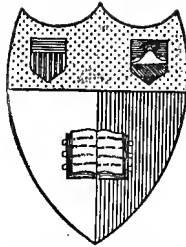




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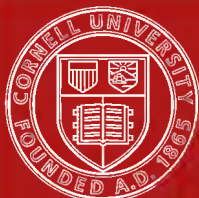
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The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VII



THUSNELDA IN THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF GERMANICUS

BY KARL THEODOR VON PILOTY

(*Born at Munich, October 1, 1826. Died there, July 21, 1886*)

THE following description is by the artist himself :—

“The Emperor Tiberius, surrounded by his courtiers (favorites, councilors, lictors, senators, and Roman women), has taken his place upon a tribune under a spread canopy, in order that the triumphal procession of Germanicus (the Emperor’s nephew who has just returned from a successful campaign in Germany) may pass before him.

“Germanicus appears in the background upon a triumphal car, accompanied by his five sons, surrounded by trophies of victory, and is greeted by the applause and acclamations of the people, who are to be seen at the Arch of Triumph.

“In front of the car, reaching from the middle distance to the foreground of the picture, are the German captives being led in chains. As principal figure in this group, and of the picture, walks Thusnelda, in the costume of the Germans, with her son, Tumelicus (a child of three years), accompanied by a nurse and an attendant. Before her is the priest, Libes, coupled (chained) together with warriors, escorted by Roman soldiers. Behind Thusnelda are to be seen her brothers, leaders of the Cherusci, chained together, with bears, etc. The foreground to the left is occupied by the populace of Rome, who mock and insult Thusnelda.

“Thusnelda having been forcibly carried away from her husband, Arminius, a German prince, by her father Segestes, was, from reasons which appeared to him advantageous for his own personal interests and the conditions of the Germans, betrayed and delivered into the hands of the Romans.

“In the picture, Tiberius has selected Segestes to stand before the steps of his throne, and has forced him to witness the shame of his own daughter; he is mocked by the Senators sitting near him, as they point to the prisoners below.”

THUSNELDA IN THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION
OF GERMANICUS

GERMANY
THE NETHERLANDS
AND SWITZERLAND

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME VII



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GERMANY
I
IN PAGAN TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE chief account of the early Germans and their customs was written by the Latin historian Tacitus. He pictures them as a rude people, of course, but as brave and hospitable. After Cæsar's conquest of Gaul, several German tribes became allies of the Romans. They were in great degree under Roman rule, but, by the famous battle of the Teutoburger Forest, the German leader Herman overcame the Roman forces and so freed his people. Rome did not push her revenge to any great degree, and the Germans were left to manage their own affairs.

Between the third and the sixth centuries there was a general wandering about of the German tribes. Gradually they formed themselves into little groups or confederations. The most important of these groups was that of the Franks, and it was they who laid the foundations of Germany and France. Missionaries came to the land. Earnest teachers from Ireland and England, chief among whom was St. Boniface, tried their best to bring light to the country. They were so successful that ten years after the death of Boniface all Germany except Saxony was nominally Christian.

HOW THE EARLY GERMANS LIVED

BY CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS

THE Germans, it is well known, have no regular cities, nor do they allow a continuity of houses. They dwell in separated habitations, dispersed up and down, as a grove, a meadow, or a fountain happens to invite. They have villages, but not, in our fashion, with a series of connected buildings. Every tenement stands detached, with a vacant piece of ground round it, either to prevent accidents by fire, or for want of skill in the art of building. They neither know the use of mortar nor of tiles. They build with rude materials, regardless of beauty, order, and proportion. Particular parts are covered over with a kind of earth so smooth and shining, that the natural veins have some resemblance to the lights and shades of painting. Besides these habitations, they have a number of subterraneous caves, dug by their own labor: in winter their retreat from cold, and the repository of their corn. In those recesses they not only find a shelter from the rigor of the season, but in times of foreign invasion their effects are safely concealed. The enemy lays waste the open country, but the hidden treasure escapes the general ravage; safe in its obscurity, or because the search would be attended with too much trouble.

The clothing in use is a loose mantle, made fast with a clasp, or, when that cannot be had, with a thorn. Naked in other respects, they loiter away whole days by

GERMANY

the fireside. The rich wear a garment, not, indeed, displayed and flowing, like the Parthians or the people of Sarmatia, but drawn so tight that the form of the limbs is palpably expressed. The skins of wild animals are also much in use. Near the frontier, on the borders of the Rhine, the inhabitants wear them, but with an air of neglect that shows them altogether indifferent about the choice. The people who live more remote, near the northern seas, and have not acquired by commerce a taste for new-fashioned apparel, are more curious in the selection. They choose particular beasts, and having stripped off the furs, clothe themselves with the spoil, decorated with parti-colored spots, or fragments taken from the skins of fish, that swim the ocean as yet unexplored by the Romans. In point of dress there is no distinction between the sexes, except that the garment of the woman is frequently made of linen, adorned with purple stains, but without sleeves, leaving the arms and part of the bosom uncovered.

Hospitality and convivial pleasure are nowhere so liberally enjoyed. To refuse admittance to a guest were an outrage against humanity. The master of the house welcomes every stranger, and regales him to the best of his ability. If his stock falls short, he becomes a visitor to his neighbor, and conducts his new acquaintance to a more plentiful table. They do not wait to be invited, nor is it of any consequence, since a cordial reception is always certain. Between an intimate and an entire stranger no distinction is made. The departing guest receives as a present whatever he desires, and the host retaliates by asking with the same freedom. A German delights in the gifts which he receives; yet by bestowing

HOW THE EARLY GERMANS LIVED

he imputes nothing to you as a favor, and for what he receives he acknowledges no obligation.

Their public spectacles boast of no variety. They have but one sort, and that they repeat at all their meetings. A band of young men make it their pastime to dance entirely naked amidst pointed swords and javelins. By constant exercise this kind of exhibition is become an art, and art has taught them to perform with grace and elegance. Their talents, however, are not let out for hire. Though some danger attends the practice, the pleasure of the spectator is their only recompense. In the character of a German, there is nothing so remarkable as his passion for play. Without the excuse of liquor (strange as it may seem!) in their cool and sober moments, they have recourse to dice, as to a serious and regular business, with the most desperate spirit committing their whole substance to chance, and when they have lost their all, putting their liberty and even their persons upon the last hazard of the die. The loser yields himself to slavery. Young, robust, and valiant, he submits to be chained, and even exposed to sale. Such is the effect of a ruinous and inveterate habit. They are victims to folly, and they call themselves men of honor. The winner is always in a hurry to barter away the slaves acquired by success at play; he is ashamed of his victory, and therefore puts away the remembrance of it as soon as possible.

In cultivating the soil they do not settle on one spot, but shift from place to place. The state or community takes possession of a certain tract proportioned to its number of hands; allotments are afterwards made to individuals according to their rank and dignity. In so

GERMANY

extensive a country, where there is no want of land, the partition is easily made. The ground tilled in one year lies fallow the next, and a sufficient quantity always remains, the labor of the people being by no means adequate to the extent or goodness of the soil. Nor have they the skill to make orchard-plantations, to inclose the meadow-grounds, or to lay out and water gardens. From the earth they demand nothing but corn. Hence their year is not, as with the Romans, divided into four seasons. They have distinct ideas of winter, spring, and summer, and their language has terms for each, but they neither know the blessings nor the name of autumn.

Their funerals have neither pomp nor vain ambition. When the bodies of illustrious men are to be burned, they choose a particular kind of wood for the purpose, and have no other attention. The funeral pile is neither strewed with garments, nor enriched with fragrant spices. The arms of the deceased are committed to the flames, and sometimes his horse. A mound of turf is raised to his memory, and this, in their opinion, is a better sepulcher than those structures of labored grandeur, which display the weakness of human vanity, and are, at best, a burden to the dead. Tears and lamentations are soon at an end, but their regret does not so easily wear away. To grieve for the departed is comely in the softer sex. The women weep for their friends; the men remember them.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR

[58 B.C.]

BY T. RICE HOLMES

[THE Helvetians of Switzerland left their homes for the wider and more fertile fields of Gaul; but were overcome and driven back by Julius Cæsar. Many of the Gallic chiefs came to congratulate the conqueror. Among them were certain leaders of the Æduans, who now appealed to him for aid. The Sequani, they said, had asked the German tribes called Suevi to come and help them against the Æduans. The Suevi, or Suebi, had come and had conquered both Æduans and Sequani. Ariovistus, the Suevi leader, was a blood-thirsty tyrant, and was treating them with the utmost cruelty. Would not the great commander Julius Cæsar free them from his abuse? Cæsar was more than ready to grant their request. The Æduans were allies of the Romans, and therefore he was bound to give help. Moreover, if the Germans should overrun Gaul, their next step would be into Italy. It was absolutely necessary for him to suppress Ariovistus.

The Editor.]

PEACEFUL methods, however, might be tried first. The Roman army was comparatively weak. Ariovistus was master of a formidable host; and it would be foolhardy to attack him without absolute need. He had been treated with distinction by the Senate; and there was just a chance that he might listen to reason. Besides, it would be impolitic for the pro-consul to levy war against the king and friend upon whom those titles had been conferred with his sanction, without preliminary diplo-

GERMANY

macy, which he must so conduct as to justify himself before his countrymen. Ariovistus was then probably in the plain of Upper Alsace; and Cæsar sent ambassadors to ask him to name some intermediate spot for a conference. He [Ariovistus] told them to say that if their master wanted anything from him, he must take the trouble to come to him in person. He could not risk his safety by moving outside his own territory without his army; and to move and feed his army would involve an amount of exertion which he did not care to undergo. Meanwhile he should like to know what business Cæsar had in a country which the Germans had won by their own swords.

Cæsar now assumed a more peremptory tone. Ariovistus had rejected his invitation. Very good! Then these were his terms. Not another man must set foot across the Rhine: the hostages of the Ædui must be restored, and Ariovistus must positively cease to molest that people or their allies. If he obeyed, Cæsar would be his friend. If not, he should know how to avenge the wrongs of the Ædui. The Senate had decreed, three years before, that the Governor of Gaul for the time being should protect the Ædui and the other allies of the Republic; and he intended to obey his instructions.

Ariovistus haughtily replied that he was a conqueror; and, as a conqueror, he had a right to treat his subjects as he pleased. The Romans invariably acted on the same principle. He did not interfere with them: what right, then, had they to interfere with him? He would not molest the Ædui so long as they paid their tribute: but most certainly he would not give up the hostages; and if the Ædui did not pay, much good would their

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR

alliance with the Romans do them! For Cæsar's threats he cared nothing. No man had ever withstood Ariovistus and escaped destruction. Let Cæsar choose his own time for fighting. He would soon find out what mettle there was in the unbeaten warriors of Germany.

