, "Then get a cipher, and come with us." I did not need to be told twice, and soon took my seat in the carriage, in which Count Bismarck-Bohlen had a place at the Minister's side, this morning.

A few hundred paces on we stopped in front of the house where Verdy was quartered, behind the carriages of the King, who was not quite ready. In this interval Abeken came to us, to receive his orders respecting some papers he brought with him. The chief explained his views precisely, and Abeken, as his habit is, insisted a little on a point he wanted made clear. Just at that moment Prince Karl, with his negro in Oriental costume, passed by. Now the old gentleman, who on such occasions had generally ear and thought for nothing but the Chief's words, had the misfortune to be over-much interested in everything concerning the Court, which this time brought

him into trouble. The appearance of the Prince was evidently more engrossing than the words of the Minister, who must have noticed it. On asking Abeken what he had just been saying, he got a rather mooning answer. He had a rather sharp rebuke. "Listen to what I say, Mr. Privy Councillor, and in God's name let princes be princes. We are talking business here." Afterwards he said to us, "The old gentleman is quite carried away if he sees anything belonging to the Court." Then, as if apologizing for him, "But after all I could not do without him."

When the King appeared, preceded by his bright uniformed life-guards, we followed him, and so passed once more the towns of Cheméry and Chéhery, which we saw yesterday, and then by a third village, which lies to the left of the road in a hollow, at the foot of a bare hill, halting in a stubble-field on the right hand of the road. Here the King, with his retinue of princes, generals, and courtiers, mounted their horses, our Chief doing the same, and all hastened towards the flat top of the rising ground before us. The expected battle was already going on, as the distant thunder of the guns informed us. Bright sunshine from a cloudless sky lighted the scene.

After a time I followed the riders, leaving the carriage under the care of Engel. I found the party in a stubble field at the top of the hill, where there was a view of the country far and near. Before us it dropped into a broad, deep green valley, on the hills enclosing which a wood was here and there to be seen, and through whose meadows the blue waters of the Meuse wound along to a middle-sized town, the fortress of SEDAN. On the rocky hill on our side, about a rifle shot off, began wood, and to the left there was some brushwood. The foreground below our feet was formed by a slanting descent, over which we looked down the valley. Here on our right stood Bavarian batteries, which kept up a vigorous fire at and over the town, and behind were dark columns, first infantry, then cavalry. Still further to the right a column of black smoke curled up out of a hollow near the descent to the bottom of the valley. This was, as we heard, the burning village of Bazeilles. Sedan is, in a direct line, about a mile from us; the weather being so clear, its houses and churches can be distinctly seen. Above the fortress, which joins the town on the left, and looks something like a straggling suburb, rises, not far from the farther bank of the stream, a long chain of hilltops, with its middle

clothed with a wood, which also runs down into the hollow which here divides the ridge, bare on the left, and covered on the right with a few solitary trees and bushes. Near this gorge there are some cottages, if I am not wrong; or they may be villas. To the left of this ridge is a plain, from which swells up an isolated hill, with a group of tall trees upon it with dark tops. Not far from this, in the river, are the pillars of a bridge which has been blown up. In the farther distance, to the left and right, are three or four villages. Behind, towards the horizon, the picture before us is closed in by ranges of high hills, covered all over with dark woods, seemingly pine forests. These are the Ardennes on the Belgian frontier.

The main position of the French now appears to be on the hills immediately beyond the fortress, and it looks as if our troops were intending to surround them there. At present, however the advance of our men is only obvious on the right; the line of their artillery fire is slowly pushing nearer and nearer, with the exception of the Bavarian artillery below our point of view, which appear stationary. Gradually clouds of gunpowder smoke rise behind the line of hills with the gorge in the centre, and we infer from this that our masses enclosing the enemy are endeavoring to continue farther the semi-circle they now form, so as to complete the circle. On the left of the picture, however, all is yet perfectly still. About eleven o'clock there rises from the fortress, which, by-the-way, is not firing, a black grey pillar of smoke, edged with yellow. Beyond it the French are firing furiously, and above the wood of the gorge, rise unceasingly a number of little white clouds from bombs, whether German or French we know not; sometimes also the crackling and snarling of a mitrailleuse.

On our hill a brilliant assemblage had gathered; the King, Bismarck, Moltke, Roon, a crowd of princes, Prince Karl, their Highnesses of Weimar and Coburg, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, generals, aides-de-camp, marshals of the household, Count Hatzfeld, who after a time disappeared, Kutusoff the Russian, Colonel Walker the English military plenipotentiary, General Sheridan and his adjutant, all in uniform, all with field-glasses at their eyes. The King stood. Others, among whom was the Chancellor, sat on a grassy ridge at the edge of the stubble. I heard that the King had sent round word that large groups must not stand together, as the French in the fortress might fire on them.

After eleven o'clock our line of attack on the right bank of the Meuse developed itself by a further advance in order to surround the French position in a narrower ring, and in my zeal I was explaining this perhaps somewhat more loudly than was necessary or befitting the place, to an elderly gentleman of the Court, when the Chief hearing me with his sharp ears, turned round and beckoned me to come to him. "If you are developing your strategical ideas, Doctor," said he, "it would be better to do it less audibly, otherwise the King will ask, Who is that? and I must then present you to him." Soon afterwards he received a number of telegrams, and came and gave me six of them to decipher, so that the contemplation of the spectacle, for me at least, came to an end for a time.

Our line of fire by one o'clock swept the larger half of the enemy's position on the heights on the other side of the town. Clouds of smoke from the powder rose in a wide curve, and the little white balls of smoke from the sharpnels which we knew the look of so well, kept rising and shattering. Only to the left there was still one quiet gap. The Chancellor now sat on a chair and studied an official document of many sheets. I asked whether he would like something to eat or drink, as we had it ready. He declined. "I should like it, but neither has the King anything," he answered.

The enemy on the other side of the river must now have been very near, for we heard more frequently than before the hateful sound of the mitrailleuses, of which, by-the-way, we had been told meantime that their bark was worse than their bite. Between two and three o'clock by my watch the King came close past the place where I was standing, and said to the people about him, after looking for some time through a glass towards the suburb: "They are pushing great masses forward there to the left—that, I think, must be an attempt to break through." They were, in fact, columns of infantry advancing, but soon going back, apparently because they found that the gap, though quiet, was not at all open. Shortly afterwards we could see, through a telescope, French cavalry on the crest of the hill to the left of the wood and the gorge make repeated charges, which were met by quick fire, after which at a semi-circular sweep of the field we could see, even with the naked eye, the ground strewn with white objects—horses or cloaks. Soon after the artillery fire became weaker at all points, and the French everywhere fell back into the town and its imme-

diate neighborhood. They had been surrounded, except for a small gap near the Belgian frontier, and for some time, on the left, there also, as the Wurtembergers had planted a couple of batteries not far from our hill, to which, as we were told, they had now brought up the Fifth and Eleventh Army Corps. After half-past four all the enemy's guns were silent, and a little afterwards ours also.

Once more the scene became more lively. Suddenly there rose, first in one part of the town, then in another, great whitish-blue clouds, signs that the town was burning in two places. Bazeilles, too, was still in flames, and sent up from just below the horizon to the right a column of thick yellowish-grey vapor into the clear evening sky. The burning light of the late afternoon became more and more intense, the valley below looking every moment brighter and more golden. The hills of the battlefield, the gorge in its midst, the village, the houses and towers of the fortress, the suburb of Torcy, the ruined bridge to the left in the distance, shown bright in the evening glow, and their details became clearer every minute, as if one were looking through stronger and stronger spectacles.

About five o'clock General Hindersin talked with the King, and I thought I heard him speak of the "bombardment of the town" and the "ruins of the houses." A quarter of an hour afterwards a Bavarian officer galloped up the hill to us: General von Bothmer wished to tell the King that General Mailinger said that he was with his riflemen in Torcy, that the French wished to capitulate, and that they were ready to surrender unconditionally. The King answered, "No one can negotiate this affair but myself. Say to the General, that a bearer of a flag of truce must come to me."

The Bavarian rode back again down the valley. The King talked it over with Bismarck—then groups of these two with the Crown Prince, who had come up some time before from the left, Moltke and Roon. Their Highnesses of Weimar and Coburg stood close by, but a little aside. After a time a Prussian adjutant appeared, bringing word that our losses, so far as was yet known, were not large; moderate with the Guards, somewhat larger with the Saxons, less with the other corps which had taken part in the battle. Only a few of the French had escaped by the woods towards the Belgian frontier and were being pursued. All the rest had been driven into Sedan.

"And the Emperor?" asked the King.

"Nobody knows," answered the officer.

About six o'clock another adjutant appeared, and said that the Emperor was in the town, and would immediately send out a flag of truce.

"This is indeed a great success!" said the King, turning round to his retinue. "And I thank thee" (to the Crown Prince), "that thou hast contributed to it."

With that the King gave his hand to his son, who kissed it; then to Moltke, who kissed it also. Lastly, he gave his hand to the Chancellor, and talked with him for some time alone, which seemed to me to make some of their Highnesses uncomfortable.

About half-past six, a guard of honor of cuirassiers appeared a little way off, and the French general, Reille, as the bearer of Napoleon's flag of truce, rode slowly up the hill. He dismounted about ten paces from the King and went up to him, took off his cap, and presented him with a letter having a large red seal. The general is an oldish, middle-sized, slight man, in a black overcoat, open, with straps and epaulettes, black vest, red stockings, and polished riding boots. He wore no sword, but carried a walking stick in his hand. All stepped back from the King, who opened and read the letter, and then told the now well-known contents to Bismarck, Moltke, the Crown Prince, and the other gentlemen. Reille stood a little way apart, below him, at first alone, then in conversation with the Prussian generals. The Crown Prince also, Moltke, and the Coburg Highness, talked with him, whilst the King conferred with the Chancellor, who then commissioned Hatzfeld to sketch an answer to the Imperial letter. After some minutes he brought it, and the King wrote it out, sitting on one chair, while the seat of a second was held up by Major von Alten, who knelt before him on one knee, with the chair supported on the other by way of table.

Shortly before seven o'clock, the Frenchman rode back in the twilight to Sedan, accompanied by an officer and a Uhlan trumpeter, with a white flag. The town was still blazing in three places, and the red lights flashing in the pillar of smoke rising over Bazailles showed that the conflagration there was still raging. But for these signs the tragedy of Sedan was played out, and the curtain of night fell on the scene.

An after-piece only was left for the next day. For the present we went home. The King went again to Vendresse. The

Chief, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, and myself, drove to the little town of Donchery, where when we arrived it was quite dark. We took up our quarters in the house of a Doctor Jeanjot. The place was full of Würtemberg soldiers, encamped in the market-place. We made this diversion to Donchery, because it had been arranged that the Chancellor and Moltke should meet the French plenipotentiaries this evening, with a view to settling the terms of the capitulation of the four French Army Corps shut up in Sedan.

I slept here in a little alcove in a back room on the first floor, separated only by the partition from the Chancellor, who had taken possession of the large front room. About six o'clock in the morning I was awakened by hasty steps, and I heard Engel say, "Your Excellency! your Excellency! there is a French general down here at the door; I don't understand what he wants." The Minister seems at once to have jumped out of bed, and held a short parley with the Frenchman out of the window—it was again General Reille. He then dressed as quickly as possible, mounted his horse—without touching breakfast, just as he had arrived the night before—and rode off at full speed. I went at once to the window of his room to see in what direction he had gone, and saw him trotting towards the market-place. Everything was lying about his room in great disorder. On the floor there lay, "Tagliche Lösungen und Lehrtexte der Brüdergemeinde für 1870,"* and on the night table there was another book of devotion, "Die tägliche Erquickung für gläubige Christen" †; books in which, as Engel told me, the Chancellor was accustomed to read at night.

I, too, now dressed quickly, and after I had learned downstairs that the Count had ridden off to Sedan, in order to meet the Emperor Napoleon, who had left the fortress, I followed him as quickly as possible. About 800 paces from the bridge over the Meuse, at Donchery, there stands on the right of the high road, which is lined with poplars, a solitary house, which was then inhabited by a Belgian weaver. It is a one-storied house, painted yellow, with four windows in front, white shutters on the ground floor, and on the first floor white venetian blinds. It is slated, like most of the houses in Donchery.

* 'Daily Watchwords and Texts of the Moravian Brethren for 1870.'

† 'Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians.'

Close beside it on the left there was a field of potatoes in flower, while to the right there were a few bushes across the path leading to the house, which was about fifteen paces from the high road.

Here I saw that the Chancellor had already found the Emperor. In front of the weaver's little house, six French officers of superior rank were standing, of whom five wore red caps with gold lace, the sixth a black one. On the high road a carriage with four seats, apparently a hired one, was waiting. Opposite the Frenchmen stood Bismarck, his cousin Count Bohlén, and a little way off Leverström and two hussars, one in brown and the other in black uniform. About eight o'clock Moltke came, with some officers of the general staff, but after a short time he removed to a distance. Soon afterwards a little thick-set man came forward, behind the house, who wore a red cap with a gold border, a black paletot lined with red, with a hood, and red trousers. He spoke first to the Frenchmen, some of whom were sitting on the bank near the potatoes. He wore white kid gloves, and was smoking a cigarette.

It was the Emperor. From the short distance at which I stood I could see his face perfectly. The look in his light grey eyes was somewhat soft and dreamy, like that of people who have lived hard. He wore his cap a little on the right, to which side his head also inclined. His short legs were out of proportion to the long upper body. His whole appearance was a little unsoldierlike. The man looked too soft, I might say too shabby for the uniform he wore: he gave one the impression that he could be occasionally sentimental—feelings which forced themselves upon one the more on comparing this little molluscous gentleman with the erect and lofty form of our Chancellor. Napoleon looked unstrung, but not very much broken down; and not so old as I had imagined him to be: he might have been a tolerably preserved man of fifty.

After a while he went up to the Chief and spoke for about three minutes with him, then he again walked up and down alone, smoking, with his hands behind his back, through the potato-field in flower. Another short conversation followed between the Chancellor and the Emperor, which the Chancellor began. After it Napoleon conversed with the French officers of the suite. About a quarter to nine o'clock Bismarck and his cousin went away in the direction of Donchery—whither I followed them.

The Minister repeatedly spoke of the events of this morning and of the preceding evening. I throw these different statements together in the following paragraphs, which give always the sense, generally the very words.

“Moltke and I, after the battle of the 1st September, had gone to Donchery, about three miles from Sedan, with a view to negotiations with the French. We passed the night there, while the King and the head-quarters returned to Vendresse. These negotiations lasted till after midnight without coming to any conclusion. Besides Moltke and myself Blumenthal and three or four other officers of the general staff were present. General Wimpffen was the spokesman for the French. Moltke’s terms were short: the whole French army to surrender as prisoners of war. Wimpffen found that too hard. ‘The army,’ said he, ‘had merited something better by the bravery with which it had fought. We ought to be content to let them go, under the condition that as long as this war lasted the army should never serve against us, and that it should march off to a district of France which should be left to our determination, or to Algiers. Moltke coldly persisted in his demand. Wimpffen represented to him his own unhappy position: that he had arrived from Africa only two days ago; that, only towards the end of the battle, after MacMahon had been wounded, had he undertaken the command; now he was asked to put his name to such a capitulation. He would rather endeavor to maintain himself in the fortress, or attempt to break through. Moltke regretted that he could take no account of the position of the general, which he quite understood. He acknowledged the bravery of the French troops, but declared that Sedan could not be held, and that it was quite impossible to break through. He was ready, he said, to allow one of the general’s officers to inspect our positions, to convince him of this. Wimpffen now thought that from a political point of view it would be wise for us to grant them better conditions. We must, he said, desire a speedy and enduring peace, and this we could have only by showing magnanimity. If we spared the army, it would bind the army and the whole nation to gratitude, and awaken friendly feelings; while an opposite course would be the beginning of endless wars. Hereupon I put in a word, because this matter seemed to belong to my province. I said to him that we might build on the gratitude of a prince, but certainly not on the gratitude of a people—least of all on

the gratitude of the French. That in France neither institutions nor circumstances were enduring; that governments and dynasties were constantly changing, and the one need not carry out what the other had bound itself to. That if the Emperor had been firm on his throne, his gratitude for our granting good conditions might be counted upon; but, as things stood, it would be folly if we did not make full use of our success. That the French were a nation full of envy and jealousy; that they had been much mortified with our success at Königgratz, and could not forgive it, though it in no wise damaged them. How, then, should any magnanimity on our side move them not to bear us a grudge for Sedan? This Wimpffen would not admit. 'France,' he said, 'had much changed lately; it had learned under the Empire to think more of the interests of peace than of the glory of war. France was ready to proclaim the fraternity of nations;' and more of the same kind. It was not difficult to prove the contrary of all he said, and that his request, if granted, would be likelier to lead to the prolongation than to the conclusion of the war. I ended by saying that we must stand to our conditions.

"Thereupon Castelnau became the spokesman, and, as the Emperor's personal commissioner, declared that on the previous day he had surrendered his sword to the King only in the hope of an honorable capitulation. I asked, 'Whose sword was that—the sword of France or the sword of the Emperor?' He replied, 'The Emperor's only.' 'Well, there is no use talking about any other conditions,' said Moltke sharply, while a look of contentment and gratification passed over his face. 'Then, in the morning we shall begin the battle again,' said Wimpffen. 'I shall recommence the fire about four o'clock,' replied Moltke; and the Frenchmen wanted to go at once. I begged them, however, to remain and once more to consider the case; and at last it was decided that they should ask for a prolongation of the armistice in order that they might consult their people in Sedan as to our demands. Moltke at first would not grant this, but gave way at last, when I showed him that it could do no harm.

"Early on the 2nd, about six o'clock in the morning, General Reille appeared in front of my house at Donchery to tell me that the Emperor wished to speak with me. I went with him directly, and got on my horse, all dusty and dirty as I was, in an old cap and my great waterproof boots, to ride to Sedan,

where I supposed him still to be. But I met him on the high road near Fresnois, a mile and three-quarters from Donchery. He sat with three officers in a two-horse carriage, and three others were on horseback beside him. I only knew Reille, Castelnau, Moscowa, and Vaubert. I had my revolver in my belt, and his eye rested upon it for a moment.* I gave the military salute. He took his cap off and the officers did the same; whereupon I took mine off, although it is contrary to rule. He said 'Couvrez-vous donc.' I behaved to him just as if in Saint-Cloud, and asked his commands. He inquired whether he could speak to the King. I said that would be impossible, as the King was quartered nine miles away. I did not wish them to come together till we had settled the matter of capitulation. Then he inquired where he himself could stay, which signified that he could not go back to Sedan, as he had met with unpleasantness there, or feared to do so. The town was full of drunken soldiers, who were very burdensome to the inhabitants. I offered him my quarters in Donchery, which I would immediately vacate. He accepted this. But he stopped at a place a couple of hundred paces from the village and asked whether he could not remain in a house which was there. I sent my cousin, who had ridden out as my adjutant, to look at it. When he returned, he reported it to be a miserable place. The Emperor said that did not matter. He went across to the house and came back again, apparently not being able to find the stairs, which were at the back. I went up with him to the first floor, where we entered a little room with one window. It was the best in the house, but had only one deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs.

"Here I had a conversation with him which lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour. He complained at first of this unhallowed war, which he had not desired. He had been driven into it by the pressure of public opinion. I rejoined that neither had any one with us wished for war—the King least of all. We had looked upon the Spanish question as Spanish, and not German; and we had expected, from his friendly relations with the princely house of Hohenzollern that the hereditary Prince would easily have come to an understanding with him. Then he turned to speak of the present situation. As to that,

* I must here omit an expression of the Chancellor's, very characteristic both of himself and of the Emperor.

he wished above all for a more favorable capitulation. I explained that I could not enter upon a discussion on that point, as it was a purely military question, on which Moltke must decide. Then we left the subject, to speak of a possible peace. He answered, he was a prisoner, and therefore not in a position to decide ; and when I asked him whom he considered competent for that, he referred me to the Government in Paris. I remarked to him, that in that case, things were just where they were yesterday, and that we must stand by our former demands with regard to the army of Sedan, so as to have some pledge that the results of the battle of yesterday should not be lost to us. Moltke, who had been summoned by me, had now arrived. He was of the same opinion, and went to the King to tell him so.

“Outside, in front of the house, the Emperor praised our army and its generalship ; and when I allowed to him that the French had also fought well, he came back to the conditions of the capitulation, and asked whether it was not possible for us to allow the corps shut up in Sedan to cross the Belgian frontier, and there to lay down their arms and be ‘interned.’ I tried again to make him understand that this was a military question, not for me to decide without an understanding with Moltke. And as he had explained, that as a prisoner he could not take upon himself the Imperial powers of the Government, the negotiations on these questions could only be conducted with the general in command at Sedan.

“Meantime, efforts had been made to find him better accommodation ; and the officers of the general staff had discovered that the Château of Bellevue, near Fresnois, where I had first met him, was suitable for his reception, and was not yet filled with the wounded. I told him so and advised him to settle himself there, as the little weaver’s house was not comfortable, and he perhaps needed rest. We would inform the King that he was there. He agreed to this, and I rode back to Donchery to dress myself. Then I conducted him with a guard of honour, consisting of a squadron of the first Cuirassier regiment to Bellevue. At the conferences which now began, the Emperor wished to have the King present—from whom he expected softness and good-heartedness—but he also wanted me to take part.

“I on the contrary was determined that the military men, who can be harder, should have the whole affair to settle. So

I whispered to an officer as he went upstairs that he was to call me out in about five minutes—the King wanted to speak with me—and he did so. With regard to the King, the Emperor was told that he could not see him until after the capitulation was settled. The arrangement between Moltke and Wimpffen was thus made much as we had wished it to be the evening before. Then the two sovereigns came together. When the Emperor came out after the interview, his eyes were full of tears. Towards me he was quieter, but friendly throughout."

We had heard nothing about all these occurrences previous to the forenoon of September 2, and from the moment when the Chief in his best uniform with his cuirassier's helmet on his head, rode away again from Donchery, till quite late at night, only indefinite reports reached us. About half-past nine some Würtemberg artillery trotted past our house, and it was said that the French would renew the fight, that Moltke had granted them a respite till eleven o'clock for reflection, and that the bombardment would then immediately commence from five hundred guns. In order to see this I went with Willisch over the Meuse Bridge, where, at the barracks, there were many French prisoners standing, to the high road, passing the little weaver's house, now become historical, and up to the top of the range of hills overlooking it, whence we could overlook Donchery with its grey slate roofs, and the whole neighborhood. Everywhere on the roads and in the fields clouds of dust rose under the horses' hoofs of the passing squadrons of cavalry, and the weapons of columns of infantry flashed in the sun. Sideways from Donchery, near the bridge which had been blown up, we saw a camp. The highway at our feet was taken up with a long row of wagons with baggage and forage. After eleven o'clock, when we saw there was no firing, we came down the hill again. Here we met the lieutenant of police, von Czernicki, who meant to drive in a little conveyance into Sedan, and who invited us to go with him. We had gone as far as near Fresnois when we—it was about one o'clock—met the King with a great retinue, amongst whom was the Chancellor. Expecting that the Chief might wish to go home we got out and went back. The cavalcade, which included Hatzfeld and Abeken, went on through Donchery, with the intention of riding round the whole field of battle. Not knowing, however, how long the Minister might be away, we remained where we were.

About half-past one some thousands of prisoners marched through the town on their way to Germany; partly on foot, partly in wagons—a general on horseback, and sixty or seventy officers of different grades. There were cuirassiers with white helmets, blue hussars with white lace, and infantry of the 22nd, 52nd, and 58th regiments. The escort consisted of Württemberg infantry. About two o'clock there came two thousand more prisoners, amongst them negroes in Arab garb—broad-shouldered figures with savage faces, looking like apes, and a number of old troopers wearing the Crimean and Mexican medals. A tragi-comical incident happened here. One of the troop of prisoners marching along noticed a wounded man in the market-place, and recognized his brother, with a cry, "Eh, mon frère!" He tried to run out to him. But Godfather Schwab, of the escort, said, "Is it freezing (frieren) you are? I am freezing too;" and pushed him back into the column. I beg my reader's pardon if this is a pun, but I am only telling the story, and did not make it.

After three o'clock two captured guns with their ammunition wagons passed through our street, all still drawn by their own French horses. On one cannon there was written in chalk, "5th Rifles, Görlitz." Somewhat later a fire broke out in a side street close behind our quarters—the Württembergers had there broken open a cask of brandy and incautiously allowed it to catch fire; they were said to have demolished another house because the people refused them Schnaps. The damage done could not have been very great, for when we came to the place there was nothing of it to be observed.

There was hunger now among the inhabitants of our little town, and our host himself, who as well as his wife was a good soul, was in want of bread. The place was over-full from the numbers of soldiers quartered there, as well as of the wounded, some of whom were laid in the stables. People from the court wanted to take our house for the Hereditary Grand Duke of Weimar, but we opposed this with success. Then an officer wanted quarters with us for a Mecklenburg prince. We showed him the door, and told him it would not do—this was the Chancellor's place. But when I was away for a little time, the gentlemen from Weimar had forced themselves in, and we might be glad that they had not appropriated the very bed of our Chief.

About ten o'clock the Minister had not yet returned, and

we were in trouble and perplexity. Some accident might have happened to him, or he might have returned with the King from the battle-field to Vendresse. He arrived after eleven, and I had supper with him. The Hereditary Prince of Weimar, in the light blue uniform of a hussar, and Count Solms-Sonnenwalde, formerly of the embassy in Paris, now attached to our bureau, but hitherto seldom to be seen, supped with us.

The Chancellor told us all sorts of things about his ride over the field of battle. He had been nearly twelve hours in the saddle, with only short interruptions. They had gone over the whole battle-field, and found the greatest excitement in all the camps and bivouacs. In the battle itself 25,000 prisoners were taken, and 40,000 more in Sedan after the capitulation, which had taken place at mid-day.

The Minister had had the pleasure of meeting his youngest son. "I discovered in him"—so he said at dinner—"a new famous talent—he possesses exceptional dexterity in pig-driving. He had found out the fattest, on the principle the fatter the pig the slower his pace, and the more difficult to run away. At last he carried it off in his arms like a child. It must have seemed odd to the French officers among the prisoners, to see a Prussian general embrace a common dragoon."

"In another place," he went on to say, "they smelt suddenly a strong odor as of roasted onions. I remarked that it came from Bazeilles, and it was probably the French peasants who had been killed by the Bavarians, and had then been burnt in their houses, because they had fired at them from their windows." Then they spoke of Napoleon, who was to set off tomorrow morning to Germany, and indeed to Wilhelmshöhe. "It was a question," said the Chief, "whether they should go by Stenay, and Bar-le-Duc, or through Belgium." "But here," replied Solms, "he would be no longer a prisoner." "That would not matter at all, even if he had gone in another direction. I was for his going through Belgium, and he himself appeared inclined to do so. If he should not keep his word, it would do us no great mischief. But to make this tour, we must have asked permission from Brussels, and could not have got an answer under two days."

As I was wading about ten o'clock in the morning through the frightful filth of the market-place in a drizzling rain, there crowded past me a long row of carriages from the bridge over the Meuse, escorted by the black Brunswicker hussars. They

were chiefly covered coaches, then baggage and cooking wagons, and lastly a number of cavalry horses. In a closed coupe, immediately behind the hussars, by the side of General Castelneau sat the "Prisoner of Sedan," the Emperor Napoleon, on his way through Belgium to Wilhelmshöhe. There followed him, in an open *char à bancs*, with Prince Lynar and some of the French officers, who had been present the day before at the meeting of the Chancellor and the Emperor, the general of infantry, General-Adjutant von Boyen, who had been selected by the King to accompany the Emperor. "Boyen will do admirably for this," said our Chief to us the night before, probably thinking that the officers who surrounded the illustrious captive might be somewhat insolent; "he can be very rude in the most polite manner."

We learnt some time afterwards that the route round by Donchery was taken because the Emperor very much wished not to pass through Sedan again. The hussars rode with them to the frontier, near Bouillon, the first Belgian town. The Emperor was not badly received by the French prisoners whom they passed on their way. The officers, on the contrary, had to put up with some disagreeable remarks. They were naturally "traitors," as from henceforth every one was who lost a battle or sustained any defeat from us.



CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE MEUSE TO THE MARNE.

I WILL now let my journal once more speak for itself. *Saturday, September 3.*—We left Donchery this morning rather before one o'clock. On the way we were overtaken by a short but unusually heavy storm, with thunder which echoed through the valleys for a long time. The terrible downpour which followed, wet the Chancellor, who was in an open carriage, through and through, even under the armpits, as he told us at dinner. He had pulled on his waterproof, but had not found much good from it. Fortunately no evil consequences followed, but the time is arrived when diplomacy must come more to the front again in our affairs, and if the Chief were to fall ill, who could replace him?

I drove with the Councillors, and Count Bohlen gave us all sorts of details of the occurrences of the last few days. Napoleon had left Sedan so early—it must have been just about day-break, if not sooner—because he did not feel safe in the midst of the enraged soldiers, who crowded together in the fortress, were furious when the news of the capitulation spread through the town, and broke to pieces muskets and sabres, wherever they could get them. The Minister had said to Wimpffen at their first interview at Donchery, that he was well aware that the arrogance and pugnacity of the French, and their envy of their neighbors' successes, did not come from the laboring or industrial classes, but from the journalists and the Parisians; but these guided and controlled public opinion. Accordingly, we could not reckon on those moral guarantees at which the general hinted, we must have material ones; the army of Sedan must first be rendered harmless, and then the great fortresses in the East must be handed over. The troops had laid down their arms on a sort of peninsula formed by one of the bends of the

Meuse. At the interview between the King and the Emperor, before which Moltke had ridden out a little to meet the King on his road from Vendresse, the two Sovereigns were left for about ten minutes alone together in the drawing-room with the glass verandah, in the little chateau of Bellevue. The King afterwards called the officers of his retinue to read the capitulation to them, while he thanked them, with tears in his eyes, for helping to bring it about. The Crown Prince told the Hessian regiments that the King had sent the captive Emperor to Cassel as a reward for the bravery with which they had fought.

The Minister dined with the King at Vendresse, where we were quartered for one more night, but he came back in time to eat pancakes with us. He read to us part of a letter from his wife, which in Biblical, but most energetic language, expressed her hope of the destruction of the French. He then said thoughtfully: "H'm! 1866 in seven days. This time, perhaps, seven times seven. Yes; when did we cross the frontier? On the 4th? No, on the 10th August. It is not yet five weeks since that. Seven times seven--it is possible."

I again sent off some articles to Germany, amongst which was one on the results of the battle of the 1st September. These results have grown greater bit by bit since yesterday, as at Königgrätz. We have made prisoners of more than 90,000 Red breeches, all told, and captured over 300 guns, an army of horses, and an enormous quantity of war material. In a few days we shall have still more, for of MacMahon's army, which, after Beaumont, was still reckoned at nearly 120,000 men evidently not many have escaped.

Rethel, September 4, evening. Early to day the Chief called me to him, when we were still in Vendresse, to give me an account, the latter part of which he almost dictated, of his meeting with Napoleon, for the newspapers.* Soon afterwards, about half past nine, the carriages drove up and we began our journey into Champagne. We arrived here, in Rethel, about half past four. The place is a middle-sized town and full of Wurtemberg soldiers. As we drove through to the market-place, we saw French prisoners looking down upon us from the first story windows of a house in the street. The quarter-master had assigned us the spacious and elegantly-furnished

*I have worked it in in the last chapter.

house of M. Duval, in the Rue Grand Pont, where I had, next to Abeken, a pretty little room with mahogany furniture and a four-poster with yellow satin hangings—a pleasant contrast to last night in Donchery. The whole of the mobilised foreign office is established here.

Reims, September 5.—The French do not seem to look upon us all as barbarians and villains. Many of them evidently suppose us to be honorable people. I went this morning to a shop to buy some shirt collars. The shopman told me the price of a box, and when I put down two thalers for them, he handed me a basket full of small money that I might take the change he had to give me.

We took up our quarters in the handsome house of M. Dauphinot, nearly straight opposite the grand cathedral. The Chief here lived in the wing to the right of the entrance into the court, on the first floor; the Bureau was established on a raised ground floor, under the Minister's chamber, while a room close by was appropriated for a dining-room. I found my bedroom in the left wing, near Abeken. The whole house, so far as I can see, is elegantly furnished. Once more I sleep in a mahogany four-poster, with silk hangings, have cushioned chairs covered with crimson damask; a mahogany commode with marble top, a washhand-stand and night table of the same kind, and a marble chimney-piece in my bedroom. The streets are thronged with Prussians and Württembergers. King William did the Archbishop the honor to take up his quarters in his palace. I hear that our host is the Mayor of Reims. Keudell thinks that the district to be held by us at the conclusion of the war will not be given to one state, nor be divided among several, but that it will remain as the property of the whole of Germany.

In the evening the Chief was at dinner, and as we were here between the two great champagne firms of the country, we tried different brands of that wine. It was mentioned that yesterday a squadron of our hussars had been fired upon from a coffee-house. "Then," said the Minister, "the house must be at once destroyed, and the occupier brought before a court-martial. Stieber must be directed to investigate the matter without delay." The champagne recommended by Count Bohlen was good, and he was specially praised for finding it, I suppose by me among others. The Minister said, "Our Doctor is not like the rest of the Saxons, who drink nothing but coffee." I replied,

“Yes, your Excellency, that is why I am so downright, occasionally perhaps not perfectly polite;” at which there was great laughter. It is said that we shall remain here ten or twelve days.

Tuesday, September 6.—Early betimes to the Cathedral, the chimes of the bells having already awakened me several times during the night. A magnificent edifice, of the best period of Gothic architecture, dedicated to Our Lady. From ten till three o'clock I worked diligently, without once looking up; amongst other things, on two articles—one of considerable length, the other shorter—upon the conditions under which Germany can conclude peace. Our Chief considered an article in the *Volks-Zeitung*, of August 31, “very sensible and deserving to be more widely circulated.” It pronounced against the incorporation of the conquered provinces of France in Prussia; and after attempting to show that this would not strengthen but weaken Prussia, it ended with these words: “Not the aggrandisement of Prussia, but the unity of Germany and the rendering France innocuous, are the objects to be pursued.” Bamberger has established in Nancy a newspaper in French; to which news is to be sent from us from time to time.

Before dinner, Count Bohlen, counting the covers, said, “Are we not thirteen at table to-day?” “It is well you mention it, for the Minister does not like sitting down thirteen.” Bohlen, to whom our bodily comforts seem to be entrusted, had evidently stimulated the genius of our *chef de cuisine* to do its very best. The dinner was quite sumptuous. Von Knobelsdorf, captain of the guards, Count York, and a tall, slender, rather shy youth, in the uniform of a lieutenant of dragoons with a crimson collar, who as we afterwards heard was a Count Brühl, were the guests of the Chancellor. The latter brings great news with him, that in Paris the Republic is proclaimed, and a Provisional Government instituted, in which are the leaders of the former Opposition, Gambetta and Jules Favre. Rochefort, also, of *La Lanterne*, sits with them in high counsel. These gentlemen, it is said, intend to carry on the war against us. In that case our position is not improved, in so far as we wish peace, but it is by no means made worse, especially if the Republic lasts; and if afterwards they want to win good friends for France at the different Courts.

With Napoleon and Lulu all is over for the present; the Empress has done as Louis Philippe did in 1848; she has left

the field and is said to be in Brussels. What sort of a web, these advocates and *litterati* will spin, who have come in her place will soon be seen. Whether France will recognize their authority remains also to be seen. Our Uhlans are already at Château Thierry. Two days more and they might be before Paris. But, as is now certain, we shall be at least a week longer in Reims.

Friday, September 9.—In the forenoon till three o'clock I was writing all kinds of articles; amongst others, some on the inexplicable attachment of the Alsations for France; on their voluntary Helotism, and the infatuation which prevents their seeing and feeling that a Gaul regards them only as a Frenchman of the second class, and treats them in many respects accordingly. The news comes that Paris is not to be defended, but is to be declared an open city, which is doubtful, as according to other accounts they have still regular soldiers at their command, though not many now.

Saturday, September 10.—The Chief drove out early with Hatzfeld and Bismarek-Bohlen to Châlons, where the King also was going. They came back about half-past five in the afternoon. Meantime, after four o'clock, Minister Delbrück arrived: he had come by Hagenau and Bar-le-Duc, and had had many unpleasant experiences. He had travelled with General Boyen, who brought Napoleon—or, as he now calls himself, Count Pierrefonds—without accident as far as Cassel. He complained that he had not been able to bring with him a box of very old Nordhüsen, which had been entrusted to him, I forget where, for head-quarters. Further, he said that Napoleon had declared to Boyen that he had been forced into the war by public opinion, and that he had praised our troops very highly, especially the Uhlans and the artillery.

Sunday, September 11.—About twelve o'clock Abeken and I went to the Protestant church, or, as they call it here, the Protestant temple, on the Boulevard, in which there is a high oratory, with galleries, chancel, and a small organ, but without towers. The service, which was conducted by the military chaplain, Frommel, and which the King, Prince Karl, the Grand Duke of Weimar, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Bismarek, and Roon, as well as some Prussian and many Würtemberg officers and soldiers attended, began with military music, instead of organ playing. First, the psalm, "Praise the Lord," the soldiers singing from their Psalm Books.

Instead of the Epistle another psalm followed, and then the Gospel for the Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. The preacher took his text from 1 Sam. vii. 11 and 12: "And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Beth-car. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." The last words were his principal subject; the subordinate heads dwelt on gratitude for the help of the Lord, and the vow sworn on the altar-stone Eben-ezer not to act like those whom the Lord had condemned, and the hope that the Lord would grant His help still further, especially for the permanent unity of Germany. The discourse was not unsuitable. Many good thoughts were well expressed; but Clovis came in for somewhat undeserved honor, because he was baptised (it took place, as every one knows, in Reims), although every student nowadays knows that he was none the better of it, as after baptism he continued to be a crafty and sanguinary tyrant. What the preacher said about St Louis was equally awkward.

In the course of the day a M. Werle was with the Chief, a thin old gentleman with shaking head and the inevitable red ribbon in his buttonhole, which seems to be universal among well-dressed Frenchmen. He is a member of the legislative body, and proprietor or partner in the firm *Veuve Clicquot*, and it is said that he wishes to consult the Minister on the means of meeting the distress which prevails in the town, and averting a rising of the poor against the rich. The latter fear that the Red Republic may be declared by the workmen, who seem to be in a state of ferment; and as Reims is a manufacturing town, having ten to twelve thousand *ouvriers* within its walls, the danger may well be serious when our soldiers have to leave the town. No one could have dreamt of this a month ago: German troops the defenders of the French from Communism—truly a miracle of miracles! M. Werle speaks German, too; indeed he is, by birth, they say, a countryman of ours, like many of the proprietors of the great Champagne manufactories here and in the neighborhood.

Monday, September 12.—I was writing different articles till midday. In Laon the French—though it may have been the act of a single individual person—have been guilty of a wicked treachery. Yesterday, after the conclusion of the capitulation and after the entry of our troops, they blew the citadel into the

air, by which explosion about a hundred men of our 4th battalion of rifles have been killed or wounded.

The following is the view which the Chancellor takes of the general position, if I understand him rightly. Peace seems yet to be far away, as there is no government in Paris which promises durability. When the time for negotiation comes, the King will invite his allies to come to a common understanding as to the terms which we ought to demand. Our main object is and will continue to be, the security of the South-West German frontiers against the centuries old danger of a French invasion. A new neutral intermediate state, like Belgium or Switzerland, would be of no use to us, since such a state would certainly lean to France, if another war broke out. Metz and Strassburg, with as much of their surroundings as is necessary to us, must become our frontier territory and belong to all Germany. A partition of this district amongst our separate states is not to be thought of. Carrying on war in common will not be without a salutary influence upon the demand for the unity of Germany. Prussia will as a matter of course, after the war respect the free will of the South, as she has hitherto done and will avoid even the suspicion of any pressure. A great deal will depend upon the personal feeling and decision of the King of Bavaria.

Tuesday, September 13.—Early this morning a military band of troops from Württemberg gave the Chief a morning serenade which must have delighted him very much. If the gentlemen of the *Stuttgart Observer* hear of it! In the course of the forenoon the Chancellor summoned me six times, and I wrote as many as six articles for the press, among which were two for the French newspapers here, which had also received news from us on previous days. Further measures were taken to secure for General von Blumenthal the place which is due to him, when his portrait and biography are given, in the friendly illustrated journals. "The newspapers do not mention him at all, so far as we see, although he is chief of the staff of the Crown Prince; and, after Moltke, has up to this time been of the greatest service in the conduct of the war."

On the *14th September*, a little before ten in the morning we left Reims, the cathedral of which continued visible for a long time across the level country, and went to Chateau Thierry. All the villages were full of Württembergers, and they had stationed outposts, both of infantry and cavalry,

along the road for our protection. It must still be somewhat dangerous here, for the peasants who went hobbling about with their wooden shoes, or stood before their houses, looking quite harmless and unintelligent, are capable of very wicked tricks. To speak plainly, their faces are extremely simple-looking, but perhaps the nightcaps which most of them wear give them that sleepy, weak appearance. They had, without exception, their hands in their long trousers pockets, but it might possibly not be mere apathetic indifference which made them clench their fists inside.

About five o'clock we arrived at Château Thierry, where we all found comfortable accomodation together in the handsome house of a M. Sarimond in the square fronting the Church. The host was, so the Minister informed us, a pleasant man, with whom one could talk about all sorts of things. Château Thierry is a charming little town. It lies rather raised above the banks of the Marne below the moss-covered ruins of an old castle. It is spread over a large space of ground and has many gardens. Only the one long street in the heart of the town which leads up to the church, and a few of the side streets opening on it, have houses standing close to each other. The old church is dedicated to Saint Crispin the Cobbler—who was so benevolent as even to steal leather to make shoes for the poor—in French, Crépin,—perhaps an allusion to the fact that before the tanneries which still flourish here, the industry of shoemaking may formerly have provided food for a great part of the inhabitants.

The next day (*Sept. 15*) we set out at noon, after breakfasting at the Hôtel Nogeant, for Meaux, about 30 English miles from Château Thierry, and only about the same distance from Paris. On the way we again passed for hours by vineyards of enormous extent. We crossed the Marne and drove through coppices, and over the spurs of the hills on the left side of the valley. At the village of Lusancy we halted for half an hour. Our carriage was now drawn partly by horses captured at Sedan. The nearer we approached to Paris the closer together were the sentries posted, especially in the woods, and where there were alleys of trees. They now consisted of Prussian infantry (with yellow shoulder-straps). We could see very little of the inhabitants of the villages as we passed through. Only the landlords and the old people seemed to have been left behind. Girls and young wives were not to be seen, nor young

children. In Lusancy we saw written in chalk over one house-door, "Ill with small-pox."

Meaux is a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, and stands in a pleasant, well-wooded neighborhood. It has beautiful shady promenades, with large green gardens. The streets in the older part of the town are mostly narrow and poor. The Chief lived in the Rue Troughon, in the splendid house of the Vicomte de la Motte, which had an extensive garden behind it. I was quartered just opposite, in the house of a Baron Vandeuire, an old gentleman, who had fled, and at whose writing-table I could work most comfortably. I had the choice also of two different bed-rooms, and of a four-poster bed with silk and another with linen or cotton hangings. Then the view from the Baron's study, the windows of which look out on a little garden with old trees and creepers, is of the kind that soon makes one feel at home, and the library would be most welcome if we were here for amusement. It is very well chosen. I find, for instance, Sismondi's 'Histoire des Francais,' Thierry's collected works, Cousin's 'Philosophical Essays,' Renan's 'Histoire Religieuse,' Rossi's 'Economie Nationale,' and other works on history and national economy.

At dinner we were told that a man had arrived from Paris, bearing a flag of truce, and they pointed out a thin dark-haired young fellow, standing in the court in front of the Chief's house. This was the person; and from his talk he seemed to be an Englishman. At dinner to-day both the Counts York were our guests. They explained to us why we had seen so few men in the villages. They had found great crowds of peasants in the woods, who had fled there with some of their belongings, especially with their cattle, and highly delighted they were when they were told—they were mostly unarmed—that they might go back without fear or anxiety to their villages. On hearing this, the Chief said, "If I were a soldier and had to order things, I know what I should do. I should treat all who remained at home with every possible attention and respect. But I should consider the houses and furniture of those who have run away as found property. And if I caught them I would take away their cows and whatever else they had with them, declaring that they had stolen and hidden them in the wood. It would be well if they could first be made aware that the different sauces with which we cook little French children are all lies."

Friday, September 16.—A splendid bright sunny morning, with a deep blue sky over Bossuet's city. Early in the morning I translated for the King a letter sent to him by James Parkinson, an English prophet, who predicted that if the King did not put a stop to this shedding of blood, the vengeance of Heaven, of which the Emperor Napoleon would be the instrument, would overtake him for the "Slaughter of the Danes," and the "Blood of 'Austria's sons.'" This warning was dated August 29. Three days later the telegraph would have prevented it. The officious fool who sent this, and some other English fools in high places who meddle in our affairs, would have done better to remember that England has her own doorstep to sweep clean, that we are defending ourselves against the most outrageous arrogance in a just war; that we have not yet thought of wantonly burning peaceful villages, or of blowing men from the mouths of cannon, as they have done in wars ten times less justifiable.

The young black-haired gentleman of yesterday, who was supposed to have come with a flag of truce, and who had a long talk with the Chief in the evening over a bottle of Kirschwasser (cherry cordial), is Sir Edward Mallet, an attaché of the English Embassy in Paris. He had brought a letter from Lord Lyons, in which he asked whether the Count would confer with Favre on the conditions of an armistice. The Chancellor is said to have answered him: "On the conditions of a Peace, yes; on the conditions of an Armistice, no." *

There was some talk about the King not going to Paris, but of his awaiting the course of events at Ferrières, the seat of Rothschild, lying about half-way between Meaux and Paris.

At dinner, Prince Hohenlohe was a guest. The Chief, after returning from dining with the King, was also present. We learnt that Reims was to be the centre of administration of the French provinces occupied by our army, outside Elsass and Lothringen; that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg was to have the supreme control as Governor General, and that Hohenlohe was to take office under him.

In conversation, the Chief said to his cousin, who was complaining of not feeling very well: "When I was thy age" (his cousin was about thirty-eight) "I was quite intact, and every-

* He cannot well have done so, if we compare this with what happened later.

thing agreed with me. It was at St. Petersburg that I got my first shake."

Some one turned the conversation to Paris, and the French in connection with the Alsatians; and the Chief expatiated on this theme, telling me afterwards—giving me leave, or a hint at least, to report his words, or the sense of them, to the newspapers. "The Alsatians and German-Lorrainers," he said, "supplied the French with many clever people, especially in their army. But they were little esteemed among them, seldom advanced to the higher offices of the state, and ridiculed by the Parisians in all manner of anecdotes and caricatures. It is the same," so he continued, "with the other French provincials, but not so much so. France breaks up, in a sense, into two nations, Parisians and Provincials, and the latter are the willing helots of the former. France may now be emancipated from the domination of Paris. The man who feels himself as a provincial, out in the cold, and wants to come to something, settles in Paris, is there received into the ruling caste, and shares their power. Might we not force the Emperor back on them as a punishment? At any rate it is possible; for the peasants do not want the tyranny of Paris. France is a nation of ciphers—a mere crowd; they have money and elegance, but no individual men, no feeling of individuality; they act only in the mass. They are thirty millions of obedient Kaffres, each without a native 'ring' or a personal value. It would be easy to get sixty people together capable of holding down all the rest of these people who are without character or personality, so long as they are not united."

Saturday, September 17.—I went early for an hour's walk with Willisch along the green Marne, where, at a great public washing establishment, women were beating shirts and bed-linen in the river, down to the old bridge, over the one-half of which stand the buildings of a mill several stories high, and then on to the suburb on the left bank of the stream. At the end of the Rue Corillon another bridge, which has been blown up, crossed a gorge or deep cutting, at the bottom of which there is a canal. The interruption of traffic caused by the destruction of this bridge has been already so far remedied by our pontooners, that not far from the ruins which block up the canal they have made a temporary bridge for single horsemen, over which a squadron of Bavarian cuirassiers happened to be just passing one behind the other.

On the way back we met a long train of wagons, with military stores, which reached from the ruined bridge quite to the middle of the town. At one corner of a street we saw several placards, amongst them an address yards long from Victor Hugo to the Germans, very piteous and high-flown, at once sentimental and pompous; a whipped-up trifle, with fine phrases stuck in as if for plums, thoroughly French. What can the queer man take us for, if he thinks that our Pomeranians and East Prussians, with their sound, manly intelligence, can like such stuff as this? A man in a blouse near me, who was reading it half aloud, said to me '*C'est bien fait, Monsieur, n'est-ce pas?*' ("Well written, sir, is it not?") I answered that it grieved me to the soul to be obliged to say that it was utter nonsense. What a face he pulled!

Sunday, September 18.—Early in the morning articles were written for Berlin, Hagenau and Reims. Among other things they dealt with the phrase of Favre: "*La république c'est la paix*" ("The Republic is peace"). The line of thought which I followed was mainly this: France has, for the last forty years, always pretended to be peace, and has always and under all forms been the exact opposite. Twenty years ago, the empire said it was "peace" the Republic now says the same thing. In 1829, Legitimacy was "peace," and at that very time a Russian and French league was formed which was only prevented by the Revolution of 1830 from fulfilling its object, an aggressive war against Germany. It is notorious that the "peaceful" government of the Citizen King wanted, in 1840, to take the Rhine from us, and it can never be forgotten that the Second Empire has carried on more wars than all the preceding forms of government. We may infer what we have to expect from Favre's asseveration with respect to the Republic. To all such illusions Germany has to oppose the words, "*La France c'est guerre*" ("France is war"), and it is in accordance with this conviction that we demand the cession of Metz and Strassburg.

I find this addition to my journal: To-day the Würtemberg War Minister, von Suckow, was for a considerable time upstairs with the Chief. He reported that in Swabia the cause of Germany was all right; that things looked less promising in Bavaria; and that Bray, the Minister, had been as unnational as he well could be under the circumstances.

In the afternoon a M. B. appeared at my house, who took up his quarters, with his two boxes, quite coolly down below with

the guards. He had afterwards some conversation with the Chief; and from his passport appeared to be a merchant travelling for Count Pierrefonds.

Monday, September 19.—In the morning I prepared for the Military Cabinet an extract in German from an English letter addressed to the King. The author, who claims to be descended from the Plantagenets, is named Weale, of Jenley, in Pembrokeshire, formerly an engine-driver. Like Mr. Parkinson, who some days ago obtruded himself with his prophecies, he has evidently a bee in his bonnet, but is at the same time a good sort of fellow. With many pious reflections, horribly spelt, he warns us of pits and traps which are laid for the Prussians in the woods of Meudon, Marly, and Bondy, on the ground of a conversation between an Irishman and a Frenchman, which he says he heard. He winds up with blessing the King, his family, and all his subjects.

We hear for certain that Jules Favre will be here to-day at twelve o'clock to treat with the Chief. The fine weather seems to favour him. About ten o'clock Count Bismarck-Bohlen comes down from the Chancellor. "We are to be off at once," to the Chateau of Ferrières, fifteen miles away. We have to pack up and be off immediately. With great difficulty Theiss gets my clothes from the washerwoman. Then we learn Abeken and I are to remain with one carriage and a servant and to follow at a later hour. At last, about eleven o'clock, we have breakfast with the Chief, at which there was some rare old white Bordeaux, which the owner of the house, a Legitimist lady by the way, honoured the Minister with, as it appeared, because we had done no mischief to her or to hers. The Chief had guessed the Legitimist feeling of the old lady from the Lucerne lion over his bed.



CHAPTER VII.

BISMARCK AND FAVRE IN HAUTE-MANSION.—A FORTNIGHT
IN ROTHSCHILD'S CHATEAU.

AT twelve o'clock on September 19, Jules Favre had not yet arrived, and they did not wait. The Minister, however, left a letter for him at the Marie, and told the servant of our Viscountess to inform him of it if he came. To-day the Chief and the Councillors went round the estate of the great Parisian money-broker, and for some time they rode before the carriages, in the second of which I sat by myself. We first drove past the house where the King is, which is a fine mansion on the Promenade, and then out of the town along the canal on the left bank of the river, till we were able to cross the latter by means of a temporary bridge. At the village of Mareuill the road slightly ascended, running along the first steps, so to speak, of the chains of hills which on this side run parallel to the river and the canal, through a well-cultivated country, with vegetable gardens, orchards, and vineyards of blue grapes.

Here, between the villages of Mareuill and Montry, at a place where the high road made a sharp descent, under fine shady trees, we met a carriage and pair, close shut, in which were three gentlemen in ordinary dress and a Prussian officer. One of the civilians was an oldish grey-bearded gentleman, with a protruding under-lip. "That is Favre," I said to Krüger, who was sitting behind me; "where is the Minister?" He was not to be seen, but was probably on before, hidden from our sight by a long train of wagons, some of them piled high with baggage. I made them drive quickly, and after a time met the Chief with Keudell riding back to us, in a village called, I believe, Chessy, where some peasants had covered a dead horse with straw and chaff, and then set fire to it, causing a most dreadful odour.

“Favre passed us, your Excellency,” said I; “and is up there

“I know it,” answered he, smiling and trotted on.

The day after Count Hatzfeld told us some particulars of the meeting of the Chancellor with the Parisian Advocate and Regent. The Minister, the Count, and Keudell were a good mile and a half before us on the road, when Hofrath Taglioni, who was with the King’s carriages, had told him that Favre had driven by. He had come by another road, and reached the spot where it joined this one, after the Chief and his companions had passed. The Chief was indignant that he had not been told of it before. Hatzfeld spurred after Favre and turned back with him. After a time Count Bismarck-Bohlen met them, and galloped back to tell the Minister, who was still a good bit off with Keudell. At last they met near Montry. The Minister himself thought of going with the Frenchman into a house here; but as the high-lying *château* of Haute-Maison was only about ten minutes walk distant, and was considered a more suitable place, they went there.

Here they met with two Wurtemburger dragoons, one of whom, with his carbine, was posted as guard at the door. A French peasant also was there, whose face looked as if he had had a severe beating, and whom they asked if there was anything to be had to eat and drink. Whilst they were speaking to him, Favre, who had gone into the *château* with the Chancellor, came out and had a discourse with his countryman full of pathos and fine feeling. “Surprises might be attempted: this must not be. He was no spy, but a member of the new Government, who had taken the weal of the country in hand, and was responsible for its honourable conduct; and he called upon this peasant, in the name of the rights of nations and the honour of France, to see that this house was held sacred. His, the Regent’s honour, and the peasant’s honour peremptorily demanded this;” and such like fine phrases. The worthy but somewhat stupid peasant lad listened to this flood of words with a very simple look, evidently understood as little of it as if it had been Greek, and made such a face that Keudell said, “If that fellow is to protect us against a surprise, I had much rather depend on the soldier there.”

I learnt from another source in the evening that Favre had been accompanied by M. Rink and M. Hell, formerly secretaries of Benedetti, as well as by Prince Biron, and that quarters had

been found for him in the village near Ferrières, where he hoped to have another interview with the Chief. Keudell said, "When the Chancellor left the room where he and Favre had been talking, he asked the dragoon at the door where he came from." "From Hall in Swabia." "Well, you may boast hereafter that you were on guard at the first peace negotiation in this war."

The rest of us, meanwhile, had to wait a long time at Chessy for the Chancellor, and took occasion, probably with his leave, to drive on towards Ferrières, which was about six miles off. On the road we crossed the line of the zone round Paris, within which the French have diligently destroyed everything. But here the destruction was only partial. The inhabitants of the villages which we visited seemed to have been mostly driven away by the Gardes Mobiles. So far as I know, we did not see one dog, but in some yards there were a few hens. On most of the doors which we passed there was written in chalk, "The Corporal's Guard N.," or "One officer and two horses," or something of that kind. In the villages one comes occasionally to town-like houses, and outside of them there were villas and mansions with parks, showing the proximity of the great city. In one of the villages through which we passed lay several hundred empty wine bottles in the ditch and on the field near the road. A regiment had discovered here a good source whereat to quench its thirst, and had halted for that purpose. There was no sign to be seen on the road of the guards, or the other prudential measures which had been observed at Château Thierry and Meaux, which might have been hazardous for the Chief when he returned late in the evening and with only a small escort.

At last, as it began to grow dusk we drove into the village of Ferrières, and soon after into Rothschild's property, which is situated close by, in the castle of which the King, and with him the higher division of the great headquarters, took up their abode for some time. The Minister was to have his quarters in the last three rooms of the right wing on the first floor, where he looked out upon the meadows, the lake and the castle park; while the Bureau took possession of one of the larger rooms of the ground floor, and a smaller room in the same corridor was used as a dining-room. Baron Rothschild had fled, and was in Paris, and had left behind only a house-steward or castellan,

who looked a person of the highest consequence, and three or four women servants.

It was dark when the Chief arrived last of all, and he soon after sat down with us to dinner. While it was going on Favre sent to enquire when he could come to continue the negotiations, and from half-past nine till after eleven he had a conference alone with the Chancellor in our Bureau. When he left he looked—as my journal remarks—perhaps he had not quite laid aside the part he had been playing so as to act on our feelings—crushed and depressed, almost despairing. The conversation appeared to have led to no result: the gentlemen in Paris will have to become more pliable. Their emissary and representative was rather a big man, with grey whiskers coming round under his chin, a somewhat Jewish type of countenance, and a hanging under lip.

During dinner we had to admire an illustration of the hospitality and sense of decency of the Baron, whose house the King was honoring with his presence, and whose property, therefore, was spared in every way. Baron Rothschild, the hundredfold millionaire, who, besides, had been till a very recent date Consul-General of Prussia in Paris, insolently refused us, through his steward, the wine which we wanted, although I may remark that this and every other requisition was to be paid for. When cited before the Chief, the man impudently persisted in his refusal, positively denied that he had any wine in the house, though he afterwards admitted that he had in the cellar a few hundred bottles of "*petit Bordeaux*"—in fact, there was more than seventeen thousand bottles—but declared that he could not let us have any. The Minister, however, explained his point of view to the man in a very forcible manner, insisting that it was a most uncourteous and niggardly way in which his master was returning the honor which the King had shown him by putting up in his house; and, when the burly fellow looked as if he intended to give us a little more insolence, asked him sharply if he knew what a "*Strohbund*" was? Our friend appeared to guess, for he became pale, though he said nothing. It was then explained to him that a "*Strohbund*" is a truss of straw upon which refractory and insolent house-stewards are laid, back uppermost, and he might easily imagine the rest. Next day we had what we wanted, and, as far as I know, afterwards had no cause of complaint. But the Baron received for his wine not only the price that

was asked, but something over and above for the good of the house ; so that, on the whole, he made a pretty good thing out of us. The exceptional respect for Rothschild's seat was in every respect maintained till the conclusion of the war. The greater was our annoyance, therefore, at learning that Rothschild had spread in Parisian society a report exaggerating and falsifying the words of our Chief, saying that the Prussians had wished to flog his house-steward at Ferrières, because the pheasants which he set before them had not been truffled.

The morning next but one the Minister came into the "*Chambre de Chasse*" of the mansion, a room fitted up with beautifully carved oak furniture, and ornamented with precious china vases, which we had transformed into our bureau, and inspecting the game-book, which was lying on the table in the middle of the room he showed me the page, dated November 3rd, 1856, which recorded that on that day he himself, with Gallifet and others, had shot here, and that he had killed forty-two head of game, fourteen hares, one rabbit and twenty-seven pheasants. "Now," he said, "along with Moltke and others, I am after nobler game, the wolf of Grand Pré." At that date he had no presentiment of it, and his fellow sportsmen assuredly had even less.

About eleven o'clock he had a third meeting with Favre, subsequent to which a council was held with the King, at which Moltke and Roon were present. After some letters had been written to Berlin, Reims, and Hagenau, I had two hours on hand to make myself acquainted with our new abode. I used this time in looking over the mansion, so far as it was open to us, and in rambling about through the park, which lay on the south side of the house, and a flower garden on the north. about 400 paces to the west of the mansion are the stables and farm buildings, and opposite these, on the other side of the carriage drive, a very large fruit and vegetable garden with rows of fine green-houses and hot-houses. I saw also in the park a Swiss cottage, fitted up to accommodate some servants, and to be used as a laundry.

About the castle itself I will be brief. It is a square building, of two stories, and at each of the four corners a three-storied tower, with a rather flat roof. The style is a mixture of different schools of the Renaissance, which do not produce a very effective whole. The edifice does not look so large as it really is. The south front, with its flight of steps ornamented

with stately vases, leading to a terrace, upon which are orange and pomegranate trees in tubs, looks the best. The chief entrance is on the north side, having a vestibule, with busts of Roman emperors, which are very handsome, though it is not easy to see what they have to do in the house of the Croesus of modern Judaism. From this a somewhat narrow staircase, the walls of which are lined with marble, leads to the chief room of the house, round which runs a gallery, supported by gilded Ionic columns. The walls above these are hung with Gobelin tapestry, and among the pictures of this gorgeously-furnished room there is an equestrian portrait by Velasquez. Amid so many beautiful objects, the eye wanders first to one and then to another, but the whole gives one the impression that the possessor thought less of beauty or comfort than of bringing together the costliest articles.

If, however, the mansion leaves one somewhat cold, the gardens and park deserve the highest praise. This applies not only to the flower-garden in front of the north façade, with its statues and fountains, but in a still higher degree to the more remote parts of the park, which end in forest, and through which there are straight-lined carriage drives and paths, some of them leading to a large manor-farm. Here there are beautiful foreign trees, both singly and in tasteful groups, and there is a charming variety of wood, meadow, and water, with occasional lovely glimpses through the trees and shrubberies. In front of the mansion lie smooth grass plats, with gravel walks winding through them to a lake, with black and white swans, Turkish ducks, and other bright-colored water-fowl. Beyond this water, to the right rises an artistically-planted hill, where winding paths lead through shrubberies, fir woods, and leafy trees, to the summit. On the left of the lake is a small deer-park, and further on, on the same side, a little stream, which runs murmuring at the edge of a clearing through a wood of tall forest trees. On the grass in front of the steps were sheep and poultry, and among them a few pheasants, which were running in great troops on the more distant sward. Of these birds, there are as many as four or five thousand in the park. Our soldiers acted towards all these good things as if they were not made to be enjoyed; but they took, doubtless, another view of them, pre-eminent in which was a healthy hunger. "Tantalus in uniform," said one with a mythological turn of mind, when we saw three of those dainty

birds, which are uncommonly good, even without *sauer kraut à la Rothschild*—that is, boiled in champagne—walk past a sentry, so close that they might have been spitted with his bayonet.

When we returned from our travels of discovery we learned that the house steward, who had at first been so insolent, had come at last to regard us as not altogether unwelcome guests. He had an uncommon dread of the *francs-voleurs*, as the *francs-tireurs* were now often called by people of property in the country, and this fear had won from him the admission that our presence had a pleasant as well as a vexatious side. He said to one of us that those gentlemen, who rivalled the Mobiles and the Chasseurs d'Afrique in plundering and devastating the neighborhood, had destroyed everything in the country houses at Clayes, and had forced the peasants sword in hand to leave their houses and fly into the woods. They might have taken it into their heads, had we not been at Ferrières, to pay a visit to the château. The possibility had presented itself to his sorrow-stricken mind, that they might have considered it advisable to burn it down. Probably in consequence of these reflections he had bethought himself that the Baron's cellar contained champagne, and that he might cede to us a number of bottles at a good price, without committing a deadly sin. In consequence of this change of mood we began now to feel more at home.

At breakfast we heard that the news had arrived at the general staff that Bazaine, who must have been completely surrounded and shut in in Metz, had asked Prince Frederick Karl by letter whether the news of the defeat at Sedan, and of the proclamation of the Republic which, he had received through exchanged prisoners, was correct, and that the Prince had answered him in the affirmative, both by letter and with the corroboration of Parisian newspapers.

In the evening I was summoned to the Chief, who did not appear at table, and who, it was said, was not very well. A narrow winding stone staircase, which was honored with the name of the "*Escalier particulier de Monsieur le Baron*," took me up to an elegantly-furnished room, where the Chancellor lay on a sofa in his dressing-gown. I was to telegraph that the day before the French—we had heard the cannonade but had not known what it was—had made a sortie with three divisions in a southern direction, but had been utterly routed and driven back.

We had taken seven guns and more than two thousand prisoners in the affair.

Wednesday, September 21.—When the Chief had recovered from his indisposition, there was again more to be done. These labors, both in their matter and intention, are not meant for publicity, like many other excellent things then done, heard, or experienced. I say this once for all, solely to obviate the suspicion that I take part in this campaign more as a pleasure-loving Phæacian than in the spirit of a true “soldier of the pen.”

At tea we heard something more about the last negotiation of the Chancellor with Jules Favre. The attention of the latter is said to have been drawn to the fact, that the precise conditions of a peace could not be communicated to him until they had been settled in a meeting of the German powers immediately concerned; but that peace would not be concluded without a cession of territory, as it was a matter of absolute necessity that we should obtain a better frontier against French attacks. There was, however, less discussion in this conference about peace and our requirements in connection with peace, than about the concessions from the French side on which we could grant a truce. When the forfeiture of territory was mentioned Favre was very much excited, sighing and raising his eyes to Heaven, and shedding many patriotic tears. The Chief does not expect that he will come again. It is as well, and this was the answer sent to the Crown Prince, who had telegraphed this morning to inquire. I wrote these last words early on the 22nd.

Thursday, September 22, evening.—The French are never tired of denouncing us to the world as tyrants and barbarians, and the English press, especially the *Standard*, notoriously very hostile to us, eagerly lends its help. Almost without intermission that journal pours out upon the breakfast-tables of its readers the bitterest calumnies as to our conduct to the French population and to the prisoners we have taken. It is always asserting that eye-witnesses, or people otherwise well-informed, drawing what they say from the best sources, furnish these lies or these perversions and exaggerations of the facts. Thus within these last few days the Duke of FitzJames has drawn a horrible picture of our atrocious cruelties in Bazeilles, which he pretends to have depicted only in its true colors; and in the same spirit a M. L., who plays the part of an ill-treated French

officer taken prisoner at Sedan, laments, in lugubrious tones, the inhuman conduct of the Prussians. We might leave this to answer itself, but a duke makes an impression even upon those on the other side of the Channel who are more favorably disposed to us, and with calumnies sufficiently audacious something always will stick. Therefore a refutation of these aspersions goes off to-day to the London journals favorably disposed to us. To this effect :

“In this war, as in every other, a great number of villages have been burned down mostly by artillery fire, German as well as French. In these, women and children who have taken refuge in the cellars, and who have not had time to escape, have perished in the flames. This is true also of Bazeilles, which was taken by discharges of musketry, and retaken several times. The Duke of FitzJames was an eye-witness merely of the ruins of the village, which he saw after the battle, as thousands of others have seen, and deplored them. Everything else in his account is derived from the stories of unfortunate and embittered people. In a country where even the government develops an unexampled and systematic capacity for lying, it is scarcely to be expected that angry peasants, with the ruins of their burnt houses before their eyes, should have any great inclination to speak the truth about their enemies. It has been established by official inquiry that inhabitants of Bazeilles, not in uniform, but in blouses and shirt-sleeves, fired upon wounded and unwounded German troops in the streets, and that whole rooms full of wounded men were murdered in the houses. In like manner it has been proved that women, armed with knives and guns, committed the greatest cruelties against mortally wounded soldiers, and that other women, certainly not in the uniform of the National Guards, took part in the battle along with the male inhabitants, loading their companions' guns, and even themselves firing, and that while thus engaged they were wounded or killed like other combatants. These circumstances were of course not told to the Duke by his informants, but they would have perfectly justified our setting fire to the village, even if it had been done designedly to drive the enemy from his position. But an intentional setting fire to the village has not been proved. That women and children were driven back into the fire is one of the malignant lies with which the French alarm the population, and goad them to hatred against us. They thereby cause the flight of the people, who usually

return to their villages a few days after the advance of the Germans, quite astonished that they have been better treated by the latter than by French troops. Where fear does not suffice to drive the inhabitants to flight, the Government sends hordes of armed men in blouses, supported sometimes by African troops, to drive the peasants from their dwellings with sabre cuts, and to lay waste their homes as a punishment for their want of patriotism."