With this message came the alarming news that a host of Suebi had appeared on the eastern bank of the Rhine, and that the Harudes were actually harrying the lands of the Ædui. Cæsar, the most reticent of writers, has told us that he was seriously alarmed. The Gauls were waiting to see whether he or Ariovistus was to be master. If he suffered any reverse, they would probably rise in his rear; and between them and the Germans his army might perish. Not a moment was to be lost if the formidable Suebi were to be prevented from reinforcing the army of Ariovistus. With all possible speed Cæsar made arrangements with the Ædui, the Sequani, and the Lingones for the forwarding of supplies, and immediately put his army in motion. Three days later he heard that Ariovistus was hurrying to seize Vesontio, now Besançon, the chief town of the Sequani, a strong place well stored with all munitions of war. Marching night and day at his utmost speed to anticipate him, he encamped on the outskirts, and threw a strong garrison into the town.

Vesontio, which now became Cæsar's base, was an ideal Gallic stronghold. The town stood on a sloping peninsula, round which the Doubs swept in a curve that nearly formed a circle; while the isthmus, little more than five hundred yards wide, rose from either bank into a steep and lofty hill, girt by a wall, which gave it the strength of a citadel, and connected it with the town.

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During the short time that Cæsar stayed there to collect supplies, his soldiers had plenty of opportunity for gossiping. The people of the place, and especially the traders, whose business had brought them into contact with the Germans, told marvelous stories of their great strength and superhuman valor: — one could not bear even to look them in the face, so terrible was the glare of their piercing eyes. The Roman soldiers were brave: but they remembered their desperate struggle with the Helvetii; they were liable to fits of panic; and they were very credulous. The idle chatter of their new acquaintances completely demoralized them. The mischief began with the tribunes, the officers of the auxiliary corps, and others who formed the personal following of the general. Many of them were soldiers only in name. Like every other Roman governor, Cæsar had been obliged, for political reasons, to find places in his army for fashionable idlers and disappointed professional men, who had had no experience of war, and simply wanted to mend their fortunes by looting. Now that there was a prospect of real stern fighting, they began to tremble. They whispered that the campaign was not authorized by the Senate, but undertaken simply to gratify Cæsar's ambition. Some invented excuses for asking leave of absence. Others felt bound, for very shame, to stay; but they could not command their countenances enough to look as if they were not afraid. Sometimes, indeed, in spite of themselves, they gave way to tears. Gradually even centurions and seasoned veterans were infected by the general alarm. Some of them indeed made an effort to disguise their fears. They told each other that it was not the enemy, but only the forests between them and

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the enemy and the probable failure of supplies that they dreaded. All over the camp men were making their wills; and Cæsar was actually told that, when he gave the order to march, the men would refuse to obey.

He immediately sent for the tribunes and centurions, and gave them a severe lecture. What business had they to ask where he intended to march? It was most unlikely that Ariovistus would be mad enough to fight; but supposing that he did, what was there to be afraid of? Had they lost all confidence in themselves, all faith in their general? What had these terrible Germans ever really done? The crushing defeats which Marius had inflicted upon the Cimbri and Teutoni, the defeats which had been inflicted upon the gladiators, trained though they were in Roman discipline in the recent servile war, gave the real measure of their prowess. Even the Helvetii had often beaten them; and the Helvetii had gone down before the legions. No doubt Ariovistus had defeated the Gauls; but what of that? He had tired them out by avoiding a battle for months, and then attacked them when they had dispersed and were off their guard. This did not mean that Germans were braver than Gauls; and Ariovistus himself must know that Roman armies were not to be trapped by such transparent devices. To talk about the difficulty of the country or the difficulty of getting supplies was downright impertinence. It was as much as to assume that the general did not know his own business. Supplies were coming up to the front from the friendly tribes; and the croakers would soon see that their alarm about the forests was absurd. As for the story that the army was going to mutiny, he did not believe it. Armies did

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not mutiny unless generals were incapable or dishonest. His integrity had never been called in question; and the late campaign proved that he could command. Anyhow on the very next night he intended to march; and if nobody else would follow him, he would go on with the Tenth Legion alone; for it, at all events, was faithful to its commander.

This vigorous little speech had a marvelous effect upon the troops. From despair their spirits bounded to the highest pitch of confidence; and they were only impatient to cross swords with the enemy. The men of the Tenth, flattered by Cæsar's trust in them, sent him a message of thanks through their officers; while the other legions asked theirs to tell him that they were sorry for what had occurred. At the hour which he had fixed, Cæsar struck his camp. He left a detachment to hold Vesontio. Before him all was unknown: but he had full faith in Diviciacus; and Diviciacus undertook to be his guide. To avoid the broken wooded country between Besançon and Montbéliard, he made a circuit northward and eastward, of about fifty miles, and then, threading the pass of Belfort, debouched into the plain of the Rhine, and pushed on rapidly past the eastern slopes of the Vosges till he reached a point within twenty-two miles of the German encampment. He has not told us where he formed his own camp: probably it was on the river Fecht, between Ostheim and Gemar. Ariovistus, who was on the north, sent messengers to say that, as Cæsar had come nearer, he had no objection to meeting him. Cæsar accepted his proposal; and the conference was fixed for the fifth day following.

Ariovistus, who knew that Cæsar's cavalry were

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weak, pretended to be afraid of treachery from the legions, and insisted that they should each bring with them a cavalry escort only. Cæsar was unwilling to raise difficulties; but, as all his cavalry were Gauls, and he did not care to trust his safety to them, he mounted the Tenth on their horses. The place of meeting was a knoll, rising above the plain, nearly equidistant from the Roman and the German camp. Cæsar stationed the bulk of his escort about three hundred yards off: Ariovistus did likewise; and each rode up with ten horsemen to the knoll. Ariovistus had stipulated that they should hold the conference without dismounting. Cæsar began by reminding Ariovistus of the honors which the Senate had conferred upon him; and afterwards repeated the demands, which he had already made through his envoys, on behalf of the Ædui. Ariovistus replied that he had only crossed the Rhine in response to Gallic appeals. The country which he occupied in Gaul had been formally ceded to him by Gauls: it was not he who had attacked them, but they who had attacked him. He had overthrown their entire host in battle; and, if they cared to repeat the experiment, he was ready to fight them again. As for the friendship of the Romans, it was only fair that he should get some solid advantage out of it; and if he could only retain it by giving up the tribute which he received from his subjects, he would fling it aside as readily as he had asked for it. He had entered Gaul before the Romans. Cæsar was the first Roman governor who had ever passed beyond the frontier of the province. What did he mean by invading his dominions? That part of the country belonged to him just as much as the province belonged to Rome. Cæsar talked a great

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deal of the titles which the Senate had bestowed upon the Ædui; but he knew too much of the world to be imposed upon by such shams. The Ædui had not helped the Romans in the war with the Allobroges; and the Romans had not stirred a finger to help their "Brethren" against himself. He had good grounds for suspecting that the friendship which Cæsar professed for him was another sham, — a mere blind under cover of which Cæsar was plotting his ruin. He happened to know what was going on in Rome; and there were prominent men there who would be glad to hear of Cæsar's death. If Cæsar did not withdraw from his country, he would expel him by force of arms; but if he would only go away and leave him in peace, he would show his gratitude. Cæsar quietly answered that it was impossible for him to go back from his word or to forsake the allies of his country; and, he added, if history were to be appealed to, the claim of the Romans to supremacy in Gaul was better founded than that of the Germans. He was still speaking when a soldier rode up and warned him that a number of Germans were edging up towards the knoll and stoning his escort. Riding back to his men, he withdrew them without attempting to retaliate; for, though he was confident that his splendid legion could easily beat the Germans, he was determined not to give them any pretext for accusing him of foul play.

Exasperated by this outrage, the Romans became more than ever impatient for battle. Two days later Ariovistus requested Cæsar to meet him again, or else send one of his generals. Cæsar saw no reason for further discussion, and did not care to expose his lieutenants to the tender mercies of a treacherous barba-

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rian; but he sent his interpreter, Troucillus, and a man called Metius, whom, as he believed, Ariovistus could have no motive for injuring. They were instructed to hear what Ariovistus had to say, and bring back word. The moment he saw them, Ariovistus flew into a passion. "Why have you come here," he shouted: "to play the spy?" And when they attempted to explain, he cut them short and put them under arrest.

On the same day he made a long march southward, and halted about six miles north of Cæsar's camp, at the very foot of the Vosges. He had conceived a daring plan. Next morning his column ascended the lower slopes, marched securely along them past the Roman army, and took up a position two miles south of Cæsar's camp. As he looked up at the huge column winding leisurely by, Cæsar saw that he was being outmaneuvered: to send the legions up the hillside would be to court destruction, and he could only wait, a passive spectator, while Ariovistus was cutting his communications and barring up the road by which he expected his supplies.

Next day Cæsar formed up his army immediately in front of the camp, under the protection of his artillery. Ariovistus might attack if he liked: but if he attacked, it would be at his peril; if he declined the challenge, the legionaries would be assured that the Germans were not invincible. Ariovistus remained where he was. On each of the four following days Cæsar offered battle; but the enemy would not be provoked into leaving their camp. Cavalry skirmishes indeed took place daily, but without any decisive results. The Germans had light-armed active footmen, who accompanied the cavalry

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into action, each one of them selected by the rider whom he attended: they were trained to run by the horses' sides, holding on to their manes; and if the troopers were forced to retreat, they supported them and protected the wounded. As the infantry remained obstinately in their camp, and it was necessary for Cæsar to win back communication with his convoys, he resolved to take the initiative. Forming his legions in three parallel columns, prepared, at a moment's notice, to face into line of battle, he marched back to a point about a thousand yards south of Ariovistus's position, and there marked out a site for a camp. One column fell to work with their spades, while the other two formed in two lines to protect them. Ariovistus sent a detachment to stop the work; but it was too late: the fighting legions kept their assailants at bay, and the camp was made. Two legions with a corps of auxiliaries were left to hold it; and the other four returned to the larger camp. Next day Cæsar led his men into the open, but not far from his camp, and again offered battle. Ariovistus again declined the challenge; but, as soon as the legions had returned to their intrenchments, he made a determined effort to storm the smaller camp, and only drew off his forces at sunset. The Romans had suffered as heavily as the Germans; but Cæsar now learned from prisoners that the enemy had been warned by their wise women, whose divinations they accepted with superstitious awe, that they could not gain the victory unless they postponed the battle until after the new moon.

Cæsar saw his opportunity. He waited till the following morning; and then, leaving detachments to guard

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his two camps, he formed his six legions, as usual, in three lines, and marched against the enemy. They had no choice but to defend themselves. Their wagons stood in a huge semicircle, closing their flanks and rear; and, as they tramped out, their women stretched out their hands and piteously begged them not to suffer their wives to be made slaves. The host was formed in seven distinct groups, each composed of the warriors of a single tribe. As the Romans were numerically weaker than their opponents, the auxiliaries were drawn up in front of the smaller camp, to make a show of strength. Each of the *legati* was placed at the head of a legion, in order that every one might feel that his courage in action would not be overlooked. Cæsar commanded the right wing in person, and, noticing that the enemy's left was comparatively weak, directed against it his principal attack, in the hope of overwhelming it speedily and thus disconcerting the rest of the force. But before the Romans in the front ranks could poise their javelins, the Germans were upon them; and they had barely a moment to draw their swords. Quickly stiffening into compact masses, the Germans locked their shields to receive the thrusts: but some of the Romans flung themselves right on to the phalanxes; they tore the shields from the grasp of their foes, and dug their swords down into them; and, after a close struggle, they broke the formation, and their weapons got freer play. The unwieldy masses, unable to maneuver or to deploy, reeled backward, dissolved, and fled. But the Roman left, overpowered by numbers, was giving ground. Young Publius Crassus, son of the celebrated triumvir, who was stationed in command of the cavalry, outside the battle,

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saw the crisis, and promptly sent the third line to the rescue. The victory was won, and the whole beaten multitude fled towards the Rhine. But the Rhine was some fifteen miles away; the Ill had first to be crossed; and in that weary flight many fell under the lances of the cavalry. Only a few, among whom was Ariovistus, were lucky enough to swim the river or find boats. Cæsar, in the course of the pursuit, came upon his interpreter, who was being dragged along in chains by his captors, and had only escaped death by the accident that, on drawing lots, they had decided to postpone his execution. There is nothing in Cæsar's memoirs more full of human interest than the passage in which, breaking his habitual reserve, he tells us of the joy he felt on seeing this man, for whom he had the greatest respect and regard, alive and unhurt. It gave him, he tells us, a pleasure as great as he had felt in gaining the victory.

HERMAN, WHO FREED THE GERMANS FROM ROME

[9 A.D.]

BY KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER

[GAUL had become a province of Rome, and it began to look as if Germany would follow its example, for several German tribes had become allies of the Empire. This might have been the case had it not been for the unwise rule of Varus, commander-in-chief of the Roman forces in northwestern Germany.

The Editor.]

THIS Roman governor [Varus] introduced the whole hateful array of Roman law and Roman rates and taxes, together with Roman tax-gatherers, to the Germans, who, up to now, had known nothing of these things. All litigation was settled according to Roman laws and in a foreign tongue. Disobedience was punished by death, while, according to the old Germanic law, capital questions lay in the hands of the popular assemblies only. In dealing thus despotically, Varus thought to break the stubbornness of this people, whereas he simply exasperated them beyond endurance, and only strengthened that feeling of nationality which had been so marked a characteristic trait of the Germans from the earliest times. Determined to free themselves from the oppressor's yoke, all the tribes between the Rhine and the Weser now united under Herman, Prince of the Cherusci. In his youth Herman had learned Roman warfare

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in Italy, but, far from having succumbed to the seductions of the Romans, he despised their indulgence and luxury; and, while daring and courageous, he was yet cool and wary.

The Roman army, under Varus, was at this time encamped on the banks of the Weser, when the general was called away to a distant revolt. This was the signal for the conspiracy, and succeeded in drawing Varus away to march against the insurgents, although he was warned not to do so. Varus, however, would not listen, and chose the nearest way through the Teutoburger Forest, which was destined to become his death-trap; for no sooner had he entered that region of forest, swamp, and mountain defile with his army, than he was attacked on all sides by the Germans, who harassed him unceasingly for three days and nights. At the end of that time the Romans, weakened by want of food and rest, succumbed, and Varus killed himself by falling on his sword — his example being followed by many of his officers. The entire Roman army was thus destroyed, and Germany freed from the hateful foreign yoke. When the Emperor Augustus heard of the disaster, he rent his garments and exclaimed, full of grief: “Oh, Varus, give back to me my legions!” Thus the might of the Romans in Germany was broken forever in the great battle of the Teutoburger Forest, although the chances of war still fluctuated for some time afterwards, when Germanicus, the son of Drusus, determined to conquer Germany anew, and to avenge the Teutoburger disaster. But, with the exception of some successful raids, and an encounter with Herman, which was left undecided, his final attempt to conquer Germany met with so desperate a resistance

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that Germanicus had to give up all idea of doing so for the present. It was in one of his raids on the Chatti in 15 A.D. that Germanicus carried off Thusnelda, the wife of Herman, into captivity, where she gave birth to her son Thumelius. Nothing certain is known of their subsequent fate, except that the Cheruscan princess figured with her little son in the triumph given to Germanicus in honor of his prowess in Germany. We may imagine her led in the Roman procession, sad-eyed, her long, fair tresses flowing, and thinking of her husband and fatherland she was never to see again.

Before Germanicus could resume hostilities, he was sent by Tiberius, who was jealous of his nephew's great popularity, to Syria, where he suddenly died, it is believed of poison. Tiberius now declared that enough blood had been wasted, that Rome was sufficiently avenged, and that the stubborn German races might be safely left to their own dissensions. Unfortunately, this proved to be true enough, for no sooner had the danger subsided from without, than internal quarrels and broils arose. It was owing to such dissensions that Herman, whose high position was the cause of much envy, found his death at the hands of his relations. He died by treachery in the year 21 A.D., and Tacitus nobly says of him: "Undoubtedly he was the Liberator of Germany; for not like other kings and chieftains did he meet the Roman people in its infancy, but at the time of its greatest power. Not always victorious in battle, he remained unconquered in war."

Throughout the many sad and terrible centuries that followed, the memory of Herman, the Cheruscan, has faithfully remained with the German people, and in

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1875, after the great Franco-German War, a monument was erected to him in the heart of his own Teutoburger Forest, in honor of Germany's patriot and liberator, and as a symbol of German unity. From the heights of the Grotenburg the colossal figure of Herman looks down on the waving forests and beautiful silent mountains which to-day are still very much what they were in the times of the Romans.

BONIFACE AND THE OAK OF THOR

[About 723]

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. PAKENHAM WALSH

AMONG these efforts and conflicts [the struggle to teach Christianity on the Continent] the name of Boniface stands præminent. He has won for himself the illustrious titles of "the Apostle of Germany" and "the Father of German Civilization." His original name was Winfrid; he belonged to a family of distinction, and was born at Kirton, in Devonshire, about the year A.D. 680. He was destined by his parents for a secular profession; but a visit paid by some of the clergy to his father's house, for the purpose (according to a good old English custom) of instructing the family in religious truth, fired the heart of the youth with a desire for the monastic life. His father was at first much opposed to the project; but, influenced partly by a reverse of fortune, and partly by a dangerous illness, he acceded to the boy's solicitations, and placed him under Abbot Wolfard at Exeter, and eventually at Nuteschelle, in Hampshire, where he received his clerical education.

He was early distinguished by his deep acquaintance with the Word of God, and by his skill in preaching. He was possessed moreover of such tact and prudence, and was of so practical a turn of mind, that he was frequently employed by the community to which he belonged in difficult negotiations, and was even favored with the confidence of his king. It seemed as if honor

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and distinction awaited the young ecclesiastic in his native land. But loftier aspirations had taken hold of him, and the mantle of the missionary, rather than the miter of the prelate, became the one object of his desire.

It happened in this way. Willibrord, a Northumbrian, who had been educated in Ireland, had gone with twelve missionary companions to Friesland. His efforts there had been fiercely opposed by a powerful heathen prince named Radbod; but the tales of heroic endurance and patient faith on the part of the devoted band, which from time to time reached the Angle-Saxon monasteries, stirred many a heart to its profoundest depths, and amongst the rest that of the youthful Boniface. He communicated to his superior his ardent desire to go to the aid of the missionary party in Frisia. The abbot tried to dissuade him from the dangerous enterprise, but in vain. With three of the community whom he had inspired with his own missionary zeal he sailed for Friesland. The time of his arrival, however, was unpropitious. Radbod was engaged in war with Charles Martel; a fierce persecution against the Christians had ensued; and Boniface was reluctantly obliged to return to his cloister.

It was the winter of A.D. 716; and soon after his return the abbot, Winberct, died. The brethren unanimously wished him to take the vacant place; but his missionary ardor revived; he declined the proffered honor, and was soon on his way to Rome to obtain the sanction of the Pope for a repetition of his arduous enterprise. The following spring he was crossing the Alps with a commission from Gregory II to preach the Gospel in Germany, and when the summer approached, he com-

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menced his labors in Thuringia. The death of Radbod and the victories of Charles Martel had opened a door for the wider preaching of the Gospel in Friesland, and for three years Boniface associated himself with Bishop Willibrord at Utrecht, and gained successes which surpassed their expectations. Christian churches rose on every side; heathen temples were destroyed; a vast multitude became "obedient to the faith."

And now honor and distinction came to tempt him in a new form. Willibrord, advanced in age, was anxious that Boniface should succeed him in the bishopric; but the ardent missionary, feeling himself impelled by an inward call, and strengthened in his resolutions by a remarkable dream, declined the honor, and plunged into the forests of Hesse. Here, amidst dangers and hardships, with wars resounding amongst the bordering Saxon tribes, and with the scantiest of supplies for himself and his companions, he pursued his labors, founded his first religious establishment, baptized two native princes, and with their protection and his own thorough knowledge of the native tongue, gained his way to the people's hearts, and won multitudes to the faith of Christ.

As an illustration of his boldness and success, we may notice his conduct at Geismar, in Upper Hesse. There stood there a gigantic and venerable oak, sacred to Thor, the god of thunder. It had been regarded from age to age with superstitious awe and veneration by the people, and beneath its gloomy shade their most solemn rites had for centuries been performed. In vain had Boniface declared against idolatry; the presence of that sacred tree counteracted, in the minds of his hearers, every impression that he made, and even drew back

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some of his neophytes into heathenism. He determined to strike a blow at this superstition, and destroy one sensuous impression by another. With axe in hand, and accompanied by his clergy, he advanced, in presence of the multitude, towards the object of their awe and worship. The pagans looked on with mingled feelings of wonder, rage, and terror, expecting every moment that the sacrilegious assailants would be struck dead by the avenging deity, and the controversy between the old faith and the new settled forever in their favor. But as the stalwart missionary plied his axe, it was apparent that Thor could not protect his own. A crashing was soon heard in the topmost boughs; the helpless idol thundered to the ground, and lay rent and broken by its fall. Their faith in the dreaded deity had fallen with it; and, as on a like occasion long before, a cry resounded from the multitude — “The Lord, He is God.” In order to make the impression lasting, Boniface gave directions that the timber should be used in constructing an oratory, wherein the true God might be worshipped.

[So the work of Boniface went on until he was nearly seventy years of age. He planned to leave his field in the hands of a successor and retire to the convent of Fulda, which he had founded, that his last days might be spent in peace and quiet.]

But once again the missionary fire blazed up in the old man's bosom. He must visit Friesland yet again, to revive the work (which, since the death of Willibrord, had been suffered to decay), and to redeem it from remaining paganism. He was now seventy and five years old, and from that missionary journey he felt that he

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never would return. He gave his last solemn charge to his successor, Bishop Lull; and then directed that in the book-chest, which he invariably took with him on his journeys, there should be placed the famous treatise of St. Ambrose on "The Advantage of Death," and along with it a shroud, in which his body was to be carried back to Fulda. With a retinue of about fifty clergy and laymen he sailed down the Rhine, was joined by Eoban at Utrecht, and then proceeded toward the eastern part of Frisia.