M. L. congratulates himself on preserving his leathern purse. This is the strongest proof that he was not plundered; for there is no soldier who does not carry money in such a purse next to his skin at the present day, just as they did a hundred and fifty years ago. If the German soldiers had meant to have the money of M. L., they knew very well from their own experience where to find it on him. The few Germans who were taken prisoners by the French can tell how quickly the hands of their opponents tore open the uniform of the captives, and, when the leather purse stuck too closely, cut into it with sword or knife, without troubling about the skin. We declare the assertions of the ill-treatment of prisoners taken at Sedan to be shameless and unfounded lies. A great number of the French prisoners—perhaps a fourth of them—were beastly drunk, having plundered as they did in the last hours before the capitulation, all the stores of wine and brandy in the town. That drunken men are more difficult to manage than sober ones, is intelligible enough; but acts of ill-treatment such as are related in that article occurred neither at Sedan nor anywhere else, from the discipline which prevails among Prussian troops. It is notorious that this discipline excited the admiration of the French officers.

We cannot, alas, speak as favorably of the troops of the enemy in this respect as of their bravery under fire. Often the French officers were unable to restrain their men from murdering the severely wounded as they lay on the ground, and this was true, not merely of the African troops, but happened even when officers of higher rank attempted to defend the wounded Germans against the attacks of their own men. It is well known that the German prisoners who were brought to Metz were led through the streets, were spat upon, beaten, and stoned; and when they were discharged, that the African troops formed a lane and made them run the gauntlet, amid blows from sticks and whips.

I note once for all—First, it is held in England that the razing of the French fortresses in the East is sufficient for our security, but the obligation to demolish fortifications constitutes a servitude which is always more grating than their cession. Second, they pretend to infer in England that the fact of Strassburg defending itself so long against us, proves the devotion of its inhabitants to France. But the fortress of Strassburg is defended by French troops, not by the German inhabitants. The obstinate defence, therefore, is no display of German fidelity.

Just as we are at the soup one of the Royal servants comes and announces that the Crown Prince proposes to dine and stay the night, and he, the secretary, Fourier, or whoever it was, adds the request that the Bureau and the large room upstairs next to the Chancellor's room should be given up to the five gentlemen in attendance on his Royal Highness. The Chief answers, "The Bureau? certainly not, that won't do. It is needed for business." He then places at their disposal his own dressing-room, and offers to take Blumenthal or Eulenberg into his bedroom. He requires the drawing-room for the reception of the French negotiators, and when Princes come to him. The quartermaster retired with a long face. He had expected an unconditioned yes, as a matter of course.

Count Lehndorf was present at dinner, and the conversation was lively. When mention was made of the covering old Fritz in the Linden with black, red, and yellow colors, the Minister disapproved Wurmb having allowed the controversy about colors to be raised. "For myself," says he, "when the North German colors were accepted, the question was settled. Otherwise the discussion about colors, is a matter of indifference to me, green and yellow, or the colors of Mecklenburg-Strélitz; only the Prussian troops will have nothing to do with black, red, and yellow." Reasonable people will not take it amiss in him, when they remember the March days in P. in and the badge of their opponents in the Mainfield campaign in 1866.

The Chief afterwards said, that peace was still far off. "If they go to Orleans we shall follow them, even if they go further still, to the sea." He then read out the telegrams which had been received, and among them the list of the troops in Paris; "they are said to amount to 180,000 men, but there are scarcely 60,000 real soldiers among them. The Mobile Guards and National Guards, with their snuff-boxes, are not worth

counting." The conversation then turned for a time on matters of the table, and it was said among other things that Alexander von Humboldt, the ideal man of our democracy, was an enormous eater, who, at Court, heaped on his plate whole mountains of lobster salad and other indigestible delicacies and then swallowed them down." At the last course we had roast hare, and the Chief remarked, "This French thing is not to be compared with our Pomeranian hare; it has no game flavor. How different is our hare, which gets its fine flavor from the heath and thyme on which it feeds."

About half-past ten he sent to inquire whether any one was still at tea. He was told, "Doctor Busch." He came, drank two cups of tea, with a little cognac, which he rightly considered wholesome when it is good, and ate, contrary to his usual habit, some cold meat. He afterwards took away with him a bottle of cold tea, which he seems to like to drink in the night, for I have often, during the campaign, seen it in the morning on his night-table. He remained till after mid-night, and for the first time we were alone. After a time he asked where I was born. I answered, in Dresden. Which town did I like best? Of course my native town? I replied rather decidedly in the negative, and said that, next to Berlin, Leipzig was the town which suited me best. He answered, smiling, "Really; I should not have thought that; Dresden is such a beautiful city." I then told him the chief reason why, in spite of that, it did not please me. He was silent for a little.

I asked whether I should telegraph that some here think they have heard the firing of cannons and rifles in the streets of Paris. "Yes," he said, "do so." "But not about the conference with Favre?" "Surely," and then he continued, "Haute Maison, near—what do you call it? Montry the first time, then at Ferrières the same evening, the second, then a third interview the next day but one, but with no result, either as regards an armistice or peace. Negotiations with us have also been attempted on the part of some of the other French parties," to which he added some remarks leading me to infer that he was alluding to the Empress Eugénie.

The Chief praised the red wine standing on the table, from the Baron's cellars, and drank a glass of it. He then again complained of the behavior of Rothschild, and thought the old baron had better manners. I spoke of the crowds of pheasants

in the park. Could we not have a shot at them? "H'm," he said; "it is forbidden to shoot in the park; but what can they do if I go out and get some? They can't arrest me, for they would have no one to see after the peace." He afterwards talked of hunting: "I hunt sometimes with the King at Letzlingen, the old forest of our family. Burgstall, too, was taken away from us three hundred years ago, simply on account of the hunting. At that time there was nearly twice as much wood as now. It was then worth nothing but for the hunting; now it is worth millions. . . . The indemnification given us was trifling, not a fourth part of the value, and almost all of it has vanished like smoke."

Another time, speaking of dexterity in shooting, he said that when he was a young man he was such a good shot that he could hit pieces of paper at a hundred paces, and had shot the heads off the ducks in the pond.

He remarked, on a subject to which he often recurred, "If I am to work well I must be well fed. I can make no proper peace if they don't give me proper food and drink. That is part of my pay."

The conversation turned—I no longer remember how—on the ancient languages. "When I was in the highest form at school, I wrote and spoke Latin very well. Now it has become difficult to me, and I have quite forgotten my Greek. I don't understand why people spend so much labor on them. Perhaps merely because scholars do not like to lessen the value of what they themselves acquired with so much difficulty." I took the liberty of reminding him of the "mental discipline," and remarked that the twenty or thirty meanings of the particle *av* must be quite delightful to those who have them at their fingers' ends. The Chief replied, "Yes, but if it is contended that Greek gives the 'mental discipline,' Russian does so in a still higher degree. People might introduce Russian at once instead of Greek; there would be immediate practical use in that. It has innumerable niceties to make up for the incompleteness of its conjugation, and the eight-and-twenty declensions they used to have were capital for the memory. Now, indeed, they have only three, but then the exceptions are all the more numerous. And how the roots are changed; in many words only a single letter remains."

We spoke of the treatment of the Schleswig-Holstein question in the Diet in the years about 1850. Count Bis-

marck-Bohlen, who had joined us, remarked that it must have been good to produce sleep. "Yes," said the Chief, "in Frankfort they slept over negotiations with their eyes open. Generally a sleepy, insipid set, only supportable when I came among them like so much pepper." He then told an amusing story of Count Rechberg, at that time ambassador of the Diet.

I asked about the "famous" cigar story. "Which do you mean?" "When, your Excellency, Rechberg kept on smoking a cigar in your presence, and you took one yourself." "You mean Thun. Well, that was simple enough. I went to him, and he was working and smoking at the same time. He begged me to wait a moment. I did wait ; but when it seemed too long, and he offered me no cigar, I took out one, and asked him for a light, which he gave me with a rather astonished look. But there is another story of the same kind. At the sittings of the military commission when Rochow was the Prussian representative at the Diet, Austria alone smoked. Rochow, who was a furious smoker, would certainly have liked to do it, but did not venture. When I succeeded him, I too hankered after a cigar ; and as I did not see why I should not have it, I asked the Power in the President's chair to give me a light, which seemed to give him and the other gentlemen both astonishment and displeasure. It was evidently an event for them. That time only Austria and Prussia smoked. But the other gentlemen obviously thought the matter so serious that they reported it to their respective Courts. The question required mature deliberation, and for half a year only the two Great Powers smoked. Then Schrenkh, the Bavarian envoy, asserted the dignity of his position by smoking. Nostitz, the Saxon, had certainly also a great wish to do so, but had not received authority from his minister. When, however, he saw Bothmer, the Hannoverian, indulging himself, at the next sitting, he must—for he was intensely Austrian, having sons in the army—have come to some understanding with Rechberg ; for he also took out a cigar from his case and puffed away. Only Würtemberg and Darmstadt were left, and they did not smoke themselves. But the honor and dignity of their states imperatively required it, so that next time we met, Würtemberg produced a cigar—I see it now ; it was a long thin light yellow thing—and smoked at least half of it, as a burnt-offering for the Fatherland."

Friday, September 23.—This morning the weather is glori-

ous ; and after eleven o'clock exceedingly hot. Before the Chief rose I took a ramble in the park, where, on the left of the stream, I saw a large herd of roe-deer ; and further on a splendid aviary, in the spacious wire-cages of which there were a number of foreign birds, Chinese, Japanese, New Zealand birds, rare pigeons, gold pheasants, and so on, and a quail-house. When I returned I met Keudell in the passage. "War!" he cried. "A letter from Favre, who rejects all our demands." We shall prepare this, with commentaries on it, for the press, and at the same time hint that the present inhabitant of Wilhelmshöhe is after all not so bad, and that he may be of some use to us yet.

Saturday, September 24.—The Minister was led to speak at dinner, of the show things in the great saloon upstairs which he had just seen, for the first time. Among them, we heard, that there was a throne or table which had casually stuck to the fingers of some French marshal or general in China—or was it in Cochin China?—and which had been afterwards sold to our Baron, a remarkable object which in our visit to the room I had stupidly not observed. The opinions of the Chief on this display of luxury were almost the same as those which I recorded in my journal two days ago: "Everything dear, but little that is beautiful, and still less comfortable." He then went on: "A property like this finished and complete, could never give me any satisfaction. Not I but others would have made it. There is indeed much that is beautiful, but the satisfaction of creating and transforming is wanting. It is quite different when I have to ask myself, Can I spend five or ten thousand dollars upon this or that improvement? to what it must be when one has not to think about money. To have always enough and more than enough must at last be wearisome." To-day we had pheasants (not truffled), and our wine proved that the enlightenment and improvement of the house-steward's inner man had made considerable progress. Further, the chief purveyor of the mobilised Foreign-office—which honorable post was filled by the Count Bismarck-Bohlen—announced that some benevolent Berlin friend had sent the Chief a present of four bottles of curaçao, of which a trial was made. The Chancellor asked: "Do you know——?" I did not catch the name. "Yes." "Well, telegraph to him: 'Old Nordhauser quite indispensable at headquarters, two jars immediately.'" Afterwards the subject of conversation at table was,

the position of owners of estates ; when the Minister spoke of the former and present condition of an estate at Schmoldin, and expressed himself warmly as to the care the landlords ought to show for the people under them.

In the evening it was again thought advisable to make some communication in an article to our good friends the French Ultramontanes, who in war, as formerly in peace, put forth all their strength against the German cause, exciting the people against us, spreading abroad lies about us in the newspapers, and stirring up the peasants to join in the war, as they did at Beaumont and Bazeilles.

Sunday, September 25.—Quite an off day. Nothing of importance to record. The Chief went to church in the morning with the King, and in the afternoon he did not appear. Perhaps he has some important thing specially on hand.

At dinner there was some talk about the Jews. "They have still really no true home," said the Chief ; "but are a sort of universal-European, cosmopolitan nomads. Their fatherland is Zion," (to Abeken) "Jerusalem. Otherwise they belong to the whole world, and hang together throughout the whole world. It is only the Jew child that has a little home feeling. But there are good honest people amongst them. There was one near us in Pomerania, who dealt in skins and such-like articles. But, for once, this did not succeed, and he was bankrupt. Then he came to me and begged me to help him, and not bring forward my claim ; he would repay me as soon as he could, bit by bit. For old acquaintance' sake, I agreed, and he really paid me. Even when I was at Frankfort as Envoy, I had remittances from him, and I believe that I lost less than the others. Perhaps there are not many such Jews now. . But they have their virtues ; respect for their parents, fidelity in marriage, and charitableness."

Monday, September 26.—Early this morning I worked for the press on different lines. At dinner, the King's physician, Dr. Lauer, was present. The conversation turned for some time on culinary and gastronomical matters. In the course of this we learnt that cherries are the Chancellor's favorite fruit, and next to them large blue plums, called "*Bauernplaurme*." The four carp, which formed one of the courses at dinner, led the Chief to speak of the carp's place among eatable fish, on which point he expressed himself very fully. Among freshwater fish he gave the first place to *Maränen*, not to be confounded with

Muränen, and to trout, of which last he had some, very fine, in the streams about Varzin. Of the large trout which are so prominent in banquets at Frankfort-on-the-Main, he thought very little. He preferred sea-fish, and among them all he placed the cod first. "A good smoked flounder is not at all bad, and even the common herring is not to be despised when it is perfectly fresh." Oysters were discussed, and he said, "In my young days, when I lived at Aachen, I conferred a benefit on the inhabitants such as Ceres did when she revealed the art of agriculture to mankind: in fact, I taught them how to roast oysters." Lauer begged for the recipe, and he got it. If I understood rightly, the fish was strewn with bread crumbs and Parmesan cheese, and roasted in its shell on a coal fire. I stuck quietly to my own opinion that the oyster and cooking have nothing to do with each other. Fresh and nothing with them, that is the only true recipe. The Chief then spoke as a thorough connoisseur of wild fruits, bilberries, whortle-berries, and moss-berries, and of the numerous tribe of mushrooms, of which he had eaten many in Finland, of kinds not known among us, but excellent. Then he spoke of eating in general, and said jocularly, "In our family we are all great eaters. If there were many in the country with such a capacity, the state could not exist. I should emigrate." I remembered that Frederick the Great had done great things in the same line.

The conversation then turned on military matters, and the Minister said that the Uhlans were still the best cavalry. The lance gave the man great confidence. It is said that it is troublesome among trees, but that is a mistake. It is very useful in moving aside the branches. He knew this from his own experience, having served first with the rifles and afterwards with the Landwehr Lance Cavalry. The abolition of the lance in all the cavalry of the Landwehr was a mistake. The bent sabre, especially when it is badly ground, is of very little use. The straight cut-and-thrust sword is much more practical.

After dinner there came in a letter from Favre, in which he asked, first, that due notice should be given of the bombardment of Paris, in order that the diplomatic body might have time to get away: secondly, that correspondence with the outer world should be permitted them by means of letters. When he came down from the Chief with the letter, Abeken said that he meant to answer it by way of Brussels. "Then," said

Keudell, "the letter will reach its destination late, or, perhaps not at all: it will come back to us." "That does not matter," replied Abeken. . . . The King wishes to see newspapers, and the most important things are to be marked for him. The Chief proposed to him the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and I am to attend to the marking and to send up the numbers to the Minister.

In the evening I am several times called up to the Chief to receive my orders. I learn that "Favre's account of his conversations with the Chancellor shows an anxiety to be truthful, but at the same time is not quite exact, which under the circumstances, and considering that it is a report of three conversations, is not to be wondered at." In particular the question of an armistice is put in the back-ground, whereas in reality it was the prominent question. There was no talk of Soissons, but of Saargemund. Favre was prepared for a considerable pecuniary indemnity. The question of a truce hung upon two alternatives; either the surrender to us of the portion of the fortifications of Paris dominating the city, the Parisians having free intercourse with the outer world; or, the surrender of Strassburg and Toul. We claimed the latter, because in the hands of the French it threatens our supplies. Upon the cession of territory, on the conclusion of peace, the Chancellor spoke to the effect that he could only explain himself on the question of the frontiers after the principle was accepted. Then, when Favre asked for some indication at least of our demands in this respect it was remarked to him that we needed Strassburg, "the key to our house," and the Departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, also Metz and a part of the Moselle Department for our security in the future. The Armistice was to enable the French National Assembly to be consulted.

After dinner great news arrives: Rome is occupied by the Italians, while the Pope and the diplomatists remain in the Vatican.

Tuesday, September 27th.—Bölsing showed me, by order of the Chief, his answer to Favre's letter which he had re-written and made shorter and firmer. It said with respect to the first point: A notice beforehand is not the usage of war; and as to the second, a beleaguered fortress does not appear to be an appropriate position for diplomatists. We shall allow open letters, containing nothing objectionable, to pass through. In this view of things we hope to have the concurrence of the

diplomatic corps. This body may indeed go to Tours, where we hear that the French Government intends to go. The answer was written in German, a practice which Bernstorff had begun, but which Bismarck has carried out more persistently. In earlier days, so Bölsing says, most of the secretaries in the foreign office belonged to the French colony, of which Roland and Delacroix still survive, and almost every business was transacted, even by the councillors, in French. Even the registers of exports and imports were kept in French. Ambassadors usually sent in their reports in French. Now the language of those "vile Gauls," as Count Bohlen calls the French, is only used exceptionally—for instance, to those Governments and ambassadors whose mother-tongue we cannot read fluently—but the registers for years past have been kept in German.

At dinner Prince Radziwill, and Knobelsdorff of the general staff, were present. We were speaking of the passage in Favre's account of his negotiations with the Chief, where he is said to have wept. "It is true," said the Minister. "He seemed crying, and I endeavored in a fashion to console him; but when I looked a little closer, I positively believe that he had not shed a tear. He intended, probably, to work upon my feelings with a little theatrical performance, as the Parisian advocates work upon their public. I am almost convinced that at Ferrières, too, he was painted white, especially the second time. That morning in his part of the injured and much-suffering man he looked much greyer than he did before. It is possible, of course, that he feels all this; but he is no politician. He ought to know that bursts of feeling are out of place in politics." After a little while the Minister went on: "When I dropped a word about Strassburg and Metz, he made a face as if he thought I were joking. I should like to have told him what the great Kürschner once said to me in Berlin. I went to his shop with my wife to ask the price of a fur cloak, and when he mentioned a high price for one that pleased me, I said, 'You are joking!' 'No,' he replied; 'in business, never.'"

Later in the evening the American General Burnside was announced. The Chief answered that he was now at dinner and wished the General would be so kind as to call again—"In an hour or two?" "Ah! as far as I am concerned, in half an hour." Then he asked me, "Now, Doctor Busch, who

is this man?" I said, "A very prominent General in the Civil War, and, after Grant and Sherman, leaving the Confederate generals out of account, the most important."

We then spoke of the occupation of Rome and of the Pope in the Vatican; and the Chief said of the Pope, "Yes; sovereign he must remain, only we are obliged to ask how. We should be able to do much more for him if the Ultramontanes were not always so active against us. It is my custom to pay people back in their own coin." "I should like to know, too, how our Harry (von Arnim, the North-German Ambassador at the Papal Court) finds himself now? Probably to-day so, in the evening, so, and in the morning again something quite different, like his reports. He would be too much of an ambassador for a small sovereign, but the Pope is not merely the Prince of the States of the Church; he is the head of the Catholic Church."

After dinner, as we were having our coffee, Burnside came with an older gentleman, who wore a red flannel shirt and a paper collar. The general is a rather tall, well-made man, with thick bushy eyebrows, and singularly fine white teeth. With his precisely-trimmed short cropped King William's beard, he might have been taken for an elderly Prussian major in plain clothes. The Chief sat with him on the sofa to the left of the window in the dining-room, and had an animated conversation with him in English over a glass of Kirsch-wasser (cherry cordial), which was replenished after a little. Meantime Prince Radziwill talked with the other gentleman. When the Minister remarked to his visitor that he was rather late in coming to the campaign, and Burnside had explained why, the Minister told him that in July we had not had, neither the King nor the people, the slightest intention of war, and when we were surprised with the declaration of war, had not a thought of conquests. Our army is excellent for a war of defence, but not easy to use for plans of conquest, for the army is the people, and the people are not desirous of glory. They need, and they wish, peace. That is why the press, which is the voice of the people, now demands a better frontier. For peace' sake we must now, in presence of an ambitious people, greedy of conquest, think of our security for the future, and we can only find it in a better defensive position than we have at present. Burnside appeared to see this, and was emphatic in praising our excellent organization and the heroism of our troops.

Wednesday, September 28.—About twelve o'clock I wished to see the Minister, in order to ask him a question. In the ante-room I was told that he was not at home. "Has he ridden out, then?" "No; the gentlemen are shooting a few pheasants. Engel was to go after them." "Have they taken their guns?" "No, but Podbielski sent them on before." The Chief came back about two o'clock, and he and Moltke and Podbielski had been shooting, not in the park, but in the woods to the north and north-east of it, but, as it seemed, with little success. At dinner, when Count Lehndorff, and Landrath Count Fürstenstein, in the uniform of a light-blue dragoon, with yellow collar, and a Herr von Katt were our guests—of whom the two latter were to be prefects in the conquered French districts—the Chief told us that the sport in the morning had not been very successful, which he attributed to some fault in the cartridges. He had killed only one pheasant, and had wounded three or four others, but had not got them. He said that when he had been here before he had done better, at least with the pheasants; with the other game, however, it had not been so. With Dietze, in Magdeburg, he had once, in five or six hours, shot a hundred and sixty hares. After the sport was over he had been with Moltke, where he had tasted a new kind of drink, a sort of punch made with champagne, hot tea, and sherry, which, if I heard rightly, was an invention of the great general,—the man who thinks battles.

Graver conversation followed. The Chancellor complained first, that Voigts-Rhetz had said nothing in his report about the brilliant charge of the two regiments of dragoon-guards at Mars-la-Tour, which he himself suggested, and which had saved the Tenth Army Corps. "It was a necessity, I must admit, but he should not have passed it over in silence." He then began a longer discourse suggested, as to the image which started him off, by a spot of grease on the table-cloth, and which at last assumed the character of a dialogue between the Minister and Katt. After remarking that the feeling that it is noble to die for honor and the Fatherland, even without recognition, is among us Germans spreading through the nation more and more, Katt went on to say: "The non-commissioned officer has essentially the same view and the same feeling of duty as the lieutenant and the colonel. With us this runs through every stratum of the nation." "The French are a mass easily brought under the influence of one leader, and are then very powerful

With us, every one has his own opinion; and with Germans it is a great step gained when any considerable number of them hold the same opinion—if they all did so, they would be omnipotent.” “The feeling of duty in a man who submits to be shot dead, alone, in the dark” (he meant, no doubt, without thinking of reward and honor for steadfastly sticking without fear and without hope to the post assigned to him), “the French have not. It is due to what is left of belief in our people; from the fact, that I know that there is Some One who sees me, when the lieutenant does not see me.” “Do you believe, your Excellency, that they really reflect on this?” asked Furstenstein. “Reflect—no, it is a feeling, a tone, an instinct, I believe. If they reflect, they lose it. Then they talk themselves out of it” . . . “How, without faith in a revealed religion, in a God, who wills what is good, in a Supreme Judge, and a future life, men can live together harmoniously—each doing his duty and letting every one else do his—I do not understand.” “If I were no longer a Christian I would not remain for an hour at my post. If I could not count upon my God, assuredly I should not do so on earthly masters. Of course I should have to live, and I should be in a good enough position.” “Why should I disturb myself and work unceasingly in this world, exposing myself to all sorts of vexations, if I had not the feeling that I must do my duty for God’s sake? If I did not believe in a divine order which has destined this German nation for something good and great, I would at once give up the business of a diplomatist, or I would not have undertaken it. Orders and titles have no charm for me.” . . . “I owe the firmness which I have shown for ten years against all possible absurdities only to my decided faith. Take from me this faith and you take from me my Fatherland. If I were not a good believing Christian, if I had not the supernatural basis of religion, you would not have had such a Chancellor. . . . Get me a successor on the same basis and I give up at once—but I live among heathens. When I say this I don’t want to make proselytes, but I am obliged to confess my faith.” “But the ancients,” said Katt; “surely the Greeks displayed self-denial and devotion, surely they had a love for their country, and did great things with it;” and he was convinced “that many people now do the same thing from patriotic feeling and the consciousness of belonging to a great unity.” The Chief replied, “This self-denial and devotion to duty, to the State,

and to the King, is only the survival of the faith of our fathers and grandfathers transformed—indistinct and yet active ; faith and yet faith no longer." . . . "How willingly I should be off. I delight in country life, in the woods, and in nature. . . . Take from me my relation to God, and I am the man who will pack up to-morrow and be off to Varzin to grow my oats." (*Vide* note at end of chapter.)

Friday, September 30.—Another letter received from B. in B., who continues to employ his talent and influence to express the Chancellor's views in the papers. He was asked in answer to make a stand against the absurdity some German journalists are falling into, who while we are at war, and scarcely out of the very thickest of it, prate so zealously about moderation. These gentlemen are very free with their advice as to how far we Germans may go in our demands, and plead in favor of France, when they would show far more wisdom by pitching our demands high. "By doing this," said the Minister, when he complained of these articles, "we shall get at least what is fair, though not everything we want. They will force me yet to demand the Line of the Meuse."

The great people are having a feast to-day. They keep, it is said, the Queen's birthday. We have again heard shots from the neighborhood of Paris, and in the evening the Chief allowed me to telegraph the news with the addition that a sortie had taken place, and that the French had been driven with great loss and in wild disorder back into the city.

Sunday, October 2.—Count Bill came to visit his father. Early in the morning I dispatched a telegram. and in the evening two articles. Not much else to be noted to-day.

But—at tea Hatzfeld mentioned that he had visited our neighbor at Guernant on the road to Lagny, and that the proprietor, the Marquis Tolosan or d'Olossan, a comfortable, paunchy gentleman, had complained of the people quartered on him. The Prussians, he said, were charming, but the Würtembergers were quite too familiar. No sooner had they entered his house than they had slapped him on the stomach, saying, "A splendid corporation." They made continual demands. He had given them four thousand bottles of Bordeaux and the keys of his cellar, and yet they were always looking about as if more were concealed. He had given them two out of the three carriages in his coach-house, and only wanted to keep quite a little one for himself, which he much

needed as it was difficult for him to get about. But they had taken even that carriage out for the whole day, and when he remonstrated they laughed, and said it was always the way in war.

The conversation then turned upon Russia and the communistic partition of land which exists there among the village communities, and upon the families of the smaller nobility, who used to lay out their savings in buying serfs, extorting rent from them in the shape of *obrok*,* and of the incredible riches of many of the old Boyard families. The Chief quoted many examples, and spoke at length of the Jussupows, whose property, although it had been several times half confiscated in punishment for their conspiracies, was yet far greater than that of most German princes, and had borne, without noticing the fact, two serfs who acted as managers, draining three millions from it during their time of service. The palace of the prince in St. Petersburg contains a large theatre, a ball room in the style of the White drawing-room in the palace at Berlin, and magnificent halls in which three or four hundred persons can comfortably dine. Old Jussupow, twenty years ago, kept open house every day. A poor old retired officer had dined for many years in the house daily without their knowing who he was. Once he stayed away a longer time than usual and they inquired after him from the police, when they learned the name and condition of their guest of many years' standing.

Monday, October 3.—Except for my journal, to-day was for me a *dies sine linea*, for the Minister was invisible both before and after dinner. At dinner, at which were Marshal of the Household Perponcher and a Herr von Thadden, who was designated as a member of the administration in Reims, the Chief told several good anecdotes of old Rothschild in Frankfurt. On one occasion he had spoken in his presence with a corn merchant about a sale of wheat, when the merchant said to Rothschild that being so rich a man he would never think it necessary to put the highest price on his wheat. "What rich man do you mean?" replied the old gentleman. "Is my wheat worth less because I am a rich man?" "He used to give dinners sometimes which were quite worthy of his great riches.

* The *obrok* was a rent levied by the proprietor, not on the tenants of individual farms but on the whole communities. The institution was common between 1830 and 1863, when the serfs were emancipated.

I remember once when the present King was in Frankfort I invited him to dinner. Later in the same day Rothschild also asked his Majesty to dine with him, to which the King replied, that he must settle matters with me, that for his own part he did not care with which of us he dined. The Baron now came and proposed that I should cede his Royal Highness to him and that I should join them at dinner. I refused this, but he had the *naïveté* to suggest that his dinner might be sent to my house, although he could not eat with us, as he only partook of strictly Jewish fare. This proposal also I begged leave to decline—naturally, though his dinner doubtless was better than mine." Old Metternich, who, by the way, was very kind to me, told me that once when he had been visiting Rothschild, the Baron gave him some luncheon to eat on the way back to Johannisberg, with which there were packed six bottles of Johannisberg wine. When they reached Johannisberg (Metternich's estate) these bottles were taken out unopened. The Prince then sent for his wine steward, and inquired how much that wine cost him a bottle. "Twelve gulden," was the answer. "Well, take those bottles, and the next order you get from Baron Rothschild send them back to him, but charge him fifteen gulden, for they will then be older."

NOTE.—Compare the discourse of Herr von Bismarck on June 15, 1847, in the United Diet. He said, "I am of opinion that the idea of the Christian state is as old as the *ci-devant* Holy Roman Empire, as old as the whole group of European states, that it is the very ground in which these states struck their roots, and that every state which wishes to secure its own permanence, or to justify its existence, must rest on a religious basis. The words, 'By the Grace of God,' which Christian sovereigns usually put after their names, are, for me, no empty words. I see in them the confession that these princes are to bear the sceptre put into their hands on earth by God, in accordance with His will. I can only recognize as God's will what is revealed in the Christian Gospels, and I believe myself justified in calling a state Christian when it imposes on itself the mission of realizing the teaching of Christianity. We can recognize nothing but Christianity as the religious principle of the state. Take it away, and the state is nothing better than a casual aggregate of rights, a sort of bulwark against a war of everyone against everyone else, a conception familiar to ancient philosophy. Its legislation will not derive a regenerating power from the fountain of eternal truth. It will fashion itself according to the vague and uncertain conception of Humanity as it is found in the minds of the men at the head of affairs. I cannot see how such states can combat the ideas—e.g., of the Communists on the immorality of property, or the high moral value of theft, as an attempt to restore the inborn right of the individual man to make himself something, when he feels conscious of the power to do so. These ideas are considered by those who hold them not merely humane, but as the first flower of Humanity. Let us not, therefore, gentlemen, humiliate the Christianity

of the people by showing that we do not think it necessary for their law-givers—let us not take the conviction away from them that our legislation comes from Christianity as its source—that the state aims at the realisation of Christianity, though it never attains its aim. When I think of a Jew as a representative to me of the consecrated Majesty of the King, whom I am to obey, I must confess that I feel myself deeply humiliated and depressed and that the delight and the honorable self-respect with which I now fulfil my duties to the state have a heavy burden laid on them."



CHAPTER VIII.

THE JOURNEY TO VERSAILLES—THE HOUSE OF MADAME
JESSE—OUR USUAL LIFE THERE.

WE left Ferrières on the *5th of October* about seven o'clock in the morning. At first we drove by country roads, in capital condition, through a great wood and a number of pretty villages, which seemed to be quite deserted by their inhabitants, and occupied only by German soldiers, past parks and castles. Everything looked uncommonly rich and well-to-do—as rich as Brie cheese, in the native country of which I believe we now are. In these villages we found first Wurtemberg and farther on Prussian soldiers quartered.

It was after ten when we reached the upper edge of the valley of the Seine, where we got down through a vineyard to the low country on the banks of the river to a new and dreadfully steep road, so steep that everyone had to get out of the carriage, which was only kept, by careful tacking, from upsetting and breaking to pieces. Then we drove through the charming town of Villeneuve Saint-George, the villas in which have been shockingly devastated. In several of them which I visited whilst our horses were resting after their fatigue, the mirrors were broken, the furniture destroyed, and the linen and papers scattered about. When we started again, our road took us over a canal or tributary water out into the open country, and then to a pontoon bridge across the Seine, at the end of which great black and white flags were waving. The water of the river was clear and green, so that one could distinctly see the many weeds at the bottom, and its breath seemed much the same as that of the Elbe at Pirna. On the other side we were met by the Crown Prince and his retinue. He had ridden out to meet the King, who mounted his horse here as he was going

to review the troops. The Chancellor accompanied him, and we drove on alone.

For a long time I kept hoping for Paris to come in sight. But on the right hand, where it must lie, the view was bounded by a rather high wooded line of hills, on the sides of which a village or little town could be seen here and there. At last there was a depression in the ridge, a narrow valley, over which a yellowish elevation with sharp edges, perhaps a fort, could be seen, and to the left of it, over an aqueduct or viaduct, amid the columns of smoke rising from factory chimneys, the bluish outlines of a great dome-shaped building. The Pantheon! Hurrah, we are in front of Paris! It can hardly be more than seven miles from here.

Soon afterwards we came to the point on the great paved Imperial road, where it was crossed by the high road into Paris. A Bavarian picket was stationed there; on the left was a wide plain, on the right a continuation of the wooded hills, and half-way up them a white town, Villejuif or Sceaux? Then down again, past two more villages, where the inhabitants have not fled, but await us in considerable numbers. At last we drive through iron gates with gilded spikes into a broad street, through more streets full of life, across a straight avenue of old trees, through a short street with three-storied houses, fine shops, and a café, and up a second avenue and another street which drops down into it. We are at our allotted quarters in Versailles.

On the *6th of October*, the day after our arrival in the old royal city of France, Keudell wagered me that our stay here would probably extend to three weeks—and this seemed to me quite possible, for we had been accustomed to rapid successes during this war. In fact, as the Minister anticipated, according to a note which will be found in the next chapter, we remained five whole months. As the house where we found shelter was the theatre of most important events, a detailed description of it will probably be welcome.

The house which the Chancellor occupied belonged to a Madame Jessé, the widow of a prosperous cloth manufacturer, who, with her two sons, had fled shortly before our arrival, to Picardy or Sologne, and had left behind, as the protectors of their property, only the gardner and his wife. It stands in the Rue de Provence, which connects the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, near its upper end, with the Boulevard de la Reine, and is numbered 14. The street is one of the quietest in Versailles.

les, and in only a part of it do the houses stand close together. The gaps between the others are gardens, separated from the street by high walls, over which the tops of trees show here and there. Our house, which was to the right hand of a person coming from the avenue, has a tolerably wide open space on both sides. It lies rather back from the street, above which, in front, rises a little terrace with a balcony, ending with the wall enclosing the whole. The entrance is through this wall on the left hand by a gate of open ironwork, in which there is a small door. During the last months of our stay there waved over it a flag of black, white, and red. On the right a noble pine shades the whole building, which is a villa plastered yellow, with five windows in front fitted with white blinds. Above the raised ground floor is a second story, and above that an attic story, with Mansard windows, which, as well as the sloping roof, is covered with slates. The house is approached from the entrance through a court by means of stone steps leading up to the main door, which opens into an entrance hall. On the right of this is the chief staircase; on the left is the door to a little back staircase, and two large folding-doors. These lead into a middle-sized room, looking on the garden, which was made into our dining-room. A third folding-door opposite the entrance opens into the drawing-room, a fourth to the right of that into the billiard-room, from which we step into a winter-garden, a long room built of glass and iron, with all kinds of plants and trees and a little fountain, whilst on the opposite wall is a door which leads to a small room containing the library of the late M. Jessé. Under the main staircase, a passage leads to the kitchen, which lies below the terrace.

In the drawing-room is a cottage piano, a sofa, easy chairs, and two mirrors. In front of one of them is a little table, on which stood an old-fashioned timepiece, surmounted by a demon-like bronze figure, with great wings, and biting its thumbs, perhaps a model of the family spirit of Madame Jessé, who afterwards showed herself to be anything but an amiable person. He watched with a sardonic grin the negotiations which led to the treaties with the South German States, to the proclamation of the German Emperor and Empire, and later to the surrender of Paris and the settlement of the conditions of peace—treaties, all of which were signed in this drawing-room, which is therefore a world-famous place. On

the little table in front of the other mirror lay, on the day after our entrance, a small map of France, upon which the movements of the French army were marked by pins with different colored heads. "Probably it belongs to Madame," said the Chief, as I was contemplating it; "but you see it is not marked after Worth."

The billiard-room was fitted up as the Bureau for the Councillors, the despatch secretaries, and the cipherers. A part of the winter garden, when the severe frost began in January, was occupied by a detachment which furnished sentries for the entrance, and which, at first, consisted of infantry of the line, and afterwards of Green Rifles. The library was appropriated by orderlies and chancery messengers, and now and then a corpulent leather despatch-bag, which sometimes was so obliging as to carry things not official, like our winter clothes—and, for some days, by a heap of French letters which had formed the freight of a balloon captured by our soldiers.

On ascending the main flight of stairs another fore-hall was reached which had a square opening above, and over that a flat window in the roof which admitted a kind of twilight. Two doors led from it into the apartments of the Minister, two little rooms communicating, neither more than ten paces long and seven broad. One, the windows of which occupied the right side of the main front and looked out on the garden, served both as his study and sleeping-room, and was rather barely furnished. To the right by the wall, opposite the window, stood the bed, and farther on in a sort of alcove the washhandstand. On the other side was a mahogany commode, with brass handles to pull out the drawers by, on which, during the last months, stood the boxes of cigars sent to the Minister by his friends in Bremen. The window curtains were of flowered woollen stuff on a dark ground. On the fourth wall was the fireplace. A sofa, which was latterly sometimes drawn up to the fire, a table in the middle of the room, at which the Minister worked with his back to the window, and on which there was no lack of maps of the country, and a few chairs completed the extremely simple furniture.

The other room, which was furnished somewhat better but by no means luxuriously, was, as well as the drawing-room on the ground floor, to serve for the reception of strangers. It was, if I remember rightly, the room of the elder son of the proprietress, and, during the negotiations for the capitulation of Paris,

it was devoted to Jules Favre, for his meditations and his correspondence.

In the room, the door of which opens on the left of that leading to the Chancellor's, Count Bismarck-Bohlen lived, also with a look-out to the park and garden. Opposite to him was Abeken, with a view into the street. Near the back stairs Secretary Bölsing had a little room, whilst I was lodged on the second floor, above Bohlen's room.

The park behind the house is not large, but very pretty, with winding paths running under old trees, covered with ivy and evergreens, and in the background between thick bushes and shrubberies. From the wall on the right, to which it is brought by a pipe, a spring of water bubbles out among stones covered with moss and overgrown with ferns and broad-leaved plants. It forms a rivulet and a little pond for the ducks. On the left, by the wall, rows of espalier fruit-trees ran out from a coach-house, over which the gardner's people live, and in front of them beds of flowers and vegetables, partly open, partly covered with glass.

In the bright autumn nights, we used in our walks in the park, to see the tall form and the white cap of the Chancellor issue from the shadow of the bushes into the moonlight, and walk slowly up and down. What was the unsleeping man thinking of? What ideas were revolving in the head of the solitary wanderer? What plans germinated or ripened in the still midnight hours?

Of course not all of the mobilised Foreign Office were quartered in the house of Madame Jessé. Lothar Bucher occupied a handsome abode in the Avenue de Paris, Keudell and the cipherers were lodged in houses rather farther up the Rue de Provence than ours, and Count Hatzfeld was not far from opposite them. More than once it was proposed to move the Chancellor's quarters, and to give him a more roomy and better-furnished house. But the matter dropped, perhaps because he himself did not feel much need of a change, perhaps also because he liked the quiet which reigned in the comparatively lonely Rue de Provence.

In the daytime his calm and repose was, however, not so idyllic as many newspaper correspondents then represented it. I do not mean on account of the drumming and fifing of the battalions marching out and in, which we heard every day even as far off as we were, nor of the disturbance occasioned by

the sorties, two of which were made by the Parisians in our direction ; nor even of the fury of the hottest days of the bombardment, to which we became as much accustomed as the miller to the sound of his clattering mill-wheels. I refer especially to the many visits of every conceivable kind, in these eventful months ; and among which some were unwelcome ones. For many hours of the day our house was like a dove-cot, — so many acquaintances and strangers went in and out. From Paris there were at first only non-official people who came to hear or to bring news ; afterwards, as official negotiators, Favre and Thiers occasionally, with a more or less numerous retinue. From the Hôtel des Réservoirs came princes, the Crown Prince several times, and the King himself once. The Church too was represented among the visitors by persons of great dignity, Archbishops and other prelates. Berlin sent deputations from the Reichstag, single leaders of parties, bankers and high officials. From Bavaria and the other South German States came Ministers to assist in the settlement of the treaties. American generals, members of the foreign diplomatic bodies in Paris, amongst them a gentleman in black—an envoy of the Imperialists, all wished to speak to the busy statesman in his little room upstairs. That the curiosity of English reporters should try to intrude itself on him was a matter of course. Then field messengers with despatch bags full, or waiting to be filled, Chancery messengers with telegrams, orderlies with news from the general staff ; and besides all these, work in abundance equally difficult and important. Weighing, inquiring, and acting were necessary when obstacles, vexatious annoyances and troubles occurred. Expectations were deceived which seemed to be well grounded. Now and then we were not supported or our views were not met half-way. There were the foolish opinions of the German newspapers, which grumbled in spite of our unheard-of successes, and the agitation of the Ultramontanes. In short, it was very difficult to understand how the Chancellor amid all this, with all these claims on his powers of work and patience, and all these disturbances and vexations about serious matters and about trifles, preserved his health—he was only once seriously unwell in Versailles for three or four days—and the freshness of spirits, which he often displayed even late at night in talk both grave and gay.

Of recreation the Minister allowed himself very little. A ride between three and four o'clock, an hour at dinner, half an

hour afterwards for coffee in the drawing-room, and sometimes later, about ten o'clock a little rest for tea and a talk, sometimes long and sometimes short, with those who happened to be there ; a few hours' sleep after the day began to dawn. With these exceptions the whole day was given to study or production in his own room, or to conferences and negotiations, unless when a French sortie or some rather important military business took him out to the side of the King, or to some point of observation where he could be alone.

The Chancellor had guests at dinner nearly every day, and in this way we came to know by sight almost all the persons whose names were famous or became celebrated in the course of the war, and often heard their conversation. Favre dined with us repeatedly, first with hesitation "because his countrymen were starving inside," then listening to sound advice, and doing justice as heartily as the rest of us to the many good things which the kitchen and the cellar provided. Thiers, with his acute and clever face, dined with us once. On another occasion the Crown Prince did us the honor of dining with us, when the fellow-workers of the Chief, with whom he had not been hitherto acquainted, were presented to him. Prince Albrecht also once dined with us as a guest. Of the other guests of the Minister, I mention here the President of the Chancellery, Delbruck, who remained several times for weeks in Versailles ; the Duke of Ratibor, Prince Putbus, von Benningsen, Simson, Bamberger, von Friedenthal, and von Blankenburg, then the Bavarian ministers, Count Bray, and von Lutz, the Wurtembergers, von Wachter and Mittnacht, von Roggenbach, Prince Radziwill ; and, lastly, Odo Russell, the English ambassador to the German Court. The conversation when the Chief was present was always animated and varied ; often very instructive as to his mode of viewing men and things, or to certain episodes and passages in his past life. Home furnished some of the material good things, as presents and offerings, which arrived in the shape of solids or fluids sometimes in such excess that the store-rooms could scarcely contain them. A present of the best wine of the Palatinate, if I remember right, Deidesheimer Kirchenstück and Forster Hofstück, which Jordan, or perhaps it was Buhl, supplied to us, and gigantic trout pasty, sent by Frederick Schultze, the landlord of the Leipzig garden in Berlin, whose patriotic benevolence at the same time provided us plentifully with excellent beer, were among the

noblest of these presents. Among the most touching, I reckon a dish of mushrooms which some soldiers had found in a hollow or cellar in the town, and reserved for the Chancellor. Even more precious and poetical was a bunch of roses, which other soldiers had gathered for him under the enemy's fire.

Madame Jessé showed herself only on the last days before our return home, and made, as I have remarked, not a very pleasing impression. She spread abroad all manner of stories about our pillaging, which were repeated with pleasure by the French press, and indeed even by those journals which generally in other respects exercised some discretion and showed some sense of decency in what they stated. Among other things, we were said to have packed up her plate and table linen and carried them off. Count Bismarck, too, had wanted to extort from her a valuable clock. The first assertion is a simple impertinence, as the house contained no silver plate, or if it did, it must have been deposited in a walled-up corner of the cellar which, at the express order of the Chief, was never opened. The history of the clock was rather different from what Madame represented it to be. The clock was one in the drawing-room with a little bronze demon. Madame Jessé offered this piece of furniture, of no great value in itself, to the Chancellor, at an exorbitant price, under the idea that he would value it as a memento of important transactions. I believe she asked 5000 francs (£200) for it. She did not get them, as the offer of a woman, who showed no gratitude in her greed for our exceedingly considerate usage of her house, was rejected. "I remember," the Minister said afterwards, in Berlin, "that I made the remark at the time, that the Kobold-like figure on the clock, with its grimaces, might perhaps be valuable to herself as a family portrait, and that I would not deprive her of it."



CHAPTER IX.

AUTUMN DAYS IN VERSAILLES.

ON the day of our arrival at Versailles, a thick white fog, which filled the air till close on ten o'clock, warned us that autumn was about to show us its rough side, although the trees were still quite green in the avenues and gardens, as well as on the wooded heights round Paris.

Before dinner I paid a visit to the Palace. The town front of this very handsome building is too much broken in detail; towards the park it is much more simple. The greater part of it is now turned into a hospital. We looked into the galleries filled with pictures, the lower rows of which are boarded over; the beds, full of the sick and wounded, being placed close in front of them. The statues of gods and the groups of nymphs by the great basin, between the park and the Palace, are wonderfully beautiful. The second basin in front of the broad staircase below, which may be about a mile long, and the one which stretches away beyond, are similarly ornamented. More to my taste are some of the marble columns on the walks leading from the second basin to the third. The park is very large, and not so stiffly and architecturally laid out as I had imagined from descriptions. But the trees and bushes cut into cones and pyramids near the staircase are exceedingly artificial and unpleasing.

At dinner Count Bismarck-Bohlen did not appear, and different reasons were given for his absence. In the morning Keudell said to me that our stay in Versailles might last three weeks; that Metz must soon capitulate, as they had only horse-flesh there, and no salt with it. In Paris greater confidence prevailed, although many animals were dying, the cattle being chiefly fed on compressed hay, a statement which Burnside, who

meantime had been in Paris, confirmed in the Bureau. The views of the Minister are not now so sanguine.

The question of the uniform for the secretaries again came up, and the Chief thought, in connection with this, that the war might last perhaps till Christmas, possibly till Easter, and that part of the army might even have to remain in France for years. They ought to have stormed Paris on the 18th September. He then said to his servant, “Look here, Engel; send to Berlin for my fur coat—or better, for both of them; the rough fur, and the light thin one.” The conversation then turned to the life led by their Highnesses of the different Headquarters in the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and to the question whether the expenses of their maintenance should be paid by the King, by themselves, or by the town.

In the *Daily Telegraph*, “An Englishman at the headquarters at Meaux” relates that the Chief said, at the close of his conversation with Mallet, “What I and the King most fear is the influence of a French Republic upon Germany. We know well what influence Republicanism in America has had upon Germany; and if the French fight us with a Republican propaganda, they will do us more damage by that than by their arms.” The Minister has written on the margin of this quotation, “Absurd lie.”

Friday, October 7.—This morning, soon after daybreak, I heard several shots from heavy artillery, which appeared not much more than a couple of miles from here. Later in the day I was enabled to announce to Berlin that our losses in the last action had not been, as the French falsely asserted, much greater, but far less than those of the French. The French were said to have had about 400, and we 500 killed and wounded. In fact they left, in front of the 12th Division alone, 450, and upon the whole field, about 800 men; whilst we had only eighty-five killed.

The Greek ambassador in Paris has come out to us, Hatzfeld told us at breakfast, with a “family” of twenty-four or twenty-five persons, on his way to the Delegation of the Government of National Defence in Tours. The Ambassador’s boy told the Count that he was not at all pleased with Paris, and when asked why not, answered, because he got so little meat to eat there.

In the afternoon I again walked in the park at the Palace, taking on this occasion not the way by the Avenue de Saint-

Cloud and the Place d'Armes, but by the Boulevard de la Reine, towards the basin of Neptune, over which this god, with his wife and all manner of grotesque water deities, is enthroned. At some distance from this spot, in a very lonely place, we met the Chancellor and Hatzfeld on horseback—no escort to be seen. What are they here for?

At dinner Hatzfeld complained that the Greeks, who wanted to get away, tormented him with lamentations. From what he afterwards said, it was evident that they and other visitors from Paris had excited suspicions as to their intentions. After this the talk turned upon the exhausted condition of the town of Versailles, which had been put to great expense during the last two weeks. The new mayor of the town Monsieur Rameau, had asked and obtained an audience with the Chief, about which the Chief went on to speak. "I told him that they should raise a loan. 'Yes,' he replied, 'that would be very well; but then he must ask to be allowed to travel to Tours, because for such a measure he needed the authority of his Government. This, however, I could not promise him. He might not get the permission he was going there to ask—probably they thought in Tours that it was the duty of the people in Versailles to starve, so that we might starve with them. But they do not consider that we are the stronger, and will take what we want. They have not the least notion what war is." The assembly of a Constituent French Assembly in Versailles was afterwards discussed, and its possibility was doubted—there was no hall here large enough for the purpose, the Palace being occupied with the wounded. The Assembly of 1789 first met as a whole in a church, and then in different places, according to its Three Estates. Ultimately, the gentlemen had all met together in a ball-room—which, however, no longer exists.*

The Minister then spoke of the Palace, with its park, praising the beautiful Orangery of the terrace with the two great flights of steps. He said, however, "What are these trees in tubs to the orange groves of Italy?"

Some one now brought up the subject of Toleration, and the Chancellor expressed himself as he had done before in Saint-Avoid. He declared himself very decidedly for toleration in

* A mistake (see below); but this place would not hold any very great number of people.

matters of faith ; but, he continued, the "*illuminati*" "are not tolerant ; they persecute those who believe, not, indeed, with the scaffold, for that is not possible ; but with contempt and insolence in the press. And among the people, so far as they belong to the unbelieving party, Toleration has made but little way. I should not like to see how delighted they would be here to have Pastor Knak hanged."

It was mentioned that the old Protestantism itself taught nothing of Toleration, and Bucher pointed out that, according to Buckle, the Huguenots were zealous reactionaries, and that this was true of the Reformers of those days generally. "Not exactly reactionaries," replied the Chief, "but little tyrants. Every pastor was a little Pope." He cited Calvin's persecution of Servetus, and added, "even Luther was the same." I ventured to remind them of his treatment of Carlstadt, and of the disciples of Munzer, as well as what the Wurtemberg theologians after him had done, and of Chancellor Krell. Bucher said that the Scottish Presbyterians, at the end of last century, condemned anyone who only lent Thomas Paine's book on the "Rights of Man" to banishment for twenty-one years. I again referred to the Puritans of the New England States, with their strong intolerance to those who differed from them in opinion, and to their tyrannical liquor law. "And the 'keeping holy the Sabbath day,'" said the Chief, "that is perfectly horrible tyranny. I remember, when I first went to England, and landed in Hull, that I began to whistle in the street. An Englishman, whom I had got acquainted with on board, told me that I must not whistle. 'Pray, sir, do not whistle.' 'Why not ; is whistling forbidden here?' 'No,' said he, 'it is not forbidden ; but it is the Sabbath.'" This so disgusted me that I at once took my ticket by another steamer going to Edinburgh, as I did not choose not to be able to whistle when I had a mind to. Before I started I had made acquaintance with something exceedingly good—toasted cheese,—Welsh rabbit, for we had got into an inn." When Bucher remarked that Sunday in England is in general not so bad, and that for himself he had always delighted in its quiet, after the noise and bustle of the week-days in London, where the theatre is not over till the early morning : "I, too," Bismarck went on to say, "am not at all against the observance of the Sunday ; on the contrary, I do all I can, as a landed proprietor, to promote it, only I will not have people constrained. Each man must know best

how to prepare himself for a future life. On Sunday no work should be done ; not so much because it is against the commandment of God, as on man's account, who needs some repose. This of course, does not apply to the service of the state, especially not to diplomatic service, for despatches and telegrams arrive on Sunday, which must be attended to. Nor is anything to be said against our peasants bringing in their hay or corn on a Sunday in the harvest after long rain, when fine weather begins on a Saturday. I could not find in my heart to forbid this to my tenants in the contract, although I should not do it myself, being able to bear the possible damage of a rainy Monday. It is thought by our proprietors rather improper to let their people work on a Sunday even in such cases of necessity."

I mentioned that pious folk in America allow no cooking on the Sunday, and that in New York I was once asked to dinner and got only cold meat. "Yes," replied the Chief, "in Frankfurt, where I was still freer, we always dined more simply on Sunday, and I have never used my carriage, for the sake of my servants." I allowed myself one remark more, that in Leipzig during the Sunday all business, with the exception of the bakers and many cigar shops, were closed. "Yes, and so it should be ; but I would have no one constrained. I could, perhaps, manage in the country to buy nothing from the baker ; but, then, everything must be particularly good, otherwise I do not know if I could get on. But care should be taken that noisy work, as in blacksmiths' shops, &c., &c., should not be carried on too near the churches on Sunday."

Saturday, October 8.—In the morning, before the Minister rose, I walked to the Palace of the Bourbons, over the centre of which the black and white Prussian colors were waving, and close beside them the flag with the red cross. I find that the French heroes in marble in the court in front of it, when they are more closely inspected, are mostly very moderate performances. Among them are Bayard and Duguesclin, Turenne, Colbert, Sully, and Tourville. The naval heroes attitudinise like second-rate actors, and one fears that they may fall from their pedestals and come to grief on the pavement. The bronze Louis XIV. is much finer, but I prefer the Great Elector in Berlin by Schlüter.

Sunday, October 9.—Bad weather, cold, and rainy. The eaves fall fast. A sharp north-west wind sweeps over the

plateau. In spite of this I take a walk through the town, which must be gradually explored, by the Rue Saint-Pierre to the prefecture in the Avenue de Paris, where King William lives, and then down another street to the monument erected to the teacher of the deaf and dumb, Abbé l'Épée. On the way back I meet Keudell, whom I ask whether he has heard nothing as yet of the commencement of the bombardment of Babylon. He thought that the next week, probably on the 18th, our heavy artillery would make itself heard. In the course of the forenoon I was three times with the Chief; and had his commands executed by the afternoon. At breakfast Delbruck was again present, and the Minister seemed to be highly delighted with his appearing. We drink, among other excellent things, very old corn-brandy, on which the President of the Chancery pronounced an intelligent panegyric, for in the science of what tastes well he has evidently made successful studies.

Monday, October 10.—This morning, between seven and eight o'clock, about a dozen shots were heard, and Willisich thought he also heard at the same time a musketry fire. I was summoned this morning twice to the Chief. Somewhat later he went to the Crown Prince, with whom he remained to breakfast. At table they spoke particularly of the conversation of the King with Napoleon in the Maison Bellevue, near Sedan, of which Russell has given a circumstantial account in the *Times*, although no one was present at it but the King and the Emperor, and even the Chancellor knew only so much of it that the King had assured him that not a word of politics had been spoken. Then some one, I do not know why or how, turned the conversation on dangerous and sensational travelling adventures, and the Minister told us of several rash exploits of his under this head.

"I remember," said he, "I was once at Pont du Gard, in South France, with some people, among whom were the Orloffs. There is there an old Roman aqueduct, which is carried across a valley by several tiers of arches. Princess Orloff, a lively lady, proposed that we should walk along the top of it. There was a very narrow footway by the side of the conduit, only about a foot and a half broad, then the deep-cut conduit, and on the other side again a wall with stone slabs at the top." "It looked rather serious, but I could not be outdone in courage by a lady. So we both made the venture. Orloff, how-

ever, went with the others in the valley below. For some time we walked on the slabs, and then we got on very well along a narrow ledge, from which we looked down more than a hundred feet; then we came to a place where the slabs had fallen, and we had to walk on the bare wall itself. Further on were slabs again, but soon only the dangerous wall with its small stones. Then I plucked up courage, stepped quickly up to the lady, seized her with one arm and jumped with her down into the conduit, some four or five feet down. But our friends below, who suddenly lost sight of us, were thrown into the greatest anxiety, till we came out again at the end."

In the evening the Chief had me called to his room to give me something to do with regard to Garibaldi, who, we learnt by telegraph, had arrived at Tours and had offered his services to the French Republic. Then the Chancellor continued: "But tell me now why you have lately been so clumsy, I mean, in what you have been writing. I do not mean merely about text of the telegram, but what you said lately about the Ultramontanes was very strong in its expressions." I took leave to reply that I could also be civil, and that I thought I was rather good at fine malice. "Well then," said he, "be fine, but without malice. Write diplomatically; even in declaring war people are quite polite."

At half-past nine o'clock Burnside and his companions came again and stayed till half-past ten with the Chancellor, who then gave me another commission. Later still we saw him walking up and down the garden in the bright moonlight till the ghostly hour of midnight, whilst from the direction of Paris there came the thunder of guns, and once, too, a heavy report as of an explosion.

Tuesday, October 11.—In the afternoon, when the Chancellor had ridden out, I paid a flying visit to the great picture-galleries on the side of the Palace, where the church is, and beheld, immortalised by pencil and chisel, the "Famous deeds of France" (*Toutes les gloires*), to which, according to the inscription over the entrance-hall, this wing of the building is dedicated. On the ground-floor are mostly pictures of scenes in the ancient history of France, amongst them some very good things, some ordinary pictures of the time of Napoleon I. and Louis XIV., battle-pieces, sieges, and such-like. Upstairs are the gigantic canvasses on which Horace Vernet has depicted the "*gloires*" of his countrymen in Algeria, as well as more

modern pictures from the wars in the Crimea and in Italy, with marble busts of the generals who commanded there. The days of Worth, Metz, and Sedan will probably not make their appearance here. We will look at these again more at our leisure, but even in our hasty visit to-day, we observe that there is a system in these galleries, and that on the whole they are more like the hatching oven of an ambitious Chauvinist, swollen with insolence, than a museum for the triumphs and delights of art.

According to the talk at table, there has been an intention for some time of assembling a congress of German Princes at Versailles. It is hoped that the King of Bavaria may come; and Delbrück thinks that some of the historical rooms of the Palace should be appropriated and furnished as a suitable residence for his Majesty. He was told, however, that, unhappily, this could not be done, as the greater part of the Palace was now turned into a hospital full of typhus. The Chief dined to-day with the Crown Prince, and did not come home till ten o'clock, when he had an interview with Burnside.

Wednesday, October 12.—A damp disagreeable day. In the morning, two letters from an English general of hussars were translated and extracts made from them for the King. In these we were advised to employ the bridge at Sevres to dam up the Seine, and in this way to flood Paris. Then I prepared an abridgment of a report of a German Companion of St. John, very gratefully recognizing the kind treatment of our wounded soldiers in Bouillon by the people of Belgium. Lastly, I wrote a paper on the hostile position which the Ultramontanes had taken up towards us in this war. When I read it over to the Chief, he said, "Still you do not write politely enough for me; and yet you told me you were a master of fine malice. Here there is more malice than fineness. You must reverse this. You must write like a politician; and in politics it is not one's object to affront people."

In the evening a gentleman came to beg admittance to the Chancellor. He was a Spanish diplomatist who had come out of Paris, and, like other gentlemen, could not get back again. He remained a long time with him. Some of us think his coming rather suspicious. While we were at tea, Burnside came in. He is going from here to Brussels, to settle his wife there, who is now at Geneva. We hear from him that Sheridan also is travelling in Switzerland and Italy. There is indeed

nothing more for the Americans to do here. The general wished to visit the Chief this evening once more. I represented to him, and persuaded him, that though the Chancellor, in his predilection for Americans, would receive him if he were announced, one ought to remember the little time he has at his command. He needs five or six hours more than the twenty-four for his daily business, so that he is forced to sit up late into the night and to curtail as much as possible conversation even with Crowned Heads.

Thursday, October 13.—At breakfast a lieutenant of hussars, von Ulsar, was introduced to us by Hatzfeld. He came from the outposts, and told us that where he was, every time that a single rider or the head of one of our men was seen by them, half-a-dozen of the iron sugar-loaves from the Paris forts were hurled at him, but almost always without doing any damage. They appeared, at any rate, not to be suffering from want of ammunition.

Rain about one o'clock. After this I was in the Petit Trianon. Hundreds of thrushes were sitting on the tops of the trees, on the right of the great avenue leading to it. We visited the sitting-room of Marie Antoinette. Different pictures represent her as a child, in a group with her sisters, and as a queen. There is a portrait of her husband, some old rococo furniture which she used, and her sleeping-room, with its bed and other articles which the conscientious French guide submitted to our inspection, with friendly explanations.

Friday, October 14.—Busy up till noon for the post. Later I telegraphed to London and Brussels in reference to Ducrot's false assertions in *La Liberté*. It was announced in the same way that General Boyer, Bazaine's first adjutant, had arrived from Metz at Versailles as a negotiator. The Chief appears, however, to wish to undertake nothing serious with him to-day. He said in the Bureau, "What is to-day?" "The 14th, your Excellency." "Well, that was Hochkirch and Jena (both on 14th October). A bad day for settling any business." No doubt he reflected it was Friday, too.

During dinner, the Chief, after thinking for a moment, smiled and said, "I have a charming idea ready for the time when peace is concluded. It is this, to establish an International tribunal, to try those who instigated this war—news-paper writers, deputies, senators, ministers." Abeken added, "Thiers, too, indirectly, and indeed especially for his Chauvin-

istic 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.'" "The Emperor, too, who is not so innocent as he pretends to be," added the Minister, "I thought of an equal number of judges, from each of the great Powers, England, America, Russia, &c., &c., and that we should be the accusers." "The English and the Russians would, of course, not enter into this proposal; and then we might form the Court from the nations who have most suffered from the war; from French and German representatives." He said, further, "I have read the article of the *Indépendance*, which is said to be Gramont's. He blames us for not letting Napoleon go after Sedan, and he is not pleased that we marched upon Paris instead of merely occupying Elsass and Lothringen as material guarantees. I thought at first that the article was by Beust or some other good friend in Austria, but I am quite persuaded that the author is a Frenchman." He gave his reasons for this opinion, and then went on: "He would be right if his assumption were correct, that we really did not wish for Elsass but only for a money indemnity. It will be much better if besides Elsass, we have Paris also as a guarantee. When a specific object is wanted, the guarantee cannot be too great."

Mention was made of Boyer, who has excited much notice in Versailles in his French general's uniform, which has not been seen here for a long time, and which was saluted by the masses with loud cries of, "*Vive la France!*" It is said that he has expressed himself to this effect: "That the army in Metz adheres to the Emperor and will have nothing to do with the Republic of the Paris advocates." This is what the Chancellor himself said, and he added: "The General is one of those men who suddenly grow thin when anything excites them; he can turn red too." He then said: "Let us remember that Gambetta meanwhile urges war *à outrance*; that the Parisian press almost daily recommends some new infamous action;* that recently, various horrible deeds of these bands of

* The following was not the worst of them, in the *Petit Journal* of the 14th September. Thomas Grimm, after complaining that the Prussians knew how to plunder methodically, and wreck by rule: that they had, everywhere, at Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Reims, Châlons, and Troyes, left a desert behind them; that they murdered husbands and shot down fathers to be able to dishonour their wives and daughters, concluded his peroration with the following tirade: "Rise workmen! peasants! citizens! Let the Franks-tireurs be armed and organized, and understand what they have to do. Let them gather in crowds, or in little groups, to weary out and ex-

Francs-tireurs have been brought to light ; and let us not forget the proverb, ' When the hunter's horn is heard in the wood it will soon be heard outside it.' The idea of letting those treacherous Francs-tireurs off !"

Count Bismarck-Bohlen thereupon told us, that the village of Hably, where the Schleswig Hussars had been attacked eight days ago by Francs-tireurs, acting in concert with the inhabitants, and had come back with only eleven horses, had been utterly burned down, and the Chief, as was reasonable, praised this energy. At the end some one said that quite recently, in the twilight, two shots had been fired quite close to our house, and that one of the men on guard had been sent out to ascertain the cause. " It was a sentry, perhaps," said the Chief ; " perhaps some suspicious fellow had been seen. I remember," he said, " that the night before last, when I was taking a turn in the garden, late, I found a ladder and at once felt an irresistible impulse to mount the wall. Suppose, now, a sentry had been standing there ?"

" I had some conversation with the sentinel at the door. He had served in the campaign of 1866, and was thoroughly up in it. I asked him whether he thought that we should get into Paris. He said, yes, we could if it were not for the great fort on the left of Saint Cloud. I told him that it would not help them much if hunger should appear in the city."

In the evening, the body-guard with the long beard, told me in the anteroom below, " We have got that Spaniard, Doctor." " Ah," said I ; " what Spaniard do you mean ?" " The man who was with his Excellency yesterday or the day before, and his servant too. He is a spy ; he has been seized, and a plan of the position of our troops found on him." I heard afterwards that the man's name was Angelo de Miranda.

haust the enemy. Let them imitate those who track out wild animals, lying in wait for them at the edge of the wood, in the ditches, behind the hedges ; let the narrowest footpath and the darkest corner serve for their meeting-place. All means are good, for it is a holy war. The rifle, the knife, the scythe, and the club, are permitted weapons against the enemy who falls into our hands. Let us place wolf-traps for them ; let us tumble them down wells, throw them to the bottom of cisterns, burn them in the woods, drown them in the rivers, burn the huts they are sleeping in over their heads. Let us have everything which can kill, in whatever way it can do it. Be on the watch ! Make ready to fly at them !"

The *Combat*, the organ of Citizen Félix Pyat, wishes to collect subscriptions for a presentation rifle to be given to the man who removes the King of Prussia out of the way by assassination.

About ten o'clock, Moltke and another high officer, the War Minister, I think, came to the Chief to confer with him, probably on the mission of Boyer.

Saturday, October 15.—In the morning I wrote an article on the destruction of the Palace of Saint-Cloud, which was set on fire by the French without any rational cause, whilst our soldiers busied themselves in saving the works of art and other valuables. Then a second on Jacoby's imprisonment, in much the same sense as the former article on that subject, but with this addition, that in carrying out these general principles, no judgment ought to be passed on the timeliness of the action in taking this particular case.

About half-past two o'clock, Boyer had another audience of the Chief. Outside, in front of the open ironwork gates, a number of people waited for him, and when he came out, about four o'clock, they took off their caps and hats and cried "*Vive la France!*" which the Minister, when this was mentioned at dinner, "could not blame them for." I had meantime made a tour through the park round the Palace, where I saw on one of the marble vases the following poetical effusion by an angry Gaul on the unity of feeling among the Germans:—

"Badois, Saxons, Bavaois,
Dupes d'un Bismarck plein d'astuce,
Vous le faits bucher tous trois
Pour le Roi de Prusse.

"J'ai grand besoin, mes chers amis,
De mourrir Empereur d'Allemagne,
Que vos manes en graissant la campagne
Mais que mes voeux sont accomplis."*

The same sort of thing was to be found on a marble seat close by, for the custom of scribbling on walls, benches, pedestals, with pencils or chalk, seems to have found many friends here. On more than ten walls in the town I have read during the last few days, "*A bas les Prussiens*" (Down with the Prussians) and worse.

At four o'clock, a slight and well-dressed negro called on the Minister. On his card was "General Price, Envoy of the Republic of Hayti." The Chief regretted that he could not receive him, on account of pressing business (Moltke and Roon were again upstairs with him); would he be good enough to

* I copied this exactly, errors included.

write what he wanted? About five o'clock the Crown Prince came to join the conference of the Chancellor with the generals. There seems to be considerable difference of opinion between the people here and at Metz.

On other sides, too, there were difficulties in the way of carrying out what the Chancellor had in view as a politician. As he said at table, "It is very annoying that every plan I have must be first talked over with five or six persons, who understand very little about the matter, and yet whose objections I must listen to and meet politely. Thus I have lately had to give up three whole days to settle a matter which under other circumstances I could have finished in three minutes. It is just as if I were to give my advice about the placing of a battery here or there, and as if the embarrassed officer had to give an explanation to me who know nothing of his business." "—has an excellent head, and I am convinced that whatever he might have undertaken he would have become something exceedingly respectable in it. But having occupied himself for years, only with one and the same thing, he has now feeling and interest for that alone." He did not allow a single word to escape him about the negotiations with Boyer, or what was likely to result from them. Hatzfeld and Keudell too, knew nothing about them, and only guessed.

Sunday, October 16.—This morning in the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, I met Borck just arriving, in the uniform of a major. He told me that Soissons had fallen, and that the bombardment of Paris was to begin on the 28th. Almost the whole of the park of artillery has arrived, and in three days they hoped (that is, he did) to destroy it. The stout gentleman thinks that we shall be back in Berlin, at the latest, by the 1st of December. He said, too, that a congress of princes in Versailles was under serious consideration, and that they were getting the Trianon ready for the King of Bavaria.

We learn that discord reigns in Paris. The Reds, under Blanqui and Flourens, do not like to see the Blue Republicans at the helm—they attack them violently in their papers, and on the 9th the mob had uttered cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" in front of the *Hôtel de Ville*. We hear that Seebach, who was once, I think, Saxon ambassador in Paris, and who is acquainted with Lessô and Trochu, intends to offer the Chancellor his assistance towards procuring an understanding with the Parisians.

While we were taking our coffee Keudell played some soft music to the Minister on the piano. In answer to my enquiry whether the Chief was musical, he said, "Certainly, although he does not play himself. You must have remarked that he sings softly when I play. It is good for his nerves, which are much affected to-day."

In the evening the Nuncio Chigi came with a companion also in clerical costume. He had a long conversation with the Chancellor, and will go on to-morrow to Tours. Of ambassadors, there are now in Paris, they say, only the Belgian, the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Swiss, one from the United States, and some from South America. The Spaniard lately arrested here is, to give him his full title, Angelo de Vallejo-Miranda, and he was arrested, not for the reason given by the man on guard, but because, in Versailles, he only gave his first name, and represented himself as a Spanish secretary of legation, whereas he belongs to the Spanish Debt Commission. His companion, who passed as his servant was one Oswald, a joint editor of the *Gaulois*, which is very hostile to us. By all these lies and misrepresentations the gentlemen had managed to get themselves suspected of being spies. He is said to be a friend of Prim, which is very compatible with what Stiber said of him yesterday in the Bureau.*

After eleven o'clock two important telegrams arrived. Bourbaki, who had gone from Metz to London, does not return to Metz, but places himself at the disposal of the Government of National Defence; and next Wednesday, Bray and Franckh, with the approval of King Louis of Bavaria, will start for Versailles.

Monday, October 17.—Two articles written in the forenoon. Before dinner an excursion to the Grand Trianon, where there is a beautiful marble group in the great reception room. It is represented as thanking France for the assistance given her against the Austrians. The Milanese presented it to Eugénie. Delbrück and Laurer dined with us. The Chief again expressed himself very energetically in favor of the inexorable punishment of villages which had been guilty of treachery. They must be made responsible if a traitorous attack takes place in them. Otherwise what will become of our poor soldiers?

* The fellow was afterwards taken to Mainz. Here he gave his word of honor not to escape, in order that it might not be necessary to resort to imprisonment. But after a few days he nevertheless ran away.

The discussion now turned on things culinary, when it appeared that the Chancellor liked good mutton, and preferred the part of beef called in Berlin the "brisket." He did not care much for fillet or for roast beef.

In the evening, we were warned to pack up our trunks, and in case there should be an alarm in the night the carriages were to be drawn up in the Prefecture, in front of the King's quarters. A sortie has been expected since yesterday.

Tuesday, October 18.—The night is over and nothing has happened. A splendid autumn morning. I sent off a contradiction of the French reports that our troops have bombarded Orleans. This is the birthday of the Crown Prince, and the Chief and the Councillors go, about 12 o'clock, to congratulate him. They have sent us a number of the *Kraj*, in which it is asserted that the Minister not long ago had a conversation with a nobleman of Galicia, in which he advised the Poles to abandon the Austrians. I learned, on inquiry, that this is untrue; that for a long time he has not spoken with any Gallician and certainly with no Pole. I contradict the story in the press.

The Chief breakfasted with us for once, and remarked (we will not leave even such little traits unnoticed) "that he was very fond of hard-boiled eggs; that now he could only manage three, but the time was when he could make away with eleven." Bohlen boasts of having once eaten fifteen plover's eggs. "I am ashamed to say what I have done in that line," replied his cousin, who, in conclusion, recommended Delbrück to provide himself with hard-boiled eggs for his journey, as he is soon going back to Germany, which Delbrück declined to do, as he cannot endure them hard-boiled. The Chief then read us some of the specially edifying private letters to the Emperor Napoleon which the Provisional Government has published, with commentaries on them which throw side lights on the characters of several personages in Berlin.

Thursday, October 20.—Both morning and afternoon I was very diligent, and worked at different articles and telegrams. At table the conversation again turned on the imprisonment of Jacoby by the military authorities, and the Chief said, as before, that he had strong doubts whether the measure had been well timed. One of the gentlemen expressed his delight that "the lazy babbler was shut up." But the Chancellor answered, quite in keeping with his usual feeling, "I do not rejoice at it in the very least. A party man may do so because his zeal for

vengeance is satisfied. The politician may not, for in politics he knows no such feelings. He asks only whether it is useful that political adversaries should be ill-used."

Friday, October 21.—This morning, about eight o'clock, firing was heard from the heavy artillery, more vigorous and long-continued than usual; but we did not allow ourselves to be disturbed by it. Different articles were prepared; among them, one on the departure of the Nuncio and the other diplomatists from Paris. At breakfast Keudell would have it that the French had battered down the porcelain manufactory close by, in Sèvres. Hatzfeld told us that his mother-in-law, an American lady who remained behind in Paris, had sent him good accounts of the ponies, of which he had often spoken to us. They were exceedingly fat. We wondered whether they would be eaten. He said, for heaven's sake, let them do it; but he reserves the right to get back the price of the animals when the terms of peace are settled with the French Government.

Meanwhile the artillery fire outside continued, and between one and two it seemed as if an action were going on in the woods to the North of the city. The firing became still more vehement; the cannon shots followed each other, bang after bang, and mitrailleuses were also to be heard. It seemed as if a regular battle had developed itself, and was drawing nearer us. The Chief got into his saddle and rode away. The rest of us set off in the direction where the battle appeared to rage. On the left, above the wood through which the road leads to Jardy and Vaucresson, we saw the well-known white clouds rise and burst from the shells. Orderlies galloped up the street. A battalion marched off to the scene of action. The fighting lasted till past four o'clock. Then we heard only a few single shots from the great fort on Mont Valérien, and at last this too was silent. We now learned that the French had not been so near us as they seemed: their sortie had been directed against our positions at La Celle Saint-Cloud, and Bougival,—villages, the first of which was at least four miles from Versailles, and the second seven. During the afternoon there was, of course, great excitement among the French in the town, and the groups which formed themselves before the houses expected every moment, as the noise came nearer and nearer, to see our troops in full flight before the Red-breeches. Later in the afternoon, however, they made long faces and shrugged their shoulders.

At dinner the Chief said that he would celebrate his parliamentary Jubilee either to-day or one day soon. About this time five-and-twenty years ago he had become a member of the provincial diet of Pomerania. "I remember," he continued, "it was frightfully tedious there. I had, as my first subject, to treat of the excessive consumption of tallow in the poor-house. Only to think of the number of stupid speeches I have heard there, and afterwards in the National Diet, and,"—after a pause, smiling,—“have myself made.”

We spoke of the magnificence of the Prefecture here, and that it cost two million francs. "None of our public offices in Berlin are to be compared with it," remarked the Chancellor, "not even the War Office, which however, is rather imposing. The office of the Ministry of Commerce may also pass; but we of the Foreign Office—seldom has a Minister been so poorly housed. Where we sleep, the room was originally about twice as big as this, and out of it they have made three; one tolerable-sized one for myself, a little one for my wife, and one where my sons have slept hitherto. When I receive people, I must do like the small country gentry, borrow chairs, and turn everything about, even my study." Some one joked about the Chinese carpet in the great hall at Berlin. "Ah! you may laugh," said the Chief; "when the State can make no further use of it, I shall buy it for Schönhausen. It is an old friend of mine; we have gone through a good deal together, and it is really beautiful in its way."

Between half-past seven and half-past eight, the mayor of the town was again with the Minister. Afterwards an article upon the uncourteous behavior of our host at Ferrières was sent off to Germany. It was to the following effect:—

"In a letter dated Paris, Place de la Madeleine, 70, some one writes to the Countess Moustier among other untruths the following: 'The Prussians demanded pheasants from us. Rothschild tells me that they had some at his chateau, but that they wanted to beat the steward because they were not truffled. To every one who saw the royal housekeeping at Ferrières, the impression of its unusual simplicity and of the careful regard for everything belonging to Rothschild so predominated, that comparisons on the treatment of the property of this millionaire, who was protected by the good fortune of the King living in his house, and the inevitable hardships a poorer man has to bear, forced themselves upon him. Considering that the pres-

ence of the King constituted a protection, his Majesty did not even permit the game in the park, including the pheasants, to be shot so long as he was there. Baron Rothschild, formerly Prussian consul-general, who resigned that office in an uncourtous way, when he still hoped for the victory of France, had not even so much politeness as once to inquire through his servants, during the whole stay of the King in Ferrières, about the wants of his royal guest. None of the Germans who lived at Ferrières can say that they enjoyed the hospitality of the possessor even to the extent of a piece of bread, and yet the preceding proprietor of this seat notoriously left behind him, according to the computation of the stamp office, 1700 millions of francs. Should Baron Rothschild really have uttered the lying complaint against any one quoted in the above letter, we can only hope that troops may yet be quartered upon him, who will make him feel the difference between the modest claims of the Court and the rights of troops in quarters in war time, so far as this is possible for the heir of 1700 millions." The attack of the Parisians, undertaken by some twenty battalions of the line and Mobile guards, protected by the fire of Mont Valérien, was directed chiefly against the village of Bougival on the Seine. It was occupied by our outposts, who retired upon their supports, and the French made themselves masters of the place, but were soon afterwards attacked and driven out again by one of the divisions of the fifth German army corps. In this action, a considerable number of the prisoners and two pieces of artillery fell into the hands of our people. The prisoners, some hundreds in number, passed through the town to-day, which led to disturbances, so that the Yellow Dragoons were forced, it is said, to charge the crowd and strike them with the flat of their swords.

The Chief said yesterday evening, that we ought not to allow groups to be formed in the streets during a battle; that the inhabitants should be required in such cases to remain in their houses, and that the patrols must be ordered to fire at once on those who offered any opposition, which has now been done. To-day the commandant of Versailles, von Voigts Rhetz, proclaimed, that after the alarm signal all inhabitants of the town are to go home without delay, and that the troops have been ordered to use their arms against those who disobey.

Before dinner, accompanied by Bucher, drove through the forest of Fausses Reposes to the little town Ville d'Avray,

pleasantly situated between Sèvres and Saint-Cloud, to visit the Ville Stern, whence a good view of Paris is to be had. The sentry posted there, however, did not admit us; but we found, on the other side of the valley, close to a park, a thatched summer-house, which answered our purpose. Across the suburbs of Paris we saw with the naked eye a great part of the city itself lying in the yellowish evening light, with the straight white line of the *enceinte*, the dome of the Invalides, with its golden ring, the low towers of Notre Dame, the cupola of the Panthéon, and, quite on the right, Val de Grâce. While we were watching the scene, a train passed over the viaduct near the ramparts.

On starting for our drive to Ville d'Avray, I saw Bennigsen coming down the Rue de Provence, and when we returned we found that he had left his card on the Chief. The latter dined to-day at four o'clock with the King, and then made his appearance at our table for half an hour. It was mentioned that Metz would probably surrender in the course of the next week. Famine had appeared in the city, which suffered also from a want of salt. "Deserters eat it by spoonfuls, in order to restore the necessary quantity to their blood," said the Chief. Prince Friedrich Karl desires a capitulation, if I understand rightly, on the conditions of Sedan and Toul, but the Chancellor, from political motives, is disposed to a milder treatment of the garrison, and the King appears to hesitate between the two.

The Chief said yesterday to the Mayor of Versailles, "No Elections, no Peace; but the gentlemen in Paris will not hear of them. The American generals who went into Paris to suggest this told me that nothing was to be done with them. Trochu had only said they were not yet so far reduced as to be obliged to negotiate, while the others would not hear of any elections, or of the country being appealed to." "I then said to the Mayor, finally, No other course will be left to us but to come to terms with Napoleon, and to force him upon them again. This he thought we should not do; a greater insult could not be offered them. I replied that it might become the interest of the conqueror to leave the conquered to a power which could only support itself by the army, for in that case they would not be able to think of foreign wars. I advised him, in conclusion, not to give way to the mistaken idea that Napoleon has no roots in the country. He has the army on

his side. Boyer treated with me in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, and it is still a question how far the present Government has really struck root. In the flat country districts there were few who did not feel that they ought to think of peace. The Mayor then gave me his own ideas of a peace; the razing of their fortresses and of ours, disarmament on both sides, in proportion to the population, and so forth. These people have not yet, as I told him from the beginning, any sufficient notion of what the war is."

The *Nouvelliste*, as it is now the only newspaper food of the people of Versailles, and naturally does not ask too much of them, is not despised here. L. reports that the number of the copies sold varies; that of some numbers no copies remain; of others from thirty to fifty, and of the number before the last a hundred and fifty are left in his hands. His weekly account, however, hitherto shows no loss.

In the evening I wrote an article, to show that the election of a body representative of the will of France is the first condition which the Chancellor proposes to the different parties who have treated with him on the subject of peace. He has made the same demand of the emissaries of the Republicans, the Imperialists, and of a third party. He will facilitate in every possible way such an appeal to the people. The form of Government is absolutely indifferent to us; only we must have a real Government to deal with, recognized by the nation.

Sunday, October 23.—The following thoughts will appear in a French dress in the *Nouvelliste* of to-day: "Things are constantly met with in the present day in France which are flagrantly opposed to sound sense and moral feeling. People who were formerly Papal Zouaves, not merely those who by their nationality are French, become at once soldiers of a republic which is governed by Voltairians. Garibaldi makes his appearance in Tours, and offers, as he himself expresses it, what is left of him to the service of France. He has, probably, not forgotten that this same France, twenty years ago, crushed the Roman Republic by force of arms, and he must have a still fresher recollection of the strange events of Mentana. He must distinctly remember that Nice, his own birthplace, was torn by this same France from Italy, and that the State of Siege alone keeps it at this moment from withdrawing itself from the rule of France."

About one o'clock the Minister of Wurttemberg, Mittnacht and Suckow, paid their visit to the Chancellor.

I had seen soldiers brought from the hospital to the church-yard several times these afternoons—three the day before yesterday; two yesterday. To-day a long procession came from the Palace across the Place d'Armes into the Rue Hoche. There were five biers. On the first, under a black pall, an officer of the 47th Regiment; and on the others, covered with white sheets, common soldiers. A band of music, in front, played a chorale; then followed the muffled drums. There was a minister with the procession. As the coffins passed by the French took off their hats and caps—a touching custom!

At dinner Delbrück directed attention to the fact, that the Prussian officials here felt the necessity, very soon after their institution, of devoting themselves seriously to the duties committed to their care, to discover what was best for the inhabitants placed under their charge, and to secure the preservation of order in the districts assigned to them, except where our interests are directly concerned. Thus, for instance, Brauchitsch is exceedingly put out at the quite shameless thieving of wood carried on in the forests here, and wishes to take vigorous measures against these malpractices, in the interest of the French Ministry of Woods and Forests. We learned that Freydorff, Jolly, and a third, whose name escaped me, were soon to be expected from Baden, and this led to our speaking of Usedom.

Delbrück mentioned that, in the preliminary negotiations upon a new organisation of Germany, Bavaria had raised a claim to a kind of joint representation of the Bund in foreign countries, of such a character that, if the Prussian, or rather the German, ambassador were absent, the Bavarian might transact business. The Chief said, "No; anything else but that; for unless we are to have two Ministers of Foreign Affairs for Germany, everything must depend, not on the ambassador, but on the instructions he receives." On this matter he dwelt at greater length, and explained it by examples.

Monday, October 24.—In a telegram from England intended for Wilhelmshöhe, there occurred this passage: "Much time will be lost, I am afraid." "Is lost," the Chief wrote on the margin with his pencil. I sent a notice to be forwarded to the English newspapers upon the murder, in Rochefort, of Captain Zielke, of the German ship *Flora*.

Strange news arrived from Marseilles. The Reds appear to have got the upper hand. Esquiros, the resident prefect of the Mouths of the Rhone, belongs to the theatrical section of the French Republicans. He has suppressed the *Gazette du Midi*, because the clubs of his party asserted that the paper favored the candidature of the Comte de Chambord, whose proclamation it had printed. He has, moreover, expelled the Jesuits. A decree of Gambetta hereupon dismissed the prefect, and annulled the measures against the newspaper and against the Jesuits; but Esquiros, supported by the working men, has paid no attention to these orders of the Government in Tours. He keeps his post, the *Gazette du Midi* remains suppressed, and the Jesuits are still expelled. Nor was more regard paid to the decree of Gambetta which dissolved the Citizens' guard, recruited from the ranks of the Red Republicans and which is distinct from the National Guard of Marseilles. The Chief said, "Well, civil war seems already to have begun there and possibly there may soon be a Republic of the South." I worked up these accounts for some articles written in the spirit of this comment.

About four o'clock, a M. Gautier, who came from Chislehurst, called on the Chancellor. . . . We have to-day Count Waldersee at dinner; the Chief dines with the King. In the evening, between seven and eight, a great fire must, we think, have broken out in Paris; the whole northern heaven was over-spread with a red glare, and in fact I see, above the woods to the north of the city, the reflection of an enormous burning. However, gradually it was evident that we were deceived. The red light grew into shapes, pillar-like beams shot out from it, and at last we became aware that it was the Northern Lights, which streamed magnificently above the horizon. This is a sure sign that we shall soon have winter and dry, cold weather.

Sunday, October 25.—Good news received and sent out. Yesterday the fortress of Schlettstadt capitulated, and the day before, General Wittich with the 22nd division occupied Chartres. Among the fragments of the French Army of the Loire, according to a letter from Tours, great want of discipline prevails. Drunken soldiers are said often to refuse obedience to their officers, whom they accuse of incapacity and treachery. The surrender of Metz will take place to-morrow or the day after, and portions of the German armies detained there will

be able in eight days to support the troops fighting in the district of the Loire. This morning the Chief said, in reference to the article in the *Pays*, which placed the war indemnity at one and a half milliards, "Nonsense, I will require much more from them."

During dinner to-day, the conversation turned, I cannot now say how, upon William Tell, and the Minister confessed that even as a boy he could never endure him, first, because he had shot at his son; next, because he had killed Gessler in an assassin-like manner. "It would have been far nobler and more natural," he added, "if, instead of shooting at the boy, whom the best of marksmen might have hit instead of the apple, he had once shot the Landvogt himself." "This would have been just anger at a cruel demand. Tell's hiding himself and lying in wait for Gessler does not please me. It is not becoming in a hero, not even in *Francs-tireurs*."

Two copies of the *Nouvelliste* are stuck up at different street corners, and although people, when they stand to read it in groups, criticise it when the Germans are passing, with "*Mensonge*"—"Impossible," yet they read it. To-day some one had written on the copy near the prefecture, "*Blague*," but Stieber's people or other watchers had seized the fellow in the act. He was an artisan, and it is said that he is to be deported to Germany.

Wednesday, October 26.—In the morning, I translated Granville's despatch for the King, and afterwards extracted a portion of it for the press, accompanying it with the remark that we had already twice offered a truce under favorable conditions through Favre, and on October 9 through Burnside, but that they had refused it, simply because we offered it. I then telegraphed to London that *Theirs* had received a free pass to our headquarters, and the permission to go thence to Paris. Further, that the Comte de Chambord had had a meeting at Coppet with the Comte de Paris.

In the afternoon, when the Chief had ridden out, I went, accompanied by B., an Englishman, who writes for the *Inverness Courier*, and an American war correspondent of a paper in Chicago, to a farm near the Chateau Beauregard, in order to visit H., who had recovered from the wound which he had received at Worth, and rejoined his regiment, the forty-sixth. We met there a number of officers, nice bright fellows, with whom we soon became intimate and had much pleasant

talk. Bl., meantime drove to Bougival with First-Lieutenant von H.; and as they were later in returning than they had promised, I was too late for dinner at home, which the Chief does not approve of. He only asked, however, at table: "Where can little Busch be?" (*Wo das Buschchen sei?*) And when he returned later from the King he again asked if I was there, and expressed apprehension that the sentries might fire on me.

Tuesday, October 27.—The capitulation of Metz will probably be signed in the course of to-day. The whole army there, including the officers of all grades, will be sent prisoners to Germany, whither we shall then have transported—with the exception of about 60,000 men—the entire army of Imperial France. In the morning I telegraphed that it was observed by our troops before Paris, that an artillery fire had been opened from Montmartre upon the suburb of La Villette. Musketry fire, lasting for hours, had also been heard in the streets; perhaps a rising of the Radicals. I then wrote a second article upon the interference of Beust in our affairs with France.

In the evening, Hatzfeld told us that he had been to-day at the outposts, where a number of American families had arrived from Paris, determined to turn their back upon the besieged city, in which things had become uncomfortable. There were a dozen carriages of them with white flags, taking the road to Villejuif; the members, too, of the Portuguese embassy have now left Paris on their way to Tours.

Friday, October 28.—In the course of the afternoon Moltke telegraphed to the Chief, that the capitulation of Metz had been signed to-day at 12.45. The French army thus captured numbers all in all 173,000 men, of whom 16,000 are sick and wounded. Von Bennigsen, von Friedenthal, and von Blankenburg, the last a friend of the Chief's youth, dined with us. From the French officers who had become our prisoners at Metz, and their deportation to Germany, the conversation turned upon General Ducrot and his shameful flight from Pont-à-Mousson, "Yes," said the Minister, "he has written me a long letter in which he explains, that the reproaches which we make against him for his treacherous escape, were unfounded; but in spite of this I adhere to my former opinion." He then related that a negotiator from Gambetta had been with him recently, who asked him at the end of the conversation, whether he would recognize the Republic. "Without doubt or hesita-

tion," I replied; "not merely a Republic, but if you like a Gambetta Dynasty, only that dynasty must give us a secure and advantageous peace"—"and, in fact, any dynasty, whether of Bleichroder or of Rothschild," he added, whereupon these two gentlemen became for a short time the subject of conversation with his guests.

In the evening comes L., as usual, to get information for himself. I heard from him that Legationsrath Samwer, once premier of Duke Frederick VIII., has followed his late and present master hither, and has been staying here for some time. He provides correspondents of newspapers with news. The *Nowvelliste* is to depart this life. A journal of more imposing form will take its place, to be called the *Moniteur Officiel de la Seine-et-Oise*, and will appear at the expense of the Government.

Saturday, October 29.—In the transformation of the *Nowvelliste* to the *Moniteur Officiel*, certain preliminaries do not appear to have been well arranged, or there is some intrigue on hand. This morning, whilst I was at work, a M. Theodor N., *collaborateur du Moniteur Officiel de la Seine-et-Oise*, sent in his card to me. Following his card came a young man, who said he had been sent to me by the Prefect, and wished to get from me notes for leading articles. I remarked to him that L. was sufficient for this object; that he would remain with the journal in his old capacity, and that I could only communicate with him at the request of the Chancellor. He asked whether he should tell the Prefect that he might converse on this matter with Count Bismarck. "The Prefect must be perfectly aware that I can say nothing to such a request."

At breakfast St. Blanquart said he knew that Thiers would come to us to-morrow, and Bölsing afterwards asserted that preliminaries of peace were in the very air. We shall take the liberty to doubt it till the Chief intimates the good news. We hear also that Moltke has been made a "Count," and that the King has made the Crown Prince and his nephew, the conqueror of Metz, field-marshal.

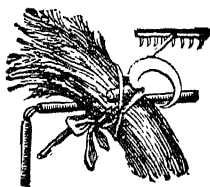
At dinner the Chief asked, when we were about to attack the soup, whether this were not peace sausage soup, and when he was told it was he praised it as quite excellent, an opinion in which Delbrück agreed. Then the talk was of the great success at Metz. "This just doubles the number of our prisoners," said the Minister. "No, it does more; we have now in

Germany the army which Napoleon had in the field at the date of Weissenburg, Worth, and Saarbrücken, with the exception only of those who have been killed. Those whom the French now have, have been brought since from Algiers and Rome, or are new levies. To these may be added Vinoy, who escaped before Sedan with a few thousand men. Their generals are almost all prisoners."

He then said that Napoleon had asked for Marshals Bazaine, Lebœuf, and Canrobert, who were in Metz, to be sent to Wilhelmshöhe. "If this is a whist party," said he, "I have nothing to say, and will recommend it to the King." Then he said that so many strange things happen, which nobody before could have dreamt of, that we may consider the most wonderful things as possible. "It might be possible, for instance, that we should hold the German Imperial Diet at Versailles, whilst Napoleon assembled the Corps Législatif and the Senate at Cassel to consult about peace. Napoleon has the conviction, against which not much is to be said, that the old national representation still subsists *de jure*, and that he may summon it to meet where he will, of course only in France. About Cassel there might be some dispute." He then remarked that he had summoned hither Friedenthal, Bennigsen, and Blankenburg, the representatives of parties with whom one is bound to consult, in order to hear their opinion about the meeting of our Parliament in Versailles. "The '*Fortschritt*' (Progress) party I must disregard, for they want only what is not possible; they are like the Russians, who eat cherries in winter and will have oysters in summer. When a Russian comes into a shop, he asks, '*Kak nje bud,*' which means, 'What is there, out of season?'"

After the first course Prince Albrecht, the father, with his adjutant was introduced and sat down at the right hand of the Chief, in the first place to drink a glass of Magdeburg beer with us (a present to the Chief, and exceedingly good), and then champagne. The old gentleman had pressed on even as far as Orleans with his cavalry, like a genuine Prussian Prince, ever bold and true to duty. The battle at Châteaudun had been, he said, a "fearful" one. He praised the Duke of Meiningen warmly, whom no dangers or sacrifices daunted. "May I ask," said the Prince, "how the Countess is?" "Oh, she is quite well, now that her son is better, only she suffers still from her bitter hatred of the Gauls, all and sundry of

whom she would like to see shot and stabbed, even the little children, who are not responsible for having such horrible parents." He then spoke of the state of Count Herbert, whose wound on the shoulder had at first gone on very well, but had then become much worse, so that the Physician thought that the ball had been poisoned.



CHAPTER X.

THIERS AND THE FIRST NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ARMISTICE.

ON October 30, as I took a walk in the early morning through the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, I met Bennigsen, who was to return home that day with Blankenburg. In reply to my question how far our people there had got with the unity of Germany, he said they had got well on, and that in Bavaria the only point on which there was any difficulty was the separate position of the military people. The feeling of the majority of the public was all that could be wished.

When I got back, perhaps a little after ten, Engel told me that Thiers had been there a little before, but had at once gone away again. We were told afterwards that he came from Tours, and wished only a safe-conduct to enable him to pass through our lines, as he wanted to get into Paris. During breakfast Hatzfeld told us that he had breakfasted with him at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and had afterwards brought him round in the carriage, which was to take him as far as the French outposts under the escort of Lieutenant von Winterfeldt, and that he was "the same clever and amusing man as ever, although as soft as a baby." He had first discovered him among us in the house, and told him that the Chief was just getting up, after which he took him below into the *salon*, and reported his arrival to the Minister, who got ready at once, and came downstairs very soon after. They talked together only a couple of minutes, of course alone. The Chief then summoned Hatzfeld, and gave him directions to make ready what was necessary to enable Thiers to pay his visit to Paris. He told him afterwards that Thiers had at once said, after they had saluted each other, that he had not come to talk to him. "I think that quite natural," said Hatzfeld; "for though Thiers would like greatly to conclude peace with us, it would then,

of course, be M. Thiers' peace, and though he is frightfully anxious to get the credit of it, he does not know what the people in Paris would say."

In the meantime the Chief went with his cousin to the review of nine thousand Landwehr Guards, which the King held this morning. While we were still at breakfast, he came in and brought with him a little round gentleman with smooth-shaven face and black-striped waistcoat, who as we heard afterwards, was the Saxon Minister von Friesen.

He dined with us; and as Delbruck was present, we had the honor to dine with three Ministers. The Chief spoke first of the Landwehr, who had arrived to-day, and said they were broad-shouldered fellows, and must have made an impression on the Versaillese. "The front of a company," he added, "is at least five feet broader than a French company, especially in the Pomeranian Landwehr." Turning then to Hatzfeld, he said, "I suppose no mention of Metz was made between Thiers and you?" "No, he said nothing though no doubt he knew about it." "Certainly he knew, but I did not mention it either." Hatzfeld then said that Thiers had been very charming, but that he had lost none of his old vanity and self-satisfiedness. He had told him for instance, how he had met a countryman a few days ago, whom he asked whether he wished for peace. "Yes, indeed, badly." Whether he knew who he was?—"No." Well, he was Monsieur Thiers; did he not know about him? The man said "No" to that too. Then a neighbor came up, and the old countryman asked him who might M. Thiers be? and was told that he must be 'one of them from the Chamber.' Hatzfeld added that "Thiers was obviously vexed that they knew no more than that about him."

His Excellency Friesen, gave us a good illustration of the reckless haste with which some of the Versailles people took to flight and of the honesty of the German soldiers. He told us that he had found, to-day, in his quarters, where at least three or four sets of soldiers had been quartered previously, a commode unlocked, in which he discovered, besides all sorts of women's finery, caps, linen, and ribbons, first one and then another "rouleau" of 50 napoleons each. He wanted to hand over these 2000 francs to the porter, who said however that he would rather that he, Friesen, should take them himself. The money was then sent, I believe, to the office established for the safe-keeping of such treasure-trove.

The Chief went out of the room for an instant and came back with the case in his hand containing the gold pen presented to him by a jeweller at Pforzheim to sign the treaty of peace with. He admired it greatly, especially the feathers. This work of art was about six inches long and set on both sides with small brilliants. After it had gone round the table and been sufficiently admired as it deserved, the Chancellor opened the drawing-room door, saying to Delbrück and Friesen, "I am at your service now, gentlemen." "Well," said Friesen, looking at Delbrück; "I have been discussing the matter with his Excellency in the meantime," and they went into the *salon*. The rest of us spoke of Thiers again, and Hatzfeld said that he would come back in a day or two, and that he had not wished to pass through the gate on the road from Charenton into Paris. "He thinks the fellows there might hang him," said Bohlen; "I should like them to do it." "What for?" we asked ourselves without answering him.

Monday, October 31.—I wrote several articles in the morning, one of them in approval of the idea of establishing an International Court to sit upon the crimes of those who had urged on the war against us; and a hue-and-cry after M. Hermieux, a French commander of battalion, who, like Ducrot, has broken his word of honor by making his escape from a hospital, and is now being pursued by warrant of caption. About twelve o'clock Gauthier appeared again, and had a long talk with the Chief. At breakfast we learned that on the day before, the village of Le Bourget, on the east of Paris, which fell into the hands of the French on the 28th, had been recovered by storm. It must have been a severe struggle. We made over a thousand "red-breeches" prisoners, but we lost some three hundred men killed and wounded, thirty of whom were officers. Count Waldersee's brother is said to have fallen. We then spoke of Thiers; and Hatzfeld and Delbrück wagered with Keudell and Bismarck-Bohlen that he would be back in Varsailles before twelve o'clock to-morrow night. Both the others believed that the French authorities would not let him out. Hatzfeld won his wager. He was able to report at tea that the old gentleman had arrived, and that he himself had spoken with him. He had told him that he had been discussing matters with the gentleman of the Provisional Government, from ten last night till three this morning; that he had got up at six, and spent his time till two this afternoon in paying all

sorts of visits, after which he had driven back here. He wanted a conference with the Chancellor of the Confederation tomorrow morning. "He was beginning to mention," said Hatzfeld, "that there had been disturbances in Paris yesterday, but an incautiously emphatic 'indeed?' which escaped me, made him break off."

Tuesday, November 1.—In the early morning twilight there was tolerably active firing again from the heavy guns. About eleven, Deputy Bamberger paid me his visit. He had taken two whole days in travelling from Nanteuil to Versailles. At breakfast we talked of the battle of Le Bourget, and somebody said that the French had behaved treacherously, making as if they wanted to surrender, and when our officers came up unsuspectingly, shooting them down. Somebody spoke of over 1,200 prisoners we had taken, and it was mentioned that some of them were *Francs-tireurs*; the Chief said "Prisoners! That they should ever take *Francs-tireurs* prisoners! They ought to have shot them down by files."

At dinner, besides Delbruck, there was a Count Oriola in a red Companion of St. John uniform, with a great black beard and strongly marked oriental features. This afternoon he had been with Bucher at the aqueduct of Marly, when they had an admirable view in the evening light of the fort which we recently attacked unsuccessfully, and of a section of Paris. The princely personages of the *Hôtel des Réservoirs*, the Dukes of Weimar, Coburg and so on, had also been there. Some one mentioned Friesen's treasure-trove, and the order of the War Minister or of the commandant of the town that all articles of value found in the houses abandoned by their inhabitants were to be publicly advertised, and after a certain time, if not claimed by their owners, to be confiscated for the benefit of the military chest. The Minister thought this quite right, "For," he added, "properly, such houses would be burned down, but that would be an injury to the rational people who have stayed at home, so that unfortunately it does not suit." He told us that Count Bray intended to pay him his intended visit this evening. After a while he mentioned that Thiers had been with him about midday for more than three hours to negotiate an armistice, but that they could not agree on the conditions. During the conversation Thiers had begun once to speak of the amount of provisions still left in Paris. He had interrupted him there, saying, "Pardon me, but we know better about

that than you do. You have been only a day in the city. They have provisions till the end of January." What a look of astonishment! I had only been feeling his pulse, but his amazement betrayed that there was not so much."

At dessert he spoke of the amount he had eaten. "To-day a beefsteak and a half, and two slices of pheasant. It is a good deal, but not too much, as it is my only meal. I breakfast, certainly; but only on a cup of tea without milk, and a couple of eggs; after that nothing till the evening. If I eat too much then, I am like the boa constrictor, but I can't sleep." "Even as a child, and always since then, I have gone late to bed, seldom before midnight. Then I usually fall over quickly, but I waken up soon after to discover that it is hardly more than one or half-past, and all sorts of things come into my brain, especially if any injustice has been done me. I have to turn them all over. I then write letters and despatches, naturally without getting up, in my head. Formerly, shortly after I was first made Minister, I used to get up and write them down. When I read them over in the morning, they were worthless, mere platitudes, trivial confused stuff, as you might find in the *Vossische*. I don't want to do this, and would much rather sleep. But thinking and speculating keep going on in my brain. When the first grey dawn begins to shine on my bed, I fall over again, and sleep straight on till ten o'clock and sometimes later."

Wednesday, November 2.—Engel tells me that the Chief got up during the furious cannonade last night, which, however, is nothing unusual with him. In the morning, before nine, I take a run out through Montreuil on the Sèvres road as far as the railway viaduct with the five arches which crosses it at Viroflay. While I was out, the Minister who was still in bed, had wanted me. When I got home, about ten, Bronsart, an officer of the general staff, was with him to take him back to the King. After he returned he told me to telegraph to Berlin and London that Thiers had spent three hours with him yesterday, that what was discussed in the conversation had been considered at a military council at which his Majesty had been present, this morning, and that Thiers was to come back to him this afternoon.

About two o'clock I saw him below in the entrance hall. He is below the middle height, with grey hair and no beard, an intelligent face which suggests sometimes a merchant and some-

times a professor. As he was likely to remain a good while, and there was nothing for me to do, I repeated my morning's excursion, and passed through the villages of Montreuil, Viroflay, and Chaville, the two last forming one continuous street about three miles long. I came immediately after Chaville to Sèvres. I wanted to go through the great battery or fortification on the right, and across the town, but the sentry at a place where the roads divided would not let me. No officer even, he says, is allowed farther without special permit from the general. I chatted a bit with the soldiers before the canteen. They had been under fire at Wörth and Sedan. In one of these battles one of them had his cartridge-pouch exploded by an enemy's shot, and the contents spattered over his face. Another told me how they had recently surprised French soldiers in houses, and that he had given no quarter. I hope they were *Francs-tireurs*. In the villages along the road there were numerous public-houses. Most of the inhabitants have stayed at home; they appear, almost all of them, to be poor people. Very little was to be seen of the wreck which is said to have overtaken the French sugar places in Sèvres, and the ruined porcelain manufactory must be a mere fable. The soldiers say, that not more than ten shells can have fallen there, and they only seem to have knocked a couple of stones out of the wall and smashed a few doors and windows.

When I returned, about half-past four, to the Rue de Provence, I learned that Thiers stayed with the Chief till a few minutes before my return, and that he looked tolerably contented when he went away. The Chief went out for a turn by himself in the garden. From four o'clock onwards there was more heavy firing.

To-day's dinner was graced by a great trout pasty, the love-gift of a Berlin restaurant-keeper, who sent the Chancellor of the Confederation a cask of Vienna March beer along with it, and—his own photograph! During dinner the Minister talked about his visitor, and said, "He is an able and likeable man, witty and ingenious, but with hardly a trace of diplomatic quality—too sentimental for business. Beyond question he is a superior kind of man to Favre; but he is not fit to make a bargain about an armistice—hardly fit, indeed, to buy or sell a horse. He is too easily put out of countenance; he betrays his feelings; he lets himself be pumped. I got all sorts of things out of him; for instance, that they have only three or

four weeks' provisions left inside." The Berlin pasty reminded him of the quantity of trout in the Varzin waters; and he told us how, some time before, he had caught in a pond, supplied by a few little springs, a five-pound trout, so long (showing us with his hands): and all the gamekeepers of the neighborhood said that they could not explain how it got there in a natural way.

In connection with the attitude we shall have to assume about the elections which must be held in France, I take occasion, in the newspapers, to remind people of the following precedent, which may decide the matter for us, and to which we may ask the attention of those people who consider the exclusion of Elsass-Lothringen from the voting something unprecedented. An American tells us that in the last war between the United States and Mexico an armistice was concluded, with the view of allowing the Mexicans to elect a new Government, which might make peace with the United States; and it was stipulated that those provinces which the States wanted given up to them should not take part in the election. This is the only precedent absolutely on all fours with ours, but it certainly appears to be so.

Thursday, November 3.—Fine clear weather in the morning. From seven o'clock onwards, the iron lions on Mont Valérien again growl furiously down into the surrounding wooded valleys. I make extracts for the King from the *Morning Post* of the 28th and 29th. There are two articles on the Empress Eugénie, which must have been inspired by Persigny or Prince Napoleon. The assertion they make, that in our negotiations with her commissioners, only Strassburg and a narrow strip of land in the district of the Saar, with perhaps a quarter of a million inhabitants, were claimed by us, rests, the Chief tells me, on a misunderstanding. I am told to telegraph that, after the Council of yesterday, the Chancellor offered M. Thiers an armistice for twenty-five days on the basis of the military *status quo*.

Thiers came back about twelve and stayed with the Chief till half-past two. The French demands are exorbitant. We learn at breakfast that besides twenty-eight days' armistice, to allow of the elections, of their verification, and of the settlement by the National Assembly, the Provisional Government asks nothing less than the right to re-provision Paris and all the other fortresses at present in their possession and besieged by us, and it requires freedom of election in the eastern Departments to

which we lay claim as our future possessions. Re-provisioning and military *status quo* differ a good deal from each other, according to ordinary reasoning.

At dinner we talked of the Berlin elections, and Delbruck thought they would turn out better than usual, and that Jacoby, at all events, would not be re-elected. Count Bismarck-Bohlen said he took a different view, and expected little improvement. The Chancellor said, "The Berlin people must always be in opposition, and have their independent opinion. They have their virtues — numerous and highly respectable ones. They think things over ; but they would feel themselves very common persons if they could not know everything better than the Government." That, however, he went on to say, was a failing not peculiar to them. All large towns had something of it, and many were much worse than Berlin. They were certainly less practical than the country districts, which had more to do with life, and more direct contact with nature, and which in this way had more correct judgment of what was really possible, better corresponding to the facts as they developed themselves.

"When so many people live close together," he said, "individualities naturally fade out and melt into each other. All sorts of opinions grow out of the air, from hearsays, and talk behind people's backs ; opinions with little or no foundation in fact, but which get spread abroad through newspapers, popular gatherings, and talk in beer-shops, and get themselves established and are ineradicable. There is a second, false nature, an overgrowth on the first, a sort of faith or superstition of crowds. People talk themselves into believing the thing that is not ; consider it a duty and obligation to adhere to their belief, and excite themselves about prejudices and absurdities." "It is the same in all big towns. In London, for instance, the Cockneys are a quite different race from the rest of Englishmen. It is the same in Copenhagen ; in New York, and, above all, in Paris. With their political superstitions they are a very peculiar people in France ; narrow and limited in their views, which seem to them to come from some sacred source, but which when looked at closely are mere shifty phrases." How admirably this characterises what our popular democrats and fashionable poets delight to call the "Soul of the People."

The Minister told us little about Thiers, except that shortly after the commencement of their conversation to-day he had

suddenly asked him the question whether he was yet provided with the necessary full powers for carrying on the negotiations. "He looked quite amazed at me, and I told him that our outposts had reported to us, that after he set out there had been a Revolution in Paris, and that a new government had been summoned into power. He was manifestly startled, and I inferred that he considered a victory of the Reds possible, and that Favre and Trochu had no very secure footing."

Friday, November 4.—In the morning the weather was wonderfully fine and clear. At the request of the Minister I answered the mis-statements of an article which appeared in the *Daily News* about his conversation with Napoleon at Donchery. He had spent three-quarters of an hour at the very least inside the weaver's house, in the room above, and was only a very short time outside talking with the Emperor in the open air, as he told the King in his official report. In his conversation with Napoleon he never struck the forefinger of his left hand into the palm of his right hand, as that was not a trick of his. He did not speak German with the Emperor, "though I have at other times, but not then. I talked German," he said, "with the people of the house, as the husband knew a little of it, and the wife knew it pretty well."

Thiers is again in conference with the Minister from eleven o'clock. Yesterday he sent his companion, a M. Cochery, into Paris, to learn whether the Government of September 4 was still in existence; and the answer given, as we learned at breakfast, was Yes. After Blanqui with his Reds had got possession of the Hôtel de Ville, and kept some of the members of the ministry prisoners there for several hours, Picard relieved the gentlemen — Abeken says with 106 battalions, probably with the 106th battalion — and the Government was re-established.

I was wakened up early with the news that a balloon, coming from the north, was passing over the town. As the wind was favorable, a second followed in the afternoon. The first was white, the second was painted the colors of the French Tricolor. Bamberger was with us at dinner. The Chief said, "I notice that the papers are blaming me for putting off the Bombardment; I am said to wish nothing serious to be done before Paris, and I won't allow firing into the town. Rubbish! They will some day complain of me as to blame for our losses during the investment, which have certainly not been small.

We have lost here in little skirmishes more soldiers probably than we should have done had we stormed the place. That is what I wanted, and what I want now." We talked then of what officers of the general staff had previously said, that in thirty-six hours or so they could silence the two or three forts which would be the first objects of attack. Afterwards we spoke again about summoning the Riechstag here, and the Chief remarked that perhaps the Customs Parliament would follow it. Among other things of interest mentioned in the course of dinner, Bohlen told us that an official in Versailles—I think he said an attorney-general—had been surprised in a correspondence by letter with Paris. How he managed it is not known; possibly through some secret outlet of the sewers, which are said to run under the Seine as far as here and then across the river to the bank on this side.

At tea Bismarck-Bohlen entertained us with an anecdote from the outposts. A few days ago a man came to one of the commanding officers here, and went with him into a house, from which he emerged immediately after in the dress of a Frenchman, making his way through the hedges, and at last running clean away. The sentries fired on him, but he managed to get safe to the bridge of Sevres, off which he jumped into the river, and by swimming and wading got to the other side, where he was heartily welcomed by the French as a brave friend of his country. "He is said to be one of our best spies," said the narrator of this anecdote in conclusion.*

Saturday, November 5.—At dinner we had none of the Excellencies at first but Delbrück. Afterwards the Chancellor came in; he had previously dined with the King. He asked Engel to pour him out a glass of corn-brandy, and then told us of an amusing saying: Not long ago—if I am not mistaken it was in Ferrières—a general talking of drinks, had laid down the principle, "Red wine for children, champagne for men, Schnaps for generals." He then complained, as he has often done, that certain eminent personages worry him with all sorts of questions, and make all kinds of claims. Just then a telegraphic despatch was handed to him which declared that Favre and the other ministers in Paris had got on their high horse

* This anecdote has a suspicious resemblance to another which was given afterwards by the French papers in which, however, not the French but our people are represented to have been deceived. The hero of the anecdote in that account was called Bonnet, and was a forester.

again and proclaimed that there could be no question at present of any territorial compensation, that the only duty of Frenchmen was the defence of their country. The Chief said, "Well, that gets us rid of any more negotiations with Thiers." "Yes," said Delbrück; "with such obstinate imbecility there will naturally be no farther talk about that." After a little the Minister said to Abeken, that Prince Adalbert meant to write to the Emperor (of Russia?) and proposed to address him as "my cousin," which was not right. Taglioni asked whether the Emperor had first called him so. "Even then he ought not to address him so," said the Chief. "He should call him, perhaps, 'my uncle.'" Many German princes, even those who are not related to him, address the Emperor as "my uncle." Finally he ordered an inquiry to be despatched by telegram to Berlin about the usual form of address.

Somebody mentioned that excellent wine had been discovered in the Chateau Beauregard, and that it had been confiscated for the troops. Bucher remarked that 'this charming estate of the Emperor's had been laid out for Miss Howard. Somebody else said, Yes, but it now belongs to a Duchess or Countess Bauffremont. "That reminds me of Thiers," said the Minister. "He probably means still to write something in history. He protracted our negotiation, perpetually dragging in all sorts of extraneous matter. He told me what he had done or advised on such-and-such an occasion, asked me the real situation of so-and-so, and wanted to know what would have been my course in such-and-such circumstances. He reminded me, for instance, of a conversation I had with the Duc de Bauffremont in the year 1867. I had then said that the Emperor had not understood his game in 1866, that he might have got some advantage for himself, though not in German territory," &c. "That was substantially correct. I remember it; it was in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and a military band was playing at the moment." In 1866 Napoleon had not the courage to take what in his position he would have been entitled to do. He might have—at that time he should have—laid hold of what was the subject matter of the Benedetti proposal and held it provisionally as a material guarantee for what might happen. We could not then have prevented him, and it was not likely that England would have attacked him—at all events he could have awaited the issue. When we had conquered, he should have set himself back to back with us,

and encouraged us to proceed to excesses. But" (turning to Delbrück) bending a little forward, and then pulling himself straight again, as his habit is on such occasions, "he is as he continues to be, a Tiefenbacher (a respectable Philistine—*Schiller's Wallenstein.*")

We hear that Keudell wants to be a deputy—if I understand rightly he means to come forward as a candidate in the district of Nieder Barnim. After a conversation with Trochu and Ducrot on the bridge of Sèvres, Thiers came back and had a conversation with the Chief, lasting from half-past eight till after half-past nine. At tea it was said that Ducrot and Favre considered our conditions of armistice inadmissible, but that the opinion of their colleagues was to be taken, and that Thiers would bring back the final answer of the Ministry to-morrow morning.

I interrupt the narrative of my diary to insert here a few matters which may throw light on what was said above about Napoleon and Belgium in 1866.

That France at that time wanted to acquire Belgium, although in a way requiring less resolution than that indicated above, is well known. An unanswerable proof of the fact was the draft of a treaty on the subject which Benedetti handed to the Chancellor of the Confederation, which was published by the Foreign Office shortly before the outbreak of the war. In his book *Ma Mission en Prusse* Benedetti attempted to disavow it. He says there, p. 197 :

"It will be remembered that on August 5, 1866, I laid before M. de Bismarck the draft of a treaty with reference to the Maine and the left bank of the upper Rhine, and I need not say that M. Rouher refers to this communication in the second paragraph of his letter on the 6th. But it also proves, and this is what it is important to establish against the assertions of M. de Bismarck, that nobody in Paris dreamt of making Belgium pay for the concessions which were indispensable to France, and to use the very words of the Prussian ambassador, 'were due to her.'"

Count Benedetti was ignorant when he wrote this that during the war certain secret papers had fallen into the hands of the German troops, which contradicted him. But the Foreign Office did not hesitate to use this defensive weapon against him. On October 20, 1871, it answered his disavowal pretty much as follows :

“He (Benedetti) attempts here, and in the following statements, to mix up two distinct phases of the protracted negotiations which the Prussian Minister President conducted with him during several years. He confounds the demand for a cession of German territory including Mainz, which he addressed to the Minister President on the 5th and 7th of August 1866, with the later demand for Belgium, and attempts to make the papers found in the Tuilleries, and already published, relate solely to the former, though that incident was really closed by the letter he gives on page 181 of his book, addressed by the Emperor to the Marquis de la Valette. But the difference in his understanding of the two phases is clearly established by his own report, now in the hands of the Foreign Office. He wrote a report on the Maine episode, on August 5, 1866, the first part of which runs thus:—

““M. LE MINISTRE,—

““On my arrival I found your telegraphic despatch awaiting me, in which you communicate the text of the secret agreement, which you instruct me to present for the acceptance of the Prussian Government. Your Excellency may rest assured that I shall spare no effort to secure that all of these instructions are favorably received, however vehement may be the resistance which I am sure to meet. Convinced that the Emperor's government is acting with moderation in confining itself, in view of the future aggrandisements demanded by Prussia, to the stipulations for its own security mentioned in your draft, I should be most unwilling to admit any modifications in it, even to the extent of reporting them to you for your consideration. My opinion is that in this negotiation firmness is the best, I might almost add, the only argument, which I can properly use. I shall show my settled resolution to reject every inadmissible proposal, and I shall do my best to point out that if Prussia denies us the pledges, which the extension of her territories forces us to demand of her, she will be chargeable with refusing to recognize what justice and prudent foresight require—a task which appears to me easy. Meanwhile, I must also be prudent, and considering the kind of man the Minister President is, I think it best not to be present the first moment when he discovers for certain that we demand the bank of the Rhine up to and including Mainz. With this view, I have this morning sent him a copy of your

draft, and written a private letter to accompany it, of which I enclose a copy. I shall try to see him to-morrow morning and I shall inform you of the disposition in which I find him.”

This letter was followed by a conversation to which Benedetti briefly refers in his letter, but in such a way as to avoid as far as possible coming forward himself as the narrator; otherwise he could not have helped giving some indication of the fact that he himself approved of the demand made by his Minister, and cordially supported it. He replied to the Minister President's observation that this demand meant War and that he would do well to go off at once to Paris to prevent the War, that he would go to Paris, but that it was impossible for him on his own personal conviction, to recommend the Emperor not to persist in his demand, as he himself believed that the Dynasty would be in danger if public opinion in France were not satisfied by some such concession on the part of Germany. The last expression of the views of the Minister President, which Benedetti took with him on his road back to Paris, was something in this fashion.

“Point out to his Majesty the Emperor that in certain circumstances such a war might have to be fought with Revolutionary weapons, and that in presence of Revolutionary dangers, the German Dynasties are confident that they would prove themselves more solidly established than that of the Emperor Napoleon.”

These communications were followed by a letter of withdrawal from the Emperor on the 12th, with which the curtain dropped on the demand for concessions of German territory. Four days afterwards the second act of the drama opens, involving Belgium. In a letter dated August 16th, brought to Count Benedetti from Paris by a certain M. Chauvy, which contained “le résumé le plus succinct et le plus précis possible” (“the briefest and clearest possible summary”) of his instructions, it is said :

“1. The negotiation must be of a friendly nature.

“2. It must be essentially confidential (and the persons are expressly named to whom the knowledge of it is to be confined).

“3. According to your prospects of success, your demands will pass through three successive stages. You must, in the First place, point out the essential connection between the questions of the boundaries of 1814 and the annexation of

Belgium ; you must require the cession of Landau, Saar-Louis, and Saarbrücken, and of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, in a public treaty, and demanded that Prussia shall make a secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, one article of which shall authorise us ultimately to incorporate Belgium. Secondly, if it appears to you impossible to secure these bases, you must give up Saar-Louis and Saarbrücken, and even Landau, that wretched old barracks (*vieille bicoque*) which German sentiment is attempting to set up against us, and confine your public treaty to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, and your private treaty to the incorporation of Belgium with France. Thirdly, if the complete and immediate incorporation of Belgium with France raises too serious difficulties, you must accept an article in which, in order to soothe away the opposition of England, you are to consent to make Antwerp a free town. But you must in no event allow the interference of Antwerp to Holland, or that Maestricht to Prussia. Should M. de Bismarck ask what advantages such an arrangement offers him, your answer will be simple ; he acquires for himself an important ally, he secures all his recent acquisitions, he consents only to the taking away of what does not belong to him—in return for the advantages which he wishes, he is not asked to make any important sacrifice. To sum up : an ostensible treaty which concedes at least Luxemburg to us ; a secret agreement for an offensive and defensive alliance, permitting us to incorporate Belgium in which it must be recognised as essential that Prussia shall expressly promise to stand by us, even to the extent of armed support—these are the bases of the treaty which you are never to lose out of sight.”

Benedetti replied to this instruction from Paris on August 23 in a letter which is all in his own handwriting, in which he submitted the sketch of the Treaty which he was charged to negotiate. This sketch is also in his own writing. It is now in the possession of the Foreign Office in Berlin, with the autograph side-notes of the emendations made in Paris. After these alterations it agrees entirely with the copy which Benedetti laid before the Minister-President, and which he published in the summer of 1870.

Benedetti's letter of August 23 begins as follows :

“I have received your letter, and I conform myself to the best of my abilities to the views it expresses. I send you my draft in this inclosure. I need not tell you why Landau and Saarbrücken

are not mentioned in it, for I am convinced that if we ventured to include them we should encounter insuperable difficulties, so that I have confined myself to Luxemburg and Belgium."

In another passage he says :

"As a matter of course it is a first draft that I am sending you, and we shall modify it if necessary."

The letter goes on in another place :

"You will notice that instead of drafting two agreements I have only sent you one. When I came to write it out I was compelled to recognise that it would have been difficult to express stipulations which could be published about Luxemburg. I might perhaps make the proposal to give Article IV., the one referring to Belgium, the form and character of an article in a Secret Appendix, by putting it at the end. Do you not think, however, that Article V. ought to be as little known as the contracting parties to it?"

A draft of the answer to this letter of Count Benedetti's lies in the Foreign Office, also written on official paper. It is obvious from it that Benedetti's draft was approved in Paris, but that it was thought necessary to take a little longer time to turn the matter over. It discusses the case of the King of the Netherlands requiring some compensation for Luxemburg from the territory of Prussia. The pecuniary sacrifices which the treaty may require are weighed. The view is put forward that the right of occupying the Federal fortresses according to former Federal Constitution was extinguished, and that their maintenance in Southern Germany was no longer reconcilable with the independence of the states there. They give up Landau and Saar-Louis, but they point out that it would be "an act of courtesy" if Prussia were, by razing the works in these two fortresses, to take away their aggressive character. It is pointed out at the same time that people in Paris regard the Unification of Germany as an inevitable eventuality which must come to pass pretty soon. Article IV. must not, however, be made absolutely dependent on Article III. It was obvious that the extension of the Supremacy of Prussia beyond the Maine would be to France a natural, almost a compelling reason for making herself mistress of Belgium. But other opportunities might arise—the exclusive right to judge of them must be claimed for her—perfectly clear and accurate expressions in the draft would preserve for France a liberty in this respect which might be very valuable.

It is repeatedly stated, clearly and precisely, that the acquisition of Luxemburg is the immediate, and that of Belgium the ultimate object of the agreement to be made with Prussia, but that this and the Offensive and Defensive alliance are both to be kept secret. The paper goes on to say :

“This combination puts everything right ; it relieves the strain of public feeling in France by giving it an immediate satisfaction, and by directing the public mind to Belgium, as this action naturally does. It preserves the necessary secrecy, both in respect to the project of alliance and the proposed annexations. Should they be of opinion that even the giving up of Luxemburg ought to remain a secret till the moment when we lay our hands on Belgium, you must combat this view by observations in detail. To put off the exchange of territory for a longer or shorter period of indefiniteness might involve a momentous acceleration of the Belgian question.”

At the end of the letter Benedetti is empowered, if he thinks it necessary, to go to Karlsbad for some time. Count Benedetti answered this letter on August 29th. It is at this time that he first expresses his doubt whether they could reckon on Prussia's sincerity in the transaction. He remarks that Count Bismarck had signified to him some doubt whether the Emperor Napoleon might not make use of such negotiations to produce ill-feeling against Germany in England. He remarks upon that, “What sort of reliance can we have on our side on people accessible to such calculations?” He mentions General Manteuffel's mission to St. Petersburg, and is afraid that “Prussia may have been looking out elsewhere for strengthening alliances, which may enable her not to face the necessity of reckoning with France. Prussia requires—as M. de Bismarck asserts that the King once said—an alliance with one of the great Powers. If they show themselves disinclined to France, it is because they have another already quite or very nearly ready.” In order to wait for light on the subject, Benedetti, thinks the moment opportune for him to go off for a fortnight to Karlsbad, where he will hold himself in readiness to return to Berlin on the receipt of any telegram whatever from Count Bismarck. During his absence, however, the Minister President also left and did not return till December.

The secret negotiations accordingly remained in abeyance for several months. They were re-opened later, on various occasions, always by Benedetti. In his book he says (p. 184), that

it is a mistake for M. de Bismarck to displace the negotiations about Belgium in the year 1866, and to put them in 1867 ; but the fact is merely this, that the French ambassador re-opened the negotiations interrupted in the previous year, and the representatives of Prussia took part in them only with the view to put off an attack from France, confining them, however, to Belgium alone after the failure of his attempt on Luxemburg. The attitude of France at the time of the dispute about the Belgian railways, taken along with what has been said, makes it seem not incredible that even at that time she had not given up the hope of procuring the consent of North Germany to her favorite project.

* * * * *

We return to 1870, and to extracts from the chronicle of our life in Versailles :

Sunday, November 6.—We learn in the morning that one of the air-balloons which recently escaped, after crossing the town, has fallen into the hands of our hussars at Chartres. The soldiers had hit it, so that it came down. The two aeronauts who were sitting in the car were made prisoners, and the letters and papers, which were confiscated, are to be sent on here for our perusal.

Monday, November 7.—The Chief orders me this morning to telegraph to London: "During five days of negotiation with Thiers, he has been offered an armistice on the basis of the military *status quo* for any length of time up to twenty-eight days, so as to hold the elections, which were to be allowed even in the occupied portions of France. Ultimately, he was offered permission and facilities for holding the elections even without an armistice. But after further consultation with the Parisian authorities, held in the outpost lines, he was not empowered to accept either. He insisted above all things that Paris should be re-provisioned, but he was unable to offer any military equivalent. This demand could not be granted by the Germans for military reasons, and yesterday M. Thiers had orders from Paris to break off the negotiations."

From other sources we learned the following additional particulars of the course of these events, and the present situation. The order reached Thiers in a short dry letter from Favre, which sent him back to Tours, whither he went to-day. He was very much depressed at the foolish stiff-neckedness of the Minister in Paris with which he himself could not sympathise, and which

seemed not to animate several of the members of the Provisional Government. Favre and Picard, especially the latter, are eager for peace, but are too weak compared with the others to carry their object. Gambetta and Trochu want no elections, as in all probability these would make an end of their domination. This domination is itself, however, on a very weak footing. It may be overthrown in Paris any day, and the provinces are also unsteady in their support. In the South, Marseilles, Toulouse, and a number of Departments no longer recognise the Government of National Defence, which is not Radical enough for them, that is to say, that it is not Communist. There and everywhere else, among all who belong to the propertied classes, the prospects of the Imperialist party are steadily improving.

At table, where we had Major von Alten, Adjutant-Major to the King, Count Bill, and Lieutenant Philip von Bismarck, the Minister's nephew, we talked of the delay of the bombardment, and the Chancellor declared the rumor now going the round of the newspapers, that he did not want it, while the military authorities were urging it on, to be thoroughly "unreasonable and inexplicable." "It is just the other way," he said. "Nobody urges and presses it more than I do, and it is the military people who do not want to begin. A great part of my correspondence is spent on the effort to remove the scruples and objections of the military authorities."

The conversation seemed to make it clear that the artillery still wanted more preparation, and that they thought they had not enough ammunition. Some one spoke of ninety wagon loads every day. At Strassburg, too, they had insisted on more than was really needed, and in the end, though they used up an enormous quantity of powder and shot, two-thirds of the accumulated ammunition was left over. Alten said that if we had occupied the forts we should have been exposed to the fire of the *enceinte*, and would have had to begin everything over again. "It may be so," said the Minister, "but in that case it ought to have been well known to them beforehand, for there is no Fortification with which we have been so thoroughly well acquainted from the time the war began as with Paris."

Some one said that two air-balloons had been caught, in the one of which two prisoners had been taken, and in the other three. The Chief said that there was no doubt that they must be treated as spies.

Alten said that they would be brought before a military

tribunal, and the Chief replied, "Then certainly nothing will be done with them." He then spoke of Count Bill's being so well in health, and so strong, and that at his years he himself had been slim and lean.

Tuesday, November 8.—A telegram was sent off in the morning to order the persons captured in the air-balloons to be sent on to a Prussian fortress, and then brought before a military tribunal, and further stating that the letters confiscated in the balloon car compromised diplomatists and other persons to whom communication with outside Paris had been hitherto allowed out of respect to their Position and their sense of honor. This communication, an article founded on these facts said, could no longer be permitted.

About half-past ten, when we were at breakfast, the Chief received a visit from an elderly gentleman wearing a silk cloak and a scarlet cap, with a scarf of the same color. He was Archbishop Ledochowski from Posen, and we should have liked to know whether his business was about the Pope's offer to intervene in our interests with the French Government. Probably they hope in that way to procure an intervention of the German Government in the interests of the Pope. The Archbishop stayed till about three o'clock, and after he left the Chief went off to the King. He dined afterwards with the Crown Prince, where the Grand Duke of Baden, who had just arrived, was also dining.

Wednesday, November 9.—A broken and cloudy day. I wrote an article. Then we read, marked, and made extracts from the *Times*, as usual. It was pleasant to come across passages in the *Kolnische* like: "The tooth of Time has peopled the walls with moss." A picturesque writer wrote: "The great ditch at Sedan, whose grey lips shut themselves down in thunder on the greatness of France." *Well roared, lion!*

In the evening L. tells us that Châteaudun has again been evacuated by our troops, and occupied by the vanguard of the French; and he believes he knows that there was a sortie of the Parisians to-day against the part of our line held by the Bavarians.

At tea the rumor was mentioned that the influence of ladies had contributed to put off the bombardment. After half-past ten the Chief came to us out of the *salon*, where he had been talking with the Bavarian general, von Rothmer, and had, it

appears, been discussing military questions in connection with the larger Unity of Germany, which is now in progress. He stayed perhaps an hour with us. When he sat down he called for a glass of beer. Then he sighed, and said, "I wished once more to-day, as I have often wished before, that I could say for even five minutes, this is to be or it is not to be. One has to bother about whys and wherefores, to convince people, to entreat them even about the simplest matters—what a worry is this eternal talking and begging for things!"

Hatzfeld asked, "Has your Excellency noticed that the Italians have broken into the Quirinal?" "Yes," said the Chief, "and I am curious to see what the Pope will do. Will he leave the country, and where will he go? He has already asked us to ascertain for him from Italy whether she would allow him to leave the country, and whether it might be done in a reasonably dignified way. We did so, and they replied that they would be careful throughout to respect his position, and would act in the same way if he determined to leave Italy."

"They would be very unwilling to let him go," said Hatzfeld. "It is for their interest that he should remain in Rome." The Chief said, "Certainly; but perhaps he may have to go, notwithstanding. Then where will he go to? Not to France, for Garibaldi is there. He does not wish to go to Austria. There is Spain, of course. I offered him to Bavaria. He thought for a moment, and then said, 'There is nothing left for him but Belgium, or—North Germany.' In fact, we have often been asked whether we could secure him an asylum. I have no objection to the Cologne or Fulda. It would be an extraordinary turn, but it would not be an unlikely one, and for us it would be a great advantage that we should appear to the Catholics as we really are, the only power in the present day willing and able to offer security to the supreme prince of their church. Then Stofflet and Charette and their Zouaves might at once go home. Every pretext for the opposition of the Ultramontanes would disappear; and in Belgium and Bavaria, too, Malinkrott would have to support the Government."

"People with lively imaginations, especially women, when they are in Rome, with the incense and the splendor of Catholicism about them, and the Pope on his Throne dispensing blessings, feel an inclination to become Catholics. In Germany, where they would have the Pope before their eyes as an old

man in want of help, a good kind gentleman, one of the bishops eating and drinking like the others, taking his pinch, perhaps even smoking his cigar, there would be no such great danger. And, finally, even if some people in Germany did go back to Catholicism there would not be much to grieve about, as long as they continued good Christians. People's confessions don't make the difference, but their beliefs. One ought to be tolerant." He developed these views further in the most interesting way, but I cannot reproduce it here.

Then we turned to other matters. Hatzfeld said that his Highness of Coburg had fallen off his horse. "Fortunately without hurting himself," added Abeken, who had just hurried in, with a happy look on his face. The Chief was tempted to tell us about similar misfortunes which had befallen himself.

"I believe," he remarked, "that if I say that I have fallen off my horse fifty times I am not up to the mark. To fall off your horse is nothing, but it is bad to fall with him, and to have him lying on the top of you. The last time I had that was in Varzin, when I broke three of my ribs. I thought then that it was all over. There was not so much danger as appeared, but it was frightfully painful."

"Once before, I had a remarkable tumble, which proves how people's power of thinking depends on the matter of the brain. I was on the road home with my brother, and we were riding as fast as the horses would go. Suddenly my brother, who was a little in front, heard a frightful crack. It was my head, which had knocked on the road."

"My horse had shied at the lantern of a wagon which was coming up, and reared backwards, and fallen with me, on its own head. I lost consciousness, and when I came out of this state it was only a half recovery, that is to say, a part of my thinking machinery was quite clear and sound, but the other half was not there. I felt over my horse, and found that the saddle was broken. Then I called my groom, ordered him to give me his horse, and rode home. When the dogs there barked at me—a friendly greeting—I took them for strange dogs, and was vexed with them, and scolded them. Then I said that the groom had fallen with the horse, and that he must be brought back on a litter. I was very angry when, on a sign from my brother, they did not carry out my orders. Did they mean to leave the poor man lying in the road? I did not know

that I was myself, and that I had got home, or rather I was myself and the groom at the same time. I then asked for something to eat, and went to bed. In the morning, after I had slept it off, I was all right. It was a singular case; I had looked at the saddle, had got myself another horse, and had done other things like that, everything, in fact, that was practical and necessary. In all this the fall had produced no confusion in my ideas. It is a curious example to show what different powers of the mind the brain accommodates. Only one of mine was benumbed for any length of time by the fall."

"I remember another tumble. I was riding fast through young brushwood in a great forest, a good bit away from home. I wanted to get on by a near cut right through the wood, but I fell, with my horse, and lost consciousness. I must have lain there three hours or so, insensible, for it was getting dark when I woke up. The horse was standing close by. The locality, as I told you, was quite away from our property, and unfamiliar. I had not yet properly recovered my faculties; but I did what was necessary here, too. I loosened the martingale, which was in two bits, put it in my pocket, and rode off by a way which, as I then understood, was the nearest—it crossed a river by a pretty long bridge—to a neighboring farm, where the tenant's wife ran away when she saw a big man ride up with his face covered with blood. But the husband came out and washed the blood off. I told him who I was, and that I had ten or twelve miles to ride to get home, that I was not very able to do it, and that I should like him to drive me over which he did. I must have stumbled forward fifteen paces when I came to the ground and tumbled over the root of a tree. When the doctor examined my hurts, he said it was contrary to all professional rules that I had not broken my neck."