By many the missionaries were received with joy; multitudes were baptized, and having received further instruction, were directed to meet Boniface upon the eve of Whitsuntide, in order to receive the rite of confirmation. The Whitsun morning dawned — it was the 5th of June, A.D. 755, — and on the banks of the Buda, not far from Dockingen, he went forth to meet his children in the faith. But the clash of arms and the shouts of an angry multitude soon told that the heathen were at hand. Maddened by the success of the missionaries, they had resolved to dedicate this day to slaughter, and to take vengeance on behalf of their gods. Some of the archbishop's retinue advised resistance, and would have defended him with their lives; but he stepped forward and commanded them to forbear, and to await with patience the crown of martyrdom. "The long-expected day," said he, "has come, and the time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen yourselves in the Lord, and he will redeem your souls. Fear not them that can kill the body; but cast the anchor of your hope on God, who will soon give you an everlasting reward, and admission to his heavenly kingdom."

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It is said that he himself, as the pagans rushed upon him, took a volume of the Gospels, and placing it beneath his head for a pillow, calmly awaited the fatal blow which was to number him with those who sleep in the Lord. Eoban and many of his companions that day shared with him that blessed sleep; and for many a year might be seen, in his beloved home at Fulda, the shroud which he had carried with him to the scene of his first baffled labors, and "The Advantage of Death," which had been sprinkled with his victorious martyr-blood.

His spirit, indeed, lived after him in many of his disciples, who, like Gregory of Utrecht and Sturm of Fulda, carried on the peaceful work which he had loved; but sterner and less Christian characters were soon permitted to appear upon the scene, and terribly was the death of Boniface avenged.

It was only after many a bloody baptism, on many a fierce battle-field, at the hands of the resistless Charlemagne, that the ferocious Saxons were subdued. And after thirty years of strife, during which carnal rather than spiritual weapons were freely used, the Saxons were brought, at least nominally, within the pale of Christendom.

II
EMPERORS OF MEDIÆVAL
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HISTORICAL NOTE

UNDER the vigorous sway of Charlemagne, a mighty empire was formed which extended from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and from the Bay of Biscay to the coast of Illyria. When Charlemagne was crowned by the Pope in 800, he was regarded as the successor of the Roman Emperors, and this theory continued throughout the Middle Ages. Frederick Barbarossa added "Holy" to the title of "Roman Emperor," probably with the idea that the Emperor was the special protector of the Church.

Under Henry the Fowler (919-931), Germany was for the first time united under one rule. During the reign of his son, Otho I, Italy was conquered and added to the Empire. This union was for centuries a source of weakness to each nation, for two countries so unlike as Germany and Italy could not be controlled in those troubled times by one ruler, and the Emperors were perpetually neglecting one country at the expense of the other. The result was that, whereas, in other countries, the power of the nobles was gradually usurped by the Crown, the German Emperors could never quite accomplish this, but were forced to see both Germany and Italy divided into many small and practically independent states.

In 1138 the imperial crown passed to the House of Hohenstaufen. The most famous monarch of this dynasty was Frederick Barbarossa. He joined the Third Crusade, famous for the exploits of Richard the Lion-hearted of England, and even before reaching the field of warfare, he came to his death. With the reign of Frederick II (1215-1250) the splendor of the Holy Roman Empire came to an end. This prince was one of the most remarkable characters of the Middle Ages, but his splendid abilities were wasted in fruitless struggles with the Pope and with the wealthy and liberty-loving cities of northern Italy. His son was the last of the Hohenstaufen Emperors, and after his death Germany passed through a period of strife and confusion that was ended in 1273 by the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg to the imperial throne.

HOW CHARLEMAGNE OVERCAME THE SAXONS

BY DR. WILLIAM ZIMMERMANN

IN all parts of Germany, the Saxons, in the time of Charles, were considered the "wild Saxons." They passed for being more savage and cruel than any other foe, and as crafty and artful barbarians. From early time down to the late Middle Ages they bore a character of being not fit to be trusted; the sequel will show that oaths and treaties were held as nothing by the Saxons when Franks were concerned, and that they differ in this respect from the Suevi and Alemanni; a proof that their morals were less elevated than those of these German brethren. The Cherusci in the days of Charles were undeniably lower in the scale of morals than the old Cherusci of the days of Arminius [Herman]; they had become savages. So much the more had the time come to make them Christians, and thus instill moral principles.

But this was for various grounds a heavier task with the Saxons than with other Germans. The Saxons saw, that wherever Charles and his father had carried Christianity, three things came into the country — a numerous priesthood, a Frank feudal nobility, a swarm of tax-gatherers. They regarded baptism as a mark of servitude. Under their old gods the Saxon, man or woman, was free, quite free; the power of the priest or of the noble was something unknown on Saxon soil. They had

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hitherto paid no tithes or taxes, either to a priesthood or to a foreign or native court; the soldiers and tax-gatherers of no court had touched the house and home of the free Saxon. They had no priestly class. For a whole population, we find only one priest and two assistants; and usually each head of a household was the priest of his family and offered sacrifice. They had no temples, but only "Haine" or holy places cleared in the forest, with places for sacrifice, and thousand-year-old oaks, with seats placed around for solemn feasts, or popular festivities. Here they celebrated their cheerful feasts of nature to greet the spring and the winter; and other feasts between. For the feasts of the Saxons, like those of the heathen Germans in general, were of a cheerful character, with banquets, dances, and songs. The summer sacrifice was offered for the harvest, with fires kindled by night in the plains and on the hills; maidens adorned the altars with the fruits of the year, and hung wreaths on the trees that surrounded the "holy" space.

Here, too, their assemblies were held; the meetings of the canton or *gau*, the great national meetings at the consecrated meadow, where three or seven holy oaks stood together, and where a holy stream rushed by. The cantonal meetings consisted of the freemen of the several divisions; the great meeting of the nation, the *Landtag*, consisted of elected deputies from each canton; in it the Saxons discussed the affairs of the nation, and decided on peace or war. And when war was resolved on and the Saxon army had to march against the enemy, here they elected their dukes, or leaders for the campaign. The general was elected without any regard to

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nobility; he could be chosen from any of the three classes. Valor and distinguished service in war decided the election. The judge of the canton, the alderman, was always chosen from the nobles, while the head of the *Mark* or district could be chosen as they liked, from any one of the three classes of freemen.

The weakness of the Saxon military power as compared with the Franks lay in the fact that in war as in peace they had no collective head, no supreme ruler for the whole of the nation. While the Franks had in the king or his lieutenant, a commander for the collective Franks, such an officer had not existed for centuries among the Saxons, but each tribe elected for the campaign its own separate leader. The Eastphalians had their own duke, so had the Westphalians, so the Engern and the others. There was a thorough want of unity in command, of a strong connection of military forces which in themselves were formidable. From this cause the Saxons on the whole, in spite of some victories, would have remained during the thirty-three years' war inferior to the Franks, and must necessarily be at a greater disadvantage when opposed to Charles, the powerful head of the Frank kingdom, especially as the Franks, who had long been Christians, had been excited by a fanatical priestly class against the Saxons, by priests who taught them that the "religion of the Saxons was a devil-worship, their deities were fiends of hell," and that war against them was a war against the "worshippers of evil spirits."

Charles took into the field with him the relics of the saints; a host of priests followed his army between the mounted men and the infantry; abbots, priests, clergy

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of every rank, not as chaplains of the Frank army, but as missionaries; men who, settling on the territory of the Saxons, would convert them to Christianity, and found for themselves churches, abbeys, bishoprics. Before the Saxons expected it, Charles in person was on Saxon soil in the year 772, and as he found no Saxon army collected, he ravaged Westphalia with fire and sword. "By stratagem" — the Frank accounts allow this — he got possession of the Eresburg, the stronghold of the Saxons on the right bank of the Diemel, where now Stadtberge lies in the circle of Paderborn.

The Eresburg was named after Eor or Er, the god whose wisdom directs the battle. Another name for him among the Saxons was "Saxnot," that is, Odin's brother-in-arms, an indication that as in the religion of the Greeks, so among the old Germans, the gods were only personifications of qualities of the one god Odin or Wodan. The Saxons also called him Tiu, and after him the third day of the week is named, in German, *Diens-tag*, in English, Tuesday. The Eresburg was, therefore, dedicated to the god who directed the battle; and not far from it, in the consecrated district in the Egge mountain range, was the great national sanctuary of the Saxons, in which stood the Irmensul, an ancient mighty tree, holy to all the Saxons. It is supposed that this tree was to the Saxons an emblem of the "Tree of life and time" of which their poets sang, whose roots penetrated the world, whose top overshadowed heaven, whose boughs extended over the universe, at whose feet the gods sat in judgment. That the Irmensul (*sul*, *säule*, in old German, a straight tree-trunk) was such an emblem is confirmed by their holding beneath the

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Irmensul their national diet, their law proceedings, their popular festivities.

It may be that near the Irmensul was a memorial of the old Cheruscan prince Arminius; we read, indeed, that a statue of Arminius was found; the hero was in armor on a marble pillar eleven feet high, the base of the pillar was two ells thick and made of rough calcareous stone, rings of copper and in part of gold surrounded the pillar.

The size of the Saxon sanctuary was large. Beside the holy spring at the foot of the Irmensul, in whose sweet waters the weary army of Charles quenched its thirst in the hot days, much gold and silver was found stored up, and spoils of early and late date hung up as offerings.

The Franks took three days to destroy everything belonging to this sacred precinct in the Eggegebirg. Charles then laid waste with fire and sword the land up to the Weser. The Saxons had no forces collected; they durst not venture to meet the Franks in the open field. The latter easily penetrated deeper into the country; the foremost cantons promised submission on terms which Charles offered them. He demanded twelve hostages, children of important men. They gave them. Charles then withdrew to Thionville on the Moselle, taking with him the hostages and the gold and silver offerings found in the Saxon sanctuary. The progress of the Lombards in Italy, the appeal for aid made by the Pope, and Charles's hope that Christianity, as it had favored him elsewhere, would open among the Saxons a peaceful path to Frank dominion, and bring this race too into a union with the other German races,

THE MARGRAVE GERO AND THE VANDALS

BY THEODOR VON HEYDEN

(*German artist. 1827*)

THE death of Charlemagne was followed by some years of dissension and warfare. The vast kingdom was then divided among his grandsons; but it was more than a century after his death before a successor was found at all worthy of the title which he had borne as head of the Roman Empire. This was Otho I, who came to the throne in 936. His father, known as Henry the Fowler, had left a federated state, and he set to work to make it a strong and united kingdom. One of his chief troubles arose from the encroachments of the Slavs who lived between the Oder and the Elbe. The work of suppressing them was put into the hands of the Margrave Gero, a bold and loyal vassal. Gero's energy brought about the submission of the tribes north of Bohemia between the Oder and the Middle Elbe, and won him a place as a fabulous hero in the Nibelungenlied.

In the illustration, the conquered peoples are coming before the margrave, and, in accordance with the missionary enterprise of the day, he is offering them their choice between baptism and death.



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under one God and one head — all these reasons induced Charles to conclude peace with the Saxons and cross the Alps.