Thursday, November 10.—Winter is upon us, and it has been snowing, with a rather low temperature, for several hours in succession. In the morning the Chief tells me to telegraph that there have already been calamitous results for the poor, and that more are to be anticipated from the Provisional Government's deliberate misappropriation of the funds of Savings Banks and of corporations for the purposes of the war. Afterwards I am to study for my own information the documents relating to the unsuccessful peace negotiations.

Thiers has put on record how he and the Ministers of France whom he represented understood the basis of the

armistice which was to have been made. Their line was as follows: The object of the agreement was to be to put an end as soon as possible to the effusion of blood and to summon a National Assembly, which, as expressing its wishes, would represent France before the Powers of Europe, and which might sooner or later conclude a treaty of peace with Prussia and her allies. The armistice would have to last twenty-eight days at least, twelve of which would be needed for summoning the electors, one for the voting on the candidates, five for the assembling of those elected in some place to be determined on, and ten for the validation of the elections and the constitution of a Bureau. The place of meeting might for the present be Tours. Free and undisturbed elections must be permitted, even in the districts of France at present occupied by the German armies. Military operations must stop on both sides, but both sides were to be permitted to bring up recruits, to undertake defensive works, and to construct camps. The armies were to be allowed to supply themselves by any means at their disposal, but requisitions must cease, "being a war measure which must necessarily stop with hostilities." The fortified places were to have liberty to re-provision themselves for the period of the armistice, in proportion to the numbers of the population and garrison shut in. With this object, Paris was to be supplied, by four specified railways, with cattle and various other necessities as follows: 54,000 oxen, 80,000 sheep, 8,000 swine, 5,000 calves, and the necessary fodder for these animals, consisting of 400,000 tons of hay and straw; 5,000 tons of salted beef, 10,000 tons of meal, 1,500 tons of dried vegetables, 100,000 tons of coals, 640,000 cubic yards of wood for fuel: the population of Paris being reckoned for the purposes of this calculation at 400,000 of a garrison, and 2,700,000 to 2,800,000 within the lines of investment.

These demands of the French were not to be listened to. If the Germans had conceded them, they would have given away the larger and better half of the advantages they had secured by great efforts and sacrifices during the seven weeks just past. In other words, they would have put themselves back in essentially the same position as on September 19th, the day when our troops completed the investment. We were to let Paris be supplied with provisions, though she was then suffering from want, and would soon be driven of necessity, either to endure a famine or to surrender. We were to give up our operations,

at the very time when Prince Frederick Charles's army had just been set free, by the fall of Metz, for further operations, which could be prosecuted with still greater effect. We were to sit still and permit the levies and the recruiting, by which the French Republic hoped to create a new army for itself in the field, to go quietly on while our own army was in no want of recruits. While we were asked to allow Paris and the rest of the French fortresses to re-provision themselves, we were to leave our army to supply itself without the requisitions permitted in an enemy's country. All these demands we were to concede, without our opponents offering us a single military or political equivalent—such, for instance, as the evacuation of one of several of the forts round Paris, as the price of allowing it to be re-provisioned; and without their putting forward any assured prospect of peace. To procure through the armistice a general election of a Constituent Assembly to restore order and establish a government such as all might recognize, the object which Thiers' memorial puts forward as the first thing to be got by it, would certainly be far more in the interest of the French than in ours. When we remember the inflamed state of the public mind in France, kept up by the continual stimulating proclamations of the Provisional Government, it is impossible to feel that there was any security for us. If the existing Government had really wished the elections, they could have obtained what they wished without the elaborate apparatus of an armistice.

With such proposals, it was useless for the Germans even to begin to treat. Everything must be put quite differently: and the Chancellor accordingly offered M. Thiers an armistice on the basis of the military *status quo*, to last for twenty-five to twenty-eight days, and which the French might employ in quietly calling their electors together, and in summoning the resulting Constituent Assembly. This itself was a concession on our side, all the advantages of which were with the French. If, as Thiers asserted, Paris was really supplied with provisions and other necessaries for several months—and this was scarcely doubtful about the one article of meal—it was not intelligible how the Provisional Government should have allowed the negotiations for an armistice, which at the worst prevented the French from making further sorties, to break down on this question of the re-provisioning of Paris. France would have had the immense advantage of confining the otherwise inevit-

able occupation of French territory, which the army just set free after the siege of Metz was preparing to accomplish, within a line of demarcation. Thiers, however, rejected this very liberal offer, and insisted on regarding the re-provisioning of Paris as the condition *sine quâ non* of an agreement. He was not even ultimately authorized to offer any military equivalent for it, such as the evacuation of one of the forts of Paris.

As we were going in to dinner, the Chief told us that the Minister of war was seriously ill. He was feeling very weak and had not been able to get up for fourteen days past. Afterwards he joked about the washing water in the house—"The occupants of the water pipes here seem to have their seasons like other people. First come the centipedes, which I don't like at all, with their hundred feet going all together; then there are the cockroaches, which I can't bear to touch, though they are harmless creatures enough—I would rather handle a serpent; then we have the leeches. I found a quiet little one to-day, which had rolled itself up like a button. I tried to develop him, but he would not move, and remained a mere button. At last I poured spring water over his back, when he pulled himself out as long and as fine as a needle and got away." We then talked of all sorts of simple dainties, none the less excellent on that account: herring, fresh and salt, new potatoes, spring butter, &c. The Minister said to Delbrück, who paid his tribute also to these good things, "The sturgeon is a fish which is not appreciated, though it is thought much of in Russia, and is getting more in favor with us. In the Elbe, for instance, about Magdeburg, it is constantly caught, but it is eaten only by fishermen and poor people." He then explained his own preferences, and came to talk of caviare, the different kinds of which he characterised with the feeling of an amateur. After a while he said: "How many points of resemblance there are between these Gauls and the Slavs! It struck me to-day again very forcibly, after the snow. The same broad streets, the same closely-packed houses, the same frequently flat roofs, as in Russia. Nothing but the green-onion looking church spires is wanting. And there are other points. The *verst* and the *kilomètre*, and the *ardschine* and the *mètre* are the same. There is the same tendency to centralisation, the same absolute identity in everybody's views, the same Communistic strain in the National character." He then spoke of the wonderful world of to-day, which turned everything that used to stand on its feet

upside down, and showed the most extraordinary displacement of relations." "When one thinks of it," he said, "that the Pope may perhaps end his days in a little Protestant town in Germany" ("Bradenburg on the Havel," interposed Bohlen) "that the Reichstag may be in Paris, the Corps Législatif in Cassel, that in spite of Mentana Garibaldi is a French general, that Papal Zouaves are fighting side by side with him;" and he enlarged a while longer on the same subject.

"To-day I had a letter from Metternich," he said suddenly. "He wants me to let Hoyos go in to bring out the Austrians in Paris. I told him that since October 25th they have been allowed to come out, but that we now let nobody whomsoever go in—not even a diplomatist. Nor do we receive any in Versailles, only I would make an exception in his case. He will then probably bring up once more the Austrian claims on the Confederation property in the German fortresses."

We spoke about doctors and the way in which Nature occasionally puts herself to rights; and the Chief said that once when he had been on a hunting party for two days, with the Duke of (I could not catch the name), he had been "all wrong there in his inner man." "Even the two days' hunting and the fresh air did nothing for me. I went the day after to the cuirassiers at Brandenburg, who had been getting a new cup" (I think he added that they were celebrating a jubilee). "I was to drink out of it first and *handsel* it, and then it was to go round. It might hold a bottle. I held my breath, drank it to the last drop, and set it down empty. I astonished them greatly, for they don't expect much from men of the pen. But it was the Güttingen way. The remarkable thing, though perhaps there was little in it, was that I was never so right inside as in the four weeks after that. I tried to cure myself in the same way on other occasions, but I had never again so delightful a success." "I remember too, once when we were with the Letzlingen hunt, under Frederick William IV., one of these puzzle bottles, of the time of Frederick William I., was emptied at a draught. It was a staghorn, so made that the drinker could not put the mouth of the horn, which might hold three-quarters of a bottle, to his lips, and yet he was not allowed to spill a single drop. I took it up and emptied it, though it was very dry champagne, and not a single drop went on my white wasitcoat. The company stared when I said, 'Another.' But the King said, 'No, there must be no more,' and the thing had to remain so."

“Formerly, feats of that sort were the indispensable passports into the diplomatic service. They drank the weak-headed ones below the table, then they asked them all sorts of things, which they wanted to know, and forced them to make all sorts of concessions which they had no authority to make. They then made them sign their names, and when the poor fellows got sober they could not imagine how their signatures got there.”

The Minister then remarked, though I forget what occasioned him to do so, that all the families in Pomerania which rose to the rank of Count died out. “The country cannot tolerate the name,” he added. “I know ten or twelve families with whom it has been so.” He mentioned some, and went on to say, “So I struggled hard against it at first. At last I had to submit, but I am not without my apprehensions, even now.”

When the roast came on, the Chief asked, “Is it horse?” One of us at the table said, “No, it is beef.” He said that it was very “odd that people won’t eat horseflesh unless they are forced to do so, like the people inside Paris, who will soon have nothing else left. The reason, perhaps, is that the horse seems to come nearer to us than any other animal. When he is riding, the man is almost one with the horse.”

“Ich hatt’ einen Kameraden
Als war’s ein Stück von mir.”

(‘I had a comrade, who was like a piece of myself.) It is nearest us in intelligence. It is the same thing with the dog. Dog-flesh must taste well enough, but we never eat it.” One of the gentlemen expressed himself unfavorably, and another said a word for dog-steaks. The Chief went on with his parable: “The liker anything is to us, the less can we eat it. It must be very loathsome to have to eat monkeys, which have hands so like men’s.” Somebody reminded him that the South American savages ate monkeys, and then we began to talk about cannibals. “Yes,” he said, “but that must have been commenced at first through hunger, and I believe I have read that they prefer women, who are, at least, not of their own sex. Man really does not care for the food of many animals, savage brutes, for instance, like lions and wolves. To be sure he likes bears, but they live rather on vegetable than on animal food. I can’t eat a bit of a fowl which takes on fat, not even its eggs.”

Friday, November 11.—This morning, to judge from the noise of a furious cannonade by Ballerjan (Valerien), coming from the

north-west, our friends of the 46th are in particularly bad temper, and seem to be spitting back fire and flame. On our side we are always the same tame set, without a bark in our voice. The chief tells me to telegraph the capture of Neu Breisach, and wishes me to speak to the English correspondent, Robert Conningsby, who has asked him for an audience as the correspondent of several newspapers. I was to tell him that the Chancellor regretted he had no time to spare. Then he handed me the Brussels *Indiscrète*. "There is a wonderful biography of me there, which is extremely comical. They would find it as true to my character as the pictures are to the text which they illustrate. Possibly something in it might be made use of for our own papers" (Frederick the Great also made lampoons on himself more accessible to the public).

At breakfast we learned that Orleans was again evacuated by our troops, and that the Bavarians there under von der Tann were 16,000. and the French 40,000 strong. "No matter," said Bohlen; "the day after to-morrow Prince Frederick Charles will be there, and the Gauls will be cut to pieces."

The Chief is not with us to-day. All day long we have changeable weather. Sometimes it is sleet or snow, then there is blue sky and the sun comes out. In the evening L. brings us the news that Hoff, the writer, who was formerly associated with him as editor of the *Nouvelliste*, has poisoned himself, and is to be buried to-morrow. He had been warned by the commandant of the town to leave Versailles immediately for having complained a few weeks before, in a letter to the *National Zeitung* from the seat of war, that the English correspondents were more favored at headquarters than the Germans—which, by the way, was the fact, though it was not our fault in the Rue de Provence. Hoff was the son of an eminent Baden member of parliament, and brother of the Düsseldorf painter. He wrote also in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, and in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and since 1864 always in a patriotic sense. The Grand Duke of Baden, to whom he had appealed, or the people about him, had said they could do nothing, and the poor fellow felt himself threatened with disgrace, and saw his means of livelihood cut off as he would lose his place as a correspondent by being sent away from here. When I told him the story the Chief remarked, "It is a great pity, but he was a fool for his pains; if he had applied to me he would have been let off."

Bohlen, who seemed in a particularly communicative mood to-day, told us several pleasant stories about the personages in the *Hôtel des Réservoirs*, ending with an anecdote of our Minister, which I may note, though I imagine that the story-teller has imported into it a little of his own, or I should rather say, given it his own tone. Be that as it may, the Count told us that a woman had come to the Minister at Commercy to complain that her husband had been put in prison for having struck a hussar in the back with his spade. The Minister looked pleasant, and heard her story out, and—said my authority—“when she had done, he said to her, in the kindest tone, ‘My good woman, you may take my word for it, that your husband—and he drew his fingers around his throat—will be hanged at once.’”

The new Imperialist journal *Situation* may have its faults, but it has some merits. What it said a few days ago about Garibaldi's intervention in this war, for instance, is perfectly correct. “Gambetta's presence in Tours,” it writes, “has inspired some confidence there. It is hoped that he may infuse a little activity into the defence. In the meantime the first act of the so-called young Dictator has made no particular impression. It is the nomination of Garibaldi as Commander-in-Chief of the *Francs-Tireurs* in the East. Garibaldi has never been regarded in France as a serious phenomenon. He will be looked upon as a general of the Comic Opera, and people are impatiently asking themselves, ‘Have we really fallen so low that we have to go to this political theatre-puppet for help?’ Under pretext of awakening enthusiasm and putting vigor into the nation, its self-respect is cruelly wounded. But it must be remembered that the people who have undertaken to govern us are advocates, fond of pompous discourses, high-sounding phrases and *coups de théâtre*. The nomination of Garibaldi is one of those stage effects which can be tricked out in effective language. In the mouth of the Government of the National Defence, it signifies the Union of Free Nations, the Solidarity of Republics. It is possible, however, that M. Gambetta, worried by Garibaldi's ways, and not liking his presence in Tours, where he might easily have become a cause of dissension, may have despatched him to the East, merely to get him out of his own road. We are very doubtful whether he will accomplish anything, but these people, who are never at a loss for an argument, say, ‘His is a name of glory,’ and think that that answers all objections.”

Saturday November 12.—A clear sky in the morning. The Chief is complimented with an hour's early military music. I am summoned afterwards to receive his instructions. I draw reports on the past history of Cluseret, the old soldier of the Red Revolution, who is now to organise the forces of resistance of the Southern Federation which is about to be created ; and I give him again the numbers of the French soldiers who have fallen into our hands as prisoners since the capitulation of Metz, so that the Chief may see them at a glance. Nearly 14,000 men surrendered at Schlettstadt, Fort Mortier, Neu Breisach, Le Bourget, Montereau, Verdun, and in several smaller affairs, and are now on their road to Germany.

Wollmann, who has just arrived, is at breakfast. At dinner we have Dr. Lauer with us. We have smoked salmon, Pomeranian goose-breast — an institution of Bucher's, who has had it as a love-gift from Rodbertus—Magdeburg sauerkraut, and Leipzig larks—probably also presents from home. The Chief is called away when the salmon is on the table. He goes back through the *salon* and comes back through the one door opening on the hall, accompanied by an officer in Prussian uniform, wearing a big beard, into the dining-room, through which they then go into the *salon*. We hear that the officer is the Grand Duke of Baden. After about ten minutes the Minister comes back to us.

We happened to speak of Arnim Boitzenburg, the ex-minister. The Chief said that he had been his own predecessor in Aachen. He described him as “amiable and talented, but disinclined for any steady work or energetic action.” “Like an indiarubber ball, which goes up and down, bounding and rebounding, always getting feebler, till it stops altogether. First he had an opinion, then it got weaker when he had to meet his own objections, then an objection to his objections occurred to him, till in the end there was nothing left, and the whole thing came to an end.” Delbrück said the son-in-law was a well-trained and ingenious man, but thought he was wanting in sympathy and energy. “Yes,” the Chief said ; “there is not much of the rocket at the back of *him*.” He added : “Otherwise he has a good head ; but his reports, this way to-day, that way to-morrow, often with two essentially different views on the same day,—there is no relying on him.”

From Arnim's want of ambition somebody took occasion to

bring us round to the subject of titles and orders, and Abeken took eager part in it as a connoisseur and amateur of these delicacies, sitting all the time bent in two, and with his eyes drooped, only casting a sidelong glance now and then in the direction of the Minister. The Chief said that his first decoration had been the medal of the Humane Society, for taking a servant out of the water. "I became an Excellency first," he said, "in the castle yard at Königsberg in 1861. I was one in Frankfort certainly; not a Prussian, but a Confederation Excellency. The German Princes had decided that every ambassador from a Confederated parliament must be an Excellency. However I did not concern myself much about it, and I have not thought much of these matters since. I was a man of rank without the title."

Sunday, November 13.—The Minister stayed in bed an uncommonly long time to-day, and he did not go to church. He appeared to be nervous and in bad form, perhaps a consequence of last night. Ate only his soup and a little *ragoût* with us before going off in his general's uniform, and with his helmet and several orders on, to dine with the King. In the evening he told me to contradict the false report in a South German paper, that Count Arnim had been on a visit to headquarters before he left for Rome.

I made a note the day before yesterday of an instance illustrating the way in which the French calumniate us. To-day I happened, in the newspapers, upon a collection of examples of their lying throughout this war. The compiler has sent the *Post* the sum total of the men whom the war has cost us according to the French bulletins. It is impossible to believe one's eyes when one sees what marvellous execution chasseur-pots and mitrailleuses have done among our troops. According to these reports we lost, up to the end of October, neither more nor fewer than about a couple of millions of men, and they include a crowd of distinguished and illustrious names. Prince Albrecht, Prince Karl, Prince Friedrich Karl, and the Crown Prince are dead, carried off by shots or illness. Treskow has been cut down; Moltke is buried; the Duke of Nassau died the death of a hero for his country though he has never happened to be in the field; the Chancellor of the Confederation fell shot, or cut down by sabres, trying to appease a mutiny among the the Bavarian troops; the King, tortured by his conscience for having brought the scourge of war on the "holy soil" of France,

has become insane. And these shameless liars presume, with no very striking wit, to call L.'s *Moniteur*, *Menteur*.

Monday, November 14—The Chief is not well, and not to be seen till dinner-time. At tea Hatzfeld tells us that the attitude of Russia causes him anxiety. She seems to wish to take the opportunity of the present war to annul the Peace of 1856, and serious consequences may follow. I wonder whether the Chief takes the same view?

From the numerous entries in the old papers one might conclude that the French had lost all political sense, and spoke only from passion and infatuation. Yet there are exceptions, possibly many, who not yet having taken leave of their five senses, are still in a condition to use their reason. A letter which is to be published in the *Moniteur* one of these days, expresses ideas which look as if the writer might be one of these exceptions. It is a little rhetorical, but the meaning is intelligible enough.

“How are we to get out of the blind alley into which France has run herself? A great country dismembered, split to pieces, paralysed by the government in possession, and even more so by disorders which are of its own making; a whole nation without a government, without a supreme authority, without a recognised central power, without a man who can represent it or who can speak for it—that is our situation. Can it go on forever? Assuredly not. But how are we to get out of it? That is the question every intelligent man is asking himself, a question put to us on all sides, and to which no answer seems to be forthcoming. But an answer must be found, must be found soon, and must be decisive.

“When we ask what authority is left standing after this terrible shipwreck, there is only one to which the country can cling, as its last hope—we mean the General Councils. They are the only authorities to which France can rally in her desperate condition, because at present they are the only authorities emanating from the nation. From their constitution, through the experience and social distinction of the men who are members of them, and their knowledge of the wants, the interests and the feelings of the people in each of the departments which they represent, and among whom they live, these bodies are alone in a position to exercise an undisputed moral influence on those from whom they received their mandate.

“But what part can the General Councils take in our present relations? It appears to me that their part is prescribed to

them by the position of affairs. Let them meet in each of our departments, and associate with themselves the deputies chosen at the last election. Let them use all possible means both in the departments still free, and in those occupied by German forces, to meet each other in different localities, and to come to a common understanding. Let them issue a distinct and intelligible proclamation appealing to the sober senses of the masses of the people. (And certainly it will not be easy to bring so many bodies to a single plan and a common profession of faith ; and it will, at all events, take some time.) Let a universal vote, an expression of the national will be asked for and organised. The nation, whose sovereignty is appealed to, has by three solemn decisions, set aside one government ; it belongs to it alone to say clearly what it has done, and, if necessary to choose another government. Who could dare to dispute its right ? Who could venture, without justification, to substitute himself for the country and to take upon himself to decide on the destinies of the nation without its instructions ?

“I know the objections that will be raised. I know well enough what difficulties and dangers this magnificent manifestation of the public will would encounter. But it must be made in spite of them, for there is no other way out. It is a sorrowful truth, but it must be spoken, for it is the fact. I am convinced that it is just in the departments now occupied by the Germans that the public will would find its fullest and freest expression. The reason is that the Germans have as deep an interest as we have in speedily obtaining an enduring peace, and that nothing but their presence will be sufficient to prevent agitators from falsifying through violence the free expression of the national will. As for the other departments—those parts of France where every element of disorder and anarchy is at present active and dominant—even there, I believe that the free expression of the national will, whatever it may be, is still possible. Do we not know that the agitators, the terrorists, the elements of destruction and intimidation are everywhere—yes, everywhere, even in Paris, their headquarters—in a contemptible minority (which however, is active and audacious, while the reasonable people, the friends of order, will venture nothing, and leave things to take their course), and that it has always sufficed to throw these people back into their original nothingness, when those who wish things to go in a well-ordered way choose to come forward to the front ?”

The article concludes: "If the nation cannot comprehend this momentous necessity, if in its apathy and dejection it can resign itself to despair, we shall have to bow our heads, confessing, not that we are beaten, but that we are annihilated, and the only hope of our salvation will be from some impossible miracle."

Tuesday, November 15.—The Chief is still out of sorts. Catarrh of the stomach, some call it, others say it is a bilious attack. "The people at Court have their things ready packed up to-day," Theiss tells us, and the news is confirmed at breakfast, with this addition, however, that Kanski may perhaps only be putting his subordinates to the test, and getting them in training for what may possibly be wanted.

For the time being matters between this and Orleans are not in the state we could wish. The Minister himself, when he came down to dinner with us, said that it was possible we might have to retreat, and evacuate Versailles for some time. An advance on us here from Dreux, in concert with a great sortie from Paris, is not out of the question, and even a layman can understand that a successful attempt of this kind, the consequence of which might be that not merely the Court and the general staff, but the most important pieces of our siege artillery might be in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, offers the only prospect of relief for Paris, and may consequently very well be in contemplation. He then told Hatzfeld, after reading through a despatch from Paris, to say that the Americans mentioned may get out, but the Roumanians, for whom a permit to pass through our lines had been also asked, are not to get it—he had his reasons, he said.

We are afterwards told that the pastor of Barwalde, in Pomerania, has sent a magnificent love-gift of six roast geese in tinned boxes, one for the King, one for the Crown Prince, one for the Chief, one for Moltke, and so on. We are living here every day much as if we were in Canaan. We get presents almost daily of smoked goose-breast, game, pasties, or noble sausages, and cigars, fine wines and brandies. The store-room is sometimes hardly able to hold the baskets, bottles, and casks, full of these and other supplies.

In the evening I read through several balloon letters. One of them, dated November 3rd—which will do for insertion in the *Moniteur* and elsewhere—was the expression of the opinion of a man of rank on the present situation in Paris. I omit the address and the signature:—

“MY DEAR JOSEPH,

“I hope you got my last letters all right. In the first of them I told you my forebodings, all of which have since been fulfilled ; in the second, I advised you of my arrival in Paris, for which I started when I learned that it would be attacked ; in a third I told you how nobody is less free than under the Government of Freedom ; how impossible it is to go out without risk of being set upon as a spy, and, lastly, how the common people seem to think they have the right to insult ordinary citizens, under the pretence that they are their equals. To-day I will give you my account of myself and the siege, although you probably are as well informed about the latter as I am.

“My business as a National Guard is certainly not always pleasant. I have often to be seven-and-twenty hours on guard on the walls, which involves the duty of marching up and down all night backward and forward, on the bastions, shouldering my musket. When it rains it is very disagreeable, and it is always tedious, the more so, that when I come back to the guard house, I have to lie down in straw full of vermin, and have every small shopkeeper, publichouse man, and servant in the quarter as my bedfellows. So far from being any good to me, my name and position do me harm by making them envious and jealous, and they do not try to conceal their feelings. If there is a nasty place, where our common straw is unusually filthy, or where it is always rained upon, it is assigned to me, on the pretext that no preferences must be allowed. But the feeling that I am doing my duty raises me above all these annoyances. What I like worst is having to mount guard in the neighborhood of the powder-mills inside the town. It seems to me that that is the duty of the new town police, who, by-the-way, do nothing at all, from fear of disturbing the comfortable repose of the inhabitants.

“I went at six the other morning in an icy fog to practise firing behind the polygon of Vincennes. Next day I had once more to get up at five to go to the Mairie, where my porter was to be elected corporal. Finally, on October 29th, I had to mount guard for seven-and-twenty hours in the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, which is now turned into a cartridge factory. I thought I had earned a little rest ; but suddenly the alarm-drum went through all the streets on the evening of the 31st, and I had to put on my uniform once more, and repair to the Hôtel de Ville. There we stood from ten at night till five the next

morning. I happened to be placed right before the famous door which the Mobiles tried to break in, some fifteen steps away. If they had succeeded, there would assuredly have been a fight just there, and I should have been hit for certain at the first volley. Fortunately some means were found of getting into the building by some underground passage, and we left it by the same way with a dozen balls, which however, hurt nobody, whistling after us, as a parting salute. Our battalion is always on the order of the day. It is the 4th, and its commandant is your colleague, M. I was fortunate enough to get safe through a day which will no doubt be famous in history, and to have contributed to its happy issue.

“On the evening before the day when the Committee of Public Safety met, I went about five o'clock, to the square before the Hôtel de Ville to get a little fresh air and exercise. I saw there a raging spouter, surrounded by a considerable crowd of people. He was stirring them up against the priests, and pointing to the Cathedral; ‘There,’ he said, is the enemy. Our foes are not the Prussians; they are the Churches, the Priests, the Jesuits, who demoralise and brutalise our children. We must pull down and destroy the cathedral, and make a causeway of the stones.’ All is quiet to-day, thanks to the cannon and the troops (Mobiles and National Guards), who line the whole road through the Champs Elysées up to the Tuileries.

“What a war, my dear Joseph! There is no precedent for it in the world’s history, for Cæsar took seven years to conquer Gaul when it was in a state of barbarism, and in three months we have been invaded and utterly ruined.

“It seems all over with the Imperial family. This makes one party the less, at any rate, and there may be some advantage in that.

“Till now I have not been compelled to eat horseflesh; but the beef is of a melancholy toughness, and the buffalo flesh, which comes from the Botanic Gardens, some of which was served up to me the other day, is not much better. I am quite alone here, which does not sound nice; but, thanks to music and books, to which I give all my spare time, I never weary.

“If there should be an armistice, and you can write to me, do not forget, for it is of great importance for me to learn what you think about all that is going on. I should like to give you some right again to honor the name of a French diplomatist, which has for the present become a laughing-stock.”

CHAPTER XI.

INCREASING ANXIETY FOR DECISIVE ACTION IN SEVERAL DIRECTIONS.

ABOUT the middle of November I wrote home: "It is still possible that we may get back before Christmas. From expressions attributed to the King in the last few days many think it likely. For my own part I don't put much faith in it, although everything is going well, and Paris will probably be reduced to meal and horse-flesh, in three or four weeks, and must accordingly 'sing small,' especially when Hindersin's big guns begin to assist to rapid decisions a government made reasonable by starvation. I can understand how our good friend S. finds the thing slow. Certainly the war makes no account of his comfort or that of those who feel with him. Let him possess himself in patience a while longer, like our soldiers, who have to wait for the end in hunger and dirt, while he and other fine people in Berlin lie on comfortable sofas and have their cups and platters full. These omniscient critics of the bar and the tap-room, with their eternal grumbling and fault-finding, are a queer sort, ridiculous and very unsatisfactory."

In all this there was certainly some truth. But when it became clear that the Parisians had been provisioned for longer than we believed, when the big guns of General Hindersin kept silence for weeks after, and the German question would not get solved in the way we wanted, the discontent, even in the house in the Rue de Provence, increased daily, while rumors that people who had no business to interfere were preventing the beginning of the bombardment gained greater and greater force week after week.

Whether these rumors were well-grounded I must leave an open question. It is certain, however, that there were other

causes also at work to prevent the bombardment beginning as soon as people wished, and that the effectual blockade of Paris itself was something unprecedented. Let me quote, for instance, what Major Blume said of it in 1871 :—

“Foreign military critics had declared the blockade of Paris absolutely impossible till it actually took place, and they had very good grounds for their opinions. When the inhabitants were first shut in, there were nearly 400,000 armed men in the city, some 60,000 of whom were line troops, and nearly 100,000 Gardes Mobiles of the city and the neighboring departments. The line and the Mobiles were armed with a chasseur, and whatever the defects of their military training, they were certainly capable of defending themselves behind walls and ditches, and, if properly led, of making dangerous sorties.

The fortified *enceinte* of Paris was 18 miles, the line connecting the forts, 34 miles, the line through the most advanced outposts of the besieging army, 50 miles long ; the direct telegraph line, which joined up with each other the headquarters of the several army corps, extended for not less than 90 miles. The German army, which completed the investment on Sept. 19, consisted of no more than 122,000 infantry, 24,000 cavalry, and 622 guns. The effective strength of the different divisions had been greatly reduced by the battles they had fought and their march as far as Paris. The Guards, for instance, numbered only 14,200, and the Fifth Army Corps only 16,000 infantry. Thus the investment of Paris was a bold undertaking, far more so than even the French used then to represent it, and a very little self-examination would convince them now how little right they have to comfort themselves with fine-sounding phrases about the glorious defence of their capital. For four long weeks there was only a single German foot-soldier per yard over the enormously long line of investment. Gradually the Eleventh North German, the First Bavarian Army Corps, and the relief troops melted in to fill up the gaps. The fall of Strassburg freed the Guards' division of the Landwehr, and at the close of October our two armies round Paris numbered 202,000 infantry, 33,800 cavalry, and 898 guns. Besides the strain of outpost duty, and the perpetual necessity of strengthening the line of investment, these troops had every now and then to spare strong detachments to sweep clear the immediate neighborhood of the besieging army. Taking all things into account, the number of the German troops directly engaged

in the investment of Paris hardly ever exceeded 200,000 men."

Blume proceeds to explain what he believes to have been the reasons why no attempt was made in September to take the city by assault, and why a regular siege was not opened against it afterwards. The forts and the *enceinte* which protected the city could not have been carried by storm. As to a regular siege, or even an artillery attack on single forts, the chief obstacle, apart from the numerical weakness of the troops who would have had to undertake it, was our great poverty in suitable siege guns. These could not be brought up till after Toul fell and the railway was opened to Nanteuil which was not till the last week of September. Nanteuil was still fifty miles from Paris, and after the railway up to it had been cleared for traffic, the first thing was to provide suitably for the health and comfort of the troops. Round Paris itself there were no stores or warehouse, little indeed but wine-shops. The army had to live from hand to mouth. Reserve magazines had to be organized and filled, and till that was done the siege guns had to wait. Even after the guns had got to Nanteuil, there was plenty of trouble. Nearly 300 cannon of the heaviest calibre, with five hundred rounds of shot and ammunition for each of them, "necessary as a first supply," had to be dragged fifty miles on waggons "over execrable roads." The necessary four-wheeled carts could not be collected in France, and long columns of ammunition waggons had at last to be brought from Germany. Through these causes and others Major Blume asserts that in December, when the preparations began for the artillery attack on Mount Avron and the forts on the south of Paris, the park of artillery was of very moderate strength. Besides the forty rifled six-pounders, there were only 235 guns, nearly half of which were rifled twelve-pounders. They were hardly fit, as Blume says, to do more than make a sort of moral impression on the city. But that, he adds, "was all that was wanted, and in the circumstances it was no use arranging for a regular siege, or for parallels of investment for the reduction of the forts."

"About the middle of January 123 guns were playing on the southern front of Paris. They threw into the city from two to three hundred grenades daily, sufficient to make every place on the left bank of the river 'lively,' and to drive most of the inhabitants from their houses. The actual material

damage was certainly trifling. After the fall of Mézières, however, a good many more heavy guns were placed in position, and the successes of our batteries in the north enabled us to prepare an attack of decisive moment against Saint-Denis, and to bring the northern half of Paris also under fire. The powers of resistance had, however, by that time been completely exhausted. Shortly after the last unsuccessful sortie on January 19, the city laid down its arms, and the armistice and peace followed in due course."

I return to the middle of November, and I shall leave my journal to speak for itself as much as I can.

Wednesday, November 16.—The Chief is still out of sorts. People attribute it partly to worry over our negotiations with several of the South German States, which seem once more to be hanging fire, and to his annoyance with the military authorities, who are supposed not even to have asked his opinion on several points which involved more than merely military questions.

After three o'clock I spent some time again with the officers of the 46th, who have been run from the outposts into this haven of rest for a few days, and are making themselves comfortable in the Château of Chesnay. H., who will now probably soon get his iron cross, tells us a pretty little anecdote of the last few weeks. In the struggle near Malmaison they had to get over a breach in the wall of a park, which, however, was still too high for him to climb without laying aside his drawn sword. He was in some perplexity, when he noticed on the other side a handsome, strapping French lad, who had been taken prisoner and disarmed. Calling him up he asked him to hold the sword. The lad laughingly did as he was told, returned him his weapon afterwards with a smile and a bow, and did the same good turn for the sergeant-major who was clambering up behind H. Naturally the soldiers would have shot the man down on the slightest sign of an inclination to keep the sword. These Gauls let themselves be taken prisoners now, H. thinks, without making any difficulty. The reason of this is no want of food in the Paris army so far. The deserter Zouave sergeant caught at the outposts at La Celle looked an extremely well-nourished person. Everybody here is eager and impatient for the beginning of the bombardment, and everybody maintains for certain that it has been so far prevented by some ladies of high station interceding that the city should be spared. To-day

people expected—from what signs or on what grounds I omitted to inquire—a great sortie of the Parisians. I tell them that such an attempt would have far fewer chances of success now than some weeks ago, as Prince Frederick Charles and his troops are already at Rambouillet.

Count Waldersee dines with us. The Chief again complains that the military authorities don't inform him of everything of importance that goes on. It was after repeated entreaties that he got them to agree to send him, at all events, what they were telegraphing to the German papers. In 1866 it was a different story. He was then summoned to every consultation. "And so I ought to be," he says; "my business requires it; I need to know all that goes on in military matters, so that I may be able to make peace at the right time."

Thursday, November 17.—After breakfasting with us, Del-Brück, who lived two or three doors away, towards the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, set out to-day for Berlin, where the Reichstag is to open its sessions. At breakfast we learned that Keudell had been elected, but that he would soon come back to us. Before breakfast I had looked through several French balloon letters, also a heap of Paris newspapers, and among them *La Patrie* of the 10th, with an interesting attack on the provisional government by About—saying pretty much the same thing as *Figaro* has been saying recently—the *Gazette de France* of the 12th, and the *Liberté* of the 10th. Afterwards I sent to Berlin a translation of the letter which the president of the Roman Junta has directed to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. In the afternoon we heard that Prince Frederick Charles had arrived at Orleans.

Alten and Prince Radziwill were the Chief's guests at dinner. Somebody said that there was a rumor that Garibaldi, with his 13,000 "free companions," had been taken prisoner. The Minister said, "That would be very serious; 13,000 Francs-tireurs, who are not even Frenchmen, made prisoners—why on earth were they not shot?" He complained once more that the military authorities so seldom ask his opinion. "There, for instance, is this capitulation at Verdun, which I should certainly not have advised. They have promised to give back the arms after peace is made, and the French magistrates are to order and settle everything meanwhile as they think proper. The first is a trifle, for in making peace we may stipulate that the arms are not to be given back. But 'as they think proper!'

Our hands are tied fast, and meantime they can go against us in everything and act just as if no war were going on. They might openly encourage a rising for the Republic, and according to the agreement we could not protect ourselves."

Somebody then spoke of the article of the Diplomatist in the *Indépendance Belge*, which prophesies the return of Napoleon. "No doubt," said the Chancellor, "if he has read the article, he is picturing something of the kind to himself. After all, it is not quite impossible. If he made peace with us he might return with the troops he has in Germany. It is something like our Hungarian legion on a large scale. He is really the regular government. After the restoration of order he would not need more than 200,000 men to maintain it. It would not be necessary to overawe the large towns with troops, except Paris. Perhaps Lyons and Marseilles should be made safe; but he could trust all the rest to the National Guard, and if the Republicans rose he could shoot them down."

A telegram stating what Granville had said about the Russian declaration respecting the Treaty of Paris was brought in, and the Prince began upon it at once. "It means pretty much this, that Russia claims the right to set herself free from a part of the Treaty of 1856, and on her own initiative takes what can only be given her by the collective powers. England cannot allow a pretension like this, which would make any and every treaty worthless. Future complications are much to be feared." The Minister laughs, saying; "Future complications! Parliamentary speeches! Risk nothing! The accent is on the word 'Future.' That is the sort of talk when people mean to do nothing at all. No, nothing is to be feared, as four months since nothing was to be hoped from these people. If at the beginning of the war the English had said to Napoleon, 'Don't fight,' this would never have happened." After a while he went on; "People have always said that the Russian policy is diabolically artful—full of shuffles, and quirks and dodges. It is nothing of the kind. Dishonest people would have made no such declaration; they would have gone on quietly building war ships in the Black Sea and waited till somebody asked them about it. Then they would have said they knew nothing about it, they had 'sent to inquire,' and they would have wriggled out. They might have kept that sort of thing up a long time in Russia, till at last everybody had got used to things as they were." Bucher said, "They have already three war ships in

the Black Sea built in Sebastopol; and if they were told, You can't have any here, they might answer that they really couldn't get them away, as the passage of the Dardanelles was closed against them in 1856."

The evening edition of the *National Zeitung* of the 15th, under the head of Great Britain, has notices of Regnier and his visits to us in Metz and to Eugénie. He is a well-to-do proprietor, married to an Englishwoman, and a friend of Madame Lebreton, one of the Empress's ladies, who escaped from France before the war. He seems a volunteer diplomatist, and as we had previously guessed among ourselves, he appears to have undertaken his rôle of mediator on his own prompting. At dinner the guests were Count Bray, the Minister von Lutz, and von Mancler, a Würtemberg officer. Bray is a tall, lanky man, with long, smooth-hanging hair plastered down the side of his head and behind his ears, clean-shaven all but a short poverty-stricken whisker, with thin lips, very thin hands and uncommonly long fingers. He says little, radiates a chill all around him, and certainly does not feel himself at home where he is. He might easily be taken for an Englishman. The usual Jesuit of our comic papers is very much his sort of figure. Lutz is the exact opposite, middle-aged, round, ruddy, with a black moustache, dark hair brushed high back from his forehead, with spectacles, brisk and talkative. Mancler is an uncommonly handsome young fellow. The Chief is very good-humored and sympathetic, but the conversation this time has no particular significance, turning mostly on beer questions, in discussing which Lutz was much interested, and gave us a great deal of information.

Sunday, November 20.—The band of a Thuringian regiment woke the Chief with a morning serenade. He sent them down something to drink. Afterwards he came out to the door, and took a glass in his hand saying: "*Prosit!* (good luck!) We shall drink to our speedy return to our mothers." The conductor asked him whether it would be long till that time. The Minister answered: "Well, we shan't spend our Christmas at home, though the Reserves may. The rest of us will have to stay here among the French. We have a great deal of money to get out of them. But we are sure to get it pretty soon," he added, laughing.

At dinner our guest was General von Werder, a long man with dark moustache, who is a Prussian Military Plenipoten-

tiary at St. Petersburg. Soon after he came in, the Chief said, with a look of gratification on his face, "It is possible that we may yet come to terms with Bavaria." "Yes," cried Bohlen, "something of the sort is already mentioned in the telegrams of one of the Berlin papers, the *Volkszeitung*, the *Staatsbürger-Zeitung*, or one of that kind." The Minister said, "I don't like that. It is too soon. After all, with the lot of respectable people who have nothing to do and who find things dull, there is little wonder that nothing can be kept quiet." Afterwards, I can't now recall in what connection, he happened to mention this anecdote of his youth: "When I was quite small, there was a ball or something of the sort given at our house, and when the company sat down to table, I looked out for a place for myself and found one somewhere in a corner where several gentlemen were seated. They puzzled over the little guest, and talked to each other about me in French: 'Who can the child be?' '*C'est peut-être un fils de la maison, ou une fi*' ('Perhaps it is a boy of the family, or a girl'). '*C'est un fils, monsieur*' ('It is a boy, sir'), said I, quite unabashed, and they were not a little astonished."

The conversation then turned on Vienna and Count Beust, and the Chief said that Beust was apologising for the uncivil note which had just appeared, declaring that Biegeleben, and not he, was the author. The conversation passed from him to the Gagerns, and finally to Heinrich Gagern, of whom people once thought so much. Talking about him the Chief said, "He lets his daughter be brought up as a Catholic. If he thinks Catholicism the right thing there is nothing to be said; but then he ought to become a Catholic himself. What he is doing is mere inconsistency and cowardice." "I remember that, in 1850 or 1851, Manteuffel had been ordered to try to arrange an understanding between Gagern's people and the Conservatives of the Prussian party—for as far, at least, as the King was willing to go on the German question." "He tried it with me and Gagern and one day we were invited to his house to supper for three. Politics at first were hardly mentioned. Then Manteuffel made some excuse and left us together. As soon as he had gone, I tackled Gagern about politics, and explained my whole position in a very sober and business-like way. You should have heard Gagern. He put on his Jupiter face, lifted his eyebrows, bristled up his hair, rolled his eyes about, fixed them on the ceiling till they had all but cracked, and talked at me with his

big phrases as if I had been a public meeting. Of course that got nothing out of me. I answered him quite coolly, and we remained as far apart as ever. When Manteuffel came back to us, and Jupiter had had time to disappear, Manteuffel asked me, 'Well, what have you made up with each other?' 'Indeed,' said I, 'nothing is made up. He is frightfully stupid—and takes me for a public meeting, the mere phrase-watering-pot of a fellow! Nothing is to be done with him.'

We spoke of the bombardment, and the Chief said, "I said to the King once more, so late as yesterday, that it was now full time for it, and he had nothing to say against me. He told me that he had ordered it, but the generals said they were not ready."

After a little the Chancellor asked his guest, "What may every visit to the Emperor cost you now?" I don't remember what Werder replied; but the Chief went on: "In my time it was always a pretty dear thing, especially in Zarskoje. I had always at that time to pay fifteen or twenty, sometimes five-and-twenty roubles, according as I went at the request of the Emperor or on my own account. In the former case it was dearer. The coachman and footman who had fetched me, the house-steward who received me—and when I had been invited he had his sword at his side—the runner who preceded me through the whole length of the castle to the Emperor's room, and that must have been a thousand yards, all had to get something. You know him, of course, the fellow with the high round feathers on his head, like an Indian. He certainly earned his five roubles. And I never got the same coachman to take me back again. I could not stand these drains. We Prussians had very poor pay—25,000 thalers (£3750) salary, and 8000 thalers (£1200) for rent. No doubt I had a house for that as big and fine as any palace in Berlin. But the furniture was all old, faded, and shabby, and if I count in repairs and other expenses, it came to quite 9000 thalers (£1350) a year. I found out, however, that I was not expected to spend more than my salary, so I eked it out by keeping no company. The French ambassador had £12,000 a year, and was allowed to charge his government with the expenses of all company which he could at all consider official." "But of course you had free firing, which comes to a good deal a year in St. Petersburg," said Werder. "I beg your pardon," answered the Chief, "I had to pay for that myself. But the wood would

not have been so dear if the officials had not made it dear. I remember once seeing a fine load of wood on a Finland boat; I asked the people their price, and what they named was very moderate. I was about to buy it, when they asked me (he said this in Russian) whether it was for the Treasury. I was imprudent enough to say not for the Imperial treasury, but (he again used the Russian words) for the Embassy of the King of Prussia. When I came back to settle and get the wood taken home, they had all run away. If I had given them the address of a merchant with whom I could have come to a private understanding, I should have had it for the third of what I should otherwise have paid. The——" (he used again the Russian word for the Prussian ambassador) "was in their eyes another officer of the Czar's, and they thought, 'No, when he has to settle with us he will say that we have stolen the wood, and throw us into prison till we let him have it for nothing.'" He went on to tell other stories of the way in which the Tchinovniks torment and plunder the peasants, and came round again to the wretched pay of the Prussian ambassador compared with the others. "It is the same thing," he added, "in Berlin: a Prussian Minister gets 10,000 thalers (£1500), while the English ambassador gets 63,000 (£9450), and the Russian, 44,000 (£6600); then he charges his government with the expense of all official entertainments, and when the Emperor stays with him he usually gets a full year's extra salary. No wonder we cannot keep pace with them."

Monday, November 21.—The negotiations with Bavaria don't yet seem to be quite concluded, but he hopes he has brought them to a good end on essential points. The way in which it has been managed is not to be made out from what one hears. It seems clear to me that the result is a compromise in which we have maintained what is essential and given way to the wishes and demands of others in everything else. No sort of pressure certainly has been put upon them. It is conceivable that the question whether Elsass-Lothringen is to be retained or given back, has constrained them to settle. Elsass-Lothringen can only be asked from France in the name of and for all Germany. The north has no immediate need of it, but to the south, as history can tell the Particularists, it is as necessary as daily bread. Bavaria is a sharer in the benefit. It is only through her complete union with the north, which will show

every consideration for all her wishes, that Bavaria can secure this wall of defence for herself in the west.

About one o'clock the Chief has a conference with Odo Russell, who was previously accredited from the Court of St. James's to Rome. He has probably to discuss with the Minister the pretensions of Russia in respect to the Black Sea. After three when the Chief goes to the King, I start with H. for the Hotel de Chasse, where we drink middling French beer among a crowd of officers and army doctors, and chat with the conversable landlady who dresses in black silks and manages her business from her pulpit-like throne. The Minister distributes among us a good many out of a parcel of three thousand cigars which he received, I believe, as a present from Bremen. I get my share. They are Prensados and excellent. The Chief is not with us ; we have Knobelsdorff as our guest.

Tuesday, November 22.—While we are sitting at late breakfast Lutz has a talk with the Chief in the salon. The latter opens the door once and asks, "Can any of you gentlemen tell me how many members Bavaria has in the Customs parliament?" I go to look it up in old *Weber's Illustrated Calendar*, but found no information in what is usually a good authority on such points. There must, however, have been forty-seven or forty eight. After three the Russian General Annenkoff spends nearly an hour and a quarter with the Minister. At dinner we have Prince Pless and a Count Stolberg. The talk runs on a great discovery of fine wines which were hidden in some hill or cellar in Bougival. It has been duly confiscated according to the rules of war, as it falls under the head of sustenance. B., who is our high steward, complains that none of it has come our way. And, indeed, on every occasion the foreign office is served as shabbily as can be. They seem to try to palm off the most inconvenient lodgings on the Chief, and to succeed pretty generally in finding them. "Yes," says he, laughing. "They certainly don't behave nicely to me. It is most ungrateful of these military people whose interests I have always defended in the Reichstag! They will find me a changed man soon. When I started for the war I was all for them, when I get back I shall be a complete parliamentarian." Prince Pless praises the Würtemberg troops, who make an admirable impression, and who come next our own men in soldierly bearing. The Chancellor agrees with him, but must put a word in for the Bavarians. It seems to gratify him particularly that they

make such short work in shooting down the Franc-tireur robbers. "Our North Germans go too much by the letter. When a bushranger of that sort shoots at a Holstein dragoon, the soldier flings himself from his horse, runs after the man with his heavy sabre, catches him and brings him to his lieutenant, who either lets him off or hands him over to his superior officer, who is sure to do so. The Bavarian knows better, and makes war in the good old way, not waiting till he has been shot at from behind, but shooting first." We have caviare and pheasant pasty on the table, the one provided by the Baroness von Keudell and the other by the Countess Hatzfeld; and Swedish punch is handed round.

Wednesday, November 23.—Early this morning I said to one of the councillors, "Do you know how matters are now getting on with the Bavarian negotiations? Will the affair be settled, do you suppose, this evening?"—"Yes" he said, "unless something new turn up; but any trifle might break them off."—"Do you know what was the point on which the negotiations nearly came to grief a short time ago?"—"You would never guess; it was the question of collars or epaulettes." As I was called away at the moment, I could not solve this riddle; but I learned afterwards that the question had been whether the Bavarian officers were in future to wear the mark of their rank, as hitherto, on their collars or on their shoulders, like the North Germans.

There was some talk about the Duke of Coburg, and afterwards about the aqueduct at Marly, which had not been touched by the guns of the forts; and then Prince Putbus spoke of a certain Marchioness Della Torre, who had, he said, had a somewhat stormy past, who liked campaigning, who had been with Garibaldi before Naples, had been staying here with us for some time, and was going about with the Geneva Cross. Somebody spoke of the picture which had been ordered from Bleibtreu, and another of the guests spoke of the rough sketch of a picture representing General Reille bringing Napoleon's letter to the King on the hill before Sedan. They said that the General was taking off his hat as if he was about to shout Hurrah! or Viva! the Chief remarked; "He behaved himself throughout with propriety and dignity. I had a talk with him alone while the King was writing the answer. He represented to me that we ought not to impose hard conditions on so large an army which had fought so well. I shrugged my shoulders. Then he said

that before they would give in to such conditions, they would blow themselves up sky-high with the fortress. I said, 'Do it if you like.' *'Faites sauter.'* Then I asked him whether the Emperor was quite sure of his army and his officers. He said, 'Certainly!' And whether his orders would still be obeyed in Metz. Reille said they would, and we have since seen that at that time he was right. If he had made peace then, I believe he would now have been a reigning sovereign; but he is—as I said sixteen years since, when nobody would believe me—stupid and sentimental."

About ten o'clock I went in to tea, and found Bismarck-Dohlen and Hatzfeld still there. The Chief was engaged with the three Bavarian plenipotentiaries in the salon. After a quarter of an hour or so, he threw open the folding-doors, put his head in, looked round kindly, and, when he saw that there were several of us, came up to us and sat down at the table with a glass in his hand. "Now," said he excitedly, "the Bavarian business is settled, and everything signed, *We have got our German unity, and our Emperor.*" There was silence for a moment. Then I begged to be allowed to take the pen, with which he had signed the document. "In God's name," said he, "Take all three of them, if you like; but the gold pen is not there." I went and took possession of the three pens which were lying beside the document, two of them still wet. (W. afterwards told me that the one the Chancellor had used was that with feathers on both sides.) Two empty champagne bottles stood on the table. "Bring us another," said the Chief to a servant, "it is a great occasion." After musing a little, he remarked, "The newspapers won't be satisfied, and a historian writing in the ordinary spirit may very likely condemn our convention. He may say [I am giving his exact words, as I always do where I use quotation marks], "The stupid fellow might easily have asked for more; he would have got it; they would have had to give in to him; his might was his right." I was more anxious that these people should go away heartily satisfied. What are treaties worth which people are forced to sign? I know that they went away satisfied. I don't want to press them, or to take full advantage of the situation. The convention has its defects, but it is the stronger on account of them. I count it the most important thing which we have accomplished during recent years." . . . "As for the Emperor, I reconciled them to that during the negotiations by representing that it would

be much pleasanter and easier to concede certain points to the German Emperor than to the neighboring King of Prussia." . . . Afterwards, over a second bottle which he drank with us and Abeken, who had come in, in the meantime, he began to talk about his death, and mentioned the exact age at which it would happen. . . . "I know it," he said, when somebody remonstrated, "it is a mystic number."

Friday, November 25.—Before breakfast, I telegraphed the capitulation of Thionville, which happened during the night. I prepared for the King's reading an article in the *Neue Freie Presse*, describing Granville's note as feeble and colorless, and I took care that all our newspapers should reproduce the telegrams of July last, assuring Napoleon of the concurrence of the French people in the declaration of war he then sent us.

In the afternoon I spent an hour with W. in the gallery of historical portraits in the château, which of its kind is of the greatest value, and which includes a very interesting half length of Luther. Afterwards we had a walk through the principal streets of the town to the two chief churches, and to Hoche's monument. We met, as usual, crowds of priests, nuns and monks, and marvelled at the number of wine-shops and coffee-houses which supply Versailles. One of these establishments is called the "Smoking Dog" (*Au chien qui fume*), a dog with a tobacco pipe in his mouth being painted on the signboard. The people at the door-steps, and especially the women, were everywhere polite. The newspapers say that mothers and nurses turn their backs when a German pats a child on the cheek. I have never seen anything of the kind; on the contrary, they were always quite pleased, and said, "*Faites minette à monsieur!*" ("Curtsey to the gentleman"). No doubt, the upper classes are seldom seen in the streets, and when they do appear the ladies are in mourning—for the misfortunes of their country, of course—and because black is becoming.

Saturday, November 26.—Wrote several articles; one on the extraordinary list of honorable mentions by Trochu in the *Figaro* on the 22nd. The Chief read out to me portions of passages which he had marked in pencil, saying, "Many of the heroic deeds of these defenders of Paris are such commonplace affairs that Prussian generals would never think them worth mentioning. Some of them are mere brag; others manifest impossibilities. Trochu's heroes have made more prisoners, if

you count them up, than the French have done altogether during the whole siege of Paris. Captain Montbrisson distinguished himself by marching at the head of an assaulting column, and getting himself lifted over a park-wall to make a reconnaissance—as it was his bounden duty to do. Then you have the farce of a soldier called Gletty, who made three Prussian prisoners—*par la fermeté de son attitude*. It was the firmness of his attitude which brought our Pomeranians to their knees! It might be all well enough in a Paris theatre on the Boulevards, or in a circus, but fancy it in real life! Then there was Hoff, who killed neither more nor fewer than seven-and-twenty Prussians in different single combats. This three-times-nine man must certainly be a Jew, perhaps the cousin of Malzhoff in one of the Wilhelmstrasses. At all events he is a *miles gloriosus*. Lastly, we have Terreaux, who captured a *fanion* (color) along with the staff to which it was fastened. Properly speaking that is the color of a company, which we do not have in Germany. Such is the stuff a commander-in-chief publishes officially. The list of honorable mentions reminds me of the battle-pieces of "Toutes les Glories de la France" (in Versailles), where every drummer-boy from Sebastopol and Magenta has had his portrait taken for beating his drum.

Count Schimmelmänn (a light blue hussar, with a face of a somewhat Oriental type, apparently in his last twenties) and Hatzfeld's brother-in-law (a brisk and self-confident American) were the Chancellor's guests to-night. He said to us: "I was yesterday the victim of a whole swarm of mishaps, one after the other. First, I was to have had a conversation with Odo Russell, who had important business. I sent him a message to wait a couple of minutes for me, as I was occupied with another pressing matter. After a quarter of an hour I came out, and found him gone, and the peace of Europe may perhaps have depended upon it. Then about twelve I got off to wait on the King, and fall by the way into the hands of —, who compels me to listen to a letter, and holds me prisoner a long while. In that way I lose a whole hour, during which telegrams of great importance ought to have been despatched. The people concerned may perhaps not have got them to-day at all, and decisions may have been come to and relationships established in the meantime which may have very serious consequences for the whole of Europe, and may completely alter the political situation. All this happened," he said, "because it was a Friday."

Afterwards he asked, "Have any of you gentlemen told the Mayor to provide properly in the Trianon for the King of Bavaria?" Hatzfeld replied that he had himself seen the Mayor about the matter. The Chief replied, "Excellent; I hope he will come. I never imagined that I should have to play the part of house-steward of the Trianon. What would Napoleon I. and Louis XIV. have said to that?" Somebody remarked that the American spiritualist, Home, had been here several days, and had been invited to dine with the Crown Prince. Bucher described him as a dangerous man, and added that he had been condemned in England for some underhand business about a legacy. After dinner he told me that, according to the newspapers, Home had some time ago swindled a legacy in his own favor out of a rich widow, that the lawful heir had prosecuted him, and that he had ultimately been condemned by the court to pay a large sum in damages. It was to be feared that he had been sent here now by somebody to influence important personages to our injury, and Bucher said he would try to induce the Chief to get the fellow turned away.

Sunday, November 27.—In the morning we received the speech made at the opening of the Reichstag. I sent it immediately to L., so that he might translate it and get it printed in the newspapers. After twelve, Russell appeared again. The Chief asked him to wait for ten minutes, and spent that time walking up and down with Bucher in the garden.

Count Lehdorf and a Bavarian officer (Count Holnstein) a handsome, straight-built man, with a full red face and a pleasant open manner, apparently, we thought, about thirty years of age, were at dinner. I hear that he is the Master of the Horse to King Ludwig, and one of his confidants. The Chief spoke first about the Russian affair, and said: "Vienna, Florence, and Constantinople have kept quiet about it so far; but Petersburg and London, which have spoken, are the important places. It will all come right in the end." Then he told several anecdotes of his sportsman's life—of chamois-hunting, "for which he has not breath enough now;" of the heaviest wild boar he had killed, "the head alone weighed between 99 and 101 lbs.;" and of the biggest bear he had shot.

After dinner, at which we always smoke, the Minister gives us each a big, full-flavored, first-rate cigar, saying, "Pass the bottle." His grateful countrymen have recently been particularly mindful to supply him with cigars, and on his sideboard

stands box upon box of weeds, so that, God be praised, he has enough of what he likes in that way.

L. told us that Home left yesterday, if I understood him rightly. He has ordered the *Moniteur* to be sent after him to London, having subscribed to the paper for a month. Perhaps this and the whole affair of his journey to our head-quarters may have been only a ghostly spiritualist hocus-pocus ; but it looks suspicious that this Cagliostro from Yankee-land should have asked whether he might speak to the son of Worth, the great London tailor, who "lets duchesses wait in his salon," and who was caught in one of the balloons. It is said that Home will come back again.



CHAPTER XII.

THE DIFFICULTY IN THE REICHSTAG ABOUT THE CONVENTION
WITH BAVARIA REMOVED—THE BOMBARDMENT PUT OFF.

MONDAY, *November 28.*—Early in the morning I telegraph the capitulation of La Fère, with 2,000 men, and the victory of Manteuffel on the Somme at Ladon and Maizières. Afterwards I prepared an article on the Convention, with Bavaria. The Chief asks about Home, and I tell him that he is gone, but is expected back. He orders me to write at once to the military authorities that if Home returns without a permit, he is to be immediately put in prison, and word brought to the Chief. If he appears with a permit, he is to be watched as a treacherous spy and swindler, and his arrival reported at once to the Minister.

In the afternoon Bucher and I made a carriage excursion to St. Cyr; Prince Pless and Count Maltzahn were with us at dinner. The Minister spoke, first of all, of the American spiritualist, and told us what he thought of him, and what he had arranged to have done about him. Bohlen said: "And you know, too, that Garibaldi also has taken himself off." Somebody said: "If we could catch him he ought to be shot, for he had no business to shove himself into this war." "He should first be put in a cage and exhibited publicly," said Bohlen. "No," said the Minister, "I would try another plan. I would send the prisoners to Berlin, with bits of pasteboard round their necks, and the word 'Gratitude' printed on them. After which they should be shown through the town." Bohlen said: "And then to Spandau." The Chief answered, "Or you might write on the card 'From Venice to Spandau.'"

Afterwards we talked about Bavaria, and the situation in Munich. Somebody, in what connection I don't recollect, once more referred to the circumstances of Reille's appearance at

Sedan, and it seemed as if the King then expected more from the letter of the Emperor Napoleon, as, indeed, according to what the Minister said once before, he had been justified in doing. The Emperor ought not to have surrendered himself a prisoner there with no object; he should have concluded peace with us. The generals would have stood by him. Then we talked about the bombardment, and, in connection with it, of Bishop Dupanloup and his present intrigues, and afterwards of the part he had played in the opposition at the Council. "I remember," said the Chancellor, "that the Pope read a very clear letter to the French Bishops, or to several of them, ordering them not to mix themselves up with the Garibaldians." Somebody said that something lay very much at his heart. The Chief answered, "What is nearest my heart just now is what may be going on at the Villa Coublay. If they would give me the command-in-chief for four-and-twenty hours, and I were to take the responsibility on myself, I should give you just one order—'Fire!'" The Villa Coublay is a place not very far from here, where the siege artillery is collected in a park, instead of being brought into the forts and batteries, and the Chancellor has made the most urgent representations to hasten the bombardment. "You have 300 guns, all told," he went on; "and fifty or sixty mortars, and for every piece you have five hundred rounds—surely that is enough. I have spoken to artilleryists who say that at Strassburg they did not use half of what is already piled up here, and, compared with Paris, Strassburg was a Gibraltar." "Perhaps you might have to fire some Barracks in Mont Valérien, and overwhelm Forts Issy and Vanvres with your grenades, so as to clear them out. The *enceinte* is very weak, and the ditch no bigger than the length of this room." "I am convinced that if we could throw grenades for four or five days into the town itself, and they once saw that we can fire further than they can, namely, 9,000 yards, they would sing small in Paris. No doubt the fine quarters lie on this side of the town, and the people in Belleville would not care a straw though they were all wrecked. Indeed, they would rub their hands over the destruction of the houses of the rich." "We might certainly have left Paris alone, and gone further, but now that we have begun it we must put it through. The plan of starving them out may take a long while yet, perhaps till the beginning of the year. They have certainly meal up till January. If we had only begun the bombard-

ment four weeks ago, we should in all probability have been by this time in Paris, which is the vital point. As it is, the Parisians fancy that London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna are keeping us from firing, and the neutral Powers believe, in their turn, that we can't do it. Some day, however, the real reasons will be revealed."

In the evening I telegraphed to London that the Reichstag had again voted a hundred million thalers (£15,000,000) towards the prosecution of the war with France, and that eight social democrats only voted against it, also that Manteuffel had occupied Amiens. Afterwards several articles were prepared, one to defend the Chancellor and explain how satisfactory his position had been in the negotiations with Bavaria, and how much had been due both to his moderation and his sagacity. The vital point, as I said, was not that any particular concession should be got out of the Munich people, but that the South German States should feel at home in the organization of the new German State. Any pressure or constraint to extract further concessions from them would be ingratitude, especially as they have fully discharged their patriotic obligations. It would, besides, be bad policy to press any more urgent claims on our allies. The discontent which would be the inevitable consequence would do us far more harm than half-a-dozen slightly improved paragraphs in a treaty could ever do us good. It would at once reveal to the neutral powers, Austria and the rest of them, the place where a wedge might be driven home, which might loosen and in the end split to pieces the unity just realized.

Tuesday, November 29.—In the morning the mouths of the French cannon growled out to us a savager salute than ever, while I have the gratification to telegraph new triumphs of the German arms. Yesterday, for instance, Garibaldi had severe losses at Dijon, and Prince Frederick Charles's troops defeated the more numerous French army opposed to them at Beaune la Rolande. When I laid the second of these telegrams before the Chief, he said, "To say many hundred prisoners is to say nothing; many hundreds means at least a thousand. To put our loss at a thousand men, and say nothing more of the enemy than that he sustained severe losses, would be a piece of clumsiness of which we ought to have too much sense to be guilty. I beg you in future to make up your telegrams more carefully."

At breakfast we learn that the thunder of the cannon was to

support a sortie of the Parisians in the direction of Villeneuve, where the Bavarians are, which was repulsed. A few shots were still to be heard from the forts as late as one o'clock. Something more seems to have been expected, for several batteries are standing ready to start, on the Avenue de Saint-Cloud.

In the afternoon I sent off another article on the convention with Bavaria, which is to be reproduced in various forms in Berlin. A grudging dissatisfaction seems to be the prevailing mood there. Afterwards I ran off to the little place at Chesnay, where my lieutenants are having all sorts of fun. I found them, for instance, singing the song of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne.

We had Lieutenant-Colonel von Hartrott at dinner. The conversation turned on the distribution of the Iron Cross, and the Chief observed, "The doctors ought to have it on their black and white sashes; they are under fire, and it takes much more courage and sense to let yourself be shot at without doing anything than to go with a storming party." Blumenthal said to me that he at any rate could not earn one, for it is his duty to keep himself out of danger of being shot. Accordingly he always looks out for a place from which he can have a good view of everything, with very little chance of being hit; and he is quite right; a general who exposes himself needlessly ought to be put under arrest. We talked next of the handling of the army, and he said, "Modesty and moderation are the only things to ensure victory; conceit and insolence bring certain defeat." Then he asked Hartrott whether he was a Brunswicker. "No," he said, "I am from the district of Aschersleben." "I make out from your accent," said the Minister, "that you came from the Harz, but not from which side." Aschersleben suggested Magdeburg, which reminded him of his friend Dietze, of whom he said, "He is the most estimable man I know, his house is the pleasantest and most comfortable for a visitor I have ever been in. There is good hunting and capital keep, and his wife is perfectly charming. Then he is full of that genuine native heartiness—the *politesse de cœur*—nothing made up. What a difference between the hunting party given by a man who goes out without a gun. and whose delight it is to see his friends shoot well, and one where it is perfectly understood that the master is to have most of the shooting, and that bad temper and swearing at the servants are a matter of course, if he does not get it." Abeken wondered

whether *politesse de cœur* was native French or imported. "Not a doubt," said the Chief, "that the phrase was borrowed from us. The thing itself exists only among the Germans. I should call it the courteousness of good-will and of kindly feeling in the best sense of the word—the courteousness of a man inclined to be helpful to one. You come across it among our common soldiers, often certainly in the clumsiest forms. But the French have none of it; their courteousness is begotten only of hatred and envy." He went on to say that the English had something of the sort, and praised Odo Russell, whose natural and straightforward ways were thoroughly to his liking. "One thing only made me at first a little suspicious of him. I had always heard, and my own experience had confirmed it, that an Englishman who could speak good French was a doubtful character, and Odo Russell speaks French quite admirably. But then he speaks German just as well."

As a dessert he said, "I see that I eat too much, or perhaps too much at a time. I can't get out of the stupid habit of eating only once a day. Some time ago it was even worse. I used to drink my cup of tea early in the morning, and tasted no food at all till five o'clock at night. I smoked 'even on,' and it did me a great deal of harm. Now my doctors make me take at least a couple of eggs in the morning, and I don't smoke much. But I ought to eat oftener, only if I take anything late I am kept awake all night digesting it."

In the evening I had again to telegraph the news of our victory at Beaune, the French attempt to break through in the direction of Fontainebleau, with the bulk of the Loire army, having been utterly baffled. Afterwards I was directed to send off a telegram to the War Ministry in Berlin, requesting them to issue letters of caption, and to send them to us for publication in the French papers, after all the French officers who have broken their parole and made their escape from captivity, a practice which is becoming alarmingly frequent among these gentlemen. Afterwards he showed me a report from an adjutant of Kératry, the commander of the Breton army, on the absurd and theatrical pardoning of a soldier, which I was told to reproduce, with a little commentary, in our *Moniteur*, and which I give here as a specimen of the way in which these new-fangled dilettanti officers show off, and how they get themselves noticed and praised in the newspapers. A few days ago, Count Keratry authorized the following publication:—

"CAMP DE CONLIE, November 18, midnight.

"The General commanding (Keratry) authorizes me to send you the following despatch: 'This was a day never to be forgotten in the army of Brittany. A soldier who had been condemned to be shot at two o'clock was pardoned. He had been guilty of great insubordination to the Commandant of the Camp, General Bonedec. Since his condemnation, the army chaplain and officers of the General staff had interceded on his behalf. General Kératry's answer was that it was out of his power to pass the thing over. Accordingly all the troops in camp were gathered about one o'clock to-day, to be present at the execution of the sentence. About two, everything was in readiness. The condemned man stood between two field chaplains, expecting every moment would be his last. He had shown considerable fortitude the whole day, as he knew that there was no longer the faintest hope of pardon. At the appointed hour, the sentence was read before all the troops. Then came the first rattle of the drum: at the second all would be over. The coffin was ready, and the grave dug. It was a frightful moment. Just when the last signal was to have been given, Monsieur de Kératry stepped forward, cried 'Halt!' and in a clear ringing voice said (really just as in a genuine melodrama), 'Officers and men of the army of Brittany! One of our soldiers guilty of an act of insubordination, has been sentenced to death by court-martial; I grant him a free pardon; but in future every offence against discipline will be punished without mercy. I hope that this lesson may be sufficient to prevent any offence against the Articles of War or disobedience to the orders of your officers, and that I shall be rewarded for my leniency by a discipline beyond reproach. That justice may be impartial, I remit all the other sentences at present in force.' This speech was received with tremendous acclamations, and shouts of 'Vive Keratry' (just as in the theatre). The officers of the general staff who had asked for the man's pardon, were deeply touched. All the troops then marched past the General commanding; and although ordered to march in silence they kept shouting 'Long live Kératry!' In the evening the officers of the general staff expressed their gratitude to the Count. His gracious act has made a deep impression on the soldiers. The result will, I hope, be that they will give him a confidence never to be shaken."

The ludicrously theatrical nature of the people at present in authority in France could not be better illustrated than by the publication of such a document. The brave French soldiers who have to fight for the maintenance in power of such stage heroes, are much to be pitied.

After ten o'clock the French began another furious cannonade from their forts, with what object, nobody can make out. At tea, when the Chief was with us, fuller favorable accounts came in of yesterday's battle. We then spoke of the delay of the bombardment—a subject coming every day more prominently into the foreground—and of the Geneva Convention, of which the Chief remarked that we must tolerate the thing, but that it was nonsense, and that war could not be carried on that way. It appears that Delbruck has not telegraphed quite distinctly what are the prospects of the arrangements with Bavaria being carried in the Reichstag. It seems as if the Reichstag could not make up its mind to decisive action, and the convention concluded at Versailles were to be attacked both by the Progress party and the National Liberals. The Chief said: "As for the Progress fellows, they are quite consistent. They would like us back in 1849. But these National liberals! If they will not take what at the beginning of the year they were struggling for with all their might and what they may now have by putting out their hand, we must dissolve their Reichstag. The Progress party would be weakened by a new election, and several of the National Liberals would not come back either. But the convention would for the present be torn to pieces. Bavaria would reconsider her position; Beust would stick his finger in the pie, and nobody knows what might happen. I can't well go off to Berlin. It is very inconvenient, and takes up a good deal of time when I am really wanted here." In this connection he spoke also of the state of matters in 1848: "At that time things looked well for a time for a union of Germany under Prussia. The little princes were mostly powerless and in despair. If only they could have had a good deal of property secured to themselves—domains, appanages, &c.—most of them would have willingly consented to everything else. The Austrians had their hands full with Hungary and Italy. The Emperor Nicholas would, at that time, have made no protest. If before May, 1849, we had put our backs into it, been decided, and settled up with the minor princes, we might have had the south, for

the armies of Bavaria and Würtemberg were inclined to side with the revolution in Baden, which at that time was not an impossibility. But time was lost through delays and half measures, and the opportunity was gone."

About eleven a telegram came in from Verdy about the sortie this morning. It was directed against La Haye, and about five hundred red-breeches were taken prisoners. The Chief complained bitterly that they would go on taking prisoners, instead of shooting them down at once.

"We had more than enough prisoners," he said, "already, and the Parisians were relieved of so many 'consumers,' whom we should have to feed and for whom we had no room."

Prince Putbus and Odo Russell dined with us, and the Prince told us of the only time he had made an attempt to speculate in stocks on the strength of his knowledge of state secrets and of the bad luck he had had of it. "I had been charged," he said, "to talk over the Neuenburg (Neufchatel) business with Napoleon, in the spring of 1857, I believe. I was to ascertain his attitude, and I knew that he would express himself favorably, and that that would point to a war with Switzerland. On my way through Frankfort, where I then resided, I went accordingly to see Rothschild, whom I knew personally, and told him to sell out a certain stock which he held for me, as it would certainly not rise. 'I should not advise you to do it,' said Rothschild, 'the stock has good prospects, and you will see that soon.' 'Well,' said I, 'if you knew what I know, you would think differently.' However that might be he said, he should not like to advise selling out. Of course I knew better, so I sold my stock and went off. In Paris, Napoleon was quite clear and very amiable. He could not accede to the King's wish to be allowed to march through Elsass and Lothringen, as that would have roused too much feeling in France. Otherwise he entirely approved of the enterprise, and it would give him nothing but gratification to see that Democrats' nest routed out. So far I had succeeded perfectly. But I had not calculated on our own policy in Berlin, which had meanwhile shifted in another direction—probably in view of Austria—so that the thing was given up; there was no war, the stock kept steadily rising in the market, and I could only regret that it was no longer my property."

Then we spoke of the bombardment, of the Villa Coublay, and of what seemed the impossibility of getting the necessary

ammunition forward quickly. The Chief said, "I have told the gentlemen twice over that we have lots of horses, which have every day to be exercised to keep them in health, and which might surely be employed for once in another way. . . ."

Somebody told us that the Villa Caffarelli had been purchased for our embassy in Rome, and Russell and Abeken said it was a very handsome one. The Chancellor said "Yes indeed, and we have some fine houses in other places, as, for instance, in Paris and London. But according to our continental ideas, the latter is too small. Bernstorff has so little space that when he receives or is at work, or has any grand affair on, he has to get his room cleared out for it. His Secretary of Legation has a better room in the house than Bernstorff himself." The residence of the Embassy in Paris is a fine house very comfortably arranged. It is certainly the best house any of the Embassies have in Paris, and it is worth so much that I once asked myself the question whether I ought not to dispose of it and give the Ambassador the interest of the capital to pay his rent with. The interest on 2½ million francs (£80,000) would be a nice addition to his income, which is only 100,000 francs (£4000). But the more I turned it over, the less I liked it. It is not seemly or worthy of a great power, that its ambassadors should have to rent a house which they might get notice to quit, when all the state papers would have to be trundled through the streets in wheel-barrow during the flitting. We must have houses of our own, and we ought to have them in every embassy town. The house in London is in a very peculiar position. It belongs to the King, and everything turns on the energy with which the ambassador of the day looks after his own interests. It may happen—occasionally it does happen—that the King gets no rent at all. . . ." The Chief praised Napier, who was formerly English ambassador in Berlin. "It was very easy to get on with him," he said; "Buchanan, too, was a good, dry man, but trustworthy. Now we have Loftus. The position of an English ambassador in Berlin raises curious questions and involves special difficulties on account of the relationship between the two Royal Houses. It needs great tact and discretion (a quiet hint probably that Loftus does not answer these demands and requirements)." The Minister (perhaps to mark still more clearly his opinion of the character of the then representative of Her Britannic Majesty) then turned the conversation to Gramont, saying "He and Ollivier always seem to

me the real people. If such a thing had happened in my hands, after doing mischief like that, I should at least have enlisted or become Franc-tireur on my own account, though I might have been hanged for it. That big strong fellow, Gramont, is very well made for soldiering. Russell said he had once seen him in Rome in blue velveteens at a hunting party. "Yes," said the Chief, "he is a good sportsman. He has the right build of muscles for it. He would have been a capital head gamekeeper. But—Minister of Foreign Affairs—one can hardly conceive how Napoleon could have appointed him to such a position."

Thursday, December 1.—This morning only a couple of shots were fired from the forts. I telegraphed that yesterday's sortie had led to a desperate struggle with the Würtemberg Division, the larger half of the 12th, and portions of the 6th and 2nd Army Corps, and that the result had been that the enemy had been repulsed along the whole line. The wounded had declined to avail themselves of the permission to return to Paris. Afterwards there was the usual study of the journals with pencil marking and extracts.

At breakfast Abeken appeared with his hair cut. He asked Bismarck-Bohlen how he looked. The answer was, "Admirably, Privy Councillor, but the lock on the one side is longer than on the other." "No matter for that, I always wear it so. But have you really nothing else to say against it?" "It is quite perfect, Privy Councillor." The old gentleman went away whistling, greatly pleased with himself and Hatzfeld watched him as he went out with a wondering smile.

At dinner we had a First Lieutenant von Saldern who was present as Adjutant at the last engagements of the 10th Army Corps with the Army of the Loire. According to him this Corps was for a long time surrounded by a superior body of French, who were trying to break through one wing of our troops towards Fontainebleau. They defended themselves for seven hours against the enemy's assaults with magnificent courage and firmness. The troops under Wedel, and above all those of the 16th Regiment, specially distinguished themselves. "We made over 1600 prisoners, and the total loss of the French is estimated at from 4000 to 5000 men," said Saldern. "Yes," said the Chief, "but prisoners are now a serious trouble to us, an extra burden" . . . When Saldern told us, in the course of his narrative, that one of the French soldiers was shot only ten paces in front of our needle-guns, the Chief said, "But he *was*

shot." Afterwards he gave Abeken his instructions for the report he was to make for him to the King, "and say to his Majesty," said he finally, "that if we permit a Frenchman to appear in London (in the Conference then being held for the revision of the peace of 1856), we are not bound to do so, as the Government has never been recognised by the Powers, and cannot be long in existence. We may allow it, to gratify Russia, on this question only, but if anything else is brought forward, he must leave the room."

The Chief then told us the following incident: "After being with Roon to-day, I took a walk which may have done some good. I went to see Marie Antoinette's rooms in the château, after which I thought to myself, You should take note how the wounded are getting on. I asked one of the sentinels, 'What do the people get to eat?' 'Well,' he said, 'not very much, a little soup, meant for broth, with some bits of bread and pickles of rice in it, not boiled very soft, and very little fat.' 'And about the wine,' I said, 'and do you get beer?' They got about half a glass of wine a day. I asked another, afterwards, who had got none at all. A third told me he had had some three days ago, but none since. I questioned about a dozen, including some Poles, who did not understand me, and could only express their delight to have anybody asking for them, by smiling. Also the poor wounded soldiers did not get what they ought, and the rooms were cold, because they were not allowed to be heated for fear of spoiling the pictures on the walls. As if the life of a single soldier were not worth more than all the lumber of pictures in the château. Then the servants told me that the oil lamps were only allowed till eleven, and that after that the men had to lie in the dark till the morning. I had previously talked with an officer severely wounded in the foot. He said he ought to be satisfied, though things might be managed better. People took pretty good care of him, but for the rest——. A Bavarian companion of St. John plucked up heart and told me that beer and wine were given out, but probably half or more went a-missing somehow, as well as warm things and other gifts from friends at home. Then I went off to the head doctor. 'What about the provision for sick,' I said; 'do they get proper things to eat?' 'Here is the official list of returns.' Don't show me that,' I said, 'people can't eat apper—do they get their wine?' 'Half a litre daily.' Pardon me, the people say that is not so. I have asked them, and it is

hardly to be supposed they are lying when they say they have got none.' 'Here, sir, is my proof that everything is done properly, and according to my orders. Come with me, and I shall ask them about it before you.' 'I must excuse myself, I said, 'but they shall be asked by the auditor whether they get what goes to the inspector for them.' 'That would be a great reflection on me,' said he. 'Yes,' said I, of course, 'but I shall take care that the matter is inquired into, and at once.'"* He went on to say, "Frauds happen mostly among two classes, the meal-worms, who have to do with the provisions, and the building people, especially the hydraulic engineers. Unfortunately, too, there are some among the doctors. Not long ago, perhaps a year and a half since, I remember that there was a great investigation into frauds in the supply of the soldiers, and to my astonishment I found that about thirty doctors were involved." Then he asked suddenly, "Does any of you know who is Niethammer? He must come of a very learned family." Somebody thought he was a philologist, another said there was a friend of Hegel's of that name, Keudell remembered that there was a diplomatist so-called, who had no good-will to us. The Chief said he must have been in relation with Harless, a Bavarian theologian, who was an enemy of ours.

In the evening Dunker's interpellation on the imprisonment of Jacoby, as it appeared in the *National Zeitung*, was prepared for the King's reading.

The Chancellor came in later, after half-past ten, when we were at tea. After a while he said, "The papers are not pleased with the Bavarian Convention; I expected as much. They are out of humor because certain officials, who will have to conduct themselves entirely according to our laws, are to be called Bavarian. It is the same thing, essentially, with the military people. The beer tax is not to their mind, as if we had not had the same thing for years in the Customs Union. They would cavil in this way over every detail in the treaty, though everything essential has been obtained and properly secured. They are behaving as if we had been at war previously with Bavaria, as we were with the Saxons in 1866, instead of

* We shall see afterwards that little more came of this suspicion, which appearances abundantly justified than that some small defects were discovered in the provision for looking after the sick throughout. I have told the story as an evidence of the Minister's sense of justice and kindly feeling for people.

the Bavarians being our allies, and fighting at our side. Rather than see any good in the Convention, they would prefer to wait till they could have their unity in a form agreeable to themselves. They would have to wait a long while. Their course leads to nothing but distraction, while the matter must be settled at once. If we put off, Time, the old enemy, will come in, and sow tares among our wheat. The Convention secures us a great deal, and those who want everything will make it possible that we may get nothing whatever. They are not content with what is in their hand—they want more uniformity—if they would only think of five years back, and what they would then have been satisfied with. . . . A Constituent Assembly! But the King of Bavaria might decline to allow one to be elected. The Bavarian people would never force his hand, and neither should we. Yes, criticism is easy when people don't in the least realise the real circumstances."

He then turned to a different subject: "I have seen the account," he said, "of the surprise of the Unna Battalion. Inhabitants of Châtillon took part in it, and others undoubtedly added to the difficulties of our troops. If they had only burnt down the place in their first rage! Afterwards, in cold blood, it is not so easy to do."

A little after, he took up some gold pieces, and played with them in his hands for awhile. "It is startling," he said, "how many well-dressed people go about begging here. It was the same in Rheims, only it is much worse here. How seldom one sees gold pieces now of Louis Phillippe's, or Charles the Tenth's! I remember when I was young, in my twenties, one still saw pieces of Louis the Sixteenth and Eighteenth, the thick ones. Even the name, Louis d'or, has almost gone out, though with us it is still the correct thing to talk of Friedrichs d'or." He balanced a gold Napoleon on the tip of his middle finger, as if he were weighing it, and went on: "A hundred million double Napoleons would be about the amount of the war indemnity so far, in gold—it will come to more after a bit—4,000 million francs. Forty thousand gold thalers make a hundredweight, thirty hundredweights are the load for a good two-horse cart—I know that I once had to take 14,000 gold thalers home, and how heavy they were! That would take about eight hundred carts." "We should get those faster than the carts for the ammunition for the bombardment," said somebody, whose patience, like that of most of us, was about worn out over the putting off

of the bombardment. "Yes," said the Chief," but Roon told us a few days ago, that he has several hundred lorries at Nanteuil, meant for the transport of the ammunition. We might use four horses for awhile, for carriages which have now six, and spare the extra two for the transport of ammunition. We have already 318 cannon, but we want forty more, and he might get them also, said Roon. But others won't hear of it." Afterwards, Hatzfeld said; "They have been refusing to hear of it for six or seven weeks now. Bronsard and Verdy said, so long ago as at Ferrières, that we could lay Forts Issy and Vanvres in ruins in six-and-thirty hours, and then advance on Paris itself. Yet, after all that, nothing is done." I asked what Moltke thought about the matter. "Oh, he does not trouble himself," said Hatzfeld; but Bucher said, "Moltke wants the bombardment."

Before going to bed, I cast my eye over our *Moniteur*, with a whole column full of names of French officers who had been taken prisoners, broken their parole, and got off from the places where they had been interned. There were captains and lieutenants, infantry and cavalry, northern Frenchmen and southern Frenchmen. Two had got away from Dresden, and no fewer than ten from Hirschberg. If we can trust the reports in the English and Belgian newspapers, there is little enough already in Paris, of what holds body and soul together; but things are still bearable, at all events, for well-to-do people. They have plenty of bread, dried vegetables and preserved meats. There is very little fresh beef, and it is very dear. Horse and donkey-flesh, "both better than they are called," says a letter, have to serve for it with most of the Parisians. The rat is beginning to be much in request. Dogs and cats are articles of luxury, and can no longer put out their noses with impunity on the Boulevards at night.

The stock of oil is about done, there is no more wood for firing, and the supplies of coal are running low. About the middle of November a pound of butter cost twenty-five to twenty-six francs, a goose thirty-five, a pound of horse-flesh three to four francs, and fresh vegetables and milk were no longer within the reach of people of moderate means.

Friday, December 2.—Alten, Lehndorff, and an officer in dragoon uniform were the Chief's guests at dinner. The officer was a Herr von Thadden, a son of Thadden-Treglaff. The Chief said that after coming back from a carriage round he had

just been looking to the better quartering of our soldiers on guard. "Up to this time the fellows have been billeted," he said, "in Madame Jessé's coach-yard, where they can get no fire. I could not allow that any longer, and ordered the gardener to clear out the half of the hothouse for them. 'But madame's plants will be frozen,' said the gardener's wife. 'It is a pity,' I said, 'but it is better than that the soldiers should be.'" He then spoke of the danger that the Reichstag might disallow, or at least modify, the convention with Bavaria. "I am most anxious about it," said he. "These people have no idea of the real situation. We are standing on the point of a lightning conductor; if we lose our balance, after I have had the greatest difficulty in getting it, we tumble to the bottom. They want more than what was got without using any pressure, and what they would have been delighted with, or with the half of it, in 1866. They want amendments, they want to put in more unity and uniformity. If they alter a single comma, we shall have the negotiations all over again. Where are they to be held? Here in Versailles? And if we are not finished by the 1st of January, which would be delightful to many in Munich, the unity of Germany is done for, perhaps for years, and the Austrians can do what they like in Munich."

The first dish after the soup was mushrooms, served up in two different ways. "You must eat these with much feeling," he said: "they are a love-gift from the soldiers, who found them in some quarry or cellar, where a crop of mushrooms is being raised. The cook has fitted with them a capital sauce, first-rate! Even a better love-gift, certainly a more unusual one, was sent me by the soldiers: what regiment was it that sent me the roses?" "The 47th," said Bohlen. "Yes, that bouquet of roses was gathered under fire, probably in the garden of the outpost circle. By the bye, that reminds me that in the hospital I came across a Polish soldier, who could read no German. A Polish prayerbook would be a comfort to him; has anybody such a thing?" Alten said no, but he could supply him with some Polish newspapers. The Chief replied: "No good; he would not understand them, and they would put him up against us. Perhaps Radziwill has something. A Polish novel, 'Pan Twardowski,' or something of that sort, might do." Alten said he would make a note of it.

The conversation then turned on to-day's sortie, as twice over we heard the thunder from the Seine. Somebody said,

"The poor Württemberg fellows have no doubt lost a great many men this time, too." "Most likely the poor Saxons also," said the Chief. Somebody mentioned Ducrot, who was probably in command of the sortie, and said he ought to take care not to get taken prisoner. "Certainly," said the Minister, "he should either get killed in battle, or if he has no mind for that he should take himself off in a balloon." . . . The Chief looked round: "Where is Krausnik? He has surely not forgotten to bring the apple-poultice for the soldier which I promised him. He was wounded only in the arm, but he looked a miserable object, and had fever—suppuration, I am afraid."

We began to talk of speculation in stocks, and the Minister again repeated that very little could be made out of it, through the possession of which must always give one a very restricted forecast of political events. Such things only produce their effects on the exchange a little later, and nobody can guess on what day the effect will begin. "Yes," he went on, "and if one could procure a fall of stocks by intrigues of that sort, it would be a disgraceful affair. The French Minister G. did so, as R. recently told us. He doubled his capital by it—it might almost be said that the war was promoted with that object. M., too, as they say tried the same business—not on his own account, but with the money of his mistress—and when it was likely to turn out well, he died under suspicious circumstances. A man who wants to make use of his position will arrange to have the Bourse telegrams for all the Exchanges sent on along with the political despatches to suitable officials at the various legations. Political telegrams have precedence, and twenty or thirty minutes might be gained that way. Then you must have a Jew who can run fast, to take proper advantage of the extra time. There are people, doubtless, who have done it. In this way one might earn his 500 or 5,000 thalers daily, which in a couple of years would come to a good deal of money. My son shall never say that his father made him a rich man in any such fashion. He may get rich some other way, if he wants. I was better off before I was Chancellor of the Confederation than I am now. I was ruined by the Dotation. Since that time I have been a man in difficulties. I considered myself before as a simple country squire, but after I came to belong in a sort of way to the peerage, the demands on me have increased, and my estates don't bring it in. The time when I always had something to the good was when I was ambassador

at Frankfort, and in St. Petersburg, when I needed to keep no company and kept none." Then he told us of his ground-fir and wood pulp concerns in Varzin, out of which he seemed to expect to make a good deal. His tenant paid him interest on the capital which he had sunk in the mills and other plant. "How much might it be?" said somebody. "Forty to fifty thousand thalers. He pays me 2,000 thalers," he added, "for a water-power, which was of no use before; he buys my pine logs which I could hardly sell previously, and after thirty years he is to hand me back the whole of the mills in the condition in which he received them. At present there is only one, but there will soon be another where the water falls with greater force, and afterwards a third." "And what may your tenant make of it?" "Pasteboard for book-covers, paper for packing and for making boxes and so on, especially for Berlin, and cakes of ground-pine flour which are sent to England, dissolved there, mixed up with other stuffs, and turned into paper." All this he explained to us in detail, as knowing all about the processes.

Saturday, December 3.—During the night there was heavy firing again in the north, but, in the course of the day, only single shots came from the big guns. Yesterday there must have been severe fighting on the east and north-east of Paris, with heavy losses on our side too. Apparently the French had established their footing at night in the villages of Brie, Villiers, and Champigny, which were included within our lines. I forward by telegraph to Germany a communication from the General Staff about these events, which leaves the continued occupation of these positions by our troops ambiguous, speaks only of the repulse of the French, who burst out in heavy masses, by the Saxons (who seem to have lost a whole battalion), the Würtemberg troops, and the 2nd Army Corps, and goes on to describe a victory at Longwy and at Artenay. At half-past one the Chief goes to visit the Grand Duke of Baden, whose wife's birthday it is, and afterwards dines with the King. We have Count Holnstein with us, who went off last Saturday night to see the King of Baden at Hohenschwangau and got back here at midday to-day. "A journey that can never be forgotten," said Bohlen to him. I asked Bucher about it. "The Count was absent while the Emperor question was going on, and he brings back good news," he answered. We were struck to-day by the French firing four cannon-shots some six

times in the course of the day, two at intervals of about four seconds, and two almost simultaneously.

The *Gaulois*, which has emigrated from Paris to Brussels, seems an accurate sort of print. Its editors, one of whom was that amiable person, Angelo de Miranda, go on as if they were still writing in Paris, shut off from all the world. For example, these children of the father of lies tell us, that about the middle of October Prussia paid 450,000 thalers (£67,500), through a London house, to certain people living in France, on which account these people are supposed to be Prussian spies. They say that Moltke died and was buried three weeks since, but that any German soldier who mentions the fact is at once shot. To get out of the way of the serious business which there is likely soon to be about Paris, King William has it seems, taken himself off to Germany, probably to open the Reichstag. Lastly thirty-six heads of families at Mutzig, near Strassburg, whose sons are with the French army, have been put to death, their ears and noses cut off, and their corpses fastened on the church walls, where they have been for a month past. In other respects the chief editor, Tarbé, is not at all bad. He attacks Gambetta, whom he calls a tyrant, and whom he charges particularly with acting in the interest only of the republic, not of France, the republic meaning nothing but his own dictatorship and absolute sovereignty; and with sacrificing his country to secure his own power. In Paris Tarbé appears not to have been in a position to express these views with sufficient distinctness. So he left Paris, and tried to slip through the German lines with three of his sub-editors. He succeeded, but he could not start his paper again in any of the French provincial towns, as he might not have been allowed to attack Gambetta even there. So he is going to fight and lie from Belgium. Notes about this mendacious print were communicated to the *Moniteur* and the German papers.

Sunday, December 4.—The Barvarian ex-minister Von Roggenbach, first lieutenant Von Sarwadsky, and the Bavarian companion of St. John, von Niethammer, a man with an uncommonly noble countenance, whose acquaintance the Prince made recently in the hospital, were at dinner. The Minister first mentioned that he had again been visiting the wounded in the château. Then he said, "Frankfort and Petersburg excepted, I have never been as long in any strange place as I have been here. We shall certainly spend our Christmas here,

and a little ago we did not expect that. At Easter we may be still in Versailles seeing the trees once more growing green, and keeping our ears always open for news of the army of the Loire. If we had known, we should have had asparagus beds in the garden out there." Afterwards, turning to Roggenbach, he said, "I have seen the extracts from the newspapers. How they are wrestling over the Convention! They don't leave one good hair on its head. The *National Zeitung*, the *Kolnische*, the *Weser Zeitung*, which is as it always is, the most rational of all. Well, criticism must please itself. But I am responsible if nothing comes of it all, and the critics are not. It is all one what they say against me if the thing can only be put through in the Reichstag; history may say, if it pleases, that that poor creature of a Chancellor ought to have made something much better out of it, but then I was responsible. If the Reichstag amends it, every South German country diet may do the same, and a peace such as we want, and need, is done for. Elsass cannot be claimed from France, unless a political personality has been meanwhile created, and there is a Germany to recover it for."

We spoke of the peace negotiations which would likely spring out of the soon-expected capitulation of Paris, and of the difficulties that might ensue. "Favre and Trochu," the Chief began, "may say," 'We are no longer the Government; we once were, but we have resigned and are merely private individuals—I am only Citizen Trochu.' I should soon bring the Parisians to their senses. I should say, You two millions of people are answerable to me with your lives. I shall leave you to starve for four-and-twenty hours till we get what we want out of you. And twenty-four hours on the top of that, for what happens is all one to me. The delay will do me no harm, but . . . I could manage well enough with myself, but there is something standing behind me, behind my back, or rather lying on my chest, so that I cannot breathe. . . Ah! if I were squire, I could answer for my own hardheartedness; but I am not squire. Within the last few days something very foolish has come up through sentimental feeling for the people inside. Great magazines of provisions are to be prepared for the Parisians. They are to be brought over from London and Belgium, the magazines are to be between our lines, and our soldiers are only to look on, and not to help themselves out of them when they are in want. It is to save the Parisians from

starving after the capitulation." "We have certainly enough in the house here, but the troops outside are often hard to put to it, and they are suffering that the Parisians may be able, when they know they are looked after outside, to put the capitulation off till they have really swallowed their last loaf and slaughtered their last horse. I am not asked about it, else I should be hanged rather than give my consent." "But I have myself to blame; I was imprudent enough to invite people's attention, only the diplomatic world's to be sure, to famine as inevitable." (I had also had to do the same in the newspapers.)

Swiss cheese was handed round, and somebody asked whether cheese went well with wine. "Some kinds of cheese with some sorts of wine," said the Minister; "high-flavored cheeses like Gorgonzola or Dutch, don't suit. Others suit well. When people used to drink hard in Pomerania, some two centuries or so since, the Rammin folk were the hardest drinkers. One Stettin man had once got wine which did not taste right to him, and he wrote to the wine merchant about it. The answer he got back was, 'Eet Kees to Wien, Herr von Rammin, denn smekt de Wien wie in Stettin ook to Rammin.' ('Take cheese to your wine, like a Rammin man, for the wine tastes the same in Stettin as in Rammin.')

I went down to tea after half-past ten. Bismarck-Bohlen and Hatzfeld were sitting there with three sharpshooters, who were waiting for the orders of the Chief. It was half an hour later before he came back from the Grand Duke of Baden's. He wrote rapidly a letter in pencil to the general commanding the Fourth Army Corps, which one of the sharpshooters took away with him. Then he told us how the Grand Duke had just had the news from the King that our people were now in possession of the Forest of Orleans and close up to the town. After the others and the sharpshooters had left, I asked, "Your Excellency, should I telegraph the good news straight off to London?" "Yes," he said, smiling, "if the general staff will allow us to say anything about the movements of the army." He then read Reuter's telegram with accounts from the French side. He stopped at the word "tardé," which was probably a mistake in writing out, saying, "A Saxon must have telegraphed this." Then, with a look at me, "I beg your pardon."

The gentlemen came in with Abeken who had had the hon-

or to drink tea with the King. We spoke of Gortchakoff's note, of England, of Count Holnstein's journey and its happy results, of his audience by King William. Bohlen said, "They are quite beside themselves in Germany. It will be a splendid spectacle to-morrow with their Emperor. They will illuminate; they are already making preparations for a feast of dazzling magnificence." "Well," said the Chief, "it may have, I fancy, a good effect on the Reichstag. It was very good of Roggenbach to be ready to go off to Berlin at once" (to preach reason to those of the members of parliament who were dissatisfied).

Monday, December 5.—Charming weather, but this morning very cold. While he was still in bed the Chief had a written report from Bonsart, that the Third and Ninth Army Corps under Prince Frederick Charles had had a great victory, that the railway station and one of the suburbs of Orleans had been taken by Mannstein; that the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg had appeared in the west of the town; that over thirty cannon and several thousand prisoners had fallen into our hands. All sorts of war material, including nine cannon, had also been captured by our troops at Amiens, after a victory there. Finally, here, before Paris, the French had been driven back behind the Marne. I telegraph this in our usual fashion, and this time the Minister had no fault to find with my long despatch.

Soon after he called me back, and I wrote out a polemical article on the Bavarian affair, in which the ideas I had put forward hitherto were somewhat differently given.

The Royal messenger Bamberger sat at dinner on the Chief's left. He was thinking of starting for Berlin to persuade people to accept the conventions with South Germany without alteration. Besides him, the Minister had as his guests a dragoon officer with a yellow collar, Colonel von Schenk, and a lieutenant or captain of the light-blue hussars. The latter, a grey-headed gentleman with moustaches, was the von Rochow who killed Hinkeldey in a duel. The conversation first turned on doctors, and their knowledge of things, and the Chief thought very little of them. Then we talked of the conventions, and somebody said that the attitude of the princes in the matter had been right. "Yes, but the attitude of the Reichstag," interrupted the Chancellor, "I can think of nothing but, gentlemen, gentlemen, you are spoiling the whole of our fowling.

You remember Kaiser Heinrich. But it turned out well there in the end. Well, if this fails, man after man of them might offer himself to be shot dead on the altar of his country, but it would be of no use to anybody." Then he thought a moment, and went on with a half smile, "People should make members of Parliament as responsible as ministers, no more and no less, on a footing of perfect equality. There might be a law that they could be put on trial for high treason, for obstructing important State agreements, or, as they have done in Paris here, for approving a war made without just cause, and in lightness of heart (they were all for it, except Jules Favre). Some day, perhaps, I shall introduce such a law."

We spoke again of the delay in the capitulation of Paris, which was to have taken place in four weeks at latest. "Yes," sighed the Chancellor, "if it would only come to that, all my troubles would be over." Bamberger suggested, "I suppose we shall not allow them merely to capitulate; we shall require them to make peace with us?" "Quite so," said the Chief, "that is my view, too, and we must force them to it by starving them. But there are people here who want to be praised for their humanity above everything and who spoil everything with it; besides which, our first duty of humanity is to think of our own soldiers, and see that they don't suffer needless misery, and are not killed for nothing." "——'s view of the bombardment is just the same. Then they spare the potato-grubbers, who ought to be shot, of course, if we want to force the city to submit by starvation."

After eight o'clock I was repeatedly called for by the Chief, and wrote two longish articles. The second was founded on a note in the *Indépendance Belge*, and pointed out that there was nothing in the circumstance that the House of Orleans was connected with that of Habsburg Lothringen through the Duc d'Alençon, to make us Germans inclined to give it any preference, or to regard it at all more favorably.

While we were drinking tea, and after Bucher and Keudell and I had been sitting awhile together, the Chief came in, and Hatzfeld afterwards. The latter had been with the King, and told us that he had learned that in the battle near Orleans, and during the pursuit which followed, Prince Frederick Charles had captured seventy-seven guns, several mitrailleuses, and four gun-boats. Some 10,000 unwounded prisoners fell into our hands. The enemy's troops dispersed in different directions.

All the important points were taken by storm, and we suffered considerable losses in consequence, the 36th, for instance, having lost a great many, it is believed as many as 600 men. In the last battle before Paris, also, we lost heavily, in consequence of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. You may imagine, Hatzfeld went on to say, that we did not have a very lively time at the King's. "The Russian state councillor, Grimm, told us all sorts of feebly interesting things about Louis XIV. and Louis XV. The Weimar man proposed a riddle to which nobody could give the correct answer." "Radowitz was a great man in finding out these things," said the Minister. "He used to give his solution of every possible thing with the utmost confidence, and that was the way in which he won most of his successes at Court. He could tell us exactly what la Maintenon or la Pompadour wore on such and such a day. She had this or that round her throat, her head-dress was ornamented with humming-birds, or bunches of grapes; she wore a pearl-green or a parrot-green dress with such or such flounces and laces—all quite as well as if he had been there himself. The ladies were all ears for this toilette lecture, which came trippingly from his tongue."

The conversation turned afterwards on Alexander von Humboldt, who, if we can trust to what was said about him, must have been a courtier not at all of the entertaining kind. "In the time of his late Majesty," the Chief told us, "I was the only victim when Humboldt used of an evening to entertain the company in his own fashion. He used to read aloud to us—often for an hour at a time—a biographical account of some French scholar or architect in whom nobody but himself took any interest. There he stood, holding his paper close up to the lamp. Occasionally he let his hands drop, to interpose some learned expansion of what he had been saying. Nobody listened to him, but he kept on without a pause. The Queen worked steadily at some tapestry work, and certainly did not hear a word of his discourse. The King looked over pictures—copper-plates and wood-cuts—making a good deal of rustling in turning them over, with the quiet purpose apparently of preventing himself having to listen to anything that was being said. The young folks kept at the side and in the background, talking quite unrestrainedly, tittering, and occasionally overpowering the voice of the lecturer, who went rippling on all the same for ever like the brook. Gerlach, who was usually present, sat on

a little round stool, over the edge of which his portly person overflowed on all sides, and he slept and snored so loud that the King once wakened him up, saying, 'Gerlach, don't snore so any longer.' I was his only patient audience, for I kept quiet, as if I were listening to the discourse, while I was thinking of other things. At last, we had in the cold meat and the white wine." "It vexed the old gentleman very much when he could not get speaking. I remember once that somebody present took up all the conversation, quite naturally, as he was telling us in a charming way about things that interested us all. Humboldt was beside himself. He moodily heaped on his plate—so high," (showing us with his hand) "pâté de foie gras, fat eels, lobster claws, and other indigestibles—a regular mountain of them—it was marvellous what that old man could eat. When he was able for no more, he began to be restless again, and made one more attempt to run away with the conversation. 'On the peak of Popocatepetl,' he began, but it was no use, the story-teller was not to be put down. 'On the summit of Popocatepetl, 14,000 yards above the level of the sea,' he repeated, in a loud, excited voice. It was still no use; the story-teller went on just the same, and the company gave their attention to him alone. It was unheard of—an outrage! Humboldt sat down storming, and fell a-musing sadly on the ingratitude of mankind, even at Court."

"The Liberals made a great deal of him, and counted him one of themselves. But the breath of his nostrils was the favor of princes, and he never felt himself comfortable except in the sunshine of royalty. That did not prevent him from gossiping about the Court afterwards with Varnhagen, and telling all sorts of evil stories about it. Varnhagen made books of them, which I bought like other people. They are frightfully dear when one thinks of the dozen lines in big type that sprawl over a page. Keudell said he supposed, however, that for history they were indispensable. "Yes," said the Chief, "in a certain sense they are. There are points on which they are not worth much, but as a whole they express the acrid tone of Berlin society at a time when there was no good in it. Everybody about that time used to talk with the same malicious impotence." "Without such books, it would be quite impossible for one nowadays to have the least conception of the kind of world it was unless one had seen it. Plenty of apparent, but no real good-breeding. I can remember, though I

was then but a little fellow (it must have been in the year 1821 or 1822), the Ministers of the day were frightful creatures, much stared at, and full of a mysterious importance. There happened to be a great gathering at Schuckmann's, what was called at that time an 'Assembly.' What a frightful creature of a Minister that man was! My mother went to it. I can remember her as if it were yesterday. She had long gloves on, up to here" (pointing up past his elbow), "a short-waisted gown, her curls done up in pads at both sides, and a big ostrich feather on her head." Whether or not he had meant to tell us some story, he broke off here and went back to Humboldt. "Humboldt," he said, "had really much to tell one that was worth listening to, when one was alone with him—about the time of Frederick William III.—and especially about his own first residence in Paris. He had a kindness for me as I was always so respectful a listener, and I got a great many good anecdotes from him. It was just the same with old Metternich. I spent a couple of days with him once on the Johannisberg. Thun said to me, some time after, 'I don't know what glamor you have been casting over the old prince, who has been looking down into you as if you were a golden goblet, and who told me that he had no insight at all, if you and I did not get on well together.' 'Well,' said I, 'I will tell you; I listened peaceably to all his stories, only pushing the clock several times till it rang again. That pleases these talkative old men.'" Hatzfeld remarked, that Moltke had written to Trochu, to tell him the real state of things at Orleans. "He gave him liberty to send out an officer to convince himself of the truth, offering him a safe conduct to Orleans." The Chief said, "I know. I should have liked better that they had let the proposal originate with him. Our lines are at present thin in several places, and, besides, they have their carrier-pigeon post. When we invite them to come out and see for themselves, it looks as if we were in a great hurry for the capitulation."

Tuesday, December 6.—Before breakfast, I telegraphed particulars of the battle at Orleans to Berlin and London. Afterwards I drew up articles for the *Moniteur*, and for several German papers, on the breach of their parole by several captive French officers, some of whom are again to be pursued with letters of caption. Even General Barral, now in command of the army of the Loire, made his escape in this disgraceful fashion. He gave a written promise on his word of honor, after

the surrender of Strassburg, not once but twice over, that he would not in this war bear arms against the Prussians and their allies, and that he would do nothing whatever to the injury of the German armies. He then went off to Colmar, and from thence to the Loire, when he re-entered the French service—an unprecedented infamy. The gentlemen of the Tours government made no objection to him. These gentlemen, whom the Belgian papers are never tired of praising up as honest folk, men of honor, and so forth, went even farther than that. They dispatched a certain M. Ricard to the French officers now interned in Belgium, who gathered them together in the house of Taschard, the representative of MM. Gambetta and Favre in Brussels, and then urged and threatened them to break the word of honor they had given the Belgian authorities, to make their way back to France, and to take service there once more against the Germans. Even in Silesia such emissaries seem to have over-persuaded some officers of low character. In the history of warfare cases like these are certainly not numerous. But the affair has another aspect; these disgraceful proceedings must give the German authorities great reason to question how far they can trust a government like that of the National Defence. When a government stoops to invite officers to break their word of honor; when it employs and makes use of officers who have done so, on its own initiative, proving by so doing that it shares and excuses these low conceptions of the value of solemn promises, we must, as a matter of course, treat it as in the last degree untrustworthy, so long as it goes on tempting its captive officers to break their parole, and employing and making use of them, after they have done so.

Dr. Lauer and Odo Russell were at table. The conversation was of no special interest, and almost no politics were talked at all. But we had some delicious wines from the Palatinate—Deidesheimer Hofstück and Foster Kirchenstück—the best blood of the grape, rich in every virtue, fragrant and fiery. “From fire man’s spirit was created.” Even Bucher, who usually drinks only red wine, did honor to this heavenly dew from the Haardt mountains.

In the evening, Consul Bamberg, the new editor of our Versailles journal—an elderly man in a sort of sea-captain’s uniform, flying the ribands of a couple of orders—paid us what is after this to be a daily visit. The recent inspection of the hospital

in the château by the Chief has given rise to an inquiry, and if I understand rightly, he has had had a letter from the war ministry informing him that everything is in perfect order, that the sick have been getting what was proper for them, and that the sentinel who told him of the alleged neglect had been suitably punished.*

According to English accounts from Paris things began, quite a fortnight since, to be very uncomfortable there. Several kinds of disease have broken out, and the death cases are considerably more numerous than in ordinary times. Anxiety and disheartenment, as well as want of food, have contributed. In the first week of September there were 900 deaths; in that ending the 5th of October, nearly twice as many; in the following week, 1900. Small-pox rages in the town, and is carrying off many victims; and a great number of people have died of bowel disease. Home-sickness has broken out like an epidemic among the battalions recruited from the provinces. An English correspondent who visited the hospital "du Midi" in the last week of October, noticed a placard above the entrance-gate, on which was printed, "Any person bringing in a cat, a dog, or three rats, will get his breakfast and dinner. N.B. It is absolutely essential that the animals be brought in alive." Similar placards are said to be quite common at the gates of the Paris hospitals.

It wants still five minutes of midnight. The Minister is already off to bed—very early for him. The candles in the bottles I use for candlesticks are nearly burnt out. Mont Valérien thunders down a frightful salute into the valley below it. With what object? Perhaps it is only to tell the Parisians it is about twelve o'clock, a sort of night watchman calling the hour; otherwise all this shooting is much ado about nothing. During the last two days of battle, Abeken was told to-day that the forts threw about 6000 bombs and grenades, but only fifty-three of our men were hurt by them, and several of them only slightly wounded.

* For details see a subsequent page.

CHAPTER XIII

PROSPECTS BEFORE PARIS IMPROVE.

WEDNESDAY, *December 7.*—Disagreeable weather. Only now and then a shot fired from the forts or the gun-boats. The lies with which Gambetta and his people have been trying to stop up the hole which the defeat of the “red-breeches” at Orleans has knocked in the hopes the people cherished of a great victory over us, induced us to send the following note to the *Moniteur*.—“The members of the Government of Tours have published accounts of the defeat of the Army of the Loire which read like fragments of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ For instance, their telegram says, ‘The retreat of the Army of the Loire was accomplished without loss, except that we left the heavy ships’ guns spiked in the entrenched camp.’ In reality, 12,000 unwounded prisoners fell into the hands of the German troops. The Tours dispatch goes on to say, ‘we lost no field artillery.’ Forty-seven field-pieces, and several mitrailleuses, were captured by the conquerors. The German people, remembering the virtues of the Catos, Aristideses, and other Republicans of antiquity, were disposed to hope that the Republic would have wiped lying out of the list of its means of operation, and fancied that it would lie less, at all events than the Empire. It was evidently wrong. These Catos of the present day have put to shame all previous attempts to substitute untruth for truth. When they have anything disagreeable to lie away, the advocates of Tours are much more unblushing than the generals of the Empire.” Afterwards I telegraphed the new advances of our armies in the north, and the occupation of Rouen.

After three o’clock I went with Wollman across the Place d’Armes towards the court of the chateau, where fourteen of the bronze guns taken at Orleans are ranged under the very eyes of the equestrian statue of Louis XIV., directly below the

inscription, '*A toutes les gloires de la France*' (to all the glories of France), an ironical comment upon that expression of Gallic conceit and swagger. The guns were some of them twelve and some four pounders, and behind them were ranged gun-carriages and ammunition carts. The French guns have each a name—one, for instance, is called "Le Bayard," another, "Le Lauzun," a third, "Le Boucheron;" while others are "Le Maxant," "Le Repace," "Le Brisetout," or similar horrors. On several there is a scrawl, stating that they were captured by the 4th Hussar Regiment.

Counts Holnstein and Lehndorf were with us at dinner. We had the fine Deidesheimer again. The Chief began to talk, *inter alia*, of his recollections of Frankfort. "I got on well with Thun; he was an honest man. Rechberg was not bad upon the whole; at least, he was personally honorable, though he was very violent and effervescing—one of those furious very fair folks." He went on to say: "No Austrian diplomatist of the school of that day troubled himself very much about the exact truth. The third of them, Prokesch, was not at all the man for me. He had brought with him from the East the trick of the most miserable intrigues. Truth was a matter of absolute indifference to him. I remember once, in a large company, there was some talk of an Austrian assertion which did not square with the truth. Prokesch raised his voice, and said, so that I should hear him distinctly, 'If that were not true I should have been *lying* (and he emphasized the word), in the name of the Imperial Royal Government.' He looked me straight in the face. I returned the look, and said quietly, 'Quite so, your Excellency.' He was obviously shocked; but when on looking round he perceived nothing but down-dropped eyes and solemn silence, which meant to say that I was in the right, he turned on his heel and went into the dining-room, where covers were laid. After dinner he had recovered himself, and came across to me with a full glass, for otherwise I should have supposed that he was going to call me out. He said, 'Come, now; let us make friends.' 'Why not?' said I; 'but the protocol must of *course* be altered.' 'You are incorrigible,' he replied, smiling. It was all right. The protocol *was* altered, so that they recognized that it had contained an untruth." Afterwards we spoke of Goltz, and the Chief once more told the Beaumont story of his unpopularity with his people, and asked Hatzfeld whether he had had anything

to complain of from Goltz. Hatzfeld said "No; but it was quite true that Goltz did not get on well with the people of the Embassy."

Hatzfeld told us at tea that numerous prisoners had passed through to-day, and that there had been considerable disturbance and disorder because civilians, especially women, had pressed in among the people, so that the escort had been driven to make use of the butt ends of their muskets. . . . We then spoke of the bombardment, and the gentlemen agreed that the King really wished it, and that there was a hope that it would begin very soon. . . . Moltke, it was added, wished it too. He had recently received an answer from Trochu to the letter he had sent, the sum and substance of which was, "Many thanks; but, for the present, we had better leave things as they are."

Thursday, December 8.—A great deal of snow fell, and it was tolerably cold, so much so, that, in spite of the big beech logs which were burning in my fireplace, I could not get reasonably warm in my room. . . . Prince Putbus was with us at dinner. Besides other good things, we had omelettes with mushrooms, and, as several times previously, pheasant and sauer kraut boiled in champagne. There was also Forster Kirchenstück and Deidesheimer Hofstück. The Minister said that he preferred the former. "The Forster," he said, "is undoubtedly a higher style of wine than the Deidesheimer." Finally, besides this and other excellent drinks, we had an admirable old corn brandy. Putbus suggested that sauer kraut was not wholesome, and the Chief said, "I do not think so. I eat it precisely because I believe it to be wholesome. But, Engel, give us a schnaps" (a drop of Brandy). The Minister then showed Putbus the *menu*, and, during conversation about it, it was mentioned that a young diplomatist in Vienna had carefully collected all the *menus* of his chief, and preserved them in two finely-bound volumes, in which some most interesting combinations were to be found.

Later on, the Chancellor remarked that the French must now have got one or two very big guns in one of the forts nearest us. "One can make that out by the report, which is much louder, but they may very likely hurt themselves with them. If they use a very heavy charge, the gun will either turn round and shoot straight into the town, or blow itself to pieces, though of course it might sometimes go off right, and then the shot might reach us at Versailles."

Somebody asked what was the position of the Emperor of Germany question, and the Chief said: "We have had trouble about it, with telegrams and letters; but the most important were those which Count Holnstein brought us—a very intelligent person." Putbus asked what office he held. "Master of the Horse. He made a journey to Munich and back again in six days. In the condition of the railroads he must have made a great effort to manage it. Certainly he had a capital constitution to help him; and he went, not merely to Munich, but as far as Hohenschwangau. King Ludwig, too, contributed very much to the speedy settlement of the affair. He took the matter up at once, and gave a decisive answer without putting off time."

I do not know how it came about that the conversation happened upon the expressions, "swells, snobs, and cockneys," which were then discussed at length. The Chief called a certain gentleman in the diplomatic service a "swell," and went on to say: "It is a capital word, the force of which we cannot quite give in German. It is something like 'stutzer' (a dandy), but it includes, besides, a puffed-out chest, and a sort of general blown-up-ness.

"'Snob' is quite different, and we have no exact expression for that either. It signifies different things and properties, especially one-sidedness, narrowness and Philistinism, and that a man cannot get out of mere local or temporary views. The snob is a sort of bourgeois person. All this is not quite a complete description. He cannot get beyond the interests of his family; his circle of vision in political questions is extremely limited: he is shut in by the ways of thinking and the prejudices in which he has been brought up. There are snobs, and very decided snobs too, of the female sex. We may also speak of party snobs—those who cannot help placing the higher politics on the same basis as questions of individual rights, radical snobs (*fortschrittsnobs*).

"A Cockney again is different. The word is applied chiefly to Londoners. There are people there who have never got outside their walls and streets, their bricks and mortar—who have never seen a green thing, who have learned life only in town, and heard nothing beyond the sound of Bow bells. We have people in Berlin also who have never been away from it; but compared with London, and even with Paris, which also has its cockneys, though they have a different name there, Berlin is a

little place. In London, hundreds of thousands of people have never seen anything beyond the city. In such big towns views sprout up, ramify, and harden into permanent prejudices for those who live in them. It is in these great centres of population, where there is no experience, and consequently no correct idea—in many cases not even a conception—of anything outside of them, that this simpleton sort of narrowness is born. A simpleton who is not conceited is tolerable enough, but a simpleton who is impracticable, and conceited besides, is not to be endured. People in the country districts have a much better chance of understanding life as it really exists and grows about them. They may have less education, but what they know they usually *do* know. There are snobs, of course, in the country. Well, for instance" (turning to Putbus), "a first-rate huntsman, who is thoroughly convinced that he is the first man in the whole world, that hunting is really everything, and that people who understand nothing about it are worth nothing at all; and a man on an estate outside there, where he is everybody, and where all the people depend entirely upon him. When he comes in from the country to the wool-market, and finds that nobody in the town takes him at the value at which he is estimated at home, he gets low, sits down on his woosack and sulks, and takes no interest afterwards in anything but wool."

The conversation dropped away soon after this into stories about horses and horsemanship. The Chief told us about his brown mare, which he had not at first thought much of, but which carried him for thirteen hours at Sedan—at least fifty-five English miles—and which was quite fit for service next day. Then he gave us other stories of horsemanship; telling us, for instance, how once, when he was out riding with his daughter, he had come up to a ditch which he himself certainly would never have liked to take, but which the Countess, her horse having got into his stride, took quite easily, and so forth.

At tea Keudell said I was in future to get not merely the rough draughts and sketches of important political matters which the Chief gave me, I was to see everything; he would talk the matter over with Abeken, who holds the position of secretary of state here, a piece of news which I heard with much gratification. Bucher told me that the Minister had given them a very interesting discourse in the *salon* when coffee came on the table. Prince von Putbus had spoken of his wish to travel

in very distant countries. "Yes, and we might help you," said the Chief; "we might send you to notify the establishment of the German Empire to the Emperor of China and the Tycoon of Japan."

Friday, December 9.—I telegraph the victory, the day before yesterday, of our 17th Division at Beaugency over a French corps of about sixteen battalions, with six-and-twenty cannon, and I contradict the story of the *Gazette de France* about Galvez, the Ambassador of Peru.

At breakfast we were told that Prince Trubetzkoï, a relation of Orloff's, wanted protection for his villa from our army police, and had also asked the Chancellor that our troops should be taken away from the neighborhood of his property, as their being massed there raises the price of the necessaries of life. His letter will go to the waste-paper basket. The Commandant of Versailles, General von Voigts-Rhétz, was with us at dinner. I believe he is a brother of him who was governor-general in Hanover in 1866, and who has now won the battle of Beaune la Rolande, a long man with dark beard and eagle nose. The conversation, which turned principally on the recent battles between Orleans and Blois, was of no particular importance. The Chief was absent, being unwell, and it is believed that he has pains in his leg.

Saturday, December 10.—The Chief is not yet right. At dinner the Chief, Bismarck-Bohlen, who has been suffering for three days, and Abeken, who has had the good fortune to be commanded to dine with the Crown Prince, were all absent. In the evening I prepared for the King an article in the *National Zeitung*, which shows that they are speaking even in the Reichstag of the delay in the bombardment, and which also expresses a wish for some explanation of the reasons of the delay.

Having been sent for by the Chief, I took the liberty before leaving to ask how things were going on in the Reichstag about the treaties. He replied, "All right; the agreement with Bavaria will either be adopted to-day, or voted upon to-morrow, and the address to the King too." I then permitted myself to ask how he was in health. "Better," he said, "it is a varicose vein in the leg." I said, would it trouble him long? "It may go away in a day, or it may bother me for three weeks."

Keudell told us at tea that the Reichstag had decided to send

a great deputation to Versailles, charged to present its congratulations to the King on the unity of Germany, and on the restoration of the dignity of Emperor. Abeken did not like this. He said, sulkily, "It is frightful for the Reichstag to send us thirty fellows here—a deputation of thirty people is really dreadful." He gave us no hint of his reason for being annoyed. Thirty wise Bonzes with the title of Privy Councillors might possibly not have been frightful, but thirty Marshals of the Household are enough to excite one. Hatzfeld expressed himself anxious about our immediate future in a military point of view. He believes that there is room for anxiety about our position in the west. Von der Tann, he says, has only 25,000 left of his 45,000 men, and the armies which have sprung out of the ground at the stamp of Gambetta's foot, are continually growing in number. News has come in at the Bureau that the French have got together two very large armies, and that the seat of Government has been removed from Tours to Bordeaux. It is doubtful, of course, how long this energy of Gambetta will meet with a response in the capacity for resistance in the country, and its readiness to submit to further military drains. In the southern departments people appear to be very much discontented and thoroughly exhausted with this destructive war.

Sunday, December 11.—In the morning, at nine o'clock, we have five degrees of cold, the garden below is covered with hoar-frost, and the moisture is frozen in delicate thread-work on the branches of the trees and shrubs. I pay Bismarck-Bohlen a sick visit, his illness having taken another form. The Chief, too, has not yet quite recovered, but he must be better, for he drives out about two o'clock. Half an hour later, I take a walk through the park of the château, where about fifty persons, some of them ladies of doubtful character, and three or four whose characters are not at all doubtful, are skating on the big central reservoir. As I came back, I heard somebody scolding furiously in French. Looking round, I noticed walking right behind me an elderly man, who limped a little, and who was abusing an over-dressed and over-painted female who was going mincingly past us. "Shameless woman, who bring disgrace into our families, and ruin on our young people; they ought to be driven out of the town," he said, turning to me as if he wished to bring me into the conversation. Then he came close up, constantly scolding, and ultimately coming to a

person of the male sex, whom he called the destroyer of France, declaring that the misery into which these men had plunged their country was a frightful spectacle, which cried aloud to Heaven. I said to him, "But France, you know, wanted the war, and must accept the consequences." He allowed that, but still burst out in furious abuse of the Republic and its leaders, especially Gambetta; Trochu, Favre, Gambetta, and the whole of them, were good-for-nothing blood-suckers. The Republic meant government in the interests of the dregs of the people, who looked askance at the comforts of their neighbors, and would like to distribute the plunder amongst themselves. He would rather see the King of Prussia master of France, and the country mutilated, cut up small, and broken into fragments, than the Republic. The Emperor, too, had been good for nothing. He was a mere usurper. Louis Philippe had pleased him just as little; he was not the right heir. But the Republic was the worst of all; and so on. I accompanied the enraged Legitimist as far as the Place Hoche, where I left him, after he had told me his name and address, and I had promised that I would pay him a visit soon.

The Chief dined with us to night, but spoke little, and complained of headache. Hatzfeld told us that Hartrott had just informed him that 4400 horses and 1000 wagons were on the way from Germany to be used in the transport of ammunition. The bombardment of Paris would begin in eight or ten days. The Chief answered, "It ought to have begun sooner, and, as for the eight days, that has often been promised us."

Our *Moniteur* gives us another list of the French officers who have escaped by breaking their parole. There are no fewer than twenty-two of them, ten of whom escaped from Hirschberg. I see from the same paper that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has accepted as genuine coin, and passed into circulation, a joke in the manner of Baron Munchausen. Moved by the mischances that have happened to several of the air-balloons sent up from Paris, the French are supposed to have put their calculating finger to their nose, and to have solved the problem of guiding these conveyances in the following manner. It is as simple as the egg of Columbus. They harness eagles to them. The correspondent of the newspaper writes, "However extravagant the idea of making birds guide balloons to their destination may appear, people in Paris have gone into the matter seriously. It is said that satisfactory experiments have

been made with eagles from the Botanic gardens, harnessed to the car. These experiments took place in the presence of the Postmaster-General Rampont, of M. Chassinat, of the chief of the postal service in the Department of the Seine, and of the Receiver-General Mattet. Four or six powerful birds were harnessed to the balloon, and were guided by an aeronaut by means of a piece of raw flesh fastened to the end of a long stick, which was held in front of their beaks. The greedy birds keep struggling in vain to reach it, as it moves through the air with the same velocity as they do. When the aeronaut wishes the balloon to move in a different direction, he turns the stick, with the beef-steak at the end, to the right or left. If he wants to go down, he drops it; if to ascend, he lifts it up." The editor of the *Moniteur* adds the remark, "We are afraid that these eagles were geese."

Hatzfeld told me at tea all sorts of interesting things about his experiences and observations in Paris. In 1866 Napoleon said to Goltz, that he could not allow a complete incorporation of Saxony with Prussia, but if only the name and a small portion of the kingdom—Dresden, for instance, with a few square miles in the neighborhood—were left, he would be quite content. If that be true, I have reason to think that the Chief's advice was to take no advantage of this offer. At first the Empress could not endure Goltz, for the following reason. During the interim between Goltz and his predecessor, Prince Reuss represented the embassy, and the Court was very much attached to him; he was in high consideration, especially as coming of a princely family. Eugénie would have liked him to have been ambassador, but he was sent off to Brussels, and the Empress attributed that to Goltz, disliked him for it, received him with marked coldness, never invited him to her select parties, and only saluted him, not speaking to him at all, upon public occasions. Goltz, who was supposed to have been much smitten with her, often went away in a regular fury. Once, however, when he happened to be invited to such a select evening, she had been compelled to say something to him, and in her perplexity, nothing occurred to her but the question, "What is Prince Reuss doing now?" When Goltz went home, he is said to be in a frightful rage, and to have used a disagreeable epithet. . . . Afterwards, however, the relationship between them improved, and Goltz ultimately stood so well with the Emperor, that he (Hatzfeld) was of opinion that

if Goltz had been alive in 1870, there would have been no war between us and France.

I asked what sort of woman the Empress was. He said, "Very beautiful, not over middle height, splendid bust, fair, with much natural intelligence, but little acquired learning, and few interests in intellectual matters." She had once taken him, with other gentlemen, through her rooms, and even into her sleeping apartment, but he had nowhere seen a book, or even a newspaper. Hatzfeld is of opinion that things will come round in the end to Napoleon's restoration. After all, he was not so bad as people represented him; and certainly by nature, he was the very reverse of truculent, being rather soft. If the French should see that they cannot pull through with their Republic of advocates, through whom they are falling more and more into ruin, they would invite him back again some day. As a second time the Saviour of Society, he might venture to treat with us upon the basis of what we require in order to make peace. His services in securing order might then make up for the loss in power and authority, which would be the necessary consequence of his giving up Elsass and part of Lothringen.

Monday, December 12.—The Chief appears to be worse again, and he is said to be in a very fretful temper; Dr. Lauer has been with him. The *Times* contains an article, which is all we could wish, the principal points of which I may note here. It is as follows: "In the present crisis it is not the duty of the Germans to show high feeling or sympathy, or magnanimously to forgive their defeated enemy. The question rather is of a simple piece of business and of prudence. What will the enemy do after the war, when he has recovered his strength! People in England have but a faint recollection of the numerous cruel lessons which Germany has had from France during the last four centuries. For 400 years no nation has had such bad neighbors as they have found in the French who were always unsociable, irreconcilable, greedy of territory, not ashamed to take it, and always ready to assume the offensive. During this whole time Germany has endured the encroachments and usurpations of France. To-day when she has won the victory and has conquered her neighbor, it would in our opinion be very foolish of her not to take advantage of the situation, and not to acquire for herself a boundary likely to secure peace for her in the future. As far as we know there is no law in the world entitling France to retain the territories which were formerly

annexed by her, after the owners, from whom they were taken, have laid their hands upon the thief. The French complain bitterly to those who will listen to them that they are exposed to losses which threaten their honor, and they incessantly and earnestly entreat people not to dishonor poor France, to leave her honor unstained. Will her honor, however, be preserved, if France refuses to pay for her neighbor's windows which she has broken? The real fact is, that she lost her honor when she broke her neighbor's windows, and only her deep repentance, and her honest determination not to repeat the offence, can restore it.

“We must say with all frankness, that France has never shown herself so senseless, so pitiful, so worthy of contempt and reproach, as at the present moment, when she obstinately declines to look the facts in the face, and refuses to accept the misfortune her own conduct has brought upon her. A France broken up in utter anarchy—Ministers who have no recognised chief, who rise from the dust in their air balloons, and carry with them for ballast shameful and manifest lies and proclamations of victories that exist only in their imagination—a government which is sustained by lying and imposture, and chooses rather to continue and to increase the waste of human life than to resign its own dictatorship and its wonderful Utopia of a Republic—that is the spectacle which France presents to-day. It is hard to say whether any nation ever before burdened itself with such a load of shame

“The quantity of lies which France, official and unofficial, has been manufacturing for us since the month of July, in the full knowledge that they are lies, is something frightful and absolutely unprecedented. Perhaps it is not much after all in comparison with the immeasurable heaps of illusions and unconscious lies which have so long been in circulation among the French. Their men of genius, who are recognised as such in all departments of literature, are apparently of opinion that France outshines other nations in a superhuman wisdom, that she is the New Zion of the whole world, and that the literary productions of the French for the last fifty years, however insipid, unhealthy, and often, indeed devilish, contain a real Evangel, rich in blessing for all the children of men.”

The article concludes in these words: “We believe that Bismarck will take as much of Alsace, and of Lorraine too, as he chooses, and that it will be the better for him, the better for us,

the better for all the world except France, and the better in the long run for France herself. Through large and quiet measures M. von Bismarck is aiming with eminent ability at one single object—the well-being of Germany and of the world. If the large-hearted, peace-loving, enlightened, and earnest people of Germany grow into one nation, and Germany become mistress of the continent in place of France, which is light-hearted, ambitious, quarrelsome, and over-exciteable, it will be the most momentous event of the present day, and all the world must hope that it may soon come about.”

It is an admirable article, and we shall bring it to the knowledge of our friends in Versailles through the *Moniteur*.

The Chief stayed a long time in bed to-day, and it was not till the afternoon that he was able to transact business. He was also absent at dinner. Hatzfeld told us there that he had talked with several of the diplomatists who had just come in from Paris—the Russian General-Adjutant, Prince Wittgenstein; the English Military Plenipotentiary, Claremont; and a Belgian. They left Paris yesterday morning early, and got here this afternoon by Villeneuve Saint-Georges, with the ponies and some other horses. Claremont, Hatzfeld said, impressed him as a sensible man, well acquainted with the condition of things in Paris. He said that he himself had not had to eat any horseflesh or to endure any hardships, that all the cabs and omnibuses seemed still to be plying in the city, that people were still playing pieces in the theatre at the Porte Saint-Martin, and that concerts were given twice a week at the Opera House. According to his account the gas lamps and street lanterns are still burning, though only one in five of the latter is lighted, as indeed is usual here in Versailles; and the only difference is—and it is only among the well-to-do classes—that people regularly go to bed about ten o'clock, whereas before the city was blockaded they used not to go till midnight. The villages inside the French line have all suffered worse than those inside ours. He supposes they may have provisions for two months yet. Abeken, on the other hand, had learned from Voigts-Rhetz that Moblots had come out in crowds to surrender. They had been fired upon, but a number of them, not frightened by that, had forced us to take them prisoners, and when they were examined had declared that they had suffered great misery, as only the regular troops were properly supplied with food.

L. came in after eight, and claimed to know "an excellent authority," as usual, that the King did not care for the assumption of the Imperial dignity, and that the arrival of the thirty-man deputation from the Reichstag especially had not been to his liking. He is supposed to have said, "I dare say I owe this dignity after all to Herr Lasker."

Afterwards I wrote an article for the press, by the Chief's direction, pointing out that we are now fighting, not merely against France, but against those cosmopolitan Red Republicans—Garibaldi, Mazzini, (who is now with Garibaldi, acting as his adviser) and the Polish, Spanish, and Danish members of the same party. The object for which this agreeable company is striving is set forth in a letter from the son of the prefect Ordinaire, who describes himself as an officer of Garibaldi's general staff. This letter, dated Autun, November 16, and directed to the editor of the journal *Rights of Man*, says :

"From the postmark you will see where we are—in the worst den of priestcraft in all France. Autun is one of the chief centres of the monarchical reaction. It looks more like an immense monastery than a town, with its great blank walls and its iron-barred widows, behind which monks of every description are praying and conspiring for the true cause and its right divine. Everywhere in the streets the red shirt comes in contact with the priest's black gown; and even the shop people, like everything else in the place, have a mystic look of having been saturated with holy water. We are on the 'Index' here, and slanderous stories are told about us—too many for even the waters of the flood to wash away. Every breach of discipline—and some are unavoidable with volunteers and free companions—is at once represented as a great crime. An outrage worthy of death will be manufactured out of nothing. The mountain, of course, brings forth its mouse, but the bad effect produced on public opinion remains, notwithstanding.

"Could you believe it? The authorities themselves aggravate the situation. The authorities make themselves, I hope unwittingly, the echo of these slanderers, and regard us with evil eyes, so that our army almost seems to be considered by our fellow citizens a band of robbers. Yes, believe me, the Monarchists of every shade have intermitted none of their pernicious activities, and hate us because we have sworn to leave none of those market-place stalls standing from which Kings and Emperors dictate their commands and caprices to the nations. Yes, we

proclaim it openly, we are the *soldiers of the Revolution*; and, I will add, not merely of the French, but of the *Cosmopolitan* revolution. Italians, Spaniards, Poles and Hungarians understood, when they hurried here to fight under the banner of France, that they were in reality defending the *Universal Republic*."

"The significance of the struggle is already clear. It is between the principle of Divine right, of authority, of monarchy, and that of the sovereignty of the people, of civilisation, and of freedom. The *Fatherland vanishes in the presence of the Republic*.

"We are citizens of the world, and we are ready, each according to his capacity, to fight to the death for the realisation of the grand idea of the United States of Europe, the brotherhood of all free peoples. The monarchical reactionists know this, and their enmity as good as doubles the Prussian armies. At our breasts we have the bayonets of the foreigner, and treachery at our backs! Why are all these ancient officials not chased away? Why are these former generals of the Empire, with their persons more or less decorated with their plumes, their orders, and their gold lace, not one and all cashiered without mercy? Can the Government of the National Defence not see that they will betray it; that with their hypocritical manoeuvres, their shameful capitulations, their incomprehensible retreats, they are preparing the way for a Bonapartist restoration, or at least for an Orleans or a Bourbon ascending the throne?

"Let the government which has undertaken to liberate the soil of our country polluted by the hordes of the foreigner, beware. Let it rise to the height of its own mission. Living in an epoch like ours, in the frightful circumstances in which we stand, it is not enough to be an honest man. One must show some energy, and must not lose his head, or drown himself in a glass of water. Let the Crémieuxs, the Glais-Bizoins, the Fourichons, recollect how men acted in 1792 and 1793. To-day we need men of the convention, a Danton, a Robespierre. Up, gentlemen, and room for the Revolution! She alone can help us. Great crises must be met by great means and great measures.

"Let us never forget that internal organisation must contribute to our defence against the outside world. It is a great matter to have nothing to trouble us when we march against the enemy; it is worth something to know that we are sus-

tained by Republican officials, and that the army is not in the hands of men who are ready to sell it. What signify the formalities of a military hierarchy? Choose your generals if necessary, from the ranks of your soldiers, and especially from among your young soldiers. Infuse a little fresh blood into the veins of the Republic, and the Republic will rescue herself and redeem all Europe from the yoke of the tyrants. Rise! A single effort, and long live the Universal Republic!"

The Fatherland vanishes in the presence of the Republic! Use the same great weapons as Danton and Robespierre did; cut off everybody's head who differs from you in politics or religion; let the guillotine be declared a permanent institution. Generals Chanzy, Bourbaki, Faidherbe, Vinoy, Ducrot and Trochu, are to be sent about their business, and men from the ranks to take their places. This is what is preached by the son of a prefect, in the department of the Doubs, an officer of Garibaldi's general staff. I wonder how many will say Amen to these proposals when they read them a few days after this in the *Moniteur*.