Charles had stipulated, and the Saxons had admitted in the treaty, that the preaching of Christianity was to meet with no opposition. The Saxon chiefs who gave their children as hostages did not accept the treaty as implying that the children were to be made Christians at once. But the zeal of Charles to make everything Christian and his politic eye interpreted it otherwise; he placed the hostages, the children of free Saxons, in convents, and had them educated as Christians. These convents, it is true, were the educational establishments of the period, and Charles had his own son Lewis educated in one. The education was a careful one, and bore good fruit. But of course these Saxon youths, with their instruction in ancient Roman culture, received also instruction in Christianity, nay, were expressly prepared to propagate it in their native country — an evident breach of faith towards the heathen parents of the children.

Charles's zeal and policy worked successfully for the national and religious unity of all the Germans. The noble Saxon hostages contributed much in both respects. Afterwards many of them returned to the land of their birth to proclaim the religion of Christ. One of them was Ebbe, who became Archbishop of Rheims, and preached Christianity to the Danes.

This partial breach of faith on the part of Charles, this Christianizing of heathen youths by placing them in Christian convents, had the result of making the Saxons feel themselves less bound by such hostages.

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They now had no cause for fear lest Charles might kill their children, if their fathers and kindred violated the treaty. As far as concerned Saxon interests, these noble youths, who were made into Frank Christians, were in the eyes of every good Saxon regarded as lost. Charles put none of these hostages to death when the Saxons again revolted.

[This was only the beginning of Charlemagne's wars with the Saxons. While he was in their country, they submitted; but as soon as he had left it, they revolted. A brave chief called Widukind became the leader. More than thirty years passed before these lovers of freedom were subdued. When this had once come to pass, however, and they had submitted to baptism, Charlemagne recognized their excellent qualities. They became an important part of the kingdom. Soon they were the strength of all the German races, and not long after the days of their conqueror had passed, a Saxon sovereign wore the crown of the Empire.

The Editor.]

THE ELECTION OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA
(THE RED-BEARDED)

[1152]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

[EARLY in the tenth century, the ruler was elected by the great nobles. Gradually this right fell into the hands of the seven who were most powerful. These were known as "electors." In 1438, Albert, Duke of Austria, was made Emperor; and from that time, although the form of an election was kept up, it was understood that some member of the House of Austria, the Hapsburg family, should be chosen.

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THERE was a sudden tumult in the antechamber, confused noises, shouting, trampling of feet, and clattering of steel-clad men on the stone floor. The three knights in the room paused, listening.

"The election!" burst from the lips of the Saxon.

The three sword-points dropped as if stricken down. The hanging arras across the opening was torn violently aside. A man panting with excitement burst into the room.

"Long live the king! Long live the king!" he cried.

In an instant the chamber was filled with nobles and courtiers, knights and guards, crowding after him. From the doorway in the other end of the long apartment, the women of the castle, who had awaited the decision of the electors with scarcely less interest than the men, poured into the room, filling their end of the chamber

ELECTION OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

with beauty, to match the brave display of force on the other side. Foremost among them, like a star of the first magnitude in a nebula of lesser beauties, shone the Countess Matilda. Having stood nearest the door, she had heard the knights disputing for her person. She had taken a high resolve, and the color of it flushed her cheek and sparkled in her eyes.

“My lords,” cried the messenger, sinking upon his knee before the two dukes, who happened to stand close together in the center of the room, while he extended a rolled parchment with dangling seals to them, “the session of the Diet is over. The election is completed, and the choice hath fallen upon —”

“Me, by Heaven!” the Saxon burst out impetuously.

“Nay, my lord; upon the Duke of Swabia.”

“The Hohenstaufen? How!” cried the Saxon, his face red with anger and disappointment. “It cannot be!”

“My lord, His Princely Highness the Archbishop of Mainz hath declared that Frederick of Hohenstaufen hath carried the day.”

“The traitorous dog!” cried the Saxon. “’T is not true! He’s promised to me. Thou liest, sirrah!”

He made a step toward him, menacing him with his point. The messenger sprang to his feet.

“’T is so writ in this parchment,” he cried, shaking open the scroll, “and look you, sir, ’t is sealed with the archbishop’s seal. Sire, my king,” he added, turning to the newly elected Kaiser, “protect me from the wrath of thy man.”

“Thou shalt be safe under our protection. And so shall all in Germany who seek it,” returned the new king

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promptly. "My Lord of Saxony, hold off your sword. We swear to deal justice, to dispense mercy, to all our subjects, high and low, great and small, and to protect and defend this ancient realm of Germany, aye, and the domains which will fall to us when we do put on the imperial crown, with our life's blood."

"Long live King Frederick!" cried the messenger.

"A shield! A shield, here!" shouted old Altenborn, the captain of Frederick's guard. "Let us do it in the ancient way, comrades. Up with the King of Germany."

In a moment one of the great war-shields was brought forth, and the noble figure of the king was lifted high above the crowd in the ancient hall by his sturdy men-at-arms.

"Out blades," cried Altenborn, as they raised the monarch, "and cry with me, 'Long live the king!'"

"Long live the king! Long live Frederick Barbarossa!" burst forth in a wild roar, which rang through the vaulted hall. "Long live the Kaiser!" again and again. The glad acclaim rose over a wilderness of shining, uptossed weapons, waved frantically by knights and soldiers. Even the women joined in the shouting, and their voices swelled the chorus which rose and fell, echoing and reëchoing throughout the chamber.

"Homage and fealty, now, gentles," cried the captain of the guard, dropping to his knee, and lifting up the cross-like hilt of his sword above him. "Let us swear on the cross fidelity to our Kaiser!"

His example was followed by every one in the room save the Duke of Saxony and Count Hohenzollern. The former, standing sternly erect, drew his glove from his right hand, and when the tumult stilled, hurled it

ELECTION OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

crashing to the feet of the upbearers of the king, among the kneeling knights.

“I yield no homage,” he cried furiously, “I swear no oath. I defy thee and all thy brood! There lies my glove, my gage of defiance! A traitor — his Lordship of Mainz was pledged to me — placed thee where thou art; an honest man, myself, shall hurl thee down! Beware our next meeting, Duke of Swabia!”

“Rise, gentles all, and let me descend,” said Barbarossa calmly, ignoring both challenge and threat. “Nay, touch not the glove. ’T is not given to subject to defy his liege lord. Let it lie. We shall know how to enforce thy obedience in good time.”

He spurned it contemptuously with his foot.

“Thou durst not lift it; thou art afraid, and well thou mayest be. Remember our next meeting marks the end of thy kingship!” cried the Saxon, turning and making his way swiftly toward the door.

“Seize him! Seize him!” cried one knight after another, rising and crowding threateningly toward the duke as he roughly forced his way through the throng.

“Nay,” said the king promptly; “let him go free for the present. We would not stain this happy day by armed quarrel. We shall welcome the day we meet him again, too. Now, hath no one here a request for us?” His glance fell upon the frowning Hohenzollern. “Thou hast not knelt, Sir Count. Hast nothing to seek? We could forgive thee much — all. Hadst thou wit enough to abandon thy purpose, thou couldst ask anything — thy county, thy castles, those possessions which late were thine; thou shouldst be restored to our royal favor.”

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There was a note almost of eagerness in the king's words.

"Sire," said the count, stepping forward boldly, "these are nothing. There is but one thing I would have of thee. Hear me, gentles all. I love the Countess Matilda —"

"And hear me as well," cried the countess, stepping forward. "I love the count."

It was a frank declaration, suited to a free, bold age, but the woman had shrewdly determined upon the public avowal which would, in a measure, commit king and court to a suit which bade fair to encounter many difficulties.

"You hear, sire! Grant me this lady to my wife, and all thy honors are cheap beside."

The Kaiser's face clouded at the continued contumacy of the count, and at the frank avowal of the countess. It appeared that he was no more prosperous in his wooing as a king than he had been as a duke.

"We have other plans in view for the Lady Matilda, sir," he replied coldly. "We look higher for her than a simple count and —"

"Nay, sire; I desire to go no higher than the count's heart," broke out the maiden.

"Peace, lady," said the king, recovering himself with difficulty. "You know not what you say. You are too great a match for a landless and proscribed man. Nay, not another word!" he cried, turning toward the count. "Out of my sight, Hohenzollern! I have spared thy life twice. What was my Lord of Saxony's word? Beware the time I see thee again. Look to it, sir!"

The king hesitated as he turned to Matilda. Should

ELECTION OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

he declare his purpose? Why not? He was king, Kaiser. The monarch could do no wrong. The bold way was ever the way nearest his heart. Sweeping the room, therefore, with imperious glance, he delivered himself of these weighty words in the deep silence which had fallen upon the assemblage: —

“Lords and ladies, gentles all, the Duchess Adelheid goes to a nunnery. ’T is known to all of the court how ill we have accorded in our married life. If I am to have peace in Germany I must have it at home first. That lady and I cannot live together longer in wedlock, or in any other way. Eckhardt!”

A veteran captain stepped from the crowding circle and knelt before the king.

“The parchment that we had prepared last night. Our secretary will give it thee. Take it to His Holiness at Rome. Know all that in it we crave a writ of divorcement from Dame Adelheid, our duchess, and word of when we are to be invested by him with our imperial crown. Success attend thee, captain. Ride hard and fast. Spare nothing. Supplement our writing with thy cunning tongue. A barony await thee if thou bringest us the release. The hours drag till you return. You, madam,” said the king, turning toward Matilda, “will retire at once to your castle at Vohburg and there await our royal pleasure.”

Silencing the woman’s protest with a wave of the hand, the king’s glance swept the room, falling at last on the mutinous Hohenzollern, who had not stirred.

“What, Count! Still here?” he roared. “Hast thou not gone yet? A fool! Now, to thy sorrow, we do exercise the royal right of changing our mind. Hold him in

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wardship, Altenborn, but with gentle usance, till our further pleasure be declared.”

“Thy sword, sir!” cried the captain of the guard, advancing toward the young man; but Hohenzollern bent the blade across his knee, snapped it in two, and threw the pieces at the feet of the king.

“Thou beginnest thy reign badly, sire, with injustice and oppression. Look to the end. And mark this: thou canst prison me —” he cried.

“And send me to my castle an thou wilt,” interrupted Matilda.

“— but thou canst not make me false to the love I bear this lady.”

“And I, too, shall be faithful to his love, sire. I am resolved upon it. ’T is not within the power of man to enforce a woman’s heart,” exclaimed the countess.

“We shall see,” said the king, smiling grimly, “what time, separation, absence, the king’s sword for the count, and the king’s crown for the countess, will do. Away with them, knights! We have parleyed too long already. I bid ye to Aix-la-Chapelle, where we will assume our royal crown. Cry with me all: ‘Long live this, our ancient German State!’”

FREDERICK OF THE RED BEARD AND THE POPE

[1177]

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[IN 1152, Frederick Barbarossa, or Frederick of the Red Beard, became King of the Germans. In order to be recognized as Emperor, he must be crowned by the Pope, and therefore he started for Rome. Before he was fairly within the city walls, the two men had a disagreement, and this had to be settled before the Pope would crown the independent young king.

Before long, this Pope died, and another, Alexander III, was chosen. Frederick refused to recognize him, and set up a Pope of his own.

The Editor.]