Tuesday, December 13.—The Chief's health is a trifle better, but he still feels himself very limp. At breakfast the Chancellor's possible retirement was talked over; we amused ourselves over a Lasker Ministry, saying that "Lasker would turn out a kind of Ollivier," and, half joking, half serious, we discussed Delbrück as the probable Chancellor of the Confederation, "a very sensible man, but no politician." I thought it inconceivable that they could allow the Chief to retire, even at his own request. The gentlemen thought it not impossible. I said that if things here went on four weeks longer they would be forced to recall him. Bucher doubted whether in such a case he would come back, and said positively that from his knowledge of him he felt sure that he would never come back, if he once retired. He enjoyed Varzin far too thoroughly when he was away from business and bother of every kind. He was happiest in the woods and in the country. "Believe me," the Countess had once said to him, "a *wruke* (a turnip) interests him more than all your politics," a *mot* which one must accept with some reserve, and consider applicable only in his occasional moods.

At half-past two I went to him for business. He desired me to direct people's attention to the King of Holland's perplexity about new Ministers, and to point out that it was a

consequence of the parliamentary system which forces the King's advisers to retire, whatever may be the circumstances, when the majority of the representatives of the people are against them on any single question. He remarked, "I remember that, when I was Minister, these people were having their twentieth or twenty-first ministry since the introduction of their parliamentary system. When people hold strictly to the principle that the Minister must be sent about his business if the majority goes against him, too many politicians get used up; they have then to go to the second-raters. In the end there is nobody left willing to devote himself to the kind of work. The moral is, either that the salary of ministerial officers ought to be raised, or that people must a little relax the severity of parliamentary practice."

The Chief drove out about three, after having Russel again with him, and he also came, God be praised! to dinner with us, where he drank a little beer and a couple of glasses of Vichy water with champagne. We had turtle-soup, and, among other delicacies, a wild boar's head and a *compote* of raspberry jelly and mustard, which was excellent. The Minister said, "Things were very bad with me this time. I was troubled with varicose veins in 1866 also. I lay full-length on the bed, and had to answer letters of a very desperate sort—very distracting for me—with a pencil. They" (he meant the Austrians) "then wanted to disarm on the northern frontier, but to keep their armies together farther down, and I had to convince them that that would not do for us at all."

He then spoke of his negotiations with Russel, and of Gortchakoff's demands. "The people in London," he said, "don't want to return a straightforward 'Yes' to the proposal to restore to Russia and Turkey the Black Sea, and complete sovereignty over their own coast lines. They are afraid of public opinion in England; and Russia returns perpetually to the idea that some sort of equivalent should be offered. He asked, for instance, whether we could not adhere *simpliciter* to the agreement of April 16, 1856. I told him that Germany had no real interest in it. Or whether we might not pledge ourselves to remain neutral, if it came to a conflict? I said I was no friend of conjectural politics, under which class such a pledge would come; and that it would all depend on the circumstances. At present we saw no reason to trouble ourselves about it. That ought to be enough for him. For the rest, I

was not of opinion that gratitude was without its place in politics. The present Emperor had always shown himself friendly and well disposed to us; while Austria had never shown herself trustworthy, and had occasionally been very uncertain. As for England, he knew well enough how much we had to thank her for. The friendliness of the Emperor, I said, was a relic of old relationships which originated partly in the family connection; but it rested also on the recognition of the fact that our interests were not in collision with his. Nobody knew how that might be in future, and it was better not to talk about it."

. . . "Our position, I represented, was different from what it had been. We were the only power that had reason to be content; we had no call to do anybody a favor when we did not know whether he would do us a service in return."

"He came back to his equivalent, and asked me whether there was nothing I could propose to him. I suggested the opening of the Dardanelles and the Black Sea to all nations. It would probably be agreeable to Russia, as it would give her access to the Mediterranean from the Black Sea; and to Turkey, as she would then have her friends close to her; and to the Americans, who would lose one of the reasons which draw them towards Russia, in the realization of their wish for the freedom of all the water highways of the world. He seemed to take that in." "The Russians," added the Chancellor, "ought not to have been so modest in their requirements; if they had asked for more, they would have had no difficulty in getting what they want about the Black Sea."

The conversation then turned on the four principles of the new law of the ocean: no fitting out of privateers; no seizure of goods except contraband of war; that a blockade is only to be valid when it is effective, and so on. One of these had been flagrantly infringed, the Chief said, by the French when they burned German vessels; and he closed our discussion of the subject, saying, "Yes, we must see how we can get rid of all this nonsense."

Wednesday, December 14.—In the morning, by the Chief's orders, I telegraphed the occupation of Blois by our troops and the capitulation of Montmédy. The Centralists in Germany are still expressing their dissatisfaction with the convention with Bavaria.

The Chief dined with us, and his guest was Count Holnstein. The conversation did not turn upon politics. The Minister

talked in the kindest and most good-humored fashion of all sorts of things. He said, for instance, that as a young man he had been a fast runner and a capital jumper, whilst his sons had unusual strength in the muscles of their arms. He would not like to try them in a stand-up wrestle. He then brought out the case with the gold pen presented to him by Bissinger, the jeweller, to show to his guest, and he told us that the countess had written to know the truth about it, thinking it might turn out like the story about the clown at Meaux,—a story which I now heard for the first time, about the newborn child of a French soldier who had recently fallen, being deposited one morning on the Chief's bed, and which was, of course, an invention of the newspapers. Somebody said that the deputation from the Reichstag had got as far as Strassburg, and would be here the day after to-morrow. The Chancellor remarked, "Then we must think seriously what answer we are to give them. Simson will manage the thing very well. He has several times before had similar things to do on the first deputation about the Emperor and at the Hohenzollernburg. He likes to speak, and on such occasions speaks well and agreeably. Abeken remarked that the deputy Lowe had said that he had gone through this experience once before, and had the opportunity afterwards of reflecting on the matter, far from Madrid, "Really, was he there in 1849?" asked the Minister. "Yes," said Bucher, "he was President of the Reichstag." "So, then," said the Chief, "it was not on account of the Emperor's journey that he had to remain away from Madrid, but because of the trip to Stuttgart, which was a very different affair." At that time, according to him, he was first in the Hohenzollernburg, where all the branches of his family had separate apartments, then in another old castle in Pomerania where all the Dewitzes had formerly had a right of tenancy, but which had now become a picturesque ruin, the people of the next small town having made use of it for a quarry, and after that again with the owner of an estate in the country who had got his money in a peculiar way.

"He had always been apparently in difficulty and want, at one time up to the neck, the caterpillars having devoured his woods, a fire having burnt down a good part of them, and a hurricane finally levelling many of his trees to the ground. The wood had to be sold, and to his surprise he got a large sum for it—fifty or sixty thousand thalers—so that he was at once

set on his feet again. It had never occurred to him that he had his wood to cut down."

The Chief then told us of another remarkable person, a neighbor of his own. "He had ten or twelve properties, but never any ready money, and often wanted to dispose of something. Whenever he gave a formal breakfast party, he used to have to sell one of his properties. At last there were one or two left. His peasants bought one of them for fifty-three thousand thalers. They paid him fifteen thousand thalers down, and immediately sold off ship's timber to the amount of twenty-two thousand. He had never happened to think of that."

He talked next of the dragoon guards in Munich, whose bigness and whole style had given him the impression that they must be capital judges of beer. Then he talked of his son Count Bill, who was the first German to ride into Rouen. Some one said he would be a conclusive evidence to the inhabitants, that our troops had not so far been badly looked after, and the Chancellor again descanted on the strength of his "lads." They had uncommon strength for their age, he said, "though they had had no gymnastic training. I had no feeling against it certainly, but there had been no opportunity for it away from home." While we were smoking our after-dinner cigars, he asked whether the gentlemen of the office smoked. "They all do it," said Abeken. "Well," he said, "Engel must distribute the Hamburg cigars among them. I have had so many sent me that I shall still have some left to take home, even if the war lasts another twelvemonth."

After 9 o'clock in the morning I was twice called to the Minister. A note was sent for the press stating that Tarbé, the editor of the *Gaulois*, which now appears in Brussels, got out of Paris and through the Prussian lines by purchasing his passport from a Swiss for 10,000 francs. "Say nothing about the other Swiss (who we are informed sold his pass through the circle of our outposts to another Parisian for 6,000 francs)," said the Chief. "It might look as if we wanted to worry Switzerland, which we have no intention of doing."

Thursday, December 15.—The weather was mild. Hardly any firing from the forts. Counts Frankenberg and Lehdorf were our guests at the beginning of dinner. Half an hour afterwards Prince Pless came in. The Minister was extremely chatty and good-humored. We talked first about the question

of the day, when the bombardment was to begin, and the Chief said he thought probably in eight or ten days from now, but that it would have little effect for a few weeks, as the Parisians had had time to make their preparations to meet it. Frankenberg said that People in Berlin, especially in the Reichstag, spoke of nothing so much as of the reasons which had made us put off the bombardment of Paris so late as this. Everything else fell into the background. "Well," said the Chief, "now that Roon has taken the thing in hand something will be done. There are a thousand wagons on the way here, adequately horsed. Ammunition for transport, and some of the new mortars have already arrived. We may look out for something soon now."

We then began to talk of the way in which the restoration of the German Empire had been brought before the Reichstag, and several of those present said that in their opinion it had not been managed as they should have liked. The thing had been badly arranged. The Conservatives had had no notice of the intended communication, so that it reached them just as they were at breakfast, and Windhorst, with his usual ability in turning circumstances to account, had been quite entitled to remark that he should have expected more sympathy from the Assembly. "Yes," said the Chief, "there ought to have been a more effective *mise en scène* for such a piece. . . . Somebody might have come forward to express dissatisfaction with the Bavarian Convention. It wanted this, and omitted that. Then he should have said, that if any counterpoise for these defects could be found, anything in which the unity of Germany would find adequate expression, it might alter the case, and at that point the Emperor might have been brought out." "After all, the Emperor has more power than many fancy." "I don't for a moment deny that the Bavarian Convention has its faults and deficiencies; that is easily said by people who have no responsibility. How would it have been if I had refused to meet the Bavarians half-way, and nothing had come of the whole affair? It is impossible to realise the difficulties we should have got into, so that I was frightfully anxious about the freedom from prejudices of the centralistic party among the deputies of the Reichstag." "This is the first time for many a day that I have had a couple of hours' sound and satisfying sleep. I used at first to lie awake full of all sorts of thoughts and troubles. Then Varzin would suddenly come up before me, perfectly distinct in

the minutest particulars, like a great picture with even all its colors fresh—the green trees, the sunshine on the stems, the blue sky above. I saw every individual tree. I struggled to shake the thing off, but it came back and worried me, and when at last I ceased to see it, other things came in—reports, notes, despatches, and so on, till I fell over about morning.”

The conversation then turning on the fair sex in this country, the Chief said, “I have travelled a good deal through France, during peace, too, and I don’t recollect that I ever saw anywhere a single nice-looking country girl, but I have seen frightfully ugly creatures often. I believe that there are a few, only the pretty ones go off to Paris to make their market there.” Towards the end we talked of the enormous destruction the war had entailed on France, and the Minister said, “I can imagine that the country might become empty and masterless, and that after the emigration of the people we might have to let the estates out to deserving Pomeranians and Westphalians.”

In the evening, at tea, Bucher was at first alone with me; then Keudell came in, who was a good deal troubled, and anxious about Gambetta’s gigantic levies, which were estimated, as he had heard from the general staff, at 1,300,000 men. He had been told also by Moltke’s people, that we were to get 80,000 or 90,000 new troops, but he thought we ought to have had half a million. What would happen if the French with 300,000 men from the south-east were to fall on the thin line of our communications with Germany? We might then easily be compelled even to give up Paris. Certainly this is too melancholy a view of the situation.



CHAPTER XIV.

CHAUDORDY AND FACTS—OFFICERS BREAKING THEIR PAROLE
—FRENCH MISCONSTRUCTIONS—THE CROWN PRINCE ENTERTAINED BY THE CHIEF.

FRIDAY, *December 16.*—Weather mild and sky clouded. In the morning I wrote several articles on Chaudordy's circular despatch about the barbarous way in which we are represented to be carrying on the war. My line was as follows :

“To the slanders which the French press has been circulating for months in order to excite public opinion against us, we have now to add an official document emanating from the Provisional Government of France, the object of which is to induce foreign courts and cabinets to take part against us by exaggerated and distorted statements of our proceedings in this war. An official of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, M. de Chaudordy, has taken occasion to complain of us in a circular letter to the neutral powers. Let us look at the main points of his indictment, let us then state the real facts of the cases he describes, and leave the world to judge whether the French or we are more open to the reproach of barbarism.

“He asserts that our requisitions are immoderate and that we demand from the towns and communes which have fallen into our hands exorbitant contributions. We are said even to have laid hold of the private property of individuals. We are accused of savagely wrecking and burning down towns and villages where the inhabitants have fought against us or even been helpful in the slightest way to the French who are defending their country. Our accuser says, ‘To punish a town for the offence of a single inhabitant whose sole crime was that he rose against the foreign invader, superior officers have ordered it to be set on fire and plundered, thus shamefully abusing the unquestioning discipline exacted from their soldiers. Every house where

a Franc-tireur had hidden or had a meal has been burnt down. What becomes of private property?' The circular goes on to say that in bombarding open towns we have introduced a practice which has no precedent in history. Family, among other outrages of which we have been guilty, we have taken hostages with us in the railway trains to secure ourselves against the rails being lifted and other damage and injury done to the lines.

“We answer these charges thus; If M. de Chaudordy had known anything of war, instead of complaining of the sacrifices our operations require from the French population, he would have been astonished at our comparative reasonableness. The German troops respect private property everywhere, but it is not to be wondered at if, after forced marches or hard fights where they have been exposed to cold and hunger, they insist on getting lodged as comfortably as possible and on requiring of the inhabitants whatever is of immediate necessity—food, drink, and firing, for instance—or if they take them, in cases where the inhabitants have fled. There is evidence, that so far from attacking private property, as M. de Chaudordy says they do, they have often done the very opposite, and have, at the risk of their own lives, rescued for the owners objects of special or artistic value, exposed to injury from the French guns. We are charged with having burned down villages. Has our accuser never heard of the reason: of the Francs-tireurs, assassin-like, firing at our men in them, of the inhabitants helping these murderers and rendering them every possible assistance? Has he not heard how the Francs-tireurs, who went recently from Fontaines to Lyons, declared loudly and openly that the object of their march was to pay visits to those houses in the district, the plundering of which was worth their while? Can he give a single authenticated instance of horrors committed by our soldiers like those practiced on them by the Turcos and the free companions of the French? Have they cut off the ears and noses of their enemies, either dead or alive, as the French did to the German soldiers at Coulours on the 30th of November? Eight hundred German prisoners should have been brought into Lille on the 11th of December. There was only two hundred. Many of them were severely wounded, but instead of offering them assistance the people pelted them with snowballs, and cried for the soldiers to run their bayonets into them. The number of times the French have fired on flags of truce is un-

precedented, and the following incident, though all but incredible, is perfectly authenticated. On the 2nd of December Under-Sergeant-major Steinmetz von Villers wrote a letter to his lieutenant in Mirecourt by the express request of an officer of the Garibaldians, notifying that if our troops allowed reprisals against Vettel or any place in the neighborhood, he would cut off the ears of fourteen Prussians who had fallen into the hands of the free companions.

“ We have often refused to treat free companions as soldiers, but only when, by following the principles recommended to the country people of the department of Côte d’Or by the Prefect Luce Villiard on the 21st November, they failed to conduct themselves as such. He told them, ‘ The country does not ask you to embody yourselves in companies and march against the enemy. It expects you, every morning, to pick out three or four men to go to any place which the character of the ground renders suitable and fire at the Prussians wherever they can do so without danger. Above all things, fire at the enemy’s cavalry, and give their horses up at the chief place of arrondissement. I shall pay you a reward (the wages of assassination) and shall publish your heroic conduct in all the newspapers of the department and in the *Journal officiel*.’

“ We have bombarded open towns, such as Orleans, but is M. de Chaudordy not aware that at the time they were in the occupation of the enemy? Has he forgotten that the French bombarded the open towns of Saarbrücken and Kehl? Finally, about the hostages, who are taken with our railway trains, they accompany us, not to interfere with the heroic deeds of the French, but to prevent malignant crimes. The railways carry other things besides soldiers, ammunition, and war materials. They are not a mere means of war, assailable, like others, by armed violence. Crowds of wounded, doctors, nurses for the sick, and other altogether peaceable persons, are conveyed on them. Is any peasant or free companion to be allowed to tear up the rails or lay stones across, so as at one blow to endanger the lives of hundreds of these people? Let the French see to the safety of their trains, and their hostages will only be taken little pleasure excursions, or, if they prefer it, we shall make Germans accompany them to re-establish order along the lines. We need say no more in answer to M. de Chaudordy’s complaints. The European cabinets know the humane spirit in which we carry on war, and people here will have little difficulty

in rating the assertions of our French accuser at their real worth.

"After all, war is war. Silk gloves are not in place, and perhaps the iron gloves with which we have had to handle them would have been worn less frequently had the Government of National Defence not passionately proclaimed a people's war, which inevitably leads to greater cruelties than one between regular armies."

In the afternoon I again visited the magnificent bronze deities behind the château, and the moss-grown marble statues on the main road through the park. Besides Bohlen, who was still sick, we missed at dinner Hatzfeld, who had turned unwell, and Keudell, who had been commanded to dine with the King. This time Count Holnstein and Prince Putbus were our invited guests. The conversation turned first on the Bavarian Convention, and Holnstein expected that it would be approved by the second Chamber, in which a two-thirds majority is necessary, as it is already known that only about forty votes are to be recorded against it. It is also as good as certain that it will not be rejected by the Chamber of the Royal Councilors. The Chief said, "Thünger will surely be for it." Holnstein said, "I believe so, for he voted for our taking part in the war." "Yes, said the Minister, "he is one of the honorable Particularists, but there are others who have different ends in view." Holnstein said "Certainly some of the patriots have shown clearly enough that they leave out the "For God and Fatherland," and hold only by the "With the help of God."

Putbus then turned the conversation to the approaching festival, and said that it was nice that the men in the hospitals were also to have their Christmas trees. A collection had been made for that object, and 2500 francs had been gathered. "Pless and I signed," he went on to say. "Then it was taken to the Grand Duke of Weimar, who subscribed 300 francs, and the Grand Duke of Coburg 200." "Of course he would have to subscribe neither more than Weimar nor less than Pless." Putbus said they proposed to lay the list before His Majesty, and the Chief asked, "Won't you allow me to have a share in it?"

It was then mentioned that a French air-balloon had come down at Wetzlar, and that Ducrot was said to be in it. "Well, he will be shot at last," said Putbus. "No," said the Chief, "if he comes before a council of war, it will not shoot

him, but a council of honor, the officers tell me, would condemn him quickly enough."

"Is there anything else new in military matters!" said Putbus. The Minister said, "The general staff may know something, but we don't. For our much asking, we get the crumbs they let fall to us, and they are not many." Somebody then said he had heard that another great sortie of the Parisians was expected to-morrow: and one of those at table added, that there was a report that a dragoon had been shot on the road to Meudon, and an officer in the wood between this and Ville d'Avray. (Hence the notice yesterday ordering that no civilian is to be allowed in the woods near the town between three in the afternoon and nine next morning, and commanding sentries and patrols to fire on any non-military man who shows himself there during these hours.) "They appear to have air-guns," the Chief conjectured. "Probably they are the old poachers of the neighborhood."

Finally we spoke of the report that the Government of the National Defence was proposing to issue a loan, and the Minister turned to me and said, "It might be worth while to point out in the papers the risk people run who lend their money to this Government. It may turn out that its loans may not be taken up by the Government with which we conclude peace, and we may make it one of the conditions. You might get that specially into the English and the Belgian papers."

After we left table, Abeken told me that Count Holnstein had asked who I was (probably because I am now the only person at the Chancellor's table in civilian costume); was I, perhaps, the Minister's personal medical attendant, as people called me Doctor? In the evening L. told us that a Conservative of high position, who sometimes favored him with communications, had told him that, in his circles, people were anxious to see what the King would say in reply to the deputation from the Reichstag. He was supposed not to like their visit, for it was only the first German Reichstag, and not the North German Reichstag which would be entitled to offer him the Emperor's crown. (The King thinks much less about the Reichstag, which does not propose to offer him the crown on its own account, but to come, along with the princes, asking him to accept it, than of the princes, some of whom have not yet sent their answer to the proposition of the King of Bavaria.) For his own part, L.'s high-placed Conservative would

rather have seen the King made Emperor of Prussia (which is a matter of taste), in which case Prussia would merge in Germany, and about that he confesses he has his scruples. L. told us also that the Crown Prince was indignant at certain correspondents in the German papers, who had compared Châteaudun to Pompeii, and had otherwise drawn lively pictures of the desolation of the country by the war. I suggested to L. to work on the subjects: "A new French Loan" and "Chaudordy and Garibaldi's ear-slitters" for a Belgian paper, to which he has access, and he promised to do so to-morrow.

After tea Wollmann came in, and told us that the deputation from the Reichstag had arrived, and that Simson, their speaker, was already below with the Chief, who would clearly explain to him the King's disinclination to receive them before the arrival of letters from all the princes agreeing to what is proposed. These letters have to be sent first to the King of Bavaria, and he forwards them to our King. All the princes are believed to have already answered in the affirmative by telegram—only Lippe seems not yet to have got quite to the bottom of his meditations. To account for this delay, probably a couple of the members of the deputation will have to be taken ill. W. tells us also that the last telegram, notifying the passage of the Convention with Bavaria through the Reichstag, contained the words: "Even the district magistrates were powerless to obstruct the March of universal history."

Saturday, December 17.—During breakfast we were informed that Vendôme had been occupied by our troops. The secretaries told us that when he is dictating, the Chief's custom is to walk up and down the room, every now and then giving a knock on a table, a chair, or a commode, sometimes with the tassel of his dressing-gown, which he keeps swinging about. He seems not to have had a good night last night, for about half-past eleven he had not breakfasted, and an hour afterwards he was still not to be spoken with. There is to be a great council to-day of the military authorities at the King's perhaps about the bombardment.

Herr von Arnim-Kröchlénburg, the brother-in-law of the Minister, was at dinner, a gentleman with an energetic expression of countenance and a full reddish beard, apparently going into fifty. The Chief was in excellent humor, but the conversation this time had no special significance. It turned chiefly on the bombardment and the position which a certain party at

head-quarters had taken up with respect to it. The Chief suddenly asked Bucher, "Have you a pencil and paper beside you?" "Yes." "Then telegraph" (I suppose to Delbruck). "The King will receive the deputation from the Reichstag about two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Details to follow." (Probably he means to signify to them that he is prepared to assume the dignity of Emperor, as they wish him to do, but that he considers that he owes it in the first instance to the requisition from the King of Bavaria and the agreement of the other German princes with him, and that that agreement has not yet been formally expressed by everybody.) Arnim said he could eat no more, as he had already had too much sausage, and the Chief smiled and said, "Where did they come from? I hope not from Paris, for in that case they might perhaps contain rat." We learn, in fact, that they are now very short of fresh meat there; and it is said that in some parts of the city a regular rat-market has been established, which is abundantly supplied with good stock from the sewers.

L. came in after eight o'clock, as usual, to exchange news. He told us that there was considerable excitement at present among the English in Versailles. Several sons of Britain who are acting here as newspaper correspondents, and among them a Captain Hosier, had had the misfortune, on a journey from this to Orleans, to be arrested as spies and kept prisoners in an inn, by German soldiers who did not understand their English. They made an exception in favor of Hosier only, who spoke some German. In spite of their correct papers all the rest were kept in charge, put into a conveyance and brought to Versailles. The Crown Prince was very angry at the behaviour of the soldiers, and the London papers would storm frightfully, and try to turn the affair into a national insult. L. seemed a little warm over it. I thought to myself, that he who thrusts himself into danger must abide the consequences, and that the man who goes a journey is likely to have something to tell. Bucher, too, when I told him the story, seemed to think it rather enjoyable than serious, and said that it was a continuation of the well-known comic narrative of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who undertook their famous journey to foreign parts without knowing any language but that of the London Cockney, and who had fallen into all sorts of trouble.

Afterwards Bucher told us that the Chief was a great lover of nature and picturesque places. He had several times rambled

through the country near Varzin with him, and about the close of the walk he often said, "You are wearying for your dinner no doubt, but there is that one hill for us to climb yet, to get the view from the top."

In the evening after ten there were repeated discharges from the forts.

Sunday, December 18.—About two the Chief went out to the prefecture for the presentation of the people from the Reichstag. In the interval before his probable return, I took a walk through the Park with Wollmann, ending by way of the Avenue de Paris, where the ceremony at the prefecture seems to have been got through very simply. The Princes present here went, I believe, to the King, as did also the delegates from the Reichstag. After two o'clock the King came into the audience-room, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princes Karl and Adalbert. The Grand Dukes of Baden, Oldenburg, and Weimar, the Duke of Coburg and Meiningen, the three actual Hereditary Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg, Weimar, and Oldenburg, Prince William of Wurtemberg, and a number of other princely personages were present, and the rest of the audience was grouped round the Chancellor of the Confederation. Nobody, was, it seems, in full uniform. Simson made the address to the King, who answered pretty much as had been expected. About five o'clock, a dinner of eighty covers closed the ceremonies.

This afternoon I dined with Dr. Good,* and met there another Kentuckian, Mr. Bowland MacLean, and the English newspaper correspondent Conningsby. The Americans were charming people. They were much astonished at the accuracy with which I described to them Falmouth, Bowland's birth-place, and the way to it from Cincinnati. They wanted to know my opinion about the United States, and especially what I thought about the great Civil War, in which Good had been a long time engaged. My answer, in which I did justice also to the Secessionists, seemed to please them greatly. Then Coningsby brought up the incident with Hosier and his friends,

* An unusually agreeable young doctor from Louisville, Kentucky, who, being a complete master of German, had devoted himself to the care of the sick at headquarters, and whose acquaintance I had made through MacLean. Some time afterwards he was himself the victim of a long and fatal illness, caused by the fatigues he had undergone during the American Secession War.

and wished to know what I thought about it. I told him that the gentlemen had added a fresh chapter to the adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. It could not reasonably be expected that our soldiers and subaltern officers should understand English, and the thing appeared to me to be founded on a misunderstanding. He replied that Hosier had certainly spoken German, and that the papers which all the four gentlemen had on their persons were written in German and signed by Roon and Blumenthal. "In that case," I said, "it is in all likelihood a case of military over-conscientiousness; too much zeal and precaution." Mr. Conningsby replied that he could not see it in that light; he thought that the soldiers had ill-used the correspondents, because they were inoculated with the bitter feeling in Germany about the English supply of arms. We should see, however, what would come of it.

I did not want to say that what he called embittered feeling was probably more like distrust, or that I thought it quite intelligible. So I merely said, "Most likely it will make a great noise, an angry effervescence in the newspapers, and nothing more." I added that I could not imagine that more could come of it. He replied that I should not be too sure of that, and talked about the British lion and *civis Romanus*. I answered that if the lion roared, we should say, "Well roared, lion;" "Roar again, lion. As for the *civis*, times had a little altered since he used to be the fashion. "People have their own thoughts about these matters," I said. He replied that we were quite intoxicated with our success, and that if the British Lion were not satisfied he could fight as well as roar. The least that could be asked would be the cashiering of the officer in command when his countrymen had been arrested. I begged him not to get excited, to look at the matter in cold blood. It could not in any circumstance be serious. We should certainly not throw our people over at once as a sop to the Lion, however that animal might rage. If injustice had been really done to the correspondents, a point which an inquiry would settle, they would undoubtedly get satisfaction. As for our intoxication with our success, I must point out to him that throughout this war we had as a nation shown ourselves most modest, very free from conceit or vain-gloriousness, especially when contrasted with the unmeasured lying and boasting of the French. I ended by saying that I repeated that I considered the whole affair a trifle, that it was impossible that England should quarrel

with us, or as he seemed to expect, declare war against us, about trifles. But I continued to believe that the matter would make a great noise in the newspapers, and that nothing serious would come of it. In the end he calmed down, and confessed that he had himself been arrested during the engagement near Bougival and Malmaison, and harshly used by the Prussians, but even more harshly by his own countryman, Colonel Walker, to whom he had appealed. Walker is the English military plenipotentiary at headquarters. He had received him gruffly, and told him in plain words that he had no business in battlefields. He then described Walker to us as a man of no ability. I suppressed the remark that I thought of making, in that instance Colonel Walker seemed to have shown himself a man of better judgment than some other folks. The discussion at last dropped away peaceably enough. Throughout, the American sided with me and the Germans.

Monday, December 19.—In the morning Abeken and I again gathered violets in the garden, and found three bunches, which I sent home. After two o'clock I made an excursion through the park,, meeting the Chief twice, with Simson beside him in his carriage. The Minister was invited to dine with the Crown Prince at seven, but half an hour or so before, he ate a little with us. He told us about his drive with Simson. "The last time he was here was in 1830, after the July revolution. I thought he would have taken an interest in the park and the beautiful views there, but he seemed to do nothing of the sort. Apparently the feeling for landscape is completely wanting in him. There are many people in whom it is so. As far as I know there are no Jewish landscape painters, and, indeed, hardly any Jewish painters of any kind." Somebody mentioned Meierheim, and Bendemann. "Meierheim" he said, "yes; but Bendemann had only Jewish grand-paren. There are plenty of Jewish composers—Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Halévy; but for painters, a Jew paints indeed, but only when he does not need to do it."

Abeken then told us about Rogge's sermon yesterday in the church of the château, and said he had talked too much about the deputation here from the Reichstag. The Chief replied, "I am not at all of that mind, certainly not. These people have once more voted us a hundred million thalers (fifteen million pounds), and they have approved the Versailles Conventions in spite of their own *doctrine* views, and much to the

disgust of many people. We ought to recognizie all that. No ; I cannot entertain such an opinion of them. I am only cross with Delbrück, who disturbed my mind greatly by saying that they were not likely to agree to the Conventions."

The privy councillor talked of the incidents at Ems, shortly before the war broke out, and told us that after a certain despatch the King had said : "Well, even he (Bismarck) will be pleased with us." "And I believe," added Abeken, "that you were." From the Chancellor's reply, it must have been a "partial satisfaction." "I remember," he said, "how I received the news in Varzin. I had gone out, and I found the first telegram waiting for me when I came home. I went off at once, driving by our pastor's house at Wussau. He stood right before his door, and saluted me. I said nothing to him, but merely made this cut (marking the crossing of the swords in the air). He understood me, and I went on." Then he told us how the thing changed back and forward up to the point when the declaration of war came. The Minister then said that he had meant at first to go to church yesterday, "but I was anxious," he said, "not to catch cold in the procession. I caught a most frightful headache once before in it ; and, besides, I was very much afraid that Rogge would say too much."

Afterwards, in what connection I do not remember, he began to speak of the "nut war," which was the result of the battle of Tannenberg, in which the combatants are said to have lost themselves in a large wood, which at that time stretched from Butow far into Poland, and consisted entirely of walnut thickets and of oaks. In connection with something else, though I do not remember this connection either, he mentioned the battle of Fehrbellin, which brought him to talk of old people who had outlived so-and-so. "We had an old cowherd called Brand at home, who may very likely have spoken to people who were at the battle of Fehrbellin. Brand was one of those ancient pieces of furniture with which the recollections of my youth are inseparably bound up. When I think of him I seem to be smelling heather and meadow flowers. Yes, it is possible ; he was 91 or 93 years old, and died in 1820 or 1821. He had seen King Frederick William the First in Cöslin, where he had served with his father as a post-boy. If, then, he was born about 1730, it is quite possible that he may have known people who fought in Fehrbellin, for that is only fifty or sixty years farther back."

Abeken had also his remarkable recollections of youth. He had seen the poet Gockingk, who died in the course of the last twenty years, from which we made out that the old man was born in 1809. The Chief then said that he might himself possibly have seen pig-tails when he was a child. Turning to Abeken, he continued: "It is more likely that you did, as you are five or six years older than I am." Then he returned to Pomerania, and, if I do not mistake, to Varzin, where a French Piedmontese had settled down after the last French war. The man interested him, as he had worked himself up to a respectable position, and although originally a Catholic, had become one of the churchwardens. As another instance of people settling and becoming prosperous in some chance locality, he mentioned other Italians, who during the war of 1813, had got into this back region of Pomerania, remained there, and founded families, distinguishable from those of their neighbors only through the cast of their features.

Finally, we spoke of Muhler, a friend of Abeken's, whom he had that day, contrary to Keudell's opinion, declared to be quite unreplaceable. From the influence of that Minister's wife upon his decisions, and his whole political attitude, the conversation turned on the influence which energetic wives usually exercise over their husbands. "Yes," said the Chief, "in such cases one usually cannot tell to whom the merit or demerit of a thing is to be attributed—*quid ipse fecit et quid mulier fecit*" ("which is his part and which his wife's"); a remark which he illustrated by many examples which cannot be given here. It was after ten o'clock before the Minister came back from the Crown Prince, and he then went out to take the Crown Prince's Marshal of the Palace, who returned with him ten minutes later, for a short walk in the garden. Afterwards, when I was having tea in my own room, Engel whispered me up the staircase, "Do you know, doctor, that the Crown Prince is to dine with us to-morrow evening?"

Tuesday, December 20.—Whilst I was preparing an article in the Bureau, Keudell told me that the Chief had decided that all State documents as they came in and went out were from this time forward to be open to my inspection on my request. He gave me a telegram to read from the Minister himself, referring to Luxemburg, and afterwards he sent me, through Wollmann, the authority required for my better information.

After three o'clock the Minister went to the King, and I took a walk with Wollmann through the town, and afterwards through the Avenue de Saint-Cloud. On the main road, a peculiar dark blue mass appeared in the distance coming to meet us. They looked like soldiers, and yet not like soldiers. They marched in close column and in regular step. There were muskets without bayonets; there were neither caps nor helmets; and there was no white leather. It was only when the procession came nearer that I recognize the black glazed hats of the sailors of our Marine, their black belts and main braces, their shiny knapsacks, their pea-jackets, and their cutlasses. There were some hundreds of them, with five or six officers, from whom, when the troop halted, we learned that they were the crews of four of the Loire steamers which have been captured by Prince Frederick Charles's troops. It appears that they are quartered in the Rue de la Pompe, and in the Rue Hoche. There were many strapping and good-looking fellows amongst them. Numbers of French gathered round to watch these mysterious foreigners, the like of whom they had never seen. "They are German soldiers," I heard somebody say; "they can speak many languages (*ce sont des polyglottes*), and are to serve as interpreters for the Prussians."

Shortly after six o'clock the Crown Prince, with his adjutant, came to dine with us. He wore the ensigns of his new military rank, a large cross and a field-marshal's *bâton*, upon the shoulder-plates. He sat at the top of the table, with the Chief at his right and Abeken at his left. After soup, we spoke first of the subject that I had been that morning preparing for the press, namely, that according to a communication from Israel, thé secretary of Laurier, the provisional government's London agent, Gambetta no longer believes in a successful defence, and is inclined to make peace upon our conditions; That Trochu alone of the present rulers of France wants to go on fighting, and that the others pledged themselves, when he undertook the conduct of the defence of Paris, to act always in harmony with him. On that point the Chief remarked, "He is said to have provisioned Mont Valérien for two months, so as to retire there with the regular troops who stay by him, when the city is given up, probably in order to influence the settlement of the terms of peace. I believe for my own part," he continued, "that France will in future break up into several fragments. It is broken up into parties already. In the dif-

ferent districts people are of very different parties. They are Legitimists in Brittany, Red Republicans in the South, Moderates elsewhere, and the regular army is still attached to the Emperor, at least the majority of the officers are. Each of these parts of France may follow its own convictions; one Republican, one for the Bourbons, one where the Orleanists have most supporters, and Napoleon's people—tetrarchies of Judea, Galilee, and so forth."

The Crown Prince said that it was believed that Paris must have underground communication with the outside world. The Chief supposed that it must be so, and said, "They can't get provisions in that way, but they might get news. I have already thought whether we could not fill up the sewers with water from the Seine, and so flood at least the lower-lying quarters of the city. These sewers go right under the Seine." Bucher confirmed this statement, and said that he had been in the sewers and had noticed their side entrances at different points, where nobody, however, was permitted to go. Somebody said that if Paris were now taken it would have an effect upon opinion in Bavaria, the accounts from which were again not satisfactory. The Chief said, "The King remains always the most thorough-going German in these exalted regions." The conversation then turned on another princely personage, who was described as very hostile to Prussia, but is too old and frail to be dangerous. "There is very little that is natural left in him," somebody said. "That reminds me of Gr——," said the Minister, "who had pretty much everything about him false—his hair, his teeth, his calves, and one of his eyes. When he wanted to dress in the morning, the larger and the better half of him lay round his bed on chairs and tables. It is like the picture of the newly-married man in the 'Fliegenzæ Blatter,' whose bride, when she undressed, put her hair in one corner, her teeth in another, and other parts of her elsewhere, and the bridegroom asked, 'But what is there left for me!'"

The Chief went on to tell us that the sentry at the house of the person he had been speaking of, who is a Pole, refused, one evening recently, to allow him to go into the house, and it was only when he made himself understood in Polish that the man was persuaded to do so. "In the hospital," he added, "I tried, a couple of days since, to talk with the Polish soldiers, and they seemed quite to brighten up when they heard a general using their native tongue. It was a pity that I could not go on, and

had to leave. Perhaps it would be well if their commander could talk to them."

"Ah, Bismarck, you are going to attack me again on that point, as you have done several times before," said the Crown Prince, smiling. "No, I really cannot do it; I am not going to learn any more languages."

"But they are really good soldiers, your Royal Highness," replied the Chancellor, "and brave fellows, only the majority of the priests' party are against us, as well as the aristocracy and their retainers, and those who hang on to them. A nobleman, who is nobody himself, maintains a whole crowd of persons and servants of all kinds, who have nothing particular to do, but who act as his house-servants, stewards, writers, and so forth. If he is inclined to rebel, he has these fellows on his side, as well as his day-laborers, the Komorniks. The free peasants do not go with him, even when the priest, who is always against us, stirs them up. We saw that in Posen, too, where the Polish regiments had to be withdrawn, solely because they were too rough with their own country people. I remember not far from our place in Pomerania, there was a market where many Kassuben* had established themselves. There was a fight there once, because a German had said to a Kassube that he would not sell him a cow because he was a Pole. The other took this very ill. You say I am a Polack,' he said; 'No, I am a Prussack, like yourself.' A famous cudgelling ensued, other Germans and Poles mixing themselves up in the affair."

In this connection, the Chief added that the Great Elector was able to speak Polish quite as well as German, and that the later kings had also understood Polish. Frederick the Great was the first who had not taken the trouble to do so, but he had understood French even better than German. "I don't deny that, but I am not going to learn Polish. Let them learn German," said the Crown Prince, and the subject dropped.

Excellent new dishes every now and then came in, and the Crown Prince remarked, "You are really *gourmets* here. How well fed the gentlemen in your office look! all but Bucher, who has not been here so long," "Yes," said the Chief, "it all comes from love offerings. These contributions of Rhine wine

* A tribe of Wends in East Prussia, near Coslin, on the Lieber and the Baltic, who are almost entirely distinct from the Germans, who maintain their own customs and language, and whose preachers address them both in German and in their native tongue.

and pasties, and smoked goose-breast, and goose-liver, are a speciality of the Foreign Office. Our people are quite determined to fatten their Chancellor."

At this point the Crown Prince turned the conversation round to ciphering and deciphering, and asked whether it was difficult. The Minister explained to him the trick of it in detail, and went on to say, "If, for instance, I want to cipher the word 'but' ('aber'), I write down the group of numbers for Abeken, and after that group signifying 'Strike out the two last syllables.'" Then I put the cipher for Berlin, and tell the writer again to strike out the last syllable. Thus I get 'aber.'"

At dessert the Crown Prince brought out of his pocket a short tobacco-pipe, with a procelain bowl with an eagle on it, and lighted up, whilst the rest of us lighted our cigars.

After dinner, the Crown Prince and the Minister went into the drawing-room for coffee with the Councillors. After a while we, viz. myself and the secretaries, were brought out of the office by Abeken, to be officially presented to the future Emperor by the Chief. We were kept waiting perhaps a quarter of an hour, as the Chancellor had got deep into conversation with the Crown Prince. His distinguished guest sat there in the corner, between Madame Jessé's cottage piano and one of the windows, and the Chief spoke low to him, for the most part keeping his eyes down, while the Crown Prince listened with an earnest and almost gloomy expression. In the presentation Wollmann came first, and the Crown Prince remarked to him that he knew his handwriting. Then I came; the Chief introducing me as Dr. Busch, for the Press. The Crown Prince: "How long have you been in the service of the State?" "Since February, your Royal Highness." The Chief: "Dr. Busch is a Saxon—a Dresdener." The Crown Prince said, "Dresden is a fine city; I always like to go there. What was your previous occupation?" I answered that I had been editor of the *Grenzboten*. "I have often read it, so that I know you," he replied. And then I had also been a great traveller, I told him. "Where have you been?" he asked. "I have been in America, and three times in the East," I answered. "Did you like it?—should you like to go back again?" "Oh yes, your Royal Highness, especially to Egypt." "Yes, I understand; I myself had a great desire to go back there. The colors in Egypt are splendid; but our German meadows and woods are far dearer to me." He then presented Blanquart;

then Willisch, and finally Wiehr, who mentioned to him, among other things, that he had studied music for several years under Marx. Wollmann says that he was formerly a music-teacher, after which he became a rifleman, in which capacity he had come forward at the time the attempt of Sefelag on the life of the former King had been baffled. Then he was employed as telegraphist in the Foreign Office, and when there was no more direct telegraphing to do, as copyist and decipherer.

After the presentation, I read over in the Bureau the diplomatic reports and minutes of the last few days: the minute, for instance, on the King's speech to the deputation from the Reichstag, which was drawn by Abeken, and very much altered by the Chief. At tea Hatzfeld told me that he had been trying to decipher an account of the condition of Paris, which had come out with Washburne's messages, and that he was doubtful only about a few expressions. He then showed it me, and by our united efforts we managed to make out the sense of some of them. It appeared to be based throughout upon excellent information and to be in conformity with the facts. According to it, the smaller tradesmen are suffering severely, but the people below them not very much, as they are looked after by the Government. There is great want of firing, especially of coals. Gas is no longer burned. In the last sorties the French suffered considerable loss, but their spirit is not yet broken. Our victory at Orleans has produced no marked impression upon the Parisians.

Wednesday, December 21.—In the morning I again looked for violets, and found some. Then I turned over the recent publications. Afterwards I read a tract which I found among them, of the treaty between Charles the Bald and Louis the German, at the time of the partition of Lothringen, in the year 870, exactly a thousand years ago, establishing the first Franco-German boundary. I made extracts from it for the press.

In the afternoon the Chief rode out, and I took a walk with Wollmann. We take a turn accordingly through the streets. The sailors are drawn up on the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, and we notice our Chief talking to their commander. In the Rue de la Pompe, on the Right hand, infantry posts are planted before every house, and in the Place Hoche a company of dragoons is stationed. All the roads out of the town are barred. We see men in blouses arrested, and a gunsmith in the Avenue

de Paris, behind whom a soldier is carrying a number of fowling-pieces. A priest is also marched in. Lastly, about a dozen guilty or suspected persons are brought in together, and taken across to the prison in the Rue Saint-Pierre, where they are ranged in the courtyard. There are some very desperate-looking fellows among them. It is said that forty-three fowling-pieces were found in the gunsmith's shop, and a gun-barrel, which he had most likely not come by in a good way.*

At table Dr. Lauer was the Chief's guest. We talked about the report that in Paris the people had already swallowed all the eatable animals in the Jardin des Plantes, and Hatzfeld told us that the camels had been sold for four thousand francs (one hundred and sixty pounds) each, that the elephant's trunk had been eaten by a company of gourmands, and that it made an admirable dish. "Ah," said Lauer, "that is very likely; it is a mass of muscles woven together, which accounts for its flexibility and for the force with which it can apply it. It is something like the tongue, and must taste like a tongue." Somebody remarked that the camels' humps were probably not bad either, and another said that the humps were a great delicacy. The Chief listened to him for a while, and then said, thoughtfully, first a little stooping, then taking a long breath and lifting himself up as he usually does when he is joking, "H'm! The hump-backed men, what about their humps?" Loud and universal laughter interrupted him. Lauer remarked, dryly and scientifically, that men's humps were due to a perversion of ribs or bones, or a sort of curvature of the vertebral column, so that they could not be very good for eating, whereas camels' humps were flexible growths of cartilage, which possibly might not taste badly. This thread was spun out a little longer, and we talked of bear's flesh, then of bear's paws, and, lastly, of the gourmands among the cannibals, about whom the Minister wanted to tell a pleasant story. He began: "A child, a fresh yound maiden, certainly, but an old grown-up tough fellow cannot be good for eating." Then he went on: "I remember an old Kaffir, or Hottentot woman, who had long been a Christian. When the missionary was preparing her for her death, and found her quite ready for glory, he asked her whether there was anything she particularly wished. 'No,'

* The man's name was Listray, and as probably only concealment of weapons could be proved against him, he got off tolerably easily. He was only compelled to take an involuntary journey into Germany.

she said ; ' everything was quite comfortable with her ; but if anybody could oblige her with a pair of young child's hands for eating, she would regard them as a great delicacy.' "

We then talked about sleeping, and about the sailors whom we met yesterday. The Chief said, that if they could have brought the captured gunboats into the Seine, great services might have been expected of them. He then began to speak once more of the recollections of his youth, again mentioning the cowherd Brand, and telling us about an ancestor of his, who, if I understood him rightly, had fallen at Czaslen. " The old people near us," he said, " had often described him to my father. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord, and a heavy drinker. Once, in a single year, he shot 154 red deer ; after which Prince Frederick Charles will scarcely come up to him, though the Duke of Dessau may. I remember how I was told things went in Gollnow, where the officers ate together, and the colonel managed the cooking. It was the fashion there for five or six dragoons to march up and down in a sort of chorus, and fire their carbines when the toasts were given. People certainly went on curiously in those days. For instance, instead of riding on a rail they had a wooden donkey with a sharp back, on which dragoons against whom any fault had been proved had to sit, often a couple of hours together—a very painful punishment. Every now and then, on the birthday of the colonel and of some others, they took this donkey out to the bridge and pitched him over it ; but there was always a new one made. They had had a new one about a hundred times over. The burgomaster's wife (I could not quite make out what her name was, but it sounded like Dalmmer) told my father . . . I have the portrait of this ancestor of mine in Berlin. I am supposed to be his very image, at least I was when I was young, so much so that when I looked upon him it was like looking at my own face in the glass."

We went on in this way about old stories and people, and ultimately agreed that many fashions of old days had come down to the present time, especially among folks in the country districts. Somebody spoke of the children's song, "*Flieg, Mai-Kafer, flieg !*" (" Fly away, maybug ") which, along with the *abgebrannten Pommerland* (fire-ravaged Pomerania), recalled to one of the Thirty Years' War. " Yes," said the Chief, " I know that expressions used to be common with us which mani-

festly took us back to the beginning of last century. When I had ridden well, my father said to me, 'He is just like' (the name was not quite distinct, but sounded like Pluvenel). At that time he always said 'He' in speaking to me. Pluvenel was a master of the horse of Louis XIV., and a famous rider. When I had ridden he also said sometimes, 'He really rides as if he had learned it at Hilmar Cura's,' who had been riding-master to Frederick the Great."

He went on to say that it was owing to a relation of his, whose opinion had great weight with his parents, Finance-Councillor Kerl, that he studied in Gottingen. He was sent there to Professor Hausmann, and was to work at mineralogy. "People at that time thought a good deal of Leopold von Buch, and fancied themselves going about through the world like him, chipping off bits of rocks with a hammer. Nothing of the sort happened with me. It would have been better if they had sent me to Bonn, where I should have met young men from my own district. In Göttingen there was nobody from Pomerania, so that I never came across some of my university friends again until I met them in the Reichstag." Somebody then mentioned one of them, Miers, from Hamburg, and the Minister said, "Yes, I remember, he was left-handed, but he was not good for much."

Abeken told us that a sortie of the garrison of Paris had taken place after the lively cannonade from the forts which we had heard in the morning, and that it had been directed especially against the lines occupied by the Guard. It had, however, resulted almost entirely in an artillery skirmish, and the attack had been known beforehand, and prepared for. Hatzfeld remarked that he would like to know how they managed to foresee a sortie. He was told that it must take place in open ground, that one could see the wagons and the guns which had to be brought out, that for any movement of great masses of troops nothing could be arranged in a single night. "That is true," said the Chief, smiling, "but a hundred louis d'or are often an essential part of our military previsions."

Thursday, December 22.—It is very cold, certainly, perhaps fourteen degrees of frost. The ice flowers are all over my window pane in spite of the quantity of logs in my fire-place. There was no stranger at table to-day. The Chief was in an excellent humor, but the conversation had no special significance. I may however indicate what I remember of it. Who

knows to whom it may be agreeable? First the Minister said, smiling, and looking at the *menu* lying before him, "There is always a dish too much. I had already decided to ruin my stomach with goose and olives, and here is Reinfeld ham, of which I cannot help taking too much, merely because I want to get my own share,"—he had not been to breakfast. "And here is Varzin wild boar, too." Somebody mentioned yesterday's sortie, and the Chief remarked, "The French came out yesterday with three divisions, and we had only fifteen companies, and not four complete battalions, and yet we made almost a thousand prisoners. The persons who make these attacks, here one time and there another, seem to me like a French dancing-master, who is leading a quadrille, and shouting to his pupils, now 'Right!' now 'Left!'"

"Ma commère, quand je danse,
Mon cotillon va-t-il bien ?
Il va de ci, il va de là,
Comme la queue de notre chat."

During the course of ham he said, "Pomerania is the land of smoked provisions : smoked goose-breast, smoked eels, and smoked ham. They only want nagelholz, as they have it in Westphalia, to make smoked beef. The name, however, does not explain itself very clearly—nails, I mean, on which things hang while they are being smoked, but the 'holz,' perhaps, ought to be written with a *d*." Then we talked about the cold, and, when the wild boar came on the table, of a wild boar hunt which had taken place at Varzin during Count Herbert's illness at Bonn. Afterwards the Chief remarked, "That Antonelli should, after all, be making ready for a journey, and should be coming here must be quite bewildering to many people." Abeken remarked, "Antonelli has been very variously estimated in the newspapers ; sometimes as a man of lofty and distinguished intellect, sometimes as a crafty intriguer, sometimes merely as a stupid fellow or a blockhead." "Yes," said the Chancellor ; "but that is not done in the newspapers only ; it is the same with the judgment of many diplomatists—Goltz, for instance, and our Harry. I shall say no more of Goltz ; he was not that kind of man ; but for —, he is this way to-day and that way to-morrow. When I was at Varzin, and had to read his reports from Rome, his opinion about the people there changed twice every other week, according as they had been treating him in a friendly way or the reverse. Indeed,

he changed with every post, and frequently he had different views in the same letter."

Friday, December 23.—Another very cold day. People speak of twenty-two degrees of frost. The paragraph in the *Situation*, which makes the Empress Eugénie see reason to conclude peace with us, was sent to the editor of the *Moniteur*. An article of the *Times*, about Luxemburg, defining our position, was forwarded to Germany. The beginning of Treitschke's pamphlet in the *Preussische Jahrbucher* was prepared for the King's reading.

About breakfast time a French lady, whose husband has been detected in treacherous relations with a band of Francs-tireurs in the Ardennes, and been condemned to death for it, is announced as waiting for the Chief. She is going to beg his life, and the Chief is to procure it for her. He will not see her, since, as he sends her word, the matter is not in his province. She must go to the War Minister. She goes off to him, but Wollmann believes that she will get there too late, as Colonel Krohn had received an order on the 14th to let justice take its course.*

At dinner our guests were Baron and Deputy von Schwarzkoppen, and my old Hannoverian acquaintance, Herr von Pfuël, who had in the meantime become district chief at Celle. They were both to be appointed to prefectures, or something of that sort. Afterwards Count Lehndorf, and an uncommonly handsome man, von Dönhoff, a lieutenant of hussars, who, if I am not mistaken, was an adjutant of Prince Albrecht's. Today's *menu* may be given as a proof that our table was excellently supplied at Versailles. It included onion soup (with port wine), a haunch of wild boar (with Tivoli beer), Irish stew, roast turkey, chestnuts (with champagne and red wine according to choice), and a dessert of excellent Caville apples and magnificent pears.

We were informed that General von Voigts-Rhétz had appeared before Tours, the population of which having offered resistance, he had been compelled to fire grenades at the town. The Chief remarked: "It is not as it should be, if he stopped

* This was a mistake. The letter may have gone off, but the person concerned, the notary Tharel, from Rocroy, in the Department of the Ardennes, was banished to Germany. In June 1871 he was still in Verden, where he was liberated shortly afterwards on the application of the French Government.

firing as soon as they showed the white flag. I would have gone on firing grenades into the town until they had sent me out 400 hostages." He again expressed himself severely about the mild treatment that officers gave civilians who resisted. Even notorious treason is frequently not suitably punished, so that the French think they can venture to do anything against us. "That is how Krohn behaves," he went on. "He first charges an advocate with conspiracy with Francs-tireurs, and after seeing that he is condemned to death, he sends us one petition for pardon after another, instead of shooting him, and at last—though he gets the credit of being an energetic officer—he makes no difficulty about sending the man's wife on to me with a safe-conduct round her neck."

From this foolish indulgence the conversation turned to Unger, the Chief of the general staff who had been sent home, his mind having given way. He usually sits quiet, brooding on vacancy, occasionally, however, bursting out into loud sobbing. "Yes," sighed the Chief, "the chief of the general staff is a sorely harassed man. He is incessantly at work and always responsible; he can carry nothing through; he is perpetually cheated; it is almost as bad as being a Minister." "I know myself what that sobbing is," he said, "a nervous hysteria, a sort of feverish convulsion. I had it once at Inkolsburg, so badly that my gorge rose. If a chief of the general staff has a bad time, so has a Minister—every kind of vexation, gnats stings without end. The other office may suit some people, but good management is absolutely indispensable."

When the haunch of wild boar from Varzin was set on the table the Minister talked with Lehdorf and Pfuel about hunting, about these denizens of the woods and marshes, and about his own exploits in the sport. Afterwards somebody mentioned the *Moniteur*, which appears here, and the Chief remarked, "During the last few weeks they have been printing in it a novel by Heyse about Meran (a watering-place in Austria). Such sentimental business is out of place in a paper which is published with the King's money, as this really is. The Versailles don't want it. They want political reports and military news from France and England—and I should like to see some from Italy—not this sugary-tasted tittle-tattle. I have some poetry in my nature, too, but I don't remember ever glancing at this *feuilleton* after I read the first couple of sentences." Abeken, who had induced them to publish the novel, stood up

for the editors, and said that it had been taken from the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which was an eminent French paper, but the Chief adhered to his opinion. Somebody then said that the *Moniteur* was now writing better French. "That may be," said the Minister; "I don't care much about it. It is the way, however, with us Germans. We are always, even in the highest circles, asking whether we are pleasant and agreeable to other people. If they don't understand it, let them learn German. It is a matter of indifference whether a proclamation is drawn up in an elegant French style, so long as it speaks adequately and intelligibly. We can never be quite perfect in a foreign language. It is impossible that a person who uses it only now and then during, perhaps, two years and a half, should be able to express himself as well in it as one who has been using it for fifty-four." Somebody ironically praised Steinmetz's proclamation, and quoted some remarkable specimens of language from it. Lehndorf said, "It was certainly not elegant French, but it was quite intelligible." The Chief, "Yes, understanding it is what they have to do with it. If they can't, let them get somebody to translate it for them."

"Many people who are quite familiar with French are no good for us. It is our misfortune that anyone who cannot speak German decently is at once made a man, especially if he mangles English. The old man (I understood him to mean Meyendorff) once said to me, 'Never trust an Englishman who speaks French with a correct accent,' and I have found that generally right. But I ought to except Odo Russell."

He then told the story how old Knesebeck once, to everybody's astonishment, got up to say something in the State Council. After he had stood there a while, without saying anything, somebody coughed. "I beg," he said, "that you will not interrupt me," after which, and after standing another couple of minutes, he said, in a sorrowful way, "I have really forgotten what I had to say," and sat down.

The conversation turned on the subject of Napoleon III., and the Chief said he was not a man of large views. "He is," he went on, "a far kindlier man than he usually gets credit for, but nothing like the clever fellow he used to be thought." "That reminds me," said Lehndorf, "of a criticism of the First Napoleon—a good fellow, but stupid." "No," said the Chief, seriously, "in spite of what we may think about the *coup d'état*, he is really kindly, a man of feeling, even sentimental; but

neither his intelligence nor his information is much to speak of. He is especially poor in geography, though he was brought up in Germany and went to school there, and he lives in a world of all sorts of fantastic ideas. In July he kept buzzing round and round for three days without being able to decide on anything, and even now he does not know what he wants. His knowledge is of that sort that he would certainly be plucked in an examination for admission to the bar. Nobody would believe it when I said so, long ago. So far back as 1854 and 1855 I told the King so. He has absolutely no idea how things are in Germany. When I was Minister, I had an interview with him in Paris. He then said that things could not go on long as they were doing, that there would be a rising in Berlin, and a revolution in the whole country, and that the King would have everybody voting against him in a plebiscite. I told him that the people in our country were not barricade-builders, and that in Prussia revolutions were only made by the kings. If the King could stand the strain on him for three or four years—and I allowed that there was one, the estrangement of the public being very painful and disagreeable to him—he would certainly win his game. Unless he got tired and left me in the lurch, I would not fail him. If he were to appeal to the people, and put it to the vote, he would even now have nine-tenths of them in his favor. The Emperor, at the time, said of me, '*Ce n'est pas un homme sérieux*' ("He is not a man of consequence")—a *mot* of which I did not think myself at liberty to remind him in the weaving-shed at Donchery."

Count Lehdorf asked if we need be in any apprehension about Bebel's and Liebknecht's imprisonment, and whether it would cause much excitement. "No," said the Chief, "there is nothing to be afraid of." Lehdorf said, "But Jacoby's case caused great disturbance and lamentation." The Chief said, "He was a Jew, and a Königsberg man. Touch a Jew, and a howl is raised in every nook and corner of the earth—or a freemason. Besides, they interfered in a public meeting, which they had no right to do." He spoke of the Königsberg people as always quarrelsome, and inclined to go into opposition, and Lehdorf said, "Yes, indeed, Manteuffel understood Königsberg well when he said in his address, 'Königsberg continues to be—Königsberg.'"

Somebody remarked that people began letters to Favre with "Monsieur le Ministre," and the Chief said, "Next time I must

address him as 'Hochwohlgeborner Herr' ('Right Honorable Sir'). Out of that grew a long Byzantine discussion about titles of honor, and the expressions, Excellency, Right Honorable, and Honorable. The Chancellor's views and opinions were decidedly anti-Byzantine. "We ought to give up the whole thing," he said. "In private letters I never use them at all now, and officially I call councillors down to the third class, Right Honorables."

Pfuehl remarked that in legal documents also these high-sounding addresses were omitted. "You are to appear on such a day at such a place." "Neither are these legal addresses quite my ideal. A trifle would make them perfect. They should say, 'You are to appear, you scoundrel, on such a day at such a place.'"

Abeken, who is a Byzantine of the purest water, said that it had been already taken very ill in diplomatic circles that people sometimes were not given their proper titles, and that "Right Honorable Sir" was not proper below councillors of the second class. "And lieutenants," cried Count Bismarck-Bohlen. "I shall quite do away with it among our people," said the Minister; "there is an ocean of ink wasted over it annually; and the taxpayer is justly entitled to complain of the extravagance. I am quite content when I am addressed simply as the Minister-President Count von Bismarck. I beg you," turning to Abeken, "to draw up a proposition on the subject for me. It is a useless pigtail, and I wish it to be dropped." Abeken the cutter-off of pigtails—what a dispensation!

Saturday, December 24.—Christmas Eve in this foreign land! It is very cold, as it was both yesterday and the day before. I telegraph that with two divisions Manteuffel yesterday defeated Faidherbe, the general of the French army of the North, which is reckoned at 60,000 men, and compelled him to retreat.

At dinner, Lieutenant-Colonel von Beckedorff is the Chief's guest, so old a friend of his that they "thou" each other. On the table stands a miniature Christmas tree, a span high, and beside it a case with two cups, one in the Renaissance style and one of Tula work. They are both presents from the Countess to her husband. Each holds only two good drinks. The Count sent them round the table for inspection, and said, "I am really silly about cups, although there is no sense in such a fancy. As these come from home, if you bring them under my eye when I am away from the country, nothing in the town will trouble me any longer."

Then he said to Beckedorff that his promotion had surely been slow, and added, "Had I been an officer—and I wish I had been—I should have had an army now, and we should not have been stuck here outside Paris."

This remark was followed by further discussion of the conduct of the war, during which the Chief said, "It is sometimes not so much the generals as the soldiers themselves that begin our battles and take direction of them. It was the same with the Trojans and the Greeks. Two combatants launched words of scorn at each other, they came to blows, spears were thrown, others rushed up, who also threw their spears and dealt their blows, and out of all this came a battle. The fore-posts first fire at each other needlessly, others cluster up to them when things are getting brisk—at first a subaltern in command of a few men, then the lieutenant with more, after him the regiment, last of all, the general and his whole army. It was in that way that the battle of Gravelotte came about, which was meant for the 19th. It was different at Vionville. They had to fling themselves on the French lines there as a mastiff flies at a terrier."

Beckedorff then told us how he had been twice wounded at Wörth, once between the neck and the shoulder-blade, certainly he believed, by an explosive bullet, and another time in the knee. He had dropped off his horse on the ground. As he lay there a Zouave or a Turco, leaning against a tree, took deliberate aim at him, and the bullet grazed his head. Another of these half-savages, he said, had thrown himself into a ditch during the flight of the French, and when our men had passed by without finding him, he got out and shot at them from behind. Some of them turned back to run after him, and one of them, as it was impossible to fire on account of our own troops, knocked him down. In that way they mastered and killed him. "There was not the least reason for his firing, for nobody had meddled with him in his ditch," said the narrator; "it was the mere passion for murder."

The Chief recalled other stories of the barbarity of the French, and asked Beckedorff to write his case down for him, and to allow the doctors to examine medically into the evidence about the explosive bullet. Then he began to talk about country life, saying that he was not fond of hilly country, both because of the usually confined prospect in the valleys, and because of the going up and down hill. "I like the level country better," he said, "though it need not be quite as flat as

at Berlin; but little heights, with pretty trees in leaf, and swift clear brooks, such as we have in Pomerania, and especially on the Baltic coast." From which he diverged to the different Baltic watering-places, mentioning some as extremely agreeable and others as dull.

After dinner I went out for a couple of turns in the avenue made by the rows of trees before our street. Meanwhile they were getting up their Christmas tree in the dining-room, and Keudell was showering about cigars and gingerbread. As I came back too late for the festivity, my presents were sent up to my room. I then read, as I do regularly now, all that has been done during the day in the way of minutes and despatches. Afterwards I was called to the Chief twice over, one time immediately after the other, and then a third time. There are to be several articles about the horrible way in which the French are carrying on the war, not merely the *Francs-tireurs* but the regular troops, who violate the provisions of the Convention of Geneva almost daily, and appear to remember and claim the execution of only so much of it as seems advantageous to the French. I am to dwell on the firing on flags of truce, on the ill-usage and looting of doctors, sick carriers, and hospital assistants, on the killing of the wounded, the misuse of the Geneva band by the *Francs-tireurs*, the use of explosive bullets (as in Beckedorff's case), the treatment contrary to the law of nations, of ships and crews of the German merchant navy, captured by French cruisers. I am then to add, that the present Government of France is chargeable with a great deal of the blame of these things. It was they who let loose on us a people's war, and who are now unable to control the passions they have kindled, which carry people beyond all public rights and all custom of war. On them, therefore, rests the responsibility for all the severity with which we have been compelled to act in France upon our rights as combatants, against our own wishes, and, as the wars in Schleswig and Austria prove, contrary to our natural inclinations.

In the evening, about ten, the Chief receives the Iron Cross of the first class. Abeken and Keudell had been already made happy in the afternoon by the second class of the same Order.

Sunday, December 25.—In the morning it is again cold, but Abeken goes notwithstanding to hear sermon in the chapel of the château. Theiss pointed out to us his coat with the cross on it, and said, "The Privy Councillor won't certainly wear

his cloak to-day." In the Bureau we learn that Cardinal Bonnehose, from Rouen, proposes to come here. He and Persigny want the summoning of the whole Legislative Body, and, perhaps even more urgently, of the Senate, which is made up of calmer and maturer elements, to deliberate on peace. It appears, moreover, to be certain that people are in earnest about the bombardment of Paris, which will take place in a very few days now. So at least we understand the King's order, just issued, appointing Lieutenant-General von Kameke, at present commanding the 14th Division of Infantry, to the supreme command of the Engineers, and Major-General Prince Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen to the supreme command of the siege artillery.

Monday, December 26.—That on Boxing-day of the year '70, I should be eating genuine Saxon Christmas cake in a private house in Versailles is what I should have refused to credit, if all the twelve minor prophets had told me of it beforehand. Yet this morning I had a large slice of one, a gift from Abeken's liberality. He has received a box with these sorts of baked things from Germany.

Except for indispensable work, to-day was a complete holiday. The weather was not so cold as it had been, but as clear as yesterday. About three there was brisk firing again from the forts. Perhaps they have had a note of the fact that we are pretty nearly ready to reply to them? Last night they certainly fired fiercely for a while out of their big mouths of thunder.

Waldersee was with us at dinner, and the subjects spoken of were almost wholly military.

At length the conversation turned on the power of drinking a good deal, and the Minister said: "Once I never thought of the amount I was drinking. What things I used to do—the heavy wines, especially the Burgundies!" The conversation then turned on cards, and he said that he used formerly to do a great deal in that way, and that once for instance, he had played twenty rubbers at whist, one after the other, "equal to seven hours of time." He only took an interest in it when the play was high, but high play was not for the father of a family. The discussion rose out of the Chief's happening to say that he had called somebody a "Riemchenstecher;" and after asking whether any of us understood it, he explained the word as follows: "Riemchenstechen is an old game of soldiers; and a Riemchenstecher is not exactly a rogue, but a crafty and subtle sort of person.

CHAPTER XV.

FIRST WEEKS OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

AT last, at last! On *December 27* the long-desired bombardment of Paris began on the east side of the city. As what follows will show, we knew nothing at first about it, and even afterwards our fire made an impression of great power only on certain days. One very soon got used to it—it never distracted our attention from trifles, and never long interrupted the course of our talk or the flow of our thoughts. The diary will tell us more about it in due time.

On Tuesday, from early morning till well into the day there was a heavy snowfall with tolerably hard frost. In the morning the man-servant attached to the Chancellor's office, who attended on Abeken and me, told me about our old privy councillor, whom he evidently considered to be a Catholic; "He reads his prayers in the morning. I believe they are in Latin. He reads them quite loud out, so that I hear them often in the ante-room. Probably it is the Mass." He added that Abeken was of the opinion that the heavy thundering of cannon which had been going on in the distance since seven o'clock was probably the beginning of the bombardment.

I wrote several letters with instructions for articles. After twelve I telegraphed, by the Chief's command, to London that the bombardment of the outworks of Paris began this morning. Mount Avron, a work near Bondy, seems to be the first point aimed at by our artillery, and the Saxons have had the privilege of firing the first shot. The Minister stays the whole day in bed, not because he is particularly unwell, but, as he says, because he cannot keep himself reasonably warm in any other way. He did not come to dinner.

The Bonapartists appear to have become very active and to have great plans. Persigny and Palikao want us to neutralize

Orleans, to let the Corps Législatif be summoned there, to put the question to it, Whether it wishes a Republic or a Monarchy, and if it votes for a monarchy, which Dynasty it prefers. We shall wait a little yet before that, till greater dejection makes people even more pliable than at present. Bonnechose, the archbishop of Rouen, wants to make an attempt to negotiate a peace between Germany and France. He was at one time a jurist, and later in life became a clergyman. He is supposed to be an intelligent man, and is on terms with the Jesuits. For himself he is a Legitimist, though he holds Eugénie in great respect for her piety. He was an eager champion of the Infallibility dogma, and expects to be Pope, and so indeed he has some prospect of being. According to what several people say, he hopes to induce Trochu, with whom he is acquainted, to agree to the surrender of Paris, provided we renounce our territorial claims; In place of making them we might, the archbishop thinks, require that Nice and Savoy should be given back to Victor Emmanuel, and then compel him to restore their territories to the Pope, the Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples. Thus we should acquire the credit of being the champions of order and the restorers of right all over Europe. What a comical plan!

The Chief has given orders for the most stringent measures against Nogent-le-Roi, where a surprise by the Francs-tireurs was supported by the population; he has also refused to receive the petition of the mayor and municipality of Châtillon, for a remission of the fine of a million francs, imposed on them because something of the same sort happened there. His principle in both cases is, that the people in the country districts must be made to realize what war is, so as to incline them to think of peace.

Wednesday, December 28.—A snowfall, and moderate cold. The Chief does not leave his room to-day either. He gives me a letter in French to do what I like with, which "an American" lady had sent him on the 25th December. It says: "Count von Bismarck,—Enjoy the pleasant climate of Versailles as much as you can, Count, for one day you will have to endure the flames of hell for all the misfortunes you have caused France and Germany." That is all. It is not easy to see the lady's object in writing the letter.

The French papers make out that nearly every German soldier is uncertain about the duties imposed on him by the

eighth commandment. According to a notice issued by the prefect of the Department of the Seine and Oise, there must be exceptions, and very splendid exceptions, even to this rule. It says: "The public is informed that the following objects have been found by the soldiers of the German army: (1) In the house of the notary Maingot, at Thyais, which is now standing empty, at the corner of the street leading to Versailles and to Grignon, a packet containing valuables estimated at 100,000 francs (£4,000). (2) At Choisy-le-Roi, in a house in the Rue de la Raffinerie, No. 29, deserted by one of the inhabitants, a packet with valuable papers. (3) On the road from Palaiseau to Versailles a purse of money with ten Prussian thalers (thirty shillings), and several small French and German coins. (4) In the deserted house of M. Simon, at Ablon, two packets with nearly 3,000 francs in them. (5) In the garden of M. Duhuy, adjunct at Athis, a box with railway shares and other valuable papers. (6) In the deserted house of M. Dufossé, at Choisy-le-Roi, Rue de Villiers, No. 12, papers of the value of 7,000 francs. (7) In the convent at Hay 11,000 francs worth of valuable papers. (8) In a house deserted by its owner, on the Bank of the Seine, at Saint-Cloud, a packet with valuable papers. (9) In a deserted house at Brunoy a small mantelpiece clock." (A kind of thing which, according to the assertions of the French journals, we are particularly fond of packing up and carrying away with us.) "(10) In the garden of the house near the church, at the corner of the street between Villeneuve-le-Roi and the churchyard of Orly, several articles of jewellery of antique and of modern workmanship. (11) In the garden near the conservatory of the Château Rouge, at Fresnes-les-Rungis, a milk-pail containing articles in gold and silver, drafts payable to bearer, and other things."

Thursday, December 29.—Much snow, and not much cold. The Minister remains in bed as he did yesterday, but continues to work, and there does not seem to be very much wrong with him. He tells me to telegraph that the First Army, in pursuit of Faidherbe, has pushed forward to Bapaume, and that Mont Avron, which was under fire yesterday—thirty or forty guns were employed in bombarding it—has ceased to reply. At breakfast we learn that the Saxon artillery had four men killed and nineteen wounded during yesterday and the day before.

In the afternoon Granville's despatch to Loftus about the Bismarck circular on the Luxemburg affair was translated for

the King. I then studied official documents. About the middle of October a memorial was sent from Coburg to the Chief, proposing a new constitution for Germany. Among its suggestions is one pointing to the restoration of the dignity of Emperor, and to the ultimate substitution for the Confederation Council of Confederation Ministries, and the creation of a United Council of the Empire out of representatives of the Governments and delegates from the district Parliaments. The Chief answered that it had long been contemplated to carry out one of the ideas involved in these proposals. He must guard himself against the suggestion about Confederation Ministries and the Council of the Empire, as he considered that it might stand in the way of any other new arrangements. . . . From Brussels we are informed that the King of the Belgians is well disposed to us, but that he sees no way of interfering with the press in his own country, which is hostile to Germany. The Grand Duke of Hesse has gone so far as to say that Elsass and Lothringen must become Prussian provinces. Dalwigg, on the other hand, who is as much against us as ever, wants the provinces which are to be taken from France to be incorporated with Baden, which could give the district of Heidelberg and Mannheim to Bavaria, so as to restore the connection with the Palatinate on the left bank of the Rhine. In Rome the Pope will undertake "mediation" between us and France.

About ten the Minister sent for me. He was lying on a sofa before the fire, covered with a blanket. He said, "Well, we have it." "What, your Excellency?" "Mont Avron." He then showed me a letter from Count Waldersee, to say that the fort was occupied this afternoon by the troops of the Twelfth Army Corps, who had found there numerous gun-carriages, rifles, and munitions of war, and many dead bodies. The Minister said, "I hope there is no mine there to blow up the poor Saxons." I forwarded the account of this first success by telegraph to London, in cipher, for fear the general staff might take offence.

Friday, December 30.—The bitter cold of the last few days continues. The Chief still keeps his room, on account of illness, and is mostly in bed. In the morning, at his request, I telegraph fresh details about the occupation of Mont Avron, and about the shameful bribe offered, according to official admissions, by the Government of Tours to tempt the captive French officers to break their word of honor. I wrote articles

also for the German press, and one for the *Moniteur* here, on this subject, much as follows :

We have several times taken occasion to point out the depth of degradation in the ideas certain statesmen and officers of the French army entertain on the subject of military honor. A communication which reaches us from a good source, proves that we had not yet realized how deeply this evil is seated, and how widely it has spread. We have before us an official decree issued by the French Ministry of War from the 5th bureau of the 6th division, and which is headed *Solde et revues*, dated Tours, November 13, and signed by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Jerald, and by Colonel Tissier, the Chief of the general staff of the 17th army corps. This document, which refers also to another issued on November 10, promises a reward in money to all French officers without exception, who, being now prisoners in Germany, can make their escape. We say without exception—that is, to those officers even who have given their word of honor not to attempt to escape. The bribe offered for such a shameless proceeding is 1,750 francs (£70). This fact needs no comment. It will probably excite indignation throughout France. Honor, the most precious possession of every German officer—and, duty and justice compel us to add, in old days of every French officer also—is regarded by the men whom the 4th of September raised to power, as a matter of sale and purchase, and at a very moderate rate too. In this way French officers will be driven to see that France is no longer directed by a Government, but by a business house of loose principles in the matter of honesty and decency, trading under the name of Gambetta and Co. “Who will buy our goods : any words of honor for sale?”

Afterwards I sent off a short article on a mistake which cropped up again in the *Kolnische Zeitung* on the occasion of the despatch sent by the Chancellor to Vienna. The great Rhenish newspaper says : “Since 1866 we have been among those who have incessantly entreated Vienna at one time, and Berlin at another, to be done with their mutual jealousies, which then became meaningless, and to draw as close as possible one to the other. We have often regretted the personal rivalry between Bismarck and Beust, which appeared to be an obstacle to this reconciliation,” &c. My answer was : “We have already had occasion repeatedly to notice that the *Kolnische Zeitung* perpetually attributes what the Chancellor does and

leaves undone to personal motives, personal likes or dislikes, inclinations, or ill-temper, and we find here a new proof of this unjustifiable prejudice. We cannot make out how people can keep coming forward continually with such suspicions. We know this, however, that there is no personal rivalry between the Chancellor of the North German Confederation and the Imperial Chancellor of Austro-Hungary; that the two statesmen were on a very good footing with each other before 1866, when they often came into personal relationship, as Count Bismarck has mentioned several times in the North German Reichstag. Since that they have had no private intercourse to create bitterness, for the simple reason that they have had none at all. If they have been hitherto more or less opposed to each other as statesmen, the reason is no secret. They have been the representatives of different political systems, endeavoring to realize different political ideals between which it is not easy to find a point of reconciliation, though it may not be absolutely impossible. This and nothing else is the explanation of what the *Kolnische Zeitung* tries to explain through personal motives, by which no statesman of the present day is less influenced in feeling or action than the Chancellor of the Confederation. Let us take the opportunity to remark that Count Bismarck has never been utterly wrong, as the Rhine paper, echoing the opinion of a Vienna paper, says he has, and that indeed he has never been wrong at all about the resistance of Paris. He was never asked about it, but we know from the best sources that he considered the taking of the city in less than several months a very difficult thing, and that he was against investing it before the fall of Metz."

Saturday, December 31.—Everybody here is out of sorts. I myself begin to be languid, and will have to cut down the nightwork my diary requires, or to break it off altogether for a couple of days. The severe frost, too, from which the fire protects one only partially, disinclines me to sit up long after midnight, as I have been in the habit of doing.

Gambetta and his colleagues in Bordeaux grow every day more violent in their capacity of dictators. The Empire itself, against the arbitrary action of which they used to protest, was scarcely so despotic, and would hardly have set aside lawful institutions or arrangements as summarily or autocratically as these republicans of the purest water. M.M. Crémieux, Gambetta, Glais-Bizoin, and Fourichon, issued a decree on December 25,

in which, with reference to previous notices, it is summarily enacted that "the General Councils and Councils of Arrondissement are dissolved, as well as the departmental commissions, where they have been established. For the general councils departmental commissions are to be substituted, which are to consist of as many members as the Department contains cantons, and are to be appointed by the Government on the proposal of the prefect." Where *we* are, naturally nothing of the kind will happen. I send the decree to be printed to the editors of the *Moniteur*.

Monday, January 2.—The languor and the cold both continue. The Chief is still unwell. So are Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen. Gambetta's war, *à outrance*, is to be carried on now with the assistance of a sort of Arabian Franks-tireurs. What will M. de Chaudordy, who recently complained of us as barbarians to the Great Powers, say to the article in which the *Indépendance Algérienne* explains the views these savage hordes entertain of what is permitted in war, or which it tries to inspire in them? Several journals in France itself openly approve, for they have reprinted this absolutely brutal article without a word of remonstrance, and if they can venture to do so, we may assume that they reckon on the approval of their readers.

Tuesday, January 3.—The idea that the wide dispersion of the German armies over the North and South-West has its dangers, and that concentration is called for finds supporters elsewhere also. The *Vienna Presse*, for instance, has just published a memoir, from a military critic, which represents a concentration of our troops at present in France as essential if we want to avoid their being broken in detail, so as to hinder and diminish our offensive power. The author points to a concentration of our troops within a circle of from seventy to ninety miles round Paris. Then the French armies, gathering together from all quarters to raise the siege, would be met and shattered by the whole force of the German armies. Even the gigantic and hitherto uninterrupted streams of force which Germany has sent out, are not sufficient, says our military critic, simultaneously to do all the work which the Germans have undertaken. The wish to accomplish it all at the same time must lead to a dispersion of the army corps full of all kinds of risks, a state of affairs the more serious as long marches in severe winter weather weaken and waste the men. The article

accordingly warns us against large-looking military enterprises like advances on Havre and Lyons, and recommends the establishment of entrenched camps at a suitable distance from Paris, and the destruction of the railroads outside the circle of these camps, so that the districts of France in the circumference not yet occupied by us should become incapable of communicating with each other except by shipping.

This renunciation of any further advance and concentration of the German fighting power is recommended also by the *National Zeitung*, in an article which expresses even better than that I have quoted, the ideas of certain people here in Versailles.

Friday, January 6.—Till yesterday the cold was very intense, I believe as much as nine or ten degrees below zero. With it there was generally fog, which was particularly dense on Wednesday. The Chief has been unwell almost the whole week. Yesterday he drove out a little in the afternoon for the first time, and again to-day. Hatzfeld and Bohlen are ill. My own depression of spirits and disinclination for work have only begun to diminish to-day, probably because I have had two nights of abundant sleep, and perhaps also on account of the improvement in the weather; for the mist, which changed this morning into hoar frost and hangs in sparkling crystals on the branches of the trees, has been followed by a fine day, though portions of its withdrawing veil still hang about the wooded heights between this and Paris. Thus we commence a new life, like our guns, which have been doing little work these last few days on account of the mist, but which have begun to shoot away briskly enough. I may best insert here, perhaps, a few notes for my diary, which have been omitted. In the interval the Upper Governmental Councillor Wagner has been my fellow-worker in the office, and a Baron von Holnstein, who is I believe, a secretary of legation, also came in. Among the articles I sent out during the last six days there was one on the measure which detached great numbers of railway carriages from the objects and necessities of German industry for the purpose merely of bringing up provisions for the time when Paris, after being really starved out, will be compelled to surrender. I described such a proceeding as humane, but impracticable and impolitic, as the Parisians, when they learn they are provided for outside, will hold out till their last crust of bread or joint of horse, so that all our humanity will end only as a kind of contribution towards the

protraction of the siege. It is not our business, by establishing magazines or supplying means of transport for reprovisioning the city, to avert the danger of famine which menaces, the Parisians. It is their business to do so by capitulating at the proper time. Yesterday I translated into German for the King two English protests against the sinking of English coal vessels at Rouen, which our troops had considered a necessary measure. Early this morning I telegraphed, according to advices from the general staff, to London, but the result of the bombardment directed for three days past against the forts on the Eastern front, and since yesterday also against those on the Southern front, has been very satisfactory, and that our loss is quite inconsiderable. Yesterday I again visited the officers of the 46th, who have established themselves in the farmhouse of Beauregard, and made themselves extremely comfortable with furniture which they have sent in from Bougival. To-day I visited with Wagner the point of view I have several times spoken of at Ville d'Avray, and from it we watched the bombardment. Wagner has found accommodation not far from us at the corner of the Rue de Provence and the Boulevard de la Reine, in the main door flat of a Frenchman, under all sorts of oil paintings. Paris seemed to be on fire in two places and white clouds of smoke were rising. In the evening I read despatches and also minutes. It appears that 2800 oxles have been required from the German railway for wagons for collecting provisions for Paris. The Chief protested energetically against this measure as politically disadvantageous, seeing that the Parisian authorities, knowing that provisions have been collected for them outside, can delay their surrender till the very last possible moment, by using up every scrap in the city. Bonnechose has, at the suggestion of the Pope, written a letter to King William, from whom he wants peace, an "honorable" peace, one that is to say, without any surrender of territory, such as we might have had twelve weeks since from M. Favre, if the Chief had not preferred one that was *advantageous*. Prince Napoleon is to come to Versailles to mediate. He is a talented and estimable man, but not of much consideration in France. In the London Conference on the Black Sea question we are to support the Russian claims with all our strength.

Saturday, January 7.—We have now—perhaps have had for the last few days—a body-guard of bright green Landwehr riflemen, oldish men with long wild beards. They are said to

be all admirable shots. On the suggestion of H. that there might possibly be something found of political importance in Odillon Barrot's house at Bougival, Bucher and I took a carriage there this morning. The weather was dull and cold. Mist drizzled down on us. We first sought out H. at Beauregard to get him to describe to us the exact position of Barrot's villa. Our drive took us by all sorts of defence preparations, walls pierced with loop-holes for shot, half-wrecked country houses, a ruined nursery garden, and so on, down the hill of Saint-Cloud into the valley under La Celle, where the long street of Bougival lies with its pretty church. On the way through the town we were told we should see soldiers, as no civilian had been allowed to peep behind the windows of the houses, the population having had notice to quit after the last sortie, or the last but one, in this direction.

In the middle of the village, where two streets cross at the little square, and where the Prussian sentry stood, we left the carriage, and asked the sergeant-major in command to supply us with a soldier as guide and companion. We first passed the druggist's shop, frightfully wrecked; near it a sentry had been posted to protect the entrance to the immense deposit of wines discovered here some weeks ago. We then crossed a strong barricade which bars the outlet of the street in this direction towards the Seine. It consists of barrels and casks filled with earth and stones, and all sorts of house furniture. Then we looked for the house of which we were in search, in the narrow street leading to Malmaison. In it also there were several barricades with ditches, and the side lane which leads down from the middle of it to the left towards the river contained several more. The houses here, too, all of them unoccupied, and most of them damaged by shells, were prepared for defence. There was very little furniture left. We managed to pass the first barricade in the street by going in on some boards, turning to the left through the window of the house next it, and out through the house door on the other side of the ditch of the barricade. We passed a second small fortification to the right in a similar way.

Where the street opens on the high road by the river, the pavement of which was torn up, we saw before us a third system of barricades and ditches. It was the "musical" barricade, described so frequently by the correspondents of German and foreign newspapers, with no fewer than six cottage pianos

stowed away in it. We could not look after them particularly, as at this point we dared not show our heads outside for fear of the Gauls on Mont Valerien, who would have been ready for us immediately with half-a-dozen of their shells. Here I discovered, three or four houses further on, the little green balcony which H. had mentioned as indicating Barrot's house, for which we were looking, but we were not allowed to approach it in front, the sentry who was posted here allowing nobody to pass. So we had to work round by the back, and a narrow foot-path between the houses and gardens enabled us to do so. In the steeply-sloped gardens behind the row of houses, all sorts of pieces of furniture were standing or lying about, and among them a desolate-looking chair in red plush, soaked through with snow and rain, with only one leg left. Books and papers were strewn plentifully round. After entering several houses, every one of which was terribly wrecked, we found the one we were looking for. A board across a deep ditch conducted us first into a room for flowers. From it we passed into the library, which consisted of two rooms. There might be a couple of thousand volumes, most of them lying on the floor in confused masses, possibly the work of the Mobiles and the Franc-tireurs, who wrecked the surrounding neighborhood before the investment of Paris. Many of them were torn or trodden under foot. Looking through the books, we saw that it had been a well-selected library, with books of history, politics, belles-lettres, and some English books; but there was nothing of the description of what H. had conjectured we might find.

Sunday, January 8.—In the morning I telegraphed the victory at Vendôme, and an account of the progress of the bombardment, and then wrote for the *Moniteur* a note on the lying spirit of boasting in which Faiderbe had once more claimed a victory over our troops, the fact being that he had been again compelled to retreat.

These last few days the Chief appears to be allowing his beard to grow. Delbrück tells us at breakfast that, in 1853, he was in North America, and got as far as Arkansas. In the afternoon Prince Hohenlohe was with the Chief, to inform him of the progress and success of the bombardment, probably on account of his remonstrances.

In the afternoon I read a report of *La France* on the state of health of Paris and sent it to the *Moniteur*. According to

it, the deaths in the week, from the 11th to 17th December, rose to the enormous number of 2728. Small-pox and typhus especially, had carried away many people. Mortification is extending in the hospitals. The doctors complain of the bad effects of alcoholism on the sick, which makes slight wounds serious, and which appears to be dreadfully common among the soldiers in Paris. Their statement concludes with these words: "On this occasion we must remark, as we have done so often, that the crime of drunkness, in its grossest form (*Icrognerie Crapuleuse*), is on the increase in Paris, and neither the doctors nor we need an order of the day signed by Trochu and Clément Thomas to prove it, or to make us groan over it. Yes, we must say once more that the blush mounts to our foreheads when we see men every day, to whom the country has entrusted its defence, lowering and disgracing themselves by shameful potations. Can we wonder at all the unfortunate accidents which have happened through the careless use of guns, at the disorders, the insubordination, the deeds of violence, the plunderings and wreckings which are reported every day by the public newspapers, at a time when the country is in mourning, when a hostile fate is heaping defeat after defeat on this unfortunate land, and visiting us with redoubled blows without intermission and without pity? People are indeed of a frivolous kind, who are simple enough to believe that this frightful war will infallibly reform our manners and make new men of us."

At dinner the Chief again spoke of his youth, especially of his earliest recollections, one of which related to the burning of the Berlin theatre. "I was then hardly three years of age. It was in the Gendarmes Market, on the Mohrenstrasse, opposite the Hôtel de Brandebourg, at the corner of the street, one story up, that my parents then lived. I myself remember nothing of the conflagration, which I must have seen, but I know, perhaps only because I have often heard the story told, that we raised ourselves on the chairs and on my mother's sewing-table, a step or two in front of the windows. As the fire progressed I mounted up there, putting my hands on one side of the window-panes and pulling them back at once, because they were so hot. Afterwards I went to the right window, and it was just the same. I remember, too, that I once ran away because my elder brother had used me badly. I got as far as the Linden, where they caught me. I ought to have

been whipped for it, but somebody interceded for me, and I got off."

He then told us that from his sixth to his twelfth year he was in Plahmann's Institute, one of the educational establishments on the principles of Pestalozzi and Jahn, and that he had nothing but unpleasant recollections of the time he wasted there. At that time an artificial Spartanism was the rule. He never had enough to eat, except when he was occasionally invited out. At the Institute they always got "elastic" flesh, not exactly hard, but so that the teeth could not easily manage it, and parsnips. "I would have been glad to eat them raw, but they were boiled; and there were hard potatoes in the dish, four-cornered bits."

The conversation next turned on the luxuries of the table, and the Chief expressed himself vigorously about his likings for different kinds of fish. He always liked fresh lampreys. He was very fond of snipe-fish and Elbe salmon, just the proper mean between Baltic salmon and Rhine salmon "which is too fat for me." He then spoke of the dinners given at bankers' houses, where nothing is counted good unless it is dear. "They won't have carp, because in Berlin it is a moderately low-priced fish. They prefer perch, which cannot be brought there without difficulty." For my own part I don't care for perch, and I never liked Pomeranian salmon (*Maraenen*), the flesh of which is flabby. On the other hand, he could eat sea lampreys (*Muraenen*) every day: "I like them almost better than trout, and I don't care for any trout but those of moderate size, say half-pounders. The big ones, which are common in Frankfort at these dinners, and which usually come out of the Heidelberg Wolfspring, are not worth much, but they are dear enough, so that they must be on the table."

The conversation then turned on the Arc de Triomphe at Paris, which was compared with the Brandenburg Gate. The Chief said that the latter was very fine in its way. "I have, however, advised them to remove the sentry-boxes at the side, so as to show it. It would then be reckoned even a finer thing than now, as it is shut in and partly hidden."

While we were smoking our cigars he said to Wagner, speaking of his old journalistic experiences: "I remember that my first newspaper article was upon hunting. I was then nothing more than a rough country squire. Somebody had written a spiteful article on hunting. My huntsman's blood warmed at

this, and I set myself to and wrote an answer, which I forwarded to the editor, Altvater. It was unsuccessful. He answered me very politely, but said it did not suit, and he could not take it. I was in a rage that anybody should claim the right, or be allowed the privilege of attacking sportsmen without their being allowed to contradict him ; but that was the way at the time."

In the evening I was told to send the following article from the *Français* to the English press and to the *Moniteur*: "From different quarters we are informed of acts of violence by certain battalions of the Mobilised National Guard, the proofs of which we hold at the disposal of General Clément Thomas. According to our accounts, these battalions have allowed themselves, at Montrouge and Arcueil, to wreck private houses, to break the window panes, to plunder the cellars, and needlessly to burn expensive pieces of furniture. In Montrouge a collection of rare copper-plate engravings was committed to the flames. Acts of this sort demand the interference of the authorities. General Trochu's proclamation of the 26th December, in which he announces the establishment of courts-martial, was placarded all over the neighborhood of Paris. That threat of repressive measures ought surely not to be allowed to lie dormant in view of such plundering and insubordination." The article finally expresses a wish for an inquiry into the following incident: "On the 16th December the men of a battalion of the National Guard, then stationed at Arcueil, are said, on their way back to Paris, to have sold to shopkeepers in the neighborhood a number of objects, the results of their plundering in that town. They were mostly copper kitchen-vessels." It would be well that people in Versailles and its neighborhood, as well as in England, should know these facts, so that after the peace they may not charge these disorderly proceedings on our soldiers.

Monday, January 9.—The weather was cold and foggy, and a good deal of snow fell. There was very little firing, either from our side or the enemy's ; but during the night our fire was very violent. We learn from London that Prince Napoleon is going about with a plan, proposing to sign a peace on his own authority, which we might accept, and after the capitulation of Paris to summon the Senate and the Legislative Body, to lay the treaty of peace before them for ratification, and to ask them to vote upon it, on the form of the future Government, and ultimately on the future dynasty.

Vinoy and Ducrot are said to be in favor of this plan. On the other hand, the Orleanists are moving, and they hope to win Thiers to their side.

In the afternoon I sent a telegram about the further successful progress of the bombardment. When I laid it before the Chief, he struck out the passage in which I had mentioned that our shells had fallen into the garden of the Luxembourg, as "impolitic."

The following pleasant story is going the round of the newspapers. It first appeared in the *Leipziger Tageblatt*, as taken from a private letter of a German officer. "One day Adjutant-Major Count Lehdorff paid a visit to Captain von Strantz, at the outposts in Ville d'Avray in Paris. He asked him how things were going with him, and von Strantz answered, 'Capitally; for I have just come from my dinner, where I have been eating my sixty-seventh leg of mutton.' The Count laughed, and after some time went away. Next day the guard brought the captain the following communication: 'As his Excellency Chancellor Count Bismarck has been informed that Captain von Strantz is about to have his sixty-eighth leg of mutton this afternoon, he takes the liberty to send him four ducks for his dinner, as a little variety.'" This anecdote has the advantage over others in the newspapers, that it is substantially true, only the Count did not appear quite the next day. Lehdorff was dining with us some days before Christmas.

The Chief again appeared at dinner, shaven as usual. He spoke first of Count Bill having received the Iron Cross, and he seemed to think that it would have been better to have given it to his elder son, who was wounded in the cavalry charge at Mars-la-Tour. "That was an accident," he remarked; "others who were not wounded may have been quite as brave, but it is a sort of compensation to the wounded. I remember when I was a young man, that a certain von R., who had received the Cross, used to go about Berlin. I wondered what he could have done, but I learned afterwards that he was the nephew of a Minister, and that he had been acting as equerry to the general staff.

Delbruck remembered the man too, and told us that he had afterwards cut his throat, in consequence of an inquiry about difficulties in some bill transactions.

"In Göttingen," the Chief went on, "I once called a student a 'Dumme Junge' (a 'stupid fellow'). He demanded an ex-

planation, and I said that I had no wish to insult him, but merely intended to express my conviction as to the fact."

When the venison and the sauer-kraut were on the table, somebody remarked that the Minister had not gone out shooting for a long time, though there was plenty of game in the woods between this and Paris.

"Yes," he said; "but something always happened to interrupt me. The last time was at Ferrières, when the King was away. He had forbidden us to shoot in the park. We went out accordingly, but not in the park, and there was plenty to shoot, but not much was shot, as either the cartridges or the fowling pieces were poor." Holnstein, who usually shows himself an uncommonly estimable, most industrious, and serviceable person, thereupon remarked, "This is the way, your Excellency, that people tell the story. They say that you were well aware of his Majesty's command, and naturally anxious to respect it. You had gone out for a walk, when you had the misfortune to have three or four pheasants suddenly flying at your head, so that you were compelled to shoot them in self-defence."

The French Rothschild was mentioned, and then we spoke of the German Rothschild, of whom the Chief told us a diverting story from his own experience.

The conversation turned ultimately upon elegant literature. Somebody spoke of Spielhagen's *Problematische Naturen*, which the Chancellor had read, and of which he thought not unfavorably, remarking, "I will certainly, however, not read it a second time. I have no time here for that." But even a much-occupied Minister may take a book in his hand, and allow himself the luxury of a couple of hours with it before he has to go back to his documents. Somebody then spoke of Councillor Freitag's *Soll und Haben*, and praised the description of the Polish disturbance, and the accounts of the balls with the young girls, but the guests appeared to think his heroes insipid. Somebody said that they had no passion, somebody else that they had no soul. Abeken who took eager part in the conversation, made the remark that he could not read any of these things twice, and that most of the better known new writers had published only one good book. "Well," said the Chief, "I will allow you that three-fourths of Goethe's works are good; I do not care for the rest, but I should not mind being shut up a long while on a desert island with seven or eight of his forty vol-

umes." Finally somebody spoke of Fritz Reuter. "Yes," said the Minister, "*Aus der Franzosenzeit* is very pretty, but it is not a novel." Somebody then mentioned the *Stromtid*. "H'm," said he, "that is as one finds it; that is certainly a novel—plenty that is good, much that is middling—but the country people are exactly as they are described there."

In the evening I translated a long article from the *Times* for the King, going into full details about the situation in Paris. Afterwards, at tea-time, Keudell spoke cleverly—and indeed, charmingly—about certain qualities in the Chancellor which reminded him of Achilles—his genial, youthful nature; his easily excited temperament; the deep sympathies which he not infrequently manifests; his inclination to take himself away from the pressure of business, and his victorious way of carrying things through. Certainly we had Troy still with us, as well as Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people.

Tuesday, January 10.—The cold was moderate, and it was cloudy, so that one could not see far; the sky and earth were filled with snow. Only now and then a shot was to be heard from our batteries, or from the forts. Count Bill was with us, and about one o'clock in the day General Manteuffel. They were passing through to the army which is to operate in the south-east against Bourbaki, and which Manteuffel is to command.

In the afternoon I telegraphed twice to London—the retreat of Chanzy upon Le Mans, with the loss of 1000 men in prisoners, and Werder's successful resistance against the overwhelming forces of the French, who were pressing forward to the relief of Belfort, and attacked him at Villersexel. At dinner we spoke first of the bombardment, and the Chief said that most of the Paris forts, with the exception of Mont Valérien, were little worth, hardly better than the fortifications at Düppel. The fosses, for instance, were only of moderate depth, and the *enceinte*, too, used to be very weak.

The conversation then turned upon the International Peace Association, and its connection with the Social Democracy, the head of which, for Germany, was Karl Marx, in London. Bucher said that he was a very able man, with a good scientific training, and was the real leader of the International Workmen's Society. Speaking of the International Peace Association, the Chief said that its efforts were of very serious importance, and that its real objects were altogether different from peace. Communism was hiding behind it.

The conversation then turned to Count Bill, and the Chief remarked, "He appeared at a distance like an elderly staff officer, he is so stout." Somebody spoke of his luck in being ordered to accompany Manteuffel. It would only be a temporary position for both of them, but he would see a great deal of the war. "Yes," said the Chief, "He is learning something for his age. In our days not much could be learned at eighteen. I would have needed to have been born in 1795 to have had the chance of fighting in 1813. Since the battle at ——" (I could not catch the name, but it was some battle during the wars of the Huguenots that appeared to be meant), "there is not one of my ancestors who has not drawn sword against France: my father, for instance, and three of his brothers, and my grandfather, at Rossbach. My great-grandfather fought against Louis XIV., and his father also against Louis XIV., in the battles on the Rhine, in 1672 or 1673. Several of us fought in the Thirty Years' War, on the Emperor's side, and others for the Swedes. Finally, there was one who was with the Germans who fought for the Huguenots as hired troops. One of them—his portrait is at Schönhausen—was an original. I have a letter from him to his brother-in-law, in which he says: —'The cask of Rhine wine has cost me thirty reichsthalers. If my brother-in-law thinks it too dear, I will, so may God preserve me, drink every drop of it myself.' Then again, 'If my brother-in-law asserts so-and-so, I hope I may, so may God preserve me, get some day closer to him than he will like,' and in another place: 'I have spent 12,000 reichsthalers on the regiment, and I hope, so may God preserve me, to get it back in time.' As for this getting back, he probably meant it in this way, that people used then to be paid for the soldiers who were absent with leave, and for those who had not yet presented themselves with their regiments. Certainly the commander of a regiment was in a different position in those days." Somebody said that the same thing, perhaps, happened nearer our own time, as long, in fact, as the regiments were levied, paid, and clothed by the colonel, and only hired by the Prince, and the practice might possibly still prevail here and there. The Chief answered, "Yes, in Russia, for example, in the big cavalry regiments in the southern districts, which often consist of sixteen squadrons. There were there, as there still are, other sources of revenue. A German once told me this. He had been appointed to a regiment, I believe somewhere in Kursk or Woronesch, one of

those rich districts. The farmers came to him with carts laden with straw and hay, and hoped their 'little father' would graciously receive them. 'I did not know,' said he 'what they wanted, so I sent them away, and told them to leave me quiet and go about their business.' Surely their 'little father' would be reasonable. His predecessor had been quite contented with this; they could not give more; they were poor people. At last I took the whole of it, especially as they pressed me. They fell on their knees, and entreated me most graciously to keep it, and then I drove them away. When others came, with wagons laden with wheat and oats, I understood them, and took the present as others took it, and when the former people came back with more hay, I told them that they had misunderstood me, that what they had given me before was sufficient, and that they had better take home what they now brought. In this way, as I charged the hay and the oats to the Government for the troops, I made my 20,000 roubles yearly.' He told me this quite openly and unblushingly in a company at Petersburg, and I had nothing to do but to wonder at him." "Yes, but what could he have done to the farmers?" asked Delbrück. "Done?" said the Chief, "he could have done nothing; but he could have let them be ruined in another way; he had only to allow the soldiers to do anything they liked."

The conversation came back to Manteuffel, and somebody said that he had broken his leg at Metz, and made himself be carried into the battle. He had wondered a good deal, somebody remarked, that nobody knew anything about it here. Certainly, he must have thought how badly we were informed about the chief events of the war. "I remember," said the Chief, in the course of further conversation, "once sitting with Manteuffel and——" (name unintelligible) "on the stone before the church at Beckstein. The King came past, and I proposed to greet him as the three witches did: 'Hail, Thane of Lauenburg! All hail, Thane of Kiel! All hail, Thane of Schleswig!' It was at the time I concluded the Treaty of Gastein with Blome. That was the last time in my life that I played piquet, though I had given up play a long while before. I played so recklessly that the rest could not help wondering at me, but I knew quite well what I wanted. Blome had heard that piquet afforded the best possible opportunity for discovering a man's real nature, and he wanted to try it on with me. I thought to myself, You shall have your chance. I lost a couple

of hundred thalers, which I would have been honestly entitled to have charged as spent in the service of his Majesty. I put him all wrong; he considered me a reckless fellow, and gave way."

The conversation then turned to Berlin, and somebody remarked that it was growing year by year more of a great city, even in its ways of thinking and feeling, and that that must have some effect upon its representatives in Parliament. "During these last five years they have certainly changed greatly," said Delbrück. "That is true," said the Chief. "In 1862, when I first had to do with these gentlemen, if they had known the degree of heat to which my contempt for them rose, they would certainly never have forgiven me."

The conversation then turned to the subject of the Jews, and the Minister wanted to know why the name Meier was so common among them. It was of German origin, and signified landowner in Westphalia, whereas the Jews formerly had no land anywhere. I replied, "I beg your Excellency's pardon, but the name comes from the Hebrew. It is in the Old Testament, and in the Talmud, and signifies properly Meir, something connected with gold, light, splendor, so that it signifies something like the enlightened, the illustrious, the magnificent." The Chief went on to say, "Then there is the name Kohn, which is very common among them; what may that mean?" I replied that it meant a priest, which was originally Kohen. "From Kohen came Kohn, Kuhn, Cahen, and Kahn, and Kohn or Kahn sometimes got transformed into Hahn" (a cock), a remark which occasioned some merriment. "Yes," said the Minister; "but I am of opinion that they are improved by crossing. The results are not bad." He mentioned several noble families, and remarked, "All of these are clever and cultivated people." After a little musing, and omitting something he had said between, which probably referred to the marriage of Christian girls of distinguished families, German baronesses and so on, with rich or talented Jews, he proceeded to say: Probably it is better the other way, when, for instance, the Christian horse of the German breed is mated with a Jewish mare. The money then circulates, and the race produced is not a bad one. I do not know what I may advise my sons to do some day."

The Roumanians appear to be in the greatest perplexity, but the Powers will not help them. England and Austria are at

least indifferent. The Porte is not convinced that the union of the principalities would not be injurious to it. France is at present out of the question. The Emperor Alexander has a very kindly feeling to Prince Charles, but will not meddle in the business, and there is certainly no interference to be expected from Germany, which has no vital interest in Roumania. If, therefore, the Prince cannot help himself out of his trouble, the best thing he can do will be to draw back before he is compelled.

Beust appears to have entered into a new phase of his political way of looking at things in the despatch in which he replied to the notification of the impending union of the German South with the North, and it is possible that under his advice satisfactory relations may be developed and maintained between the two newly organized powers of Germany and Austro-Hungary.

About half-past ten the Chief comes down to tea, which Count Bill also drinks with us. Abeken returns from Court, and brings the news that the fortress of Péronne has capitulated, with its garrison of 3,000 men. The Chief, who was at the time looking at the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, sighed, and said, "Three thousand more! they might at least have drowned the commandant in the Seine, remembering the fact that he broke his word of honor." The remark gave rise to a conversation about the numerous prisoners in Germany, and Holstein said it would be a good thing if they could be let out to Strousberg for the railways he is constructing. "Or if," said the Chief, "the Emperor of Russia could be induced to settle them in military colonies in the Empire on the other side of the Caucasus. They would become admirable properties. These crowds of prisoners will certainly cause us serious perplexity after the peace. They will then have an army ready made, and soldiers who have had time to rest. We can do nothing more for them but present them with Napoleon, who needs 200,000 Prætorians to maintain himself in power." "Does he really then expect to come back as the governor of the country?" Holstein asked. "Very much so," said the Chief; "extraordinarily so, enormously so. He thinks day and night of nothing else, and the English do the same."

Finally somebody told us what had happened in Spandau, where people from the English embassy had behaved themselves improperly, and at last violently, in front of the place

where the French prisoners were kept in charge, and had got badly out of the affair.

Wednesday, January 11.—It is said that Clément Duvernois, who was formerly one of Napoleon's ministers, is coming here to treat for peace in the name of the Empress. She is said to admit the principle of territorial compensation and of the boundary which we want. She will consent to pay the costs of the war, and allow us to occupy certain portions of France with our troops in pledge for the money, and she will promise to enter into no negotiations for peace with any power but Germany. Duvernois believes that though she is not popular, she will show energy, and as lawful regent will have a better position and will give us more security than any person who might be chosen by the representatives of the country and who would necessarily be entirely dependent upon them. Is he to be received or not? Perhaps he may, so that the authorities in Paris and Bordeaux may note the fact, and be more ready on their part to decide to give in.

During dinner we spoke first, as we usually do now, about the bombardment, and somebody said that there was a conflagration in Paris. Somebody else remarked, that thick clouds of smoke could be distinctly seen there. The Chief said, "That is not enough; one must first smell it here. The conflagration at Hamburg could be smelt twenty miles off."

Somebody then mentioned the opposition of the "patriots" in the Bavarian Chamber to the Versailles Convention, and the Chancellor said, "I wish I could go there and speak with them; they have obviously lost their way, and cannot get either forward or backward. I should soon bring them right again, but one is so necessary here."

Afterwards he spoke of all sorts of hunting adventures of his own—one, for instance, in Russia, where Holnstein had scared away a bear which he had rashly shot at ninety paces. Afterwards the bear had come up to within twenty paces, and ogled the Chief. "I managed however," he continued, "to shoot the brute so badly with a conical bullet, that he was afterwards found dead a little bit off."

Thursday, January 12.—Abeken said he had heard that the Bavarians intended to storm one of the forts on the south-east, where our fire was very feebly answered. The Chief was pleased, and added, "If I were now in Munich among the deputies, I could easily put it before them so that they would make no

more difficulties." Somebody said that it was believed that the King preferred the title "Emperor of Germany" to that of "German Emperor," and it was remarked that the former would be a new title which, at all events, had no historical basis. Bucher dwelt a great deal upon that point. He said that there had never been an Emperor of Germany, and that indeed, there had been no German Emperor either, only a German King. Charles the Great had called himself "Imperator Romanorum," but afterwards the name given to the Cæsars had been "Imperator Romanus semper Augustus," Enlarger of the Empire, and German King. The Chief so expressed himself as to show that he attached little importance to the difference between the titles.

In the evening, after nine o'clock, it looked as if a great conflagration had burst out in Paris towards the North. There was a peculiar "shine" beyond the wood, and flames above the horizon in that direction. Several of the gentlemen came out to see it. Holnstein looked out of the window in the cook's room, and believed that the city was really burning; so did Wollmann, but it was probably a mistake, for the "shine" was not red, but whitish. The Chief, who called me up to him to give me an order, and whom I told about the appearance, said, "It is possible; I had already remarked it, but it seemed to me to be more like the shine from snow. One must first smell it."

About eleven o'clock at night the King sends the Chief a bit of letter paper, with the words written in pencil that we have just had a great victory at Le Mans. The Minister, who was obviously touched and delighted at this attention, handed me the paper, so that I might telegraph the news saying, "He thinks that the military authorities would not have sent it to me; that is why he writes himself."

Afterwards I prepared for the King an article from the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, giving an account of Roon's jubilee. Before going to bed, we learned that a breach had already been noticed in Fort Issy.

Friday, January 13.—Mist in the morning, and blue sky after twelve o'clock. There was heavy firing. Harless applied to the Chief with a petition on behalf of the Lutheran church, concluding with a request, that in consequence of an illness, which has again attacked him, he should be allowed soon to lay down his pilgrim's staff. He and his party want an orthodox

Lutheran German National Church, that is to say, that he is an enemy of the union, and accordingly of Prussia, which is for the union. Recently he has taken part with the Catholic bishops. His object is a Protestant Pope, and he would like the place himself.

The delegation in Bordeaux has made an attempt to induce the Pope to offer his mediation for peace; and at Rome they do not seem disinclined to take the matter up, as they believe they might give it such a turn that the Pope might come by his own again.

At dinner we had the Government president, von Ernsthausen, a large-built man, still young. The Chief, who had to dine later with the Crown Prince, stayed with us only till the Varzin ham came on the table, saying; "Give me a little; as I am here I must help you to eat it. It gives me home feelings." He said to Ernsthausen: "I am invited to dine with the Crown Prince. As I have an important discussion before me, I am strengthening myself for it. To-day is the 13th, and a Friday. Sunday is the 15th, so the 18th is Wednesday. That is the great day, and the proclamation to the German people about the Emperor and the Empire, on which Bucher is now at work will then be issued."

Turning to Ernsthausen he said: "The King still has his difficulties between German Emperor and Emperor of Germany, but he rather inclines to the latter. I cannot see much difference between the two. It is a little like the question of the Homousians and the Homoiusians, in the days of the Councils." Abeken corrected him; "Homousians." The Chief said: "We call it 'oi' in our parts. In Saxony they are provincials. I remember that somebody at our school from Chemnitz read in this way" (and he quoted a Greek sentence). "The master said, 'Stop. No. We don't speak here as you do in Saxony.'"

In the evening new despatches came in, and old minutes were read over. The Chief came back at 9.30 from the Crown Prince, and told me to telegraph that at Le Manz we had made 18,000 French prisoners, and captured twelve guns, and that Gambetta, who wanted to be present at the battle, nearly fell into our hands. He managed, however, to escape in good time.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST WEEKS BEFORE THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

SATURDAY, *January 14.*—Moderately cold; the weather in the morning somewhat foggy, tolerably clear towards mid-day, but so bad later on that one cannot see ten yards in front of one. The firing, both from the forts and the town, goes on without a break from morning till evening. At night we repulsed a sally of the Parisians, directed against the troops of the Eleventh Army Corps stationed at Meudon, the Bavarians at Clamart, and the Guards at Le Bourget. I despatched several telegrams, then wrote an official letter to M., and, as usual, read newspapers for the King and the Chief.

Count Lehndorf dined with us. The Chief told us he had heard from Jules Favre. He wished to go to the Conference in London, and declared he had only heard on the 10th that a safe-conduct would be provided for him. He would like to take out with him an unmarried daughter, a married daughter, with her husband, with a Spanish name, and a secretary. What he would like best would be a pass "for the minister and suite." He was not, however, to have any pass, but the military authorities were simply to be instructed to let him through. Bucher is to write to him that his best way will be to go by way of Corbeil, so as not to have to leave his Paris carriage, have to walk some way, and then take another carriage. He had also better go to Metz by Lagny, instead of Amiens. Should he not wish to go by Corbeil, would he say so? Other instructions should then be given to the military. "As for his wish to travel with his family," added the Chief, "one would almost think that he wanted to make his escape."

In the course of further conversation the Minister observed: "Versailles is just the most unfit place possible for the conduct of business. We had better have stayed in Lagny or Ferrières.

But I know very well why : many people who have nothing to do would have been bored to death there. For the matter of that, such people are bored here and would be so anywhere."

In the evening I wrote an article upon the difficulties of victualling Paris after its surrender, which was to appear in the *Moniteur*.

Sunday, January 15.—The weather is moderately clear and cold. Fewer shots are heard than during the last few days. The Chief passed a sleepless night, and had Wollmann awakened by four o'clock, in order to telegraph to London about Favre. Andrassy, the prime minister of Hungary, has declared that he not only shares the view of matters expressed in Count Beust's despatch on the new Germany, but has always been in favor of this policy and recommended it. The reservation in the preamble of that document might have been omitted, as the new organisation of Germany does not violate the treaty of Prague. The letters in which the German princes assent to the proposals of the King of Bavaria regarding the restoration of the Imperial dignity, express nearly the same sentiments. Only Reuss was inclined to explain his consent in a somewhat different way. On the side of Bavaria pretensions are put forward which cannot at all be admitted. The Chief dines to-day with the King.

Bamberg, who comes every evening after news for the *Moniteur*, explains to me the meaning of the branch of box-wood on the wall over my bed. It is consecrated in the church on Palm Sunday, and remains in its place all the year round. It serves, probably, as a safeguard against illnesses, evil spirits, and witches, and so plays its part in the popular superstitions of the French. . . . The Chief calls for me at nine o'clock. I am to make an article from the official reports on our position towards American ships laden with contraband of war. The point lies in the thirteenth article of the treaty of 1799. We cannot capture these ships, but can only detain them while the war lasts, or have the contraband goods handed over to us on our giving a receipt. In either case we must pay a moderate compensation. The paper was written forthwith and deposited in the letter-box of the office.

Monday, January 16.—In the morning I read Trochu's letter to Moltke, in which he complains that our fire in the south of Paris has struck hospitals and asylums, although these are distinguished by flags. He thinks this cannot be by chance, and

refers to the international treaties, by which these establishments are inviolable. Moltke has defended himself stoutly against any idea of design. The humanity with which we have carried on the war, so far as the character which has been given to it by the French since the 4th of September allows us to be humane—protects us against such a suspicion. So soon as the air clears, and the distance between our batteries and Paris enables us to distinguish the Geneva flags on the buildings in question, even chance injuries will be avoided. Later on, we learn by telegraph of the pursuit of Chanzy by our troops. Before noon a telegram is despatched, telling of the capture of the camp at Conlie, and the successful resistance offered by General von Werder, south of Belfort, to the overwhelming superiority of four French corps.

Prince Pless and Maltzahn dined with us. We learn that the proclamation to the German people is to be read out to-morrow on the occasion of the festival, which will take place in the grand reception-room of the Palace here. The King will be hailed as Emperor in presence of a brilliant assemblage. Deputations with banners, from the army, the Generals, the Chancellor of the Confederation, and a number of Princes will be there. We hear, too, that the Chancellor has changed his mind about letting Favre out of Paris, and has written him a letter, which is practically a refusal. The Chancellor says: "Favre seems to me with his request to be allowed to attend the conference in London, just like children in the game of 'Fox in the hole.' They shut the door to, and then contrive to come out at a place where you cannot do them any harm (like the 'pax' in our Dresden game of 'Last man'). He must eat the soup he has crumbled his bread in. I have written to him that his honor requires it." Possibly this change of mind may have been caused by an article in Gambetta's organ, *Le Siècle*, printed also in the *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and marked for him. It was to the effect that the permission to Favre to go to London amounted to a recognition of the present French government on our part.* The article went to the King and to London.

In the evening I saw the correspondence between Favre and the Chancellor.

* This supposition was wrong. The Chancellor changed his mind because of Favre's circular on January 12.

I insert here a *résumé* of this affair, based on documents afterwards made public.

* * * * *

On the 17th of November, Favre, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, learnt from a despatch dated Tours, November 11, and forwarded by Chaudordy, that news had come from Vienna that the Russian Government considered itself no longer bound by the Treaty of 1856. Favre at once replied, recommending strict reserve until the arrival of official information, and pointing out how, without neglecting to assert the claims of France on every opportunity, she must be invited to the discussion of the Russian declaration. Communications on the subject, both by word of mouth and in writing then passed between the different Powers and the Provisional Government of Paris, in which the French tried hard to induce the representatives of the other Powers to admit, that the French representative at the Conference would be bound to open a discussion of quite other importance (than that upon the Treaties of 1856), in respect to which they were not disposed to give any negative reply. The Delegation at Tours shared this opinion, though it thought that the invitation of Europe to the Congress, if one were to take place, must be assumed, even though neither a pledge nor an armistice had been obtained beforehand. Gambetta wrote to Favre on the 31st December: "You must be prepared to leave Paris to attend the London conference if, as is asserted, England has succeeded in obtaining for you a safe-conduct." Before these lines were received, Favre had told Chaudordy that the Government had decided that France, "if she were invited in regular form," should be represented at the London conference, provided that the Parisian deputy could procure from England, who had sent a verbal invitation, the necessary safe-conduct. This was undertaken by the English Cabinet, and Chaudordy informed Favre of the fact in a despatch which reached Paris on January 8, adding also that he, Favre, had been appointed by the Government to represent France at the conference. This communication was confirmed in a despatch written to Favre by Lord Granville under date December 29, which reached Paris on January 10. It ran as follows:

"M. de Chaudordy has informed Lord Lyons that your Excellency proposes to represent France at the conference, and he has begged me to procure a safe-conduct for your Excellency through the Prussian lines. I at once requested Count Bern

storff to ask for this safe-conduct and to have it conveyed to yourself by the hands of a German officer sent under a flag of truce. Herr von Bernstorff yesterday informed me that a safe-conduct should be at the disposal of your Excellency, whenever it was applied for by an officer from Paris at the German headquarters. He added that it could not be conveyed by the hands of a German officer until satisfaction had been given to the officer who had been shot at when bearing a flag of truce. M. Tissot gives me to understand that it would take a long time for this communication to reach you through the Delegation in Bordeaux. I have therefore suggested to Count Bernstorff another means of conveying it to you. I hope your Excellency will allow me to take this opportunity of expressing the satisfaction I feel in dealing with you personally," &c., &c.

Favre saw in this letter a recognition of the existing French Government and an invitation which he might turn to account in opening the discussion upon the situation of France before the Powers in London. In the circular issued to the French Ambassadors on January 12, he said :

"Directly invited by this despatch, the Government could not refuse the invitation received in her name without neglecting the rights of France. It may no doubt be maintained on the other hand that the time for such a discussion of the neutralization of the Black Sea is not well chosen. But the very fact that this formal step is taken by the European Powers towards the French Republic at the critical moment when the country is fighting single-handed for her honor and her existence, lends to it an exceptional gravity. It is a beginning, too long delayed, of the practice of justice, a pledge which cannot be recalled. *It consecrates our change of government with the authority of international rights* ; and leaves on the stage where the fate of the world is being decided, the nation freed in spite of its afflictions, face to face with the power which has brought it to ruin, and with the pretenders who would fain hold sway over it. Who, moreover, does not feel that France, admitted among the representatives of Europe, has an indisputable right to raise her voice in their presence? Who will be able to hinder her, when, taking her stand upon the everlasting ordinances of justice, she shall vindicate the principles which assure her independence and dignity? Not one of these will she abandon. Our programme remains unchanged, and Europe, in inviting him who has laid it down, knows very

well that he has both the will and obligation to maintain it. We must hesitate no longer, and the Government would have committed a grave mistake if it had rejected the proffered opening.

"While recognising this, however, the Government thought, as I do, that the Foreign Minister could not, unless higher interests were at stake, leave Paris during the bombardment which the enemy is directing against the city." (Here follows a long sentimental lamentation over the damage which "the fury of the invaders" has, intentionally, "in order to spread terror," inflicted by their shells upon churches, hospitals, orphanages, and so on.) Then he proceeds: "Our brave Parisians feel their courage rise with the danger. Firm, animated, and determined, they are neither exasperated nor bowed down by their sufferings. They will fight and conquer more than ever, and we shall do so with them. *I cannot think of deserting them at this crisis.* Probably the protests we have addressed to Europe as well as to members of the diplomatic corps still remaining in Paris, will soon attain their object. *England will understand that till that hour my place is in the midst of my fellow-citizens.*"

The same expression had been used by Favre in the following answer of two days before to Lord Granville's letter, but only in the first part, where he said: "*I cannot consider myself justified in leaving my fellow-citizens at a moment when they are the victims of this violence*" ("against an unarmed population" he had written in the lines immediately before, from a strong fortress with nearly 200,000 soldiers and militia!). Then, however, he proceeded: "Moreover, communication between London and Paris is, thanks to the commander of the besieging army (how naïve!) so tedious and uncertain, that I cannot, with all my goodwill, answer your summons according to the letter of your despatch. You have informed me that the Conference will meet on February 3, and probably last for a week. This information having reached me on the evening of the 10th of January, I could not have availed myself of your invitation in proper time. Besides, Herr von Bismarck in forwarding it to me did not accompany it with a safe-conduct, which is absolutely indispensable. He requires that a French officer should go to his headquarters to fetch it, and he bases this request on a reclamation addressed to the Governor of Paris, in consequence of an incident which a messenger with a flag of truce had to complain of on the 23rd of December. Herr von

Bismarck adds, that the Prussian commander-in-chief has forbidden any communication by flag of truce until satisfaction for this has been obtained. I do not inquire whether such a decision, directly contrary to the rules of war, does not amount to an absolute denial of those higher claims of the amenities of warfare which necessity and humanity have always upheld. I content myself with remarking to your Excellency, that the Governor of Paris lost no time in instituting an inquiry into the incident indicated by Count von Bismarck; and that in announcing the fact to him, he brought very numerous cases to his knowledge, laid to the charge of the Prussian sentries, of which he had himself never taken advantage to interrupt the exchange of ordinary communications. Count von Bismarck seems to have admitted, partially at least, the justice of these observations, for he to-day asked the United States ambassador to inform me that, pending the reciprocal inquiries, he is re-establishing communications by parley. There can, therefore, be no necessity for a French officer going to the Prussian headquarters; and I will put myself into communication with the United States ambassador, in order to receive the passport which you have taken the trouble to procure for me. As soon as I have this in my hands, and *the condition of Paris permits me*, I will take the road to London, sure beforehand that I will make no vain appeal in the name of my Government to the principles of justice and morality which Europe is so vitally interested in seeing respected."

So far, M. Favre. The condition of Paris had not changed, the protests addressed to Europe had not yet put an end to the crisis. Indeed it was not yet possible that they should, when Favre, on the 13th of January, three days after his letter to Granville, and the day after the issue of his circular to the French representatives in foreign parts, sent the following despatch to the German Chancellor:—

"M. le Comte! Lord Granville has informed me, in a despatch dated December 29 of last year, which I received in the evening of the 10th of January, that your Excellency, by request of the English Cabinet, holds at my disposal a safe-conduct, which is necessary to enable the plenipotentiaries of France at the London Congress to pass the Prussian lines. As I have been appointed in this capacity I do myself the honor to request your Excellency to send this passport, made out in my name, *with the least possible delay.*"

My only object in quoting all this is to show the difference between the character and ability of Favre, and Bismarck as he really is. Compare the writings of the one, as they have been given in detail above, with the following utterance of the other. There we have indecision, ambiguity, conceits of pose and phrase, and, lastly, contradiction of what had been said emphatically a few lines before, and expressed with equal emphasis in other documents. Here, on the contrary, speaks a man who is sure, simple, natural, and always to the point. The Chancellor answered Favre on January 16 (I leave out the opening words) as follows :

“Your Excellency assumes that on the application of the Royal government of Great Britain a pass to enable you to attend the London Conference lies ready for you with me. This assumption, however, is not correct. I could not have entered upon an official negotiation resting on the supposition that the National Defence Committee, is, by the law of nations, in a position to act in the name of France, so long as it has not been, in the least degree, recognized by the French nation itself.

“I presume that the commander of our outposts would have granted your Excellency the warrant to pass the German lines had your Excellency applied for it to the general of the besieging army. The latter would have had no occasion to consider your Excellency’s political station and the purpose of your journey, while the fact that the warrant to pass our lines being granted by the military authorities, to whom it would not have seemed, from their point of view, a matter for much hesitation, would have left the hands of his Majesty’s ambassador in London free in regard the question whether your Excellency’s declarations could, by the law of nations, be regarded as the declarations of France, so that he could have taken up his ground, and on his part adopted some form by which prejudice might have been avoided. In addressing to me, by way of an official announcement of the object of your journey, an official request for a passport, in view of the representation of France at the Conference, your Excellency has debarred us from this course. Political considerations, in support of which I refer to the declarations published by your Excellency, forbid me to accede to your request by sending such a document.

“While making this communication I can only leave you to

consider for yourself and your government, whether any other way can be suggested for removing the objections indicated, by which any prejudice arising out of your presence in London can be avoided.

"But even if such a way should be found, I venture to ask whether it is wise for your Excellency to leave Paris and your post as member of the Government there, to take part in person in a Conference about the Black Sea, at a moment when interests are at stake in Paris which are of far greater importance, both to France and Germany, than the 11th article of the Treaty of 1856. Your Excellency would also be leaving behind in Paris the diplomatic agents and *attachés* of the neutral states, who have remained, or rather been detained there, long after they received permission to pass through the German lines, and have therefore all the greater claims upon your protection and forethought as Minister for Foreign Affairs in the actual Government.

"I can therefore scarcely suppose that your Excellency, in the critical situation *which you have so essential a part in conducting to its issue*, will willingly deprive yourself of the opportunity of assisting in the solution, for which the responsibility rests on you."

* * * * *

It is now the turn of the journal to speak again.

Tuesday, January 17.—The weather is warm, with much wind. At dinner we had as guests the Saxon Count Nostitz-Wallwitz, who is to be appointed to the administration here, and a Herr Winter, or von Winter, who has been made Prefect of Chartres. On some one turning the conversation upon the future operations of the war, the Chief observed: "I think, if by God's help we take Paris, we will not occupy it with our troops. The National Guard might serve there under a French commandant. We should occupy only the forts and the outskirts. Every one would be let in, but no one let out. It would be a great prison until it came to be a small one on the conclusion of peace." He then spoke with Nostitz about the General Councils, and said that every attempt should be made to procure the goodwill of their members. Here would be a good field for further political operations. "As for the military side of the question," he went on to say, "I am for more concentration, not covering a certain quantity of ground, but so holding it in hand that the authorities can conduct the

administration, and especially collect the taxes in a regular way. The military has a centrifugal plan of operations, I a centripetal." . . . "If we cannot provide every place within our circle with garrisons, we can send a flying column from time to time to such places as prove troublesome, and shoot, hang and burn. If that is done twice they will soon listen to reason." Winter thought that the mere appearance of the party to do execution in such places would produce the desired effect. "I don't know," said the Chief; "a moderate amount of hanging does much better; and if a few shells are thrown in, and a few houses burnt. That reminds me of the Bavarians, who asked the Prussian artillery officer, 'What think you, comrade; are we to burn this village to the ground, or only wreck it *in moderation?*' I don't know what the answer was."

He told us then that he had many well-wishers in Bremen. "They have lately made for me there a number of excellent cigars, very strong, but praised by all connoisseurs." In the press of business I have forgotten the name of the company"—(Bucher named, if I remember right, "Jacobi Brothers")—"and now they send me again a fine polar bear's skin. It is too good for the campaign; I shall send it home."

This led him to observe that, at St. Petersburg once, he wanted to go on a bear's hunt, down the Dwina to Archangel, but his wife would not let him; besides he would have been obliged to take at least six weeks' leave. In the woods up there, is an incredible quantity of game, especially blackcock and woodcock, which are killed in thousands by the Finns and Samoyeds, who shoot them with small rifles without ramrods, and bad powder. "A woodcock there," added he, "lets itself, I will not say be caught with the hand, but killed with a stick. In St. Petersburg they come to the market in heaps. On the whole, a sportsman is pretty well off in Russia, and the cold is not so bad, for every one is used to struggling with it. All the houses are properly warmed, even the steps and the porch as well as the riding paths, and no one thinks of visiting with a tall hat in winter, but goes instead in furs with a fur cap."

He came to speak again, I do not remember how, of his yesterday's letter to Favre, and said, "I have given him clearly to understand that it will not do, and that I could not believe that the man who helped to bring about the business of the 4th of September, would not wish to await its issue. I wrote in French, partly because I look upon it not as official, but as

private correspondence, but also that it may be read, not only by him, but by everybody in the French army before it gets to him." Nostitz asked how diplomatic correspondence was generally conducted. "In German," said the Chief; "formerly it was in French, but I have changed this. Only with those cabinets, however, whose language we understand—England, Italy, and Spain; these can be read at a pinch;—not with Russia, for I am about the only man in the Foreign Office who understands Russian. Nor again, with Holland, Denmark, or Sweden, for their languages are not learnt as a rule. They write in French, and are answered in the same way." "The King has, moreover, given orders that the soldiers are only to converse with the French in German. Let them learn it. We have had to learn their language." "With Thiers (he meant Favre), at Ferrières, I conversed in French. But I told him that it was only because I was not dealing with him officially. He laughed at that. I said to him, however, 'You will see when we are discussing terms of peace that we shall speak German.'"

Wednesday, January 18.—The sky is cloudy; the air clear. An extensive view; the temperature warm, with a little wind. In the morning I read letters and newspapers. Wollmann told me an order had come in promoting our Chief to the rank of Lieutenant-General. Hatzfeld and Bohlen have received the cross to-day. The others are expecting it, and the longing for it seems with some of them to be very great. What store even the lower officials set by it, and how useful the custom of decorations consequently is to the state, was shown by what our excellent T. said to me this morning, "God knows, doctor, I would gladly even give up all my extra pay, if you will believe me, if I could get the Iron Cross." I believed him, although it was hardly conceivable; for the extra pay to which he referred comes to one and a half times as much as his ordinary income.

Between twelve and half-past one there was the banquet of the knights in the great hall of the castle, and the proclamation in military splendour of the German Empire and Emperor. It must have been a very grand and imposing sight. Meanwhile I took a long walk with Wollmann. As we were on our way back, going from the railings of the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, up the alley, and through the Rue de Saint-Pierre, we heard the thunder-roll of loud hurrahs from the Place d'Armes; these

were for the King, who was returning home from the ceremony. I should have said for the Emperor. At dinner the Chief was absent, as he was dining with the Emperor. Twice in the evening I was summoned to receive instructions from him; he spoke with an unusually weak voice, and seemed tired and exhausted.

The Minister has received a letter written by Kern, the Swiss ambassador, on behalf of a number of diplomatists remaining in Paris, requesting him to see that measures are taken to enable the protégés of the writers to escape, before the bombardment, to a distance from the town. This is to dispute our right to bombard Paris, and to infer that we purposely fire upon buildings which ought to be spared. In reply, we can say that we have repeatedly (as early as towards the end of September, and once more in October) drawn the attention of those of the inhabitants of Paris who are citizens of neutral countries, through their embassies, to the damage which the town must be exposed to from a prolonged resistance. For months, we allowed all neutrals who could show themselves to be such, and who wished to leave, to pass our lines without difficulty. On military grounds we can now grant this privilege only to members of the diplomatic body. If a number of neutrals have still not availed themselves of this permission to take themselves and their chattels to a place of safety, it is not our fault; they must either not have wished to go, or been hindered by the authorities of Paris.

Thursday, January 19.—To-day's firing, Keudell tells us at breakfast, is due to a fresh and important sortie which the Parisians, with twenty-four battalions and numerous guns, have made against our positions between La Celle and St. Cloud. Towards two o'clock, when the whirr and rattle of the mitrailleuses are plainly heard, and the French artillery is at the most two miles in a direct line from Versailles, the Chief mounts to ride to the aqueduct of Marly, whither the King and Crown Prince have also gone. I set off thither likewise, with Wollmann.

On our way we meet, in Roquencourt, a musketeer coming back from the fight, who, on our asking how things are going, gives us to understand we are in a bad way, the enemy being already in the wood on the hills behind La Celle. We cannot believe it, because in that case there would have been more signs of life here, and we should have heard the firing

more distinctly. Some way beyond we meet the Crown Prince returning to Versailles. There cannot then be any further danger. When we come to the heights in front of Marly we are not allowed to go further along the high road, which strikes north here, as straight as a line. We wait a while in a cutting wind and under a cloud, from which falls a dense shower of snowflakes, among the long-bearded sons of Anak of the militia guard who are posted here. The King and the Chancellor are, I suppose, on the aqueduct. When the cloud lifts we see Mont Valérien deliver three shots in succession, and the redoubts beneath its walls fire eight times. Now and then too a flash comes from our batteries in the west beyond the Seine, and a house seems to be burning in one of the riverside villages. When the fire ceases we return home.

In Versailles, however, the situation must have caused uneasiness; for, as we pass through the town, we find that the Bavarians have entered it. Formerly one only caught sight of them here by ones and twos. They are posted, we are told, in dense masses in the Place d'Armes and the Avenue de Paris. The French, however, are encamped, they say, about 60,000 strong, under Mont Valérien, and in the fields east of it. They are supposed to have taken the Montretout redoubt, and to hold in their hands also the village of Garches, not much more than a couple of miles from here, and the western portion of Saint-Cloud. It was feared that to-morrow they might press on further and force us to evacuate Versailles. This cannot be true, or at least it is exaggerated.

The conversation at dinner seems to confirm this impression. The danger was not spoken of as imminent. We had as our guest Privy Councillor von Löper, who is to be Under-Secretary of State in the Household. At first the purport of the talk was that the danger which had threatened our communications with Germany on the South-East had passed away, as General Bourbaki, who had pressed hard upon Werder for three whole days without being able to beat him back, had, probably on the news of Manteuffel's advance, given up the attempt to relieve Belfort, and was in full retreat. The Chief then alluded to a statement that the taxes could not be got in from different communities in the parts of France which we occupy, and said it was difficult, nay impossible, to plant garrisons everywhere, to compel the people to pay them. Then he went on to say, "That, however, is not at all necessary. The thing can be managed by

flying columns of infantry, with some horse artillery and a couple of guns. They need not even enter a place, but simply send in a message, 'If you do not produce the outstanding taxes—in two hours shells will be thrown in.' Then they see you are in earnest, and they pay. In some instances a place will really be bombarded, so as to encourage the others. They must learn what war is."

Later on the conversation turned upon the indemnity that might be expected when peace was concluded, and this led the Chief to speak of that paid in 1866. He said, "We ought not to have made them pay in money. I at least resisted it for a long time, but at last I gave way to the temptation." "We ought to have been paid in land, as in 1815, and it would have been a good opportunity."

Friday, January 20.—In the course of the morning we hear that the Parisians have abandoned their positions of last evening, and marched back into the town with drums beating. Our losses in the fight are said to be trifling, while those of the enemy are very severe. From the West comes the news that Tours has been occupied by our troops, without resistance; from the North, that Goeben has beaten the French at Saint-Quentin, in a battle lasting seven hours, and taken 4000 unwounded prisoners. At twelve o'clock I am sent for by the Chief. He wishes his answer to Kern's memorial, and the letter in which he refused Favre his passport, to appear in the *Moniteur*.

At dinner Bohlen was again present, as well as Lauer and von Knobelsdorff. The Chief was good-humored and talkative. Among other things he told us that, when he was in Frankfurt, he had constantly had invitations to the Grand-Ducal Court at Darmstadt, and accepted them. There was an excellent hunt there. "However," he went on, "I have reason to suppose that I was not a favorite with the Grand-Duchess Mathilda. She said once to somebody, 'He is always there and looks as if he were as big a man as the Grand Duke.'"