AND he published an edict that none in Italy should receive Alexander on pain of death, or aid him with food or shelter, and the cities that received him he would destroy. Therefore, having no safe place in the rest of Italy, he [Alexander] passed from Apulia to Monte Gargano, and thence in a ship of Slavonia to Zara, and from Dalmatia he came in disguise to Venice as the only refuge of liberty. Neither did he feel very secure here, for he had never made proof of the faith of the Venetians; therefore, concealing his dignity as he thought best for his safety, he hid himself in humble garments in the Church della Carita until he was discovered by one named Commodo, who had known him before. Some say that to hide himself better he worked as a cook, but

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FREDERICK OF THE RED BEARD AND THE
POPE

[1177]

AND CHRONICLES

IN the year of our Lord Frederick of the Red
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it is more credible that he concealed his dignity in the habit of a poor friar.

Then the Doge Ziani, knowing who he was, received him kindly and lodged him in the Church of San Pietro di Castello, hoping to make peace between him and Frederick, and reinstate him in his dignity. Therefore he sent ambassadors to Frederick to pray him to make peace with Alexander. It is said that the Pope, seeing him seal the letters with wax, gave command that henceforward the ducal letters should be sealed with lead, which custom is observed to this day.

Then the ambassadors, being come to Frederick, were received by him at first graciously, but when they made mention of peace with Alexander his wrath was kindled. "Go," he said, "and tell your prince and your people that Frederick the Roman Emperor demands from them his enemy and fugitive, and if they do not send him quickly bound in chains, let them know that the Venetians are the enemies of the Empire. Neither shall any treaty or law avail them, for to avenge himself for such an injury he is ready to overthrow all rights, human and Divine. And he will come against them by land and by sea, and he will plant his victorious eagles before the gates of St. Mark."

So the messengers were sent away to carry to Venice the fierce menaces of the Emperor. And the city was much moved, for the war that threatened them seemed to them more fraught with danger than any that had befallen them to that day. Therefore they made haste to prepare a fleet that should be able to keep the command of the sea, for they knew that if they ruled the sea they had little need to fear the enemy. And while

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the fleet was making ready, and the city on the alert in expectation of war, came the tidings that Otho, the son of Frederick, was approaching with seventy-five galleys. Whereupon Ziani made ready to depart in the ships that were prepared and the holy Pontiff offered the sacrifice, praying that a prosperous voyage and victory might be given to the Doge and the Venetians. And he armed Ziani with a sword of gold and gave him gold trappings for his horse. So he, passing out of the harbor with thirty galleys, went in search of the enemy, and on the Istrian shores near Cape Salborio he found him and gave battle. And they fought together for many hours; but at length the enemy were put to flight, and forty-eight of his ships were taken, and the royal ship among them, and two were sunk. Thus they returned rulers of the sea to Venice, bringing with them Otho their prisoner. And the fame of so great a victory filled the city with astonishment, and they could scarce believe it for joy. Then when the ships came to land, great multitudes came out to see Otho, the son of Frederick, and the other great men led prisoners into the city. And the Pope came out to meet Ziani and to congratulate him on his victory, and he gave him a ring of gold, saying: "Take this, O Ziani! for by my authority I make the sea subject to thee with this token, and thou and thy successors shall henceforward observe this day, and all posterity may know that the sea is your possession, and as the wife is subject to her husband, so the sea is subject to your rule."

Then Otho prayed the Venetians to let him go to his father that he might make peace between him and Alexander, promising himself to return. And the Venetians letting him go, he came to his father, who received

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him with great joy, having feared greatly for his safety. And having embraced him with tears, Otho recounted the story of his defeat in few words, referring it wholly to the Divine will, for that he had failed in none of the duties of a captain, and all had been favorable for victory, and it could not be by human strength that so powerful a fleet going boldly into battle should be overthrown by an enemy who was scarce half as many as they were. Therefore he prayed him to fight no more against Alexander, but laying aside his hatred to the Pope, to go to Venice to make his peace with him.

And the words of Otho prevailed with his father, and laying aside his arms he began to treat for peace with Alexander and the Venetians. So having a safe conduct from the Venetians, he came to their city, Pietro, Ziani's son, being sent to Ravenna with six galleys to meet him, and many little ships going to Chioggia to salute his coming. And the Pope, seated in great state before the church of St. Mark, awaited the coming of the Emperor. And he, when he was come near, taking off his purple cloak, prostrated himself on the ground and kissed the feet of Alexander; but the Pope, raising him from the ground, kissed him on the forehead. Then they went together to the altar of St. Mark, where was that table, ornamented with precious stones, which is still seen among the public treasures. There the people saw the two princes of Christendom talking together.

There are some who say that the Pontiff put his foot on the neck of the Emperor as he lay prostrate before him, saying in the words of David: "Thou shalt tread on the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." And Frederick, moved

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA AT THE FEET
OF THE POPE

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA AT THE FEET OF THE POPE

BY ALBERT MAIGNAN

(*France.* 1844-1908)

THE long struggle between the popes and the mediæval emperors of Germany as to which should be supreme — the Church or the State — was at its height during the reign of Frederick Barbarossa. At the election that placed Alexander III upon the papal throne the Emperor supported a rival candidate, whom he later set up as Pope by force of arms. Alexander answered by excommunicating the Emperor and by throwing all his influence to the aid of the cities of northern Italy that had revolted against Frederick's authority. After a struggle of sixteen years, Frederick was completely defeated at the great battle of Legnano (1176) and was forced to acknowledge Alexander as Pope.

In 1177 took place his famous interview with Alexander. Frederick, Holy Roman Emperor, knelt at the feet of the Pope, and the Pope bestowed upon him the kiss of peace and reconciliation. At this, the Germans raised the shout, "Lord God, we praise thee!" Of this incident James Bryce, in his history of the Holy Roman Empire, says, "It was the renunciation by the mightiest prince of his time of the project to which his life had been devoted; it was the abandonment by the secular power of a contest in which it had twice been vanquished, and which it could not renew under more favorable conditions."



FREDERICK AND THE POPE

to anger, answered: "I yield not to thee, but to Peter." And he, like a man in a passion, pressing his foot down harder, cried, "Both to me and to Peter." Some say that these things were done on Ascension Day, but others that that was the day when the victory was won, and in memory of it the Pontiff ordained that all who should confess in that church on that day, should have plenary indulgence.

After these things Frederick and Alexander, with the Doge Ziani, went to Ancona. And all the city having run to see them, there were brought in the public name two umbrellas, one for Pope Alexander, and the other for Emperor Frederick. But the Pope commanded that a third should be brought to the Doge of Venice, giving to him and to his successors forever the right to use it. And still in our times we see it borne with the other ensigns of authority in times of solemn pomp. And the Pope, having come to Rome, was received with great joy, and perceiving the silver trumpets whose blare resounded all around, he turned to those who bore them and commanded that eight of them should be given to the Doge of Venice in memory of the victory, to be used forever by the chief magistrate of Venice.

So the Doge Ziani, with the Pope's blessing, came again to Venice. And the sailors of Poveia, whose duty it was, received him in the Bucentoro. And the Bishop of Castello, and great part of the city, came out to receive him with honor. And he, with white tapers, which had been one of the first of Alexander's gifts, beneath the umbrella, with the trumpets and standards going before him, entered the city.

BARBAROSSA

BY FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

[IN 1189, Barbarossa set out on the Third Crusade, but on the way he was drowned in crossing a river, and was buried in Antioch. His death was so sudden and so unexpected that his people could hardly believe that the report of it was true. A tradition arose that he was sleeping in a cavern of the Kyffhäuser Mountains, but that some day, after the ravens had ceased to fly around the summits, he would awaken, and that then Germany would become even greater than in the olden times.

The Editor.]

THE ancient Barbarossa
By magic spell is bound, —
Old Frederic the Kaiser,
In castle underground.

The Kaiser hath not perished,
He sleeps an iron sleep;
For, in the castle hidden,
He 's sunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
Of empire hath he ta'en,
Wherewith, in fitting season,
He shall appear again.

The Kaiser he is sitting
Upon an ivory throne;

BARBAROSSA

Of marble is the table
His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen,
Like living fire it shines,
And groweth through the table
Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth,
Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
And calls, with lifted finger,
A stripling to his side.

“Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
Are wheeling round the hill.

“For if the ancient ravens
Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
By magic spell I ’m bound.”

III
STORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES

HISTORICAL NOTE

GERMAN literature of the Middle Ages is rich in the poetry of chivalry. Legends, too, have been handed down from every city and village and almost every cliff or castle on the famous rivers. Most interesting of all the literary productions of the times, however, are the epic poems. Of these the "Nibelungenlied," or "Song of the Nibelungs," an ancient race of Burgundy, is the noblest in design and most beautiful in execution. In its present form it dates from the first part of the thirteenth century, although the legends upon which it is based are much older. Its hero, the gallant Knight Siegfried, becomes owner of a vast hoard of gold which once belonged to a nation of dwarfs, called Nibelungs. After many adventures he is slain by treachery. His gentle, lovable wife, Kriemhild, becomes a very fury in her vengeance upon his enemies. The treasure is finally dropped into the Rhine.

In Germany the counterpart of the troubadour was the Minnesinger, who flourished at the feudal courts during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Usually of noble birth, the Minnesinger passed his life roving from court to court, chanting his songs of love and adventure and composing verses in honor of his lady.

HOW SIEGFRIED WON A BRIDE FOR KING GUNTHER

FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED

["ISENSTEIN" is supposed to be Iceland.

The Editor.]

So they parted merrily from out the Burgundian land. Siegfried quickly grasped an oar and from the shore the stalwart man gan push. Bold Gunther took the helm himself, and thus the worshipful and speedy knights set forth from land. With them they took rich food and eke good wine, the best that could be found along the Rhine. Their steeds stood fair; they had good easement. Their ship rode well; scant harm did hap them. Their stout sheet-rope was tightened by the breeze. Twenty leagues they sailed, or ever came the night, with a good wind, downward toward the sea. These hard toils brought later the high-mettled warriors pain.

Upon the twelfth-day morning, as we hear say, the winds had borne them far away to Isenstein in Brunhild's land. To none save Siegfried was this known; but when King Gunther spied so many castles and broad marches, too, how soon he spake: "Pray tell me, friend Siegfried, is it known to you whose are these castles and this lordly land?"

Siegfried answered: "I know it well. It is the land and folk of Brunhild and the fortress Isenstein, as ye heard me say. Fair ladies ye may still see there to-day. Methinketh good to advise you heroes that ye be of one

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single mind, and that ye tell the selfsame tale. For if we go to-day before Brunhild, in much jeopardy must we stand before the queen. When we behold the lovely maiden with her train, then, ye far-famed heroes, must ye tell but this single tale: that Gunther be my master and I his man; then what he craveth will come to pass." Full ready they were for whatever he bade them vow, nor because of pride did any one abstain. They promised what he would; wherefrom they all fared well, when King Gunther saw fair Brunhild.

"Forsooth I vow it less for thy sake than for thy sister's, the comely maid, who is to me as mine own soul and body. Gladly will I bring it to pass, that she become my wife."

Meanwhile their bark had come so near the castle that the king saw many a comely maiden standing at the casements. Much it irked King Gunther that he knew them not. He asked his comrade Siegfried: "Hast thou no knowledge of these maidens, who yonder are gazing downward towards us on the flood? Whoever be their lord, they are of lofty mood."

At this Sir Siegfried spake: "I pray you, spy secretly among the high-born maids and tell me then whom ye would choose, an ye had the power."

"That will I," spake Gunther, the bold and valiant knight. "In yonder window do I see one stand in snow-white weeds. She is fashioned so fair that mine eyes would choose her for her comeliness. Had I power, she should become my wife."

"Right well thine eyes have chosen for thee. It is the noble Brunhild, the comely maid, for whom thy heart doth strive and eke thy mind and mood."

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All her bearing seemed to Gunther good.

Then bade the queen her high-born maids go from the windows, for it behooved them not to be the mark of strangers' eyes. Each one obeyed. What next the ladies did, hath been told us since. They decked their persons out to meet the unknown knights, a way fair maids have ever had. To the narrow casements they came again, where they had seen the knights. Through love of gazing this was done.

But four there were that were come to land. Through the windows the stately women saw how Siegfried led a horse out on the sand, whereby King Gunther felt himself much honored. By the bridle he held the steed, so stately, good and fair, and large and strong, until King Gunther had sat him in the saddle. Thus Siegfried served him, the which he later quite forgot. Such service he had seldom done afore, that he should stand at any hero's stirrup. Then he led his own steed from the ship.

All of this the comely dames of noble birth saw through the casements. The steeds and garments, too, of the lusty knights, of snow-white hue, were right well matched and all alike; the bucklers, fashioned well, gleamed in the hands of the stately men. In lordly wise they rode to Brunhild's hall, their saddles set with precious stones, with narrow martingales, from which hung bells of bright and ruddy gold. So they came to the land, as well befit their prowess, with newly sharpened spears, with well-wrought swords, the which hung down to the spurs of these stately men. The swords the bold men bore were sharp and broad. All this Brunhild, the high-born maid, espied.

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With the king came Dankwart and Hagen, too. We have heard tales told of how the knights wore costly raiment, raven black of hue. Fair were their bucklers, mickle, good and broad. Jewels they wore from the land of India, the which gleamed gloriously upon their weeds. By the flood they left their skiff without a guard. Thus the brave knights and good rode to the castle. Six and eighty towers they saw within, three broad palaces, and one hall well wrought of costly marble, green as grass, wherein Brunhild herself sate with her courtiers. The castle was unlocked and the gates flung wide. Then ran Brunhild's men to meet them and welcomed the strangers into their mistress's land. One bade relieve them of their steeds and shields.

Then spake a chamberlain: "Pray give us now your swords and your shining breastplates, too."

"That we may not grant you," said Hagen of Troneg; "we ourselves will bear them."

Then gan Siegfried tell aright the tale. "The usage of the castle, let me say, is such that no guests may here bear arms. Let them now be taken hence, then will all be well."

Unwillingly Hagen, Gunther's man, obeyed. For the strangers men bade pour out wine and make their lodgings ready. Many doughty knights were seen walking everywhere at court in lordly weeds. Mickle and oft were these heroes gazed upon.

Then the tidings were told to Lady Brunhild, that unknown warriors were come in lordly raiment, sailing on the flood. The fair and worthy maid gan ask concerning this. "Pray let me hear," spake the queen, "who be these unknown knights, who stand so lordly in

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my castle, and for whose sake the heroes have journeyed hither?"

Then spake one of the courtiers: "My lady, I can well say that never have I set eyes on any of them, but one like Siegfried doth stand among them. Him ye should give fair greetings; that is my rede, in truth. The second of their fellowship is so worthy of praise that he were easily a mighty king over broad and princely lands, and he had the power and might possess them. One doth see him stand by the rest in such right lordly wise. The third of the fellowship is so fierce and yet withal so fair of body, most noble queen. By the fierce glances he so oft doth cast, I ween he be grim of thought and mood. The youngest among them is worshipful, indeed. I see the noble knight stand so charmingly, with courtly bearing, in almost maiden modesty. We might all have cause for fear, had any done him aught. However blithely he doth practice chivalry, and howso fair of body he be, yet might he well make many a comely woman weep, should he e'er grow angry. He is so fashioned that in all knightly virtues he must be a bold knight and a brave."

Then spake the queen: "Now bring me my attire. If the mighty Siegfried be come unto this land through love of mine, he doth risk his life. I fear him not so sore, that I should become his wife."

Brunhild, the fair, was soon well clad. Then went there with her many a comely maid, full hundred or more, decked out in gay attire. The stately dames would gaze upon the strangers. With them there walked good knights from Isenland, Brunhild's men-at-arms, five hundred or more, who bore swords in hand. This the

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strangers rued. From their seats then the brave and lusty heroes rose. When that the queen spied Siegfried, now hear what the maid did speak.

“Be ye welcome, Siegfried, here in this our land! What doth your journey mean? That I fain would know.”

“Gramercy, my Lady Brunhild, that ye have deigned to greet me, most generous queen, in the presence of this noble knight who standeth here before me, for he is my liege lord. This honor I must needs forswear. By birth he’s from the Rhine; what more need I to say? For thy sake are we come hither. Fain would he woo thee, however he fare. Bethink thee now betimes, my lord will not let thee go. He is hight Gunther and is a lordly king. An’ he win thy love, he doth crave naught more. Forsooth, this knight, so well beseen, did bid me journey hither. I would fain have given it over, could I have said him nay.”

She spake: “Is he thy liege and thou his man, dare he assay the games which I mete out and gain the mastery, then I ’ll become his wife; but should I win, ’t will cost you all your lives.”

Then up spake Hagen of Troneg: “My lady, let us see your mighty games. It must indeed go hard, or ever Gunther, my lord, give you the palm. He troweth well to win so fair a maid.”

“He must hurl the stone and after spring and cast the spear with me. Be ye not too hasty. Ye are like to lose here your honor and your life as well. Bethink you therefore rightly,” spake the lovely maid.

Siegfried, the bold, went to the king and bade him tell the queen all that he had in mind, he should have

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no fear. "I'll guard you well against her with my arts."

Then spake King Gunther: "Most noble queen, now mete out whatso ye list, and were it more, that would I all endure for your sweet sake. I'll gladly lose my head, and ye become not my wife."

When the queen heard this speech, she begged them hasten to the games, as was but meet. She bade purvey her with good armor for the strife: a breastplate of ruddy gold and a right good shield. A silken surcoat, too, the maid put on, which sword had never cut in any fray, of silken cloth of Libya. Well was it wrought. Bright embroidered edging was seen to shine thereon.

Meanwhile the knights were threatened much with battle cries. Dankwart and Hagen stood ill at ease; their minds were troubled at the thought of how the king would speed. Thought they: "Our journey will not bring us warriors aught of good."

Meanwhile Siegfried, the stately man, or ever any marked it, had hied him to the ship, where he found his magic cloak¹ concealed. Into it he quickly slipped and so was seen of none. He hurried back and there he found a great press of knights, where the queen dealt out her lofty games. Thither he went in secret wise (by his arts it happed), nor was he seen of any that were there. The ring had been marked out, where the games should be, afore many valiant warriors, who were to view them there. More than seven hundred were seen bearing arms, who were to say who won the game.

Then was come Brunhild, armed as though she would battle for all royal lands. Above her silken coat she

¹ Which made invisible whoever wore it.

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wore many a bar of gold; gloriously her lovely color shone beneath the armor. Then came her courtiers, who bare along a shield of ruddy gold with large broad strips as hard as steel, beneath the which the lovely maid would fight. As shield-thong there served a costly band upon which lay jewels green as grass. It shone and gleamed against the gold. He must needs be passing bold, to whom the maid would show her love. The shield the maid should bear was three spans thick beneath the studs, as we are told. Rich enow it was, of steel and eke of gold, the which four chamberlains could scarcely carry.

When the stalwart Hagen saw the shield borne forth, the Knight of Troneg spake full grim of mood: "How now, King Gunther? How we shall lose our lives! She you would make your love is the Devil's bride, in truth."

Hear now about her weeds; enow of these she had; she wore a surcoat of silk of Azagouc, noble and costly. Many a lordly stone shone in contrast to its color on the person of the queen.

Then was brought forth for the lady a spear, sharp, heavy, and large, the which she cast all time, stout and unwieldy, mickle and broad, which on its edges cut most fearfully. Of the spear's great weight hear wonders told. Three and one half weights of iron were wrought therein, the which scarce three of Brunhild's men could bear. The noble Gunther can be sore afraid. Within his heart he thought: "What doth this mean? How could the Devil from hell himself escape alive? Were I safe and sound in Burgundy, long might she live here free of any love of mine."

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Then spake Hagen's brother, the valiant Dankwart: "The journey to this court doth rue me sore. We who have ever borne the name of knights, how must we lose our lives! Shall we now perish at the hands of women in these lands? It doth irk me much, that ever I came unto this country. Had but my brother Hagen his sword in hand, and I mine, too, then should Brunhild's men go softly in their overweening pride. This know for sure, they'd guard against it well. And had I sworn a peace with a thousand oaths, before I'd see my dear lord die, the comely maid herself should lose her life."

"We might leave this land unscathed," spake then his brother Hagen, "had we the harness which we sorely need and our good swords as well; then would the pride of this strong dame become a deal more soft."

What the warrior spake the noble maid heard well. Over her shoulders she gazed with smiling mouth. "Now sith he thinketh himself so brave, bring them forth their coats-of-mail; put in the warrior's hands their sharp-edged swords."

When they received their weapons as the maiden bade, bold Dankwart blushed for very joy. "Now let them play whatso they list," spake the doughty man. "Gunther is unconquered, since now we have our arms."

Mightily now did Brunhild's strength appear. Into the ring men bare a heavy stone, huge and great, mickle and round. Twelve brave and valiant men-at-arms could scarcely bear it. This she threw at all times, when she had shot the spear. The Burgundians' fear now grew amain.

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“Woe is me,” cried Hagen. “Whom hath King Gunther chosen for a love? Certes she should be the foul fiend’s bride in hell.”

Upon her fair white arm the maid turned back her sleeves; with her hands she grasped the shield and poised the spear on high. Thus the strife began. Gunther and Siegfried feared Brunhild’s hate, and had Siegfried not come to Gunther’s aid, she would have bereft the king of life. Secretly Siegfried went and touched his hand; with great fear Gunther marked his wiles. “Who hath touched me?” thought the valiant man. Then he gazed around on every side, but saw none standing there.

“’T is I, Siegfried, the dear friend of thine. Thou must not fear the queen. Give me the shield from off thy hand and let me bear it and mark aright what thou dost hear me say. Make thou the motions, I will do the deeds.”

When Gunther knew that it was Siegfried, he was overjoyed.

Quoth Siegfried: “Now hide thou my arts; tell them not to any man; then can the queen win from thee little fame, albeit she doth desire it. See how fearlessly the lady standeth now before thee.”