As we sat over our cigars, the Crown Prince's Adjutant (Major von Hanke, or Kameke), came in suddenly, in a water-proof cloak, to tell us that Count—— (the name was unintelligible) had come out, ostensibly in the name and by order of Trochu, to request a two days' truce for carrying away the wounded in yesterday's sally, and burying those who had fallen there. The Chief replied, that the French must not have this conceded to them, as it would only take a few hours to carry off

the wounded and bury the dead ; besides the dead would rest just as well above as beneath the earth. . Soon after the Major reappeared and said the King was coming ; and, true enough, scarcely a quarter of an hour afterwards His Majesty walked in, and the Crown Prince along with him. They went with the Chancellor into the drawing-room, where a refusal of Trochu's request was agreed upon.

About nine o'clock Bucher sent me a few lines, in pencil, to say that, by the Chief's orders, the letter to Kern was to be printed in to-morrow's *Moniteur*, while that to Favre was to stand over till further notice. I at once sent instructions to that effect to Bamberg, who must by this time have received the letters through the office.

Saturday, January 21.—At half-past nine the *Moniteur* comes in, and—contains the Chief's letter to Favre ! Unfortunate ; but my letter to Bamberg only reached him when the number was printed. About ten I was summoned to the Chief, who however said nothing of the mishap, though the paper was lying before him. He was still in bed, and wished Count Chambord's protest against the bombardment of Paris cut out for the King. I then wrote an article for the German papers, and an occasional note for the paper here.

At dinner in the evening, Voigts-Rhetz, Prince Putbus, and the Bavarian Count Berghem were the Chancellor's guests. The Bavarian had brought the pleasant news that the Conventions of Versailles had passed the Second Chamber in Munich by two votes to spare over the required majority of two-thirds. The German Empire, then, is formally established. The Chief accordingly proposed to the company to drink the health of the King of Bavaria, "who had really brought the matter to a satisfactory conclusion." "I always thought," he added, "that we should carry it through, if only by one vote ; I had not hoped for two. The last good news from the seat of war probably contributed to it."

It was then mentioned that in the great sortie the day before yesterday, the French had deployed against us more men than had been hitherto believed, probably over 80,000, and that the Montretout redoubt had actually been in their hands for some hours, as well as part of Garches and Saint-Cloud. They had, however, suffered frightful losses in storming them ; as many as 1,200 dead and 4,000 wounded were talked of. The Chief observed, "The capitulation must soon come now ; next week,

I should imagine. After the capitulation they are to be supplied by us with provisions—that is understood—but, until they have given up 700,000 stand of arms and 4,000 cannon, not a morsel of bread shall they touch, and no one will be let out. We occupy the forts and the suburbs, and put them to a little cost until they can bring themselves to agree to a peace that will suit us. There are still many intelligent and respectable people in Paris for us to deal with.”

Afterwards we came to speak of a Madame Cordier, who stayed here some time ago, and had spent several hours each day walking up and down on the bridge of Sèvres, apparently with the intention of getting into Paris or conveying something in. She seems to be a pretty, somewhat elderly widow; and if I understood right, is a daughter of Lafitte, and a sister of the wife of the Marquis de Gallifet, commander of cavalry, who was conspicuous among the elegant women of Napoleon’s court. She seems to have been looked upon among us as a high-class spy, and the wonder was that she was tolerated here; but probably she had many friends and admirers among the higher officers.

The Chief remarked, “I remember when she came to Frankfort fifteen or sixteen years ago. There she undoubtedly expected to play the part of a beauty and a Parisian. But it did not succeed. She had common manners and but little tact, and was not so well educated as the bankers’ wives in Frankfort, who soon made out the fact. I know she went out one day in dirty wet weather, with a rose-colored satin cloak on, all covered with lace. ‘If she got sovereigns sewn all over her dress,’ said the ladies of Frankfort, ‘we should see better what she wanted to show off.’”

The conversation then drifted into a learned discussion upon the difference between the titles “German Emperor” and “Emperor of Germany;” the possibility of an “Emperor of the Germans” being also mentioned. After the discussion had lasted for some time, the Chief, who had hitherto remained silent, asked, “Does any gentleman know the Latin for sausage?” “Farcimentum,” replied Abeken. “Farcimen,” said I. “Farcimentum or farcimen, whichever you please,” said the Chief, smiling, “nescio quid mihi magis farcimentum esset.” (I don’t know which of the two I should consider the more made-up name.)

Monday, January 23.—Weather dull and mild. I telegraph

that the bombardment from our northern batteries is doing good work ; the fort at Saint-Denis is silenced, while conflagrations are noticed in the town of Denis as well as in Paris.

In the evening, soon after seven, Favre himself came in and the Chancellor had an interview with him up in the little room next his own, where the widow Jesse's eldest son used to live. The conference lasted about two hours and a half. Meanwhile Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen entertained Favre's companion, his son-in-law, whose name was Del Rio, in the drawing-room below. He was, it appears, properly speaking a portrait-painter, but had come out as secretary with his father-in-law. Both of them got something to eat, whatever was to be had at a moment's notice, cutlets, buttered eggs, ham, &c., which will do them good, poor martyrs to obstinacy! Shortly before a quarter to eleven they both set off to return to their lodging here in a carriage standing at the door. Accommodation had been found for them on the Boulevard du Roi, where Stieber and the field police happen to be quartered. Hatzfeld escorted the gentlemen there. Favre seems depressed, and his dress somewhat neglected ; his son-in-law, who is a little man of southern type, the same. Uslar had accompanied them here from the out-posts.

Tuesday, January 24.—The day is cloudy and foggy. The Chief got up before nine o'clock, and worked with Abeken. Shortly before ten he went to the King, or as we now say, the Emperor. He did not come back till about one, when we were sitting at breakfast. He ate a piece of fried ham, drank a glass of Tivoli beer, sighed, and said : "Till now I have always thought that the parliamentary method of conducting State matters was the most wearisome conceivable. I think so no longer. At any rate there is an escape with the last motion that is made. Here every one brings forward his individual opinion, and when one is deluded into hoping that the matter is settled, some one comes out with an opinion which he has already expressed, and which has been refuted, and we are back again where we started, and nothing gets done. No ; I shall be pleased, nay thankful, if anything is yet decided, or will even be decided by to-morrow." He then observed that he expected Favre back, and had advised him to be off by three o'clock for he is going back to Paris, lest the soldiers should challenge him in the dark, and he not be able to answer them.

At half past one, Favre again called on the Chancellor, talking with him for nearly two hours, after which he returned home, Bismarck-Bohlen accompanying him as far as the Bridge of Sévres.

At dinner, where we had lobster mayonnaise, the talk did not turn upon this interview. But it seems to be understood as a matter of course that the preliminaries of the capitulation were discussed at it. The Chief first spoke of Bernstorff, and said: "I have not arrived at the point of writing with complacent diffuseness sides and sheets on the most unimportant things. A heap so high" (he showed it with his hand) "has come in to-day. And then come always back-references—'as I had the honor to inform you in my despatch of January the 3rd, 1863, Number so-and-so;' or 'as I said, with the utmost respect, in my telegram, Number 1666.'" Then I send it to the King, and he wants to know what he means, and pencils on the margin, 'I don't know this.'" Some one wanted to know whether Goltz had written as much. "Yes," said the Chief, "and sometimes, besides, private letters to myself, of six or eight closely-written sheets. He must have had a fearful amount of time on his hands. Luckily I quarrelled with him, and that blessing ceased." One of the company wondered 'What he would have said if he had seen the Emperor in prison, the Empress in London, and Paris besieged and bombarded by us?' "Well," replied the Chief, "the Emperor was no such favorite of his, but—in spite of his being enamored—he would not have been as pleased with all this as other people are."

The death of a Dutch or Belgian princess was mentioned and Abeken, as in duty bound, expressed his sorrow. The Chief, however, said, "How can you take it to heart like that? There is no Belgian here at table, and no relation."

He then told us that Favre had complained to him that we fired upon the sick and blind in the Blind Institute. "I do not know what you find hard in that," said I. "You do far worse; you shoot at our men who are in sound and vigorous health. 'What a Barbarian;' he no doubt thought to himself."

Mention was made of Hohenlohe and his service in securing the success of the bombardment. "I have determined," said the Chief, "to confer on him the title of Poliorcetes (sacker of cities)." The conversation turned upon the statues, and pictures of the *Renaissance*, and their want of naturalness and

good taste. "That reminds me," said the Chief, "of the Minister Schuckmann, whom his wife painted—*en coquille*, I think it was called—in a rose-colored cockle-shell, and dressed in a kind of antique costume, naked down to here—pointing to the bottom of his waistcoat—as I certainly never saw him." "He belongs to my earliest recollections. They often gave what were then called Assemblies, and are now called Routs—an Evening without supper. My parents usually attended them." He then again described the dress of his mother, and went on, "Some time after, there was an ambassador in Berlin, who also gave similar balls, where we danced till three o'clock, and there was nothing to eat. I know that, for I and a couple of good friends often went to them. At last we young people rebelled. When it grew late we produced bread-and-butter from our pockets and devoured it. Food was provided the very next time, but we were never invited again."



CHAPTER XVII.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

WEDNESDAY, *January 25.*—Count Lehndorff dined with us. The conversation first turned upon the heavy losses sustained by the French in their sally of the 19th, and then upon our own during the whole campaign. After this the fish we are eating—mullet, as I understand, native to the Adriatic, and the gift of Bleichröder the banker—gave a topic for further conversation, in which the Chief took part with the animation of a connoisseur. As I have already said, he is extremely fond of fish, and of water animals generally.

From fish we pass to oysters, and after dwelling on their virtues, come to speak of bad oysters, which Lehndorff justly pronounces to be the most horrible things one can imagine.

Lehndorff told us then of the fine hunting grounds and numerous foresters of Prince Pless. The King had lately asked him: "Tell me now, has the calling out of your foresters inconvenienced you very greatly?" "Oh, no, your Majesty," replied the Prince. "How many of them then were called out?" "Oh! only forty, your Majesty." I fancy that I came across a similar story some years ago, only, if I recollect right the Prince was an Esterhazy, and the foresters shepherds.

The Minister then spoke of his first journey to St. Petersburg. He set off in a carriage, because at first no snow had fallen. Later on, however, there was a heavy storm, the road was completely buried, so that his vehicle only got along, and very slowly. He passed five days and six nights in the narrow carriage, without sleep, and at thirty degrees of frost, before he reached the first railway station. But the moment he was in the railway carriage he fell so fast asleep that when he arrived at St. Petersburg, after a ten hours' journey, he fancied he had only stepped into the train five minutes before.

“They had their good side, though, those days before railways,” he went on; “one had not so much to do then. The post day only came round twice a week, and then we worked with might and main. But the moment the post was off we got on horseback again, and had a good time till next post.” Some one observed that the work in the Embassies as well as in the Foreign Office had been increased far more by the telegraph than by the railway. This led the Chief to speak of the reports of ambassadors and diplomatic agents generally, and he remarked that many of them, pleasant enough in form, contained nothing. “It is newspaper work, written just for writing’s sake. Such, for example, were the reports of our Consul (name unimportant). I read them through, and am always thinking, ‘Now it must be coming.’ But nothing comes. It sounds very nice, and one reads on and on. At the end, however, one finds that there really is nothing in it—it is all barren and meaningless.” Another example is mentioned, a military commissioner, who had also come out as an author. On him the Chief passed judgment. “It was thought he would do something and in quantity he has done a good deal, and the form is good. He writes pleasantly, as he would for a newspaper, but when I get to the end of his reports, closely written in a small neat hand, there is positively nothing in them for all their length.”

Coming to speak once more of tiring journeys, and of long rides, he said, “That reminds me of the battle of Königgratz—I was the whole day in the saddle, on my big horse. I particularly wished not to ride it, because it was so high, and gave me so much trouble to mount. In the end, however, I did so, and had no reason to regret it. It was an excellent beast. The long ride across the valley had made me very tired, and my seat and legs were very sore. But I had not overriden myself. In my whole life I have never done that; but when I sat down afterwards on a wooden bench and began writing, I felt as if I was sitting on something else—some strange substance between me and the bench. It was only the swelling produced by the long ride.

“After Königgratz we arrived late in the evening at the market-place of Horsitz. Here the word was that gentlemen were to look out for their own quarters. It was easier said than done. The houses were shut up, and we ought to have had pioneers at hand to break open the doors. But they

would not have come to their work till five o'clock in the morning." "Your Excellency got over that difficulty at Gravelotte," remarked Delbrück. "Well, I went then," proceeded the Chief with his story, "to several houses in Horszitz—three or four, and at last I found a door open. When I had gone in a few steps I fell into a sort of wolf's-trap on the floor. Luckily it was not deep, and I was convinced there was horse-dung in it. At first I thought 'how would it do to stay here?' but I soon became aware by the smell that there was something else there; and, strangely enough this occurred to me among other things: 'If the hole had been twenty feet deep, and full, they would have had to look in the morning a long time for their Minister.' Well, I got out again, and found a place under the arcades of the market-place. There I laid down a couple of carriage cushions for myself, made a pillow out of a third, and settled myself to sleep. When I had lain down, my hand came in contact with something wet; and when I examined it I found it was a product of the country. Later on some one woke me. It was Perponcher, who told me the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg had a shelter for me, and a bed into the bargain. That was all right, only the bed was a child's bed. I stretched myself straight out, put the back of a chair at my feet, and fell asleep. But in the morning I could scarcely stand, from lying with my knees on the chair-back. If only one has a sack of straw, one can make oneself comfortable, even if there is very little in it, as often happens. You cut it open in the middle, shove the straw back, and lie in the trough thus formed. I have sometimes done that in Russia, when out hunting." "That was when the despatch came from Napoleon," observed Bohlen, "and you promised you would pay the Gaul out for it when an opportunity came."

Finally the Chief said, "The day before yesterday Favre told me that the first shell which reached the Pantheon had knocked the head off the statue of Henri Quatre." "That must have affected him very much?" asked Bohlen. "Oh, dear, no!" replied the Chief. "I am inclined to think that he mentioned it as a democrat, glad that that should have happened to a king." "Well," said Bohlen, "this is the second bad time the king has had; the French stabbed him in Paris, and we have beheaded him there."

About ten o'clock, when Favre was still here, a brisk fire of heavy artillery began, which lasted about an hour. After

half-past ten I went down into the tea-room, where I found Hatzfeld and Bismarck-Bohlen talking to del Rio. He is a man of middle height, with a full dark beard, a bald patch on his crown, and an eye-glass on his nose. Soon after my entrance, he went home to his quarters at Stieber's, accompanied by Mantey, and a quarter of an hour later Favre followed him. Del Rio spoke of Paris as the centre of the world; so that in this bombardment the centre of the world is our bull's eye. He said that Favre had a villa in Rueil, and a large cellar in Paris full of all kinds of wines, and that he himself had a property in Mexico, of a hundred and twenty square miles. After Favre left, the Chief came down to us, ate some cold partridge, ordered back a slice of the ham, and drank a bottle of beer. After a while he sighed, pulled himself straight, and said, "Ah, if I could only settle things myself and give my orders." He was silent a minute, then went on. "The wonder to me is that they do not send out a General. It is hard to make him understand military matters." He gave a couple of French words: "That means the mound in front of the trench on the outside," then another two: "and that is the inner side. He did not know that." "Well, I hope you found he had had a reasonable dinner to-day." The Chief said, Yes, and Bohlen remarked here that a rumor had spread below that this time he had not even despised champagne, but drunk it like any one else. "Yes," said the Chief, "the day before yesterday he refused it, but to-day he allowed some to be poured out for him. Even now, he had conscientious scruples about eating, but I talked him out of them, and hunger must have helped me; for he ate quite like a man who has long fasted."

The Minister told us something of his interview with Favre. "I like him better than I did in Ferrières," said he. "He speaks fluently, and in long, well-balanced periods—often one is not obliged to attend to or answer him. He told some stories of old times, and he tells a story very well." "He did not take my last letter at all amiss. On the contrary, he said he was indebted to me for pointing out what he owed to himself." "He mentioned also that he owned a villa near Paris, which, however, had been plundered and ruined. I had it on my tongue to say, 'Not by us though;' but he at once added, of his own accord, that it might have been by the Garde Mobile." "He then complained that the town of Saint-Cloud had been burning for three days, and wanted to convince me that it was

we who had set the castle there on fire." "Apropos of the Francs-tireurs and their misdeeds, he wished to refer me to our free companions in 1813, who had behaved far worse. I said to him, 'That I will not deny, but you must remember that the French shot them down whenever they could catch them. And they did not shoot them all at one time, but five at the place where the deed was done, then five more at the next halting-place, and so on, to spread terror. He asserted that in the last action, on the 19th, the men of the National Guard who belonged to the better classes had fought best; the battalions taken from the lower classes of the population being of least worth."

The Chief was silent for a time, and wore a thoughtful expression. Then he went on, "If at first the Parisians get a supply of provisions, then are again put upon half rations, and have to starve a little, that will work I think. It is just the same with flogging. If a man gets too many lashes one after the other, not much effect is produced. But when the flogging is stopped for a time, then begun again, it is very disagreeable. I know that from the criminal court in which I used to work. There flogging was still practised."

The conversation then passed to flogging, generally; and Bohlen, who regards it as useful,* observed that even the English had re-introduced it. "Yes," said Bucher; "first for personal assaults upon the Queen—on some occasion when some one struck at her—then for garotters." The Chief then told how in 1863, when they infested London, he had often had to pass, after 12 o'clock at night, from Regent Street to his house in Park Street, through a lonely lane where there was nothing but stables and heaps of horse litter. To his horror, he read in the papers that several such attacks had taken place in that very lane.

After a while he said: "That is an unheard-of proceeding on the part of the English! They wanted (Odo Russell intimated as much, but the Chief refused it, as not permissible) to send a gunboat up the Seine, as they say, to fetch away such of the English families there as wished to come. They really want to see whether we have laid down torpedoes." "They

* Expressing thereby the feeling of nine-tenths of the German people—I mean the actual people, not the people of the liberal press and the public meetings.

are out of humor because we have fought great battles here, and won them by ourselves. They grudge the little, shabby Prussian his rise in the world. They look upon us as a people who are only here to make war for them, and for pay."

Thursday, January 26.—Bright weather, and again rather cold. Vigorous firing, while I was still in bed. To my jottings of last night I have to add an interesting speech of the Chancellor's. When at tea Bismarck-Bohlen said, "That is a happy idea, the picture in *Kladderadatsch*; Napoleon waiting for the train and saying, 'There is the whistle.' He has his ermine cloak round him for the journey back to Paris, and his travelling-bag in his hand." "Yes," replied the Chief; "so he really thinks, and he may be right. But I fear he will be too late in jumping in. At the end there may be no other way. It may be easier than Favre can be got to believe. But he will need half the army to establish his authority."

About two o'clock, Favre came again. When he went away in about an hour's time to go back to Paris, we heard that it was decided he should come again at eight o'clock in the morning, with a general, to settle the military questions—the military questions, that is, connected with the Capitulation! That then is the position! Paris is giving in. The bombardment has done good service in the South, and still more in the North, and the bread-basket is getting empty.

Mr. Hans von Rochow and Count Lehndorff were present at dinner. The Chief spoke of Favre, and among other things said, "He told me, that on Sundays the boulevards were still crowded with well and gaily dressed ladies with pretty children." I replied, 'I wonder they have not eaten *you* up before this.' It was then mentioned that to-day the bombarding had gone on with unusual vigor, and the Minister remarked, "I remember we once had an under-official in our Court—Stepki, I think his name was—who had to look after the flogging. He had a way of always applying the three last lashes with special force—as a wholesome reminder." The conversation passed to Stroussberg, and some one observed that he now was likely "to go to the dogs." On which the Chief said, "He once said to me, 'I know I shall never die in my house.' But the crash need not have come so quickly. Perhaps not at all, except for the war. He always covered his advances with fresh bonds, and that worked—although other Jews, who had got rich be-

fore him, tried with all their might to spoil his game. Then came the war, and down went his Roumanians, so low that they might be valued at so much the hundredweight. For all that however, he is a clever fellow, and of restless activity."

The cleverness and restlessness of Stroussberg led some one to speak of Gambetta, who, he claimed to know, "had made his five millions out of the war," a statement which others of the guests, I think reasonably doubted. After the Dictator of Bordeaux came Napoleon, of whom Bohlen said it was asserted that he had saved at least fifty millions during the nineteen years of his reign. "Others say eighty," added the Chief. "I look upon it as doubtful. Louis Phillippe spoiled the game. He allowed *émeutes* to be got up, and then brought on the Amsterdam Bourse, till at last the commercial world saw what he was driving at." Hatzfeld or Keudell remarked that the industrious King had fallen ill from time to time with the same object in view.

It was then observed that under the Empire Morny in particular had known how to make money in every possible way, and the Chief told us "When he was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg, he came with a whole long train of elegant carriages, and all his trunks, and chests, and boxes full of laces, and silks, and woman's finery, for which as an ambassador he had not to pay duty. Every attendant had his own carriage; every attaché, or secretary, at least two, and he himself five or six. After he had been there a few days he sold all his things by auction—carriages, and lace, and fineries. He is said to have made 800,000 roubles by it. He was unscrupulous, but a good fellow—in fact, he could be a very good fellow." He illustrated this by examples, then went on: "In St. Petersburg, too, they had a very good notion of such things—the influential people, I mean. Not that they took money directly. But when any of them wanted anything, he went into a French shop and bought expensive lace, gloves, or jewellery, for thousands of roubles. But the shop was carried on in the interest of the official they wanted to get at, or his wife."

In the evening I studied drafts, while in the world without cannon were roaring, between nine and ten especially, louder than usual. The Chief was working alone in his room—probably upon the terms of the Capitulation and Armistice—and nothing was heard of him. Below it was rumored that a

negotiator from Napoleon at Wilhelmshöhe was on his way to us. The ever-accumulating business has caused the despatch to Versailles of a fourth secretary, who has arrived to-day. He is a Herr Zesulka, who will be useful as a copyist and decipherer, though he is still unemployed.

Friday, January 27.—At half-past eight Moltke came, and was closeted with the Chief for about three-quarters of an hour. Shortly before eleven appeared the Frenchman : Favre (who had cut short his grey demagogue's beard) with his pronounced underlip, his clear eyes and yellowish complexion ; General Beaufort d'Hautpoule, with his adjutant Calvel, and a "chief of the engineers of the Eastern Railway," Durrbach. Beaufort seems to have led the attack upon the fort at Montretout, on the 19th. The negotiations of these gentlemen with the Chief must have either been quickly brought to a point, or broken off ; for soon after twelve, while we were seated at breakfast, they went out at the back of the house and got into the carriage which brought them here. Favre looks depressed. The General had a remarkably red face, and seemed not quite firm on his legs. This was noticed also by the others. Soon after the Frenchman had gone, the Chancellor came in to us, and said, "I only want a little fresh air ; pray don't disturb yourselves, gentlemen." Then, turning to Delbrück with a shake of his head, he said, "There is no getting on with him ! Really not a responsible person, I believe a little tipsy. I told him he had better think it over till half-past one, and perhaps he may come to his senses. Hot-headed ! ill-mannered ! What does he call himself ? Something like Bouffre or Bauffre ?" "Beaufort," said Keudell. "Ah," said the Chief, "the name, but not the manners of a man of rank." The good general seems in fact—probably his ordinary capacities have been weakened by hunger—to have attempted more than he could stand, and eaten too good a *déjeuner*.

At dinner the Chief said of Beaufort : "This officer behaved like a man of no education. Blustering, and shouting, with great oaths, and his '*Moi, général de l'armée française,*' he was hardly to be borne. He was always playing the 'plain soldier' and the 'good comrade.' Moltke was once or twice impatient, and as things went he might have burst out fifty times." "Favre, whose own manners are not 'first-rate,' said to me, '*J'en suis humilié !*' (I am ashamed of this.) However, it was drink, a common thing with him."

“On the General’s staff it was believed that he had been chosen to settle matters, with the intention of letting it all come to nothing. ‘On the contrary,’ said I, ‘they have chosen him because it makes no difference to him that he will sink in public opinion for signing the Capitulation.’”

He then told us: “At our last interview I said to Favre, in French, ‘*Vous avez été trahi—par la fortune*’ (‘You have been betrayed—by fortune’). He saw the point well enough, but he only said, ‘To whom do you say that? Why, in three or four hours I also shall be numbered among the traitors.’ He added that his position in Paris was a hazardous one. I proposed to him: ‘Provoke an *émeute* then, while you still have an army to suppress it with.’ He looked at me in horror, as much as to say, ‘What a bloodthirsty fellow you are!’ He has, moreover, no idea of how things are with us. More than once he pointed out to me that France was the land of Freedom, while Despotism reigned with us. I had told him, for instance, that we wanted money, and Paris must let us have some. He said that we might raise a loan. I told him that could not be done without the Reichstag or Diet. ‘What!’ said he, ‘why, surely 500,000,000 francs could be raised without the Chamber.’ ‘No,’ replied I, ‘not five francs.’ He could not believe it. But I told him I had had four years’ experience of popular representation in time of war, and to raise a loan without the Diet had always been the point to which I had got, but it had never occurred to me to go beyond it. That seemed rather to shake him in his opinion. He only said that in France they would not stand upon ceremony (*on ne se gênerait pas*). Then he always came back to the assertion that France enjoyed infinite liberty. It is really very comical to hear a Frenchman talk like this—especially Favre, who has always belonged to the opposition. But they are constituted so. You may give a Frenchman five-and-twenty lashes. If only you make a fine speech at the same time about Liberty, and the Dignity of man which it expresses, and make the appropriate attitudes, he imagines he is not being flogged.”

“Oh, Keudell,” he then said, suddenly, “that reminds me: I must have in the morning a commission from the King—in German of course. The German Emperor must only write German. His Minister may be guided by circumstances. Official correspondence must be conducted in the language of the country, not in a foreign language. Bernstorff first decided to

introduce this with us, but he carried it too far. He wrote in German to all the Diplomats, and they all answered him—by arrangement of course—in their own languages, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, and I know not what; so that he had to establish a regular swarm of translators in the bureau. I found matters in this state when I came into office. Budberg (the Russian ambassador in Berlin in 1858) sent me a note in Russian. That would not do. If they had wanted to revenge themselves Gortschakoff would have been entitled to write in Russian to our ambassador in St. Petersburg. That would have been right enough. It is reasonable to wish that all the representatives of foreign Powers should understand and use the language of the country to which they are accredited. But for me in Berlin to answer a German letter in Russian was unreasonable. I made up my mind therefore—whatever comes in, that is not German, or French, or English, or Italian, remains as it is, and goes into the cupboards. Well, Budberg wrote reminder upon reminder, always in Russian. No answer; the things were always passed on to the cupboard. At last came the man himself, and asked why he had had no answer. ‘Answer,’ said I in astonishment; ‘to what? I have seen nothing from you.’ Well, he had written four weeks ago, and sent several reminders since. ‘Indeed! Ah, now I think of it there is a heap of documents in Russian writing, lying below; they may perhaps be among those. But no one downstairs understands Russian, and whatever comes in an unintelligible language goes into the cupboard.’” It was then agreed, if I understand rightly, that Budberg was to write in French, and the Foreign Office might occasionally do so also.

Sunday, January 29.—A cloudy sky. Our troops march to occupy the forts. In the morning I read despatches upon the London conference, and other business, as well as the Armistice and Capitulation convention signed yesterday. The latter fills, in our copy, ten folio pages, and is sewn together with threads in the French colors, to the ends of which Favre has affixed his seal. The contents are briefly as follows: An armistice of twenty-one days is agreed upon, which is to hold good over the whole of France. The contending armies maintain their positions, which are signified by a line of demarcation, defined in the memorandum of agreement. The object of the armistice is to enable the Government of National Defence to summon a freely-elected assembly of representatives of the French people,

to decide the question whether the war is to be continued, or peace concluded, and on what conditions. The elections are to be perfectly free and undisturbed. The Assembly meets at Bordeaux.

The forts of Paris are to be handed over to the German army, which is to occupy other parts of the outer line of defence of Paris up to an appointed boundary. During the armistice German troops are not to enter the city. The *enceinte* loses its guns, the carriages of which will be taken into the forts. The whole garrison of Paris and the forts, with the exception of 12,000 men, who are left to the authorities for service inside, become prisoners of war, and must, officers excepted, give up their arms and remain in the city. After the armistice has run out, in case peace is not then concluded, they are to give themselves up to the German army as prisoners of war. The *Francs-tireurs* will be disbanded by the French Government. The National Guard of Paris retain their arms, so as to preserve order in the city, and the same applies to the *gendarmes*, the republican guard, the excise officers, and the firemen. After the surrender of the forts and the disarming of the *enceinte*, the revictualling of Paris will be allowed by the Germans. Only the provisions destined for this object must not be taken from regions occupied by our troops. Whoever wants to leave Paris must have a pass from the French military authorities, with a *visé* by the German advanced posts. This pass and *visé* is to be given to those who wish to canvass the provinces, as well as to the deputies elected to the National Assembly at Bordeaux. The town of Paris pays within fourteen days a war-contribution of two hundred million francs (£8,000,000). During the armistice none of the public property which might contribute to this payment, is to be removed. During this time also the introduction of arms or ammunition into Paris is forbidden.

Count Henckel and a French adjutant dined with us. The latter whose full name is d'Herisson de Saulnier, wore a black hussar's uniform, with yellow epaulets, and embroidery on the fore arm. He is said to understand German and to speak it, though the conversation, in which the Chief took an active part, was carried on mostly in French. To-day, when Favre and the General were not present—the former was in the house but he was so busy he had his dinner taken to him in the little drawing-room—the Frenchman was even more lively, sprightly and

amusing than yesterday. For a long time he bore the whole burden of the conversation, telling us good stories and anecdotes one after the other. He stated also, that the starvation in the city had latterly been much felt, though he appeared to know the cheerful, better than the serious aspect of it. He said that the period in the fast which he had found most interesting was when they "ate up the Jardin des Plantes." Elephant's flesh, he told us, cost 9 francs the pound, and tasted like coarse beef. Then there had been actually *filet de chameau* and *côtelettes de tigre*—on which, as on other points in his narrative, we made no remarks. The dog's flesh market was set up in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and a pound cost about a shilling. There were hardly any dogs now to be seen in Paris, and when one came round the corner three or four people at once started off in chase. The same with the cats. Whenever a pigeon was seen on a roof the street was in a moment full of men anxious to catch it. Only the carrier pigeons were spared. These carried the despatches in the middle of their tail feathers, of which they ought to have nine. If one had only eight, it was at once said, "He is only a civilian, and he must go the way of all flesh." A lady is supposed to have said, "I shall never eat pigeon again; I should always be feeling that I had swallowed the letter carrier."

In return for these and other stories the Chief told him various things that could not have been known of in the Paris clubs and *salons*, and which he might like to hear, as, for instance, the ordinary behavior of Rothschild in Ferrières, and the metamorphosis by which the Elector of Hesse had converted grandfather Amschel from a small Jew into a big one. He called him repeatedly "Juif de la cour," and thereby hit off a characteristic of the household Jews of the Polish nobility.

At tea the Chief afterwards remarked that Favre had admitted to him to-day that he had acted a little rashly in the matter of revictualling. He really did not know whether it would be possible to provide the many hundred thousands of people in the town with food in time. Somebody said, "Storch can hand over some oxen and flour in case of need." "Yes," replied the Chief, "that he must do, but he must see that we come to no harm by it." Bismarck-Bohlen thought we need not give them anything; they might see for themselves where they could get it, and so on. "What?" said the Chief, "Do you want, then, to let them starve?" "Certainly," said Bohlen.

"Then," said the Chief, "how should we manage to raise our war contribution?"

In the course of further conversation he said: "Important State business and negotiations with the enemy do not worry me. If they make objections to my ideas and demands, even when I am unreasonable, I take it calmly. But the small wrangling of mere land-lubbers in political affairs, and their ignorance of what is or is not possible! First comes one and wishes this, then another who considers that indispensable. When you have got rid of them, up comes a third, an adjutant or adjutant-general, who says, 'But, your Excellency, that is impossible,' or 'We must have that, else—' Why, yesterday they actually wanted a clause which had never been discussed to be inserted in a document already signed!"

Some one said that Rothschild had been supplied with a passport, and wanted to be let out. Thereupon the Chief remarked, "It would be a good thing to detain him as a *Franc-tireur*—to be reckoned among the prisoners of war." (To Keudell): "Just find out about that." "Then Bleichröder will appear," cried Bohlen, "and beg on his knees in the name of the entire Rothschild family." Reference was then made to the surprising fact that an accurate *résumé* of the convention signed yesterday was already to be seen in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Tuesday, January 31.—In the morning I telegraphed various small successes in the South-Eastern departments, where, by agreement the armistice does not at present hold good. The King of Sweden has delivered a warlike sounding speech from the throne. Wherefore, ye gods? I prepared two articles by command of the Chief, and then a third, describing the sufferings endured through the siege by a number of unoffending German families, who for one cause or another had remained in Paris during the siege; and mentioning with praise the services in alleviating the lot of these unfortunates rendered by Washburne, the United States ambassador. His conduct in this respect is really most worthy of our gratitude, and his subordinates faithfully seconded his efforts.

The Parisian gentlemen are here again, with Favre, who is urgently entreating Gambetta, by telegram, to give in. It is to be feared that he will not do so. The Prefect of Marseilles at least has mounted the high horse, and snorted down upon poor Favre the patriotic speech: "*Je n'obéis le capitulé de Bismarck. Je ne le connais plus.*" ("I owe no obedience to the man who

has capitulated to Bismarck ; I know him no longer.") Proud and valiant ; but it is well to be far away from the firing. It is not yet certain whether Bourbaki has shot or only wounded himself : his army, however, is clearly in a bad way. It will turn out to have been made up like the other creations of the Dictator of Tours.

After ten o'clock the Chief came down and sat with us. He began talking directly about the unpractical character of the Frenchmen who had been working with him lately. Two Ministers—Favre, and the Finance-Minister, Magnin, who had come out with him this time—had actually spent half an hour toiling over a telegram. He then took occasion to speak of the French generally, and the whole Latin race, and to compare them with the German nations. "The Teutonic, or Germanic race," said he, "is, so to speak, the masculine element, which goes all over Europe and fructifies it. The Celtic and Slav peoples represent the female sex. The former element extends up to the North Sea, and across it to England." I ventured to say: "Even to America ; to the Western States of the Union, where men of our race are the best part of the population, and influence the *morale* of the rest." "Yes ; these are its children, its fruits," replied he. We have already seen in France what the Franks are worth. The Revolution in 1789 meant the overthrow of the German element by the Celtic ; and what is the result ?

"In Spain, too, the Gothic blood long preponderated ; and the same in Italy, where the Germans had also taken the lead in the northern provinces. When that died away, farewell to order. It was much the same in Russia, where the German Warager, the Ruriks, first gathered. If the national party were to overcome the Germans who have settled there, or those who cross over from the Baltic provinces, the people would not remain capable of an orderly constitution." "Certainly things don't as a matter of course, go straight, even with full-blooded Germans. In our South and West, for example, when they were left to themselves there was nothing but Knights of the Empire, Towns of the Empire, and Villages of the Empire, each for itself, so that the whole thing went to pieces. The Germans are all right when they are united by compulsion or by anger—then they are excellent, irresistible, invincible—otherwise every man 'gangs his ain gate.'" "After all, a kindly, upright and sensibly-conducted absolutism is the best form of government. Unless there is something of that kind

everything goes wrong; one man wishes one thing, another another, and there is perpetual hesitation, perpetual delay." "But we have no longer any thorough-going Absolutists. They have gone—the species has died out." I took the liberty to say, "Might I ask, your Excellency, whether there is any truth in the story of the beer-jug, which you are supposed to have broken in two over some one's head in a Berlin public-house, because he had insulted the Queen, or had refused to drink to her?" "Yes," replied he, "but the circumstances were different, and there were no politics in the matter. I was going home late one evening—it must have been in the year 1847—when I met a man who had had too much, and wanted to pick a quarrel with me. When I upbraided him for his offensive language I found he was an old acquaintance. I think it was in the Jägerstrasse. We had not met for a long time, and when he proposed to me to go to such-and-such a place I went with him, though he had clearly had enough. After we had our beer, however, he fell asleep. Well, near us was a party of people, one of whom had also more than was good for him, as was evident from his boisterous behavior. I was quietly drinking my beer. My being so quiet vexed him, so he began to taunt me. I sat still, and that made him only the more angry and spiteful. He went on taunting me louder and louder. I did not wish for 'a row,' but I would not go lest they should think I was afraid. At last his patience seemed exhausted, he came to my table and threatened to throw the jug of beer into my face, and that was too much for me. I told him he must go, and when he then made a gesture as if to throw it, I gave him one under the chin, so that he measured his length on the floor, smashed the stool and the glass, and went clean to the wall. The hostess came in, and I told her she might make herself quite easy, as I would pay for the stool and glass. To the company I said, 'You see, gentlemen, that I sought no quarrel, and you are witnesses that I restrained myself as long as I could, but I was not going to let him pour a glass of beer over my head, because I had been quietly drinking mine. If the gentleman has lost a tooth by it, I am sorry. But I acted in self-defence. Should any one want more, here is my card.'

They turned out to be quite sensible people, who took much the same view of the matter as I did. They were indignant with their comrade, and said I was right. I afterwards met two of them at the Brandenburg Gate. 'You were present, gentle-

men, I think,' said I, 'when I had the adventure in the beer-house in the Jägerstrasse? What became of your friend? I should be sorry if he sustained any injury.' They had been obliged to carry him out. 'Oh,' said they, 'he is quite well and lively, and his teeth, too, are all right again. He kept very quiet, and was very sorry. He had just entered upon his year's service as a doctor, and it would have been very unpleasant for him had the affair come to the ears of people, especially of his superiors.'"

The Chief then told us that, when a student in Göttingen, he had twenty-eight duels in three terms, and had always come well out of them. "But once," said I, "your Excellency got hit. What was the name of the little Hannoverian—Biedenfeld?" "Biedenweg," he replied; "and he was not little either, but nearly as big as I was. But that only happened because his sword-blade, which was probably screwed in badly, came off. It flew into my face and stuck there. Otherwise I was never once hit. Once, however, in Greifswald, I came near it. They had introduced there a marvellous sort of head-dress—like a felt coffee-bag. They had broadswords too, to which I was not accustomed. Now I had taken it into my head that I would cut off the peak of my opponent's coffee-bag, and in so doing I exposed myself, and his stroke whistled quite close to my face, but I sprang back just in time."

Wednesday, February 1.—The conversation at dinner turned upon the story of the fortunes and development of the German question. The Chief observed, "I remember, thirty or more years ago, in Göttingen, I made a bet with an American as to whether Germany would be united in twenty years. We wagered five-and-twenty bottles of champagne, which the man who won was to stand, while the loser was to cross the sea for it. He was against and I for the Unity. I thought of it in 1853, and intended to go across. But upon inquiry I found he was dead. He had just the sort of name which promised no length of life—Coffin! The most remarkable thing is that I must at that time, in 1833, already have had the ideas and hopes, which now by God's help have been realized, although then my relations with the party that wished for Unity had only been antagonistic."

The Chief lastly expressed his belief in the influence of the Moon upon the growth of hair and of plants, and then proceeded to joke Abeken upon the excellence of his barber. "You

look quite young again, Mr. Privy Councillor," said he; "would I were your wife! You have had it cut just at the right time, when the moon was waxing. It is just so with trees. If they are wanted to grow again, they are felled during the first quarter; if you wish to cut them clean away, you do it when the moon is on the wane, and then the root decays more quickly. There are people, scholars, who do not believe this; but the State itself acts on the belief, though it will not openly confess it. No forester is allowed to fell a birch-tree, which is to throw off suckers again, when the moon is waning."

Thursday, February 2.—At dinner Odo Russell, and a tall, strong young man in dark blue uniform, were our guests. The latter, I was told, was Count Bray, son of the Minister, and formerly in the Bavarian Embassy at Berlin. The Chief said to Russell, "The English papers, and some German ones too, have found fault with my letter to Favre, and called it too harsh. He himself does not seem to be of that opinion. He said to me of his own accord, 'You have done right to remind me of my duty. I ought not to go away before the end.'" After praising this self renunciation, the Minister repeated that our Parisians were unpractical people, and that we were continually obliged to advise and assist them. He added, that they now showed signs of wishing amendments in the Convention of January 28. Outside the city of Paris very little willingness to help in its re-provisioning was displayed. The directors of the Rouen and Dieppe Railway, for instance, whose assistance had been counted upon, said they were short of working stock, as their locomotives had been taken to pieces, and carried over to England. Gambetta's action was still doubtful, though he seemed to be thinking of continuing the war. It was necessary that France should soon have a regular Government. "If they do not soon establish one," he went on, "we will give them a king. Everything is ready for it. Amadeo, with a travelling-bag in his hand, entered Madrid as King of Spain. Our King is coming immediately with a train, with ministers, cooks, chamberlains, and an army."

The conversation then turned upon the property of Napoleon, which was very differently estimated, now as great, and again as inconsiderable. Russell seemed to doubt whether he had much. The Empress, at least, he thought, could not have much, for she never had more than six thousand pounds deposited in the Bank of England.

Touching upon the subject of public speaking, the Chief said: "The gift of oratory has ruined much in parliamentary life. Time is wasted because every one who feels ability in that line, must have his word, even if he has no new point to bring forward. Speaking is too much in the air, and too little to the point. Everything is already settled in committees: a man speaks at length therefore only for the public, to whom he wishes to show off as much as possible, and still more for the newspapers, who are to praise him. Oratory will one day come to be looked upon as a generally harmful quality, and a man will be punished who allows himself to be guilty of a long speech. We have one body," he continued, "which admits no oratory, and has yet done more for the German cause than almost any other—the Council of the Confederation. I remember that at first some attempts were made in that direction. But I put a stop to them.

"I said to them something like this: 'Gentlemen, we have nothing to do here with eloquence and speeches intended to produce conviction, because everyone brings his conviction with him in his pocket—I mean, his instructions. It is so much time lost. I propose that we confine ourselves here to the statement of facts.' And so it was; no one again made a long speech. We get on so much the faster with our business; and the Council of the Confederation has really done a great deal."

Friday, February 3.—About a quarter to four I was sent for by the Chief. Gambetta has followed Laurier's example and himself made a declaration which is thoroughly war-like and despotic. Summoned to the Chief at eight o'clock, I received instructions to send for insertion in the *Moniteur* a copy of a Reuter's telegram dated Bordeaux, February 2. It ran thus:—

"The journals *La Liberté, La Patrie, Le Français, Le Constitutionnel, L'Universel, Le Courrier de la Gironde et Provence*, publish a protest against the Manifesto issued by the Delegation of Bordeaux on January 31st, restricting the freedom of election. They say, that before publishing this protest they considered it their duty to send three deputies to M. Jules Simon, to ask whether there was not existing a proclamation bearing upon the elections, which had been issued by the Parisian Government and published in the *Journal Officiel*. M. Jules Simon answered, that this manifesto did exist, that it bore date January 31st, and had been unanimously accepted by

the members of the Government ; and that in it there were no restrictions on the liberty of election. The only point insisted upon had been that prefects were not eligible in the provinces where they exercised their functions.* The elections in Paris have been fixed for February 5th ; in the provinces for February 8th. The Deputies are to meet on the 12th. The *Journal Officiel*, containing this proclamation, has been sent out, by order of the Parisian Government, into all the Departments. Jules Simon obtained a passport on January 31, and started off on the same morning. On his arrival at Bordeaux he summoned a meeting of the members of the Delegation, in order to explain fully to them the state of matters. At four o'clock in the afternoon a long discussion took place. Jules Simon declared to the representatives of the press that he was prepared to stand by the proclamation of the Parisian Government, and authorized them to publish this declaration. The undersigned representatives of the press have therefore only to wait the execution of the Parisian proclamation." Then follow the signatures. Gambetta's dictatorship, then, has probably at last come to an end. His stubbornness has cut the ground from beneath his feet.

I was once more summoned to the Chief. I telegraphed the news of the successful battles of Manteuffel's southern army at Pontarlier. We have taken there 15,000 French prisoners, including two generals, nineteen guns and two eagles.

Saturday, February 4.—The weather is warmer than yesterday. In the morning I read the news and some drafts. I see that the Chief has protested against Gambetta's Election Circular in a double way—in a telegram addressed to himself, and in a note to Favre. The former runs :—"In the name of the freedom of election guaranteed by the Armistice-Convention, I protest against the instructions issued in your name, depriving numerous classes of the French people of the right of election to the Assembly. The rights, which are given in the armistice-convention to freely-elected deputies, cannot be acquired through elections carried on under the influence of oppression and despotism." After briefly summarising the contents of Gambetta's election-décreé, the despatch of Favre proceeds :—"I take the liberty of putting to your Excellency the question whether you consider this in accordance with the provision of

* The main heads of this manifesto have been given above.

the convention, that the Assembly is to be constituted by free election. Will your Excellency allow me to recall to your recollection the negotiations which preceded the convention. Even then I expressed my fear that it would be found difficult under existing conditions to secure full liberty of election, and to prevent any attempt that might be made against it. Having this fear which has now been justified by M. Gambetta's circular, I raised the question whether it would not be better to summon the Legislative Body, which was a lawful authority, elected by universal suffrage. Your Excellency declined this, and gave me your express promise that no pressure should be put upon the electors, and the fullest freedom of election should be assured to them. I appeal to your Excellency's sense of fairness in asking you whether you think the exclusion of whole categories of candidates, declared fundamentally in the decree now in question, is compatible with the liberty of election guaranteed in the convention of January 28th. I consider myself entitled to express a confident hope that that decree, the application of which would appear to contradict the provisions of the Convention, will be immediately withdrawn, and that the Government of National Defence will take such measures as will effectually guarantee the carrying out of the second article of the convention, regarding the liberty of election. We could not allow to persons elected according to the stipulations of the Bordeaux Circular, the rights guaranteed to the deputies of the National Assembly by the Armistice-Convention."

After ten the Chief sent for me, to say, "Here is a complaint from Berlin that the English papers are far better informed than ours, and that we communicated to our papers so little of the negotiations for the armistice. How is this?" "Well, your Excellency," replied I, "it is because the English have more money, to go everywhere and pick up information. And then they are so well recommended to eminent personages, who tell them about everything—and, besides, the military are not always quite close about things which ought to be kept secret. I could only allow such of the negotiations for the Convention to be published as it was proper should appear." "Well, then," said he, "write, pray, on this subject, and say that circumstances, and not we, are to blame."

I ventured then to congratulate him upon the announcement of honorary citizenship, which he is said to have received lately, and to remark that Leipzig was a good town, the best in Saxony,

and one that I had always held dear. "Yes," replied he, "an honorary citizen—I am a Saxon, now, and a Hamburger, too, for I have one from there also. That could not have been hoped for in 1866."

I was going, when he said, "That reminds me—it is one of the marvels of this time—write, please, something in detail upon the singular fact that Gambetta, who has so long had the character of representing liberty, and of fighting against the influence of Government in the elections, now, when he is himself in power, authorizes the most flagrant encroachments upon freedom of election, and is debarring from the privilege of being elected all whom he believes not to hold his own views—that is, the whole of official France, with the exception of thirteen republicans. That I should have to restore to the French their liberty of election, in opposition to this Gambetta and his accomplice and confederate, Garibaldi, is another wonderful thing." I said, "I do not know whether it was intentional, but in your protest to Gambetta it had a very strange effect: the contrast between the sentence where 'in the name of the freedom of election' you guarded yourself against 'the directions issued in your (Gambetta's) name for depriving numerous classes of the right of election.' Might that be pointed out?" "Yes," said he: "pray do so." "You may also," he added, smiling, "remind people that Thiers, after his negotiations with me, called me *an amiable barbarian*. They now call me in Paris a *shrewd barbarian* (*un barbare astutieux*), next time I shall probably be the *constitutional barbarian*."

The Chief rode out about one o'clock, but was "caught" after all by Favre, who came in in the meantime, and worked with him up in the little drawing-room.

Prince Putbus and Count Lehndorff were present at dinner. The Chief told us first that he had called Favre's attention also to the remarkable fact that he, who was decried as the despotic and tyrannical Count von Bismarck, had been obliged to protest, in the name of freedom, against the proclamation of Gambetta, the advocate of freedom, who wished to deprive many hundreds of his countrymen of eligibility, and all of freedom of election. He added that Favre had acknowledged this with a "*oui, c'est bien drôle*." However, the restrictions upon free election, authorised by Gambetta, had been by this time withdrawn and repealed by the Parisian part of the French Government. "He told me so," said he, "this morn-

ing by letter (that which was brought by the officers of the National Guard), and has now confirmed it by word of mouth."

It was then mentioned that several German papers had been discontented with the Capitulation, having expected our troops to march at once into Paris. Thereupon the Chief remarked : "That arises from total ignorance of the situation here and in Paris. I might have arranged it with Favre, but the population— They had strong barricades, and 300,000 men, of whom certainly 100,000 would have fought. Enough blood— German blood—has been shed in this war. If we had tried to use force, far more would have been spilt in the irritation of the inhabitants. Merely to inflict another humiliation upon them,—it would have been bought too dear." After a little meditation he went on, "And who told them we should not still march in and occupy a part of Paris? Or at least march through, when they have cooled down and listened to reason. The Armistice will probably have to be prolonged, and in return for this concession, we can demand to occupy Paris on the right bank. I think we shall be there in some three weeks." "The 24th"—he thought a little—"yes, it was a 24th when the Constitution of the North German Confederation was proclaimed. It was on the 24th of February, 1859, that we lived to see a shameful event in Frankfort. I told them at the time that they would be paid out for it. You will soon see. *Exoriare aliquis*—I am only sorry that the Würtemberger (the ambassador of the Diet), old Reinhart has not lived to see it. But Prokesch has, I am glad to say, who was the worst. He is now quite at one with us, praises the energetic and spirited policy of Prussia, and *always*" (here the Minister laughed ironically) "or long ago, at least, recommended Union with us."

The Chief then mentioned that he had been to-day at Mont Valérien. "I was never there before," said he, "and when one sees the strong earthworks and numerous provisions for defence—we should have left many men lying there if we had attempted to storm it; I cannot think of it."

He next informed us that Favre had to-day come over to ask us to let out of Paris the crowds of country people who took refuge in the town in September. They were mostly people from the suburbs, and must number about 300,000. "I refused him," he went on; "giving him for answer, 'Our soldiers are occupying their houses, and if the possessors come

out and see how their property has been carried off and ravaged they will be furious (and I cannot blame them), and tax our people with it ; and that might lead to awkward scuffles, and perhaps something worse.' ” He then recurred to his excursion to Saint-Cloud and Suresnes, and said incidentally : “ When I was looking at the place in the castle where the fire was, and thinking of the room where I had dined with the Emperor, a well-dressed gentleman, who had probably come from Paris, was there, being taken about by a man in a blouse. I could easily make out what they were saying, for they spoke loudly, and I have good ears. ‘ *C'est l'œuvre de Bismarck,* ’ said the man in the blouse. But the other only answered : ‘ *C'est la guerre.* ’ If they had known that I heard them ! ”

From eight o'clock I read drafts and letters, including Favre's answer to the Chief's inquiry about Gambetta's election manoeuvre. It runs thus :—

“ You are right to appeal to my sense of justice, in which you will never find me wanting. It is quite true that your Excellency urged me strongly to adopt as the only possible expedient—the summoning of the former Legislative Body. I declined this on several grounds, which I need not recall, but which you have certainly not forgotten. In answer to the remonstrances of your Excellency, I said that I believed myself sufficiently sure of my country to be able to assert that its only wish is for free election, and that the principle of the Sovereignty of the people is its only resource. That will be enough to show you that I cannot agree to the restriction which has been laid on the elector's right of voting.

“ I have not fought against the system of official candidatures, to re-introduce it for the benefit of the present Government. Your Excellency may therefore rest assured that if the decree, of which you speak, has been issued by the delegation at Bordeaux, it will be recalled by the Government of National Defence. I only ask to be allowed to procure for myself an official assurance of the existence of this decree, which I can do by a telegram to be despatched to-day. Accordingly there is no difference of opinion between us, and we must work each with the other for the execution of the convention we have signed.”

At nine o'clock I am called to the Chief, who wishes an article written to the effect that the entry of our troops is impracticable just now, but possible later on. It was a criticism

of the armistice in the *National Zeitung*, which suggested this.

Sunday, February 5.—A milder day; the spring seems already drawing near. In the morning I worked diligently. The Chief's guests at dinner are Favre, d'Hérissou, and the Director of the Western Railway, a man apparently about thirty-six years old, with a broad, jolly-looking, laughing countenance. Favre, who sits at the upper end of the table, looks anxious, harrassed, and depressed, hangs his head on one side or by way of a change upon his breast, drops his under-lip. When he is not eating he folds his hands upon the table-cloth, in token of his submission to the will of fate, or crosses his arms like the first Napoleon, to show that on a closer consideration of matters he still feels like himself. During dinner the Chief speaks only French, and mostly in a subdued voice. I was too far off to be able to follow him distinctly.

In the evening I am several times sent for by the Chief, and various matters are prepared for the press. The four members of the Bordeaux Delegation have, we learn by telegraph, issued a proclamation confirming Gambetta's decree about the elections. It is stated therein that Jules Simon, member of the Parisian Government, has brought news to Bordeaux of an election decree, which does not tally with that issued by the Government in Bordeaux. The Government in Paris had been shut up for four months, and cut off from all connection with public opinion; nay more, they are at the present time in the position of prisoners of war. There is nothing against the supposition that, had they been better informed, they would have acted in accord with the government in Bordeaux; and as little to prove that, when they gave Jules Simon orders to see after the elections, they would have expressed themselves in unqualified and offensive terms against the ineligibility of certain persons. The Bordeaux government therefore considers itself bound to abide by its election decree; and, in spite of the interference of Count Bismarck in the internal affairs of the country, maintains its position in the name of the honor and the interests of France.

An open quarrel has thus been introduced in the enemy's camp, and Gambetta's retirement may be looked for at any moment. The Parisian Government, in a proclamation to the French on the 4th, which appears in the *Journal Officiel*, and

will be printed in the *Moniteur*, has branded Gambetta as "unjust and foolhardy" (*si injuste et si téméraire*), and then declared: "We have summoned France to the free election of an Assembly, which shall make known her wishes at this extreme crisis. We recognise no man's right to force a decision upon the country, whether it be for peace or for war. A nation which is assailed by a powerful foe, fights to the uttermost, but retains the right of judging at what moment resistance ceases to be possible. This, then, is what the country will decide when questioned as to its destiny. In order that its will may be imposed on all as recognised law, we need the sovereign expression of the free votes of all. We do not admit that arbitrary restrictions can be put upon the voting. We have overcome the Empire and its practices, and we do not intend to begin them over again by introducing the expedient of an official exclusion of candidates. Nothing is more true than that great mistakes have been made, entailing severe responsibilities, but all this is hidden by the misfortunes of the country. Should we condescend to the rôle of partisans, by pointing the finger at our former opponents, we should bring upon ourselves the pain and the disgrace of punishing men who are fighting and shedding their blood in our cause. To remember past dissensions at the moment when masses of the enemy are in occupation of our blood-drenched soil, is so far to injure the great work of delivering our country. We place our principles above these expedients. We do not wish the first proclamation summoning the Republican Assembly in the year 1871, to be an act of disrespect to the electors. To them belongs the ultimate decision; let them give it without weakness, and our country may be saved. The Government of National Defence rejects, therefore, the illegally-issued decree of the Bordeaux Delegation, and declares it, as far as is necessary, null and void; and it calls upon all Frenchmen without distinction to give their votes for such representatives as seem to them best fitted to defend France."

At the same time to-day's *Journal Officiel* publishes the following proclamation:—"The Government of National Defence, in regard to a decree dated January 31st, issued by the Delegation in Bordeaux, in which various classes of citizens, who are eligible according to the Government decree of January 29, 1871, are declared ineligible, gives notice as follows: 'The before-mentioned decree issued by the Bordeaux Delegation is

annulled. The decrees of January 29, 1871, remain in full force throughout.' ”

Monday, February 6.—Mild weather. In the morning the Chief wishes an article written against Gambetta.

In the evening I drew up a paragraph upon the *Times* telegram from Berlin, to the effect that at the conclusion of peace we shall demand from the French twenty ironclads, the colony of Pondicherry, and ten Millions of francs as war indemnity. I described it as a downright invention, which one could hardly imagine would have been believed or would have given anxiety in England ; and I indicated the source from which it was probably derived—the brain of some clumsy person in the diplomatic world, who wishes us ill and is spinning intrigues against us.

General von Alvensleben, Count Herbert, and Bleichröder, the banker, dine with us. There is nothing remarkable in the conversation, the Chief speaking mostly in a low voice to Alvensleben. I feel exhausted, probably on account of my sitting up every night over my journal. I must stop it or cut it shorter. There is to-day a fine additional trait to be noted in Gambetta's activity. The *Soir* states, that some days after the last sortie of the Parisians the following despatches were publicly posted up by the Dictator's orders in all the country communes not occupied by us :

“Three days' battle! On the 17th, 18th, and 19th, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. On the last day, Friday, a magnificent sortie ; 200,000 men, the troops commanded by Trochu, broke through Saint-Cloud and over the heights of Garches. The Prussians were driven out of the park of Saint-Cloud, where terrible slaughter took place. The French forced their way up to the toll-gate of Versailles. Result : 20,000 Prussians *hors de combat*, all their works destroyed, their guns taken, spiked or thrown into the Seine. The National Guard fought in the van.” If Gambetta talks like this of Paris, where his statements can easily be checked, what fictions may he not have imposed upon the provincials !

Thursday, February 9.—To-day, for once in a way, the Parisians did not come. In the morning I read the text of the address, with which Gambetta, at 6 p.m., took his leave of the French people. It runs—

“My conscience obliges me to resign my office as member of a government whose views or hopes I am no longer able to

share. I have the honor to inform you that I have to-day sent in my resignation. I thank you for the patriotic and indulgent support I have always received from you when it was a question of carrying to a satisfactory conclusion the task I had undertaken, and I beg to be allowed to tell you that my deeply-formed conviction is, that considering the short notice and the grave interests which are at stake, you will do a great service to the Republic, if you take in hand the elections on the 8th of February, and reserve to yourselves the right of coming after this period to such conclusions as become you. I pray you to accept the expression of my fraternal sentiments."

The Chief rode out to-day before two o'clock with Count Herbert, and a young lieutenant of the body-guard, the son of his cousin Bismarck-Bohlen (who is Governor-General in Elsass). He did not come back till after five. Of the conversation at dinner, where both these gentlemen were present, the following is noteworthy. The Chancellor, speaking again of the Paris contribution, said, "Stosch told me he could use fifty millions in bank notes to make payments inside France for provisions and the like. But the other hundred and fifty must be funded in due course." Speaking afterwards of the fable of our thinking of taking possession of Pondicherry, after giving other explanations of this clumsy invention, he said, "I want no colonies. They are good for nothing but supply stations. For us in Germany, this colonial business would be just like the silken sables in the noble families of Poland, who have no shirts to their backs." He added further remarks in the same sense.

In the evening the Chief sent me for consideration a very confused and wrong-headed letter from Jacoby, teeming with slanders and misrepresentations, in *La France*.



CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM GAMBETTA'S RETIREMENT TO THE CONCLUSION OF THE
PEACE PRELIMINARIES.

SATURDAY, *February 11.*—Fine bright weather. In the morning I read newspapers, and especially certain proceedings of the English Parliament down to the end of last month. It would seem as if our good friends across the Channel were seriously leaning to the French side, and were not in disposed to interfere once more, so that an Anglo-French alliance might possibly come to pass.

Count Henckel and Bleichröder were the strangers present at dinner. It was mentioned that Scheidtman, in his dealings with the French financiers, had used expressions about them that were more forcible than complimentary, not knowing that some of the gentlemen understood German. The Chief, speaking of the insolence of the Parisian papers, who behaved just as if the town were not in our hands, said, "If this goes on, they must be told plainly that we will put up with it no longer; it must cease, or we will throw in a few shells from the forts in answer to their articles."

It was mentioned that the French were carrying on all kinds of smuggling in the provisioning of Paris. It was not from pride that they had not availed themselves of our contributions, but simply because nothing was to be made out of them. This extends even to the Government circles, as — during these few days has made 700,000 francs by the purchase of sheep. "We must let them see that we are aware of this," said the Chief, glancing at me; "it will do us a turn in the peace negotiations." It was attended to at once.

In the evening I prepared several articles by the Chief's instructions. We ought no longer to allow the shamelessness of the Paris journalists. It passes the bounds of endurance,

and the limits of reasonable toleration, when the French press presumes to mock and insult us to our faces, their conquerors, before the walls of their capital, which is wholly in our power. Besides, their lies and insults are hindrances to the conclusion of peace, by embittering both sides and delaying the approach of a calmer state of feeling. This behavior could not have been foreseen at the conclusion of the Armistice-Convention; and in the case of a prolongation of the armistice, which may be necessitated by this delay, we shall be obliged to consider what means there are of effectually preventing further insults. The best means would undoubtedly be the occupation of the city itself by our troops.

Sunday, February 12.—We learn by telegraph that Napoleon has issued a proclamation to the French. The telegram is to be printed in our paper to-day. The Chief seems to be unwell. He does not come to dinner. Abeken therefore takes the chair, in virtue of the position he delights to feel that he occupies in the office, of Vice-Secretary of State. The entry into Paris is spoken of as inevitable, and the old gentleman wishes to ride in the train of the Emperor. He intends, therefore, to send for his three-cornered hat from Berlin: "It would never do to put on a helmet for the occasion," said he; "although, when one comes to think of it, Wilmowski has one." Hatzfeld thought that a Greek helmet with big white feathers would look fine. "Or one with a visor, that could be dropped at the moment of the entry," put in another guest. Bohlen finally proposed a velvet cloth, trimmed with gold lace, for the Privy Councillor's gray horse. He took all these quizzing suggestions as put forward quite seriously for discussion.

Wednesday, February 22.—The Assembly in Bordeaux shows an intelligent regard for the situation which the last four weeks have produced. They have turned out Gambetta and elected Thiers as Chief of the Executive Power, and spokesman for France in the Peace negotiations, which began here yesterday. *A propos* of this, the Chief said yesterday at dinner, where Henckel was present, "If they gave a Milliard more, we might perhaps let them have Metz. We would then take eight hundred million francs, and build ourselves a fortress a few miles further back, somewhere about Falkenberg, or towards Saarbrücken—there must be some suitable spot thereabouts. We should thus make a clear profit of two hundred millions.

Generals Von Kamecke and Von Treskow were our guests

to-day. The Chief told us of his second interview to-day with Thiers. "When I demanded that of him" (I missed hearing what), "though he is usually well able to control himself, he rose to his full height and said, '*Mais c'est une indignité!*' (That is an indignity!) I would not allow myself to make a blunder, but I spoke to him in German after this. He listened for a time, and probably did not know what to make of it. Then he began in a querulous tone, 'But M. le Comte, you are aware that I know no German.' I replied to him—this time in French, "When you spoke just now of "indignity," I found that I did not understand French sufficiently, so I proceeded to speak German, where I know both what I say and what I hear.' He at once caught my meaning, and as a concession wrote out what I had proposed, and what he had formerly considered an indignity.

"And yesterday," he went on, 'he spoke of Europe as likely to step in if we did not abate our demands.' I answered him, 'If you speak to me of Europe, I speak to you of Napoleon.' He would not believe in this: 'From him there was nothing to fear.' But I proved to him that he must think of the plebs, the peasantry, and the officers and soldiers. The Guard could regain their old position only under the Emperor, and, with a little address, it would not be hard for him to get for himself a hundred thousand of the soldiers who were prisoners in Germany. Then all we had to do was to let them go armed across the frontier, and France would be his again. If they would grant no good terms of peace, we would, in the end, put up even with an Orleans prince, though we knew that with them the war would break out again in two or three years. If not, we would interfere, which we have hitherto avoided doing, and they would get Napoleon again.' That must have made an impression upon him; for to-day, when he was going once more to speak about Europe, he pulled himself up suddenly and said, 'I beg your pardon.' He pleases me, however, very much; he has a fine intellect, good manners, and can tell a story very agreeably. I was often sorry for him, too, for he is in a bad position. But all that cannot help him."

The Chancellor came afterwards to speak of the conversation he had had with Thiers about the cost of the war, and said, "His idea throughout was to agree to a war indemnity of only 1,500 millions, for it could not be believed what the war had cost them; and besides, everything that had been supplied

to them had been bad. If a soldier only tripped and fell down, his breeches were at once torn, so wretched had been the cloth. The same with the shoes with the pasteboard soles, as well as the arms, especially those from America. I replied, Yes but just suppose that a man were to attack and try to flog you, and after having beaten him off, you came to settle with him and demand reparation, what would you answer were he to appeal to you with 'You must take into consideration that the rods with which I tried to beat you cost me a lot of money and were so badly made?' Besides, there is a very considerable difference between 1,500 and 6,000 millions."

Thursday, February 23.—We are to keep Metz. The Chief announced this distinctly to-day at dinner. Belfort, on the other hand, there seems no desire to keep. The entry of a part of our army into Paris is now quite decided.

Friday, February 24.—In the morning we had the brightest and loveliest spring weather, and the garden behind the house was filled with the twitter of birds. Thiers and Favre were here from one till half-past five. When they were gone the Duc de Mouchy and Comte de Gobineau called to complain, they said, of oppression on the part of the German prefects, like the one in Beauvais, who is apparently governing harshly, or at least not with winning mildness.

Saturday, February 25.—Again unpleasant news from Bavaria. Odo Russell is supposed to have called in the course of the day, but not to have presented himself to the Chief. This has led to people saying that England intends to interfere in the peace negotiations.* In the evening there is a rumor that the war indemnity to be paid by the French has been reduced from 6000 to 5000 million francs, and that the preliminaries of peace will probably be signed to-morrow, the consent of the National Assembly in Bordeaux being alone wanting. Metz is handed over. Our soldiers are to enter Paris next Wednesday, in order to occupy, to the number of 30,000 men, that part of the inner town which lies between the Seine, the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, and the Avenue des Ternes, until the National Assembly has declared its concurrence in the preliminaries of peace. This will undoubtedly come soon, and so we may turn our faces homewards in the first week of March.

* The Chancellor told me later, that on March 4th, they had only attempted it in regard to the money question, when it was too late.

Wednesday, March 1.—In the morning I went out to the bridge of boats at Suresnes, and across to the grassy plain of Longchamps, as far as the Bois de Boulogne, and looked on from the roof of the half-ruined View-house of the racecourse at the review which the Emperor is holding of the troops which are to enter Paris. There were Bavarian regiments among them. They say that the Guard is to go home to-morrow. At dinner, where the Würtemberg Minister von Wachter and Mitnacht joined us, the Chief told us he had ridden into Paris, and been recognised by the populace. No demonstration, however, had taken place against him. One person, who threw at him a very sinister glance, and up to whom he accordingly rode to ask for a light, readily complied with his request.

Thursday, March 2.—Favre comes as early as half-past seven in the morning, and wishes to be announced to the Chief. Wollmann, however, refuses to wake him, and his Parisian Excellency is much put out. Favre has to communicate the news received during the night that the National Assembly in Bordeaux has assented to the Peace Preliminaries, and he wishes therefore to claim the evacuation of Paris, and of the forts on the left bank of the Seine, a request which he left in the form of a letter.

Monday, March 6.—A beautifully fine morning. Thrushes and finches warble the signal for our departure. We must breakfast at the Sabot d'Or, for all our plate is already packed up. About one o'clock the carriages are put into motion, and we pass with a light heart out of the gate through which we entered five months ago, by way of the Villa Coublay, Villeneuve Saint-Georges, Charenton, and the pheasantry, to Lagny, which we reached after seven o'clock, taking up our quarters in two summer-houses on the right bank of the Marne, about three hundred paces beyond the fallen bridge.

From Lagny we went next day by express train to Metz, which we entered late in the evening. The next morning we again took train to go by way of Saarbrücken and Kreuznach to Mainz, and thence to Frankfort. From this city, though we reached it late in the evening, we went on still further in the night, and by the next morning at half-past seven we were in Berlin, from which I had been absent exactly seven months. It was clear, on consideration, that as much as was possible had been done in the interval.

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