Then with might and main the noble maiden hurled the spear at a shield, mickle, new, and broad, which the son of Siegelind bore upon his arm. The sparks sprang from the steel, as if the wind did blow. The edge of the mighty spear broke fully through the shield, so that men saw the fire flame forth from the armor rings. The stalwart men both staggered at the blow; but for the Cloak of Darkness they had lain there dead. From

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the mouth of Siegfried, the brave, gushed forth the blood. Quickly the good knight sprang back again and snatched the spear that she had driven through his shield. Stout Siegfried's hand now sent it back again. He thought: "I will not pierce the comely maid." So he reversed the point and cast it at her armor with the butt, that it rang out loudly from his mighty hand. The sparks flew from the armor rings, as though driven by the wind. Siegmund's son had made the throw with might. With all her strength she could not stand before the blow. In faith King Gunther never could have done the deed.

Brunhild, the fair, how quickly up she sprang! "Gunther, noble knight, I cry you mercy for the shot." She weened that he had done it with his strength. To her had crept a far more powerful man. Then went she quickly, angry was her mood. The noble maid and good raised high the stone and hurled it mightily far from her hand. After the cast she sprang, that all her armor rang, in truth. The stone had fallen twelve fathoms hence, but with her leap the comely maid out-sprang the throw. Then went Sir Siegfried to where lay the stone. Gunther poised it, while the hero made the throw. Siegfried was bold, strong, and tall; he threw the stone still farther and made a broader jump. Through his fair arts he had strength enow to bear King Gunther with him as he sprang. The leap was made, the stone lay on the ground; men saw none other save Gunther, the knight, alone. Siegfried had banished the fear of King Gunther's death. Brunhild, the fair, waxed red with wrath. To her courtiers she spake a deal too loud, when she spied the hero safe and sound

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at the border of the ring: "Come nearer quickly, ye kinsmen and liegemen of mine, ye must now be subject to Gunther, the king."

Then the brave knights laid aside their arms and paid their homage at the feet of mighty Gunther from the Burgundian land.

BISHOP HATTO AND HIS MOUSE TOWER

[About 968]

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

[ACCORDING to tradition, Hatto II, Duke of the Ostrofranks, was in 968 made Archbishop of Mentz. He was a learned and skillful man, but cruel and miserly. Even when a terrible famine prevailed, his only thought was to save the grain which he had stored up; and he lectured the poor people unmercifully, declaring that if they had not been lazy and wasteful, there would have been no famine. The story of his well deserved punishment is told in the following lines.

The Editor.]

THE summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'T was a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

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Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near, —
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

“I’ faith, ’t is an excellent bonfire!” quoth he,
“And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of Rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returnèd he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm,
“My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
“Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly!” quoth he.

BISHOP HATTO AND HIS MOUSE TOWER

“Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, —
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!”

“I’ll go to my tower in the Rhine,” replied he,
“T is the safest place in Germany —
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes, —
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only the cat:
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

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Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell,
As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

THE LORELEI

BY HEINRICH HEINE

[ACCORDING to ancient legend, the Lorelei is a witch who takes the form of a beautiful maiden. She often seats herself on the Lurleyberg Rock, which overhangs the Rhine, and sings so entrancingly that the boatmen forget their danger and are drawn into a neighboring whirlpool.

The Editor.]

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine,
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair:

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

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The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above.

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lorelei has done!

THE LITTLE FAUST TOWER OF MUNICH

BY FRANZ TRAUTMANN

ALOFT on the city wall, to the left of Sendling Gate, as one goes out, is a peculiar, little pointed tower with a fist (*Faust*), which seems to menace far and wide, on its top. Some people used to think a court fool was once walled in there, because he had delivered over the keys of the city to the enemy. They were right in the delivering over, but not in the court fool, for the tale about it is as follows.

About two hundred and sixty years ago, two dukes, Ernst and Wilhelm, ruled together in Munich. These two had a wild, restless cousin, by name Ludwig, who gave them much trouble and often; gradually, though, he began to behave more peacefully, letting it be rumored that most of the time he was ill, and by those and other means, he succeeded in making his princely cousins feel quite secure.

However, as soon as they were not on the lookout for any evil, he began to plan their entire ruin, intending to drive them wholly out of the city and seize Munich, and he was already discussing the matter with the burgomaster of the place. The latter, hoping for golden thanks, was treacherous enough to enter into the plot to betray his rightful lords, and when they had come to a final understanding, he began to play his part very cleverly. He selected a few bad fellows, who in a short time had sown the first seeds of discontent among the

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people. They carried it further and further until the citizens of Munich really thought they were not so well off as they might be. In short, a wild, rebellious spirit awoke among them, and no one inquired any longer who had provoked it; soon, there was nothing but uproar and riot everywhere.

While all that was happening, the treacherous burgo-master behaved as if he were highly indignant, issued several proclamations of warning, and always quieted things down again, for which reason, the dukes placed still greater trust in him. But the uproars and riots always began afresh. Whatever the dukes did, even if it were for the best, was no longer of any account; here and there, it began to be said they were not even the rightful lords; and at last the taxes were disputed, and collected only with the greatest difficulty. Altogether, the prospect was not inviting, for the people were full of suspicion and defiance, and the dukes, of indignation and impatience, just as the burgomaster had foreseen.

So when the dukes consulted him as to what was to be done further, he said: "Your Highnesses dislike too great severity, but kindness is out of place here, that is sure and certain. So my sincere advice is this; as soon as any disturbance takes place again, leave this ungrateful city, so that the people may see what it is like when you are not here, and all the money of the princely household flows somewhere else. When they have gone through that experience for a time, you will soon see, they will humbly submit and implore your return, and never forget the example they have had. But if, on the contrary, they still rebel after that, I would not hesitate in your place, but would return home, in might and

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power, and have their vile, obstinate heads cut off by the hangman's sword; a dozen more or less makes no difference!"

He decoyed the kind-hearted dukes by that speech into following his advice; at the next disturbance, they mounted their steeds and left the Burg with their whole princely suite, riding across the market-place and past St. Peter, through Sendlingergasse to the gate, and out toward Weilheim.

While that was happening, the people stood about in alleys and open squares palavering with each other. The burgomaster, who had escorted the dukes, to all appearances humbly, now mounted the city wall with his accomplices, and stepping to the little open watch-tower, looked after the departing dukes from thence, and called out as they disappeared in the distance: "Good riddance, noble lords! We did not do that badly! Shake your fists, if you like! If you attempt anything further, I will shake my fist at you! Huzza! Once outside and you will never get inside again!"

When the dukes were gone, the palavering went on, and grew into mockery; the dukes, it was said, had fled because they were afraid, partly of the people, partly of their princely cousin, who was in nowise ailing, but on the contrary, was drawing nearer at that moment to take possession of the city which was his by right.

During all that wild talk, the burgomaster's accomplices played their parts and simulated great fear of the cousin, if he were not allowed to enter the city freely and in peace; in short, the people turned away from their two rightful lords, and looked forward to a golden future when once the new lord was there. So when the

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day was waning, and vespers had been rung, and the princely Cousin Ludwig was really nearing the city, outside the Anger Gate, with his suite, it was opened wide for him, although the burgomaster made a pretense of hesitation.

Thereupon, the new duke entered the city, looking around upon the crowd with a smiling and almost gracious countenance, and a man rode behind him throwing pennies around, as if they were as plenty as blackberries. At that, one shout of joy followed another, and so it went, until the cousin, now duke, dismounted at the Burg, taking possession of it, and the people of Munich firmly believed that good times were in store for them.

But they were very much mistaken, especially the burgomaster. For when he went to the duke the next day and said, "Your Highness, we have won the game!" the latter slapped him on the back and said, "There is no doubt about it, you are quite a man for treason! Only take care and don't try the same with me, for it might turn out badly for you, as I have much better eyes than my beloved cousins."

Any one can fancy the burgomaster's surprise, fright, and disappointment, especially because the princely cousin did not behave in the least as if he had ever mentioned a word about gratitude and a reward of money. He completely ignored the past, on the contrary, and ordered a tremendous tax to be imposed. When the burgomaster stammered that the whole city would rebel at such a demand, he jumped up from his seat, grasped his sword, and insisted upon immediate obedience. At that, all the burgomaster's good courage

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forsook him; he was downstairs and in the courtyard before he knew how he got there, and he left the castle grounds, full of humiliation and anger; he went straight to the Rathhaus, where he called together all the citizens and made known what the new lord demanded. At that, there was a great uproar and each one blamed the other. But strife and quarreling were of no use, the tax had to be raised, and a week later, the princely cousin imposed another and much larger one.

Things went on like that from week to week and from moon to moon, and it looked as if the princely cousin would reduce entire Munich to beggary, for his demands were ever larger and more frequent; and when the least sign of rebellion appeared, he sent his soldiers to make short work of it with their swords. The people were on the verge of despair, for the more prosperous and plucky they had been before, they were just so much the poorer and more discouraged now, and each saw that such a state of things would soon bring them to starvation, because they were reduced to the last penny.

But the burgomaster was not prospering either, for in addition to his anger at the duke's ingratitude, he was in a sea of trouble over his own accomplices. They were tireless in their demands for reward, and no matter how often or how much he paid them, they always renewed their claims with an increase. They threatened, moreover, again and again, to let the people know who was responsible for all their suffering, and to tell the two dukes, Ernst and Wilhelm, what he had shouted out after them from the little tower on the city wall. In case the two lords should return to Munich, after all, some day, that would not be a very good

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thing for him, the burgomaster. So he fell completely into the power of his accomplices and assistants, and after he had given them his all to satisfy them, he was obliged to resort to the money-bags of the city. And above all, they mocked him to such a degree that at last, he lost all control over himself and answered their threats by defying them.

Upon that, the scoundrels lost little time in keeping their word, and slandered the burgomaster in all parts of the town, repeating what he had, to their great astonishment, called out on the city wall; and that spread like wildfire. Before the day had passed, every one was in a ferment, and in two days more, there was a great riot, the burgomaster's house on the market-place was assaulted, and if he had been there, they would certainly have murdered him. He was not at home, though, but somewhere else not far from the Burg to which he escaped, and he implored the duke for help.

The duke's contemptuous answer was: "So long as I am here, I will protect you. But when I am gone, you will have to look out for yourself; that may be very soon, for my time is nearly up here. There is nothing more to pilfer from the city, because the people are poorer than poverty itself, and hungrier than church mice. So all I have still to do is to plunder the ducal castle and make off with what is valuable. What happens after that is all the same to me. The people have been rightly punished, as I hope you will be. Now you know my mind, and you may take that as your reward, you accursed traitor, to break faith with your rightful lords. My charity and leniency are of the first order, for if I wanted to be just, I should have your head cut off!"

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When the duke said that in the presence of his marshal, the burgomaster was badly frightened and tried to stammer something, but the duke thundered out at him: "Make yourself off! Out of my princely sight!" Thereupon the burgomaster wheeled around to the left and out like a flash; the duke, however, sent a few soldiers after him. They brought him home and drove the crowd away and guarded his house all night so that no harm came to him.

Meanwhile the duke caused everything of gold or otherwise of value that could be found in the castle, to be heaped up in wagons. That went on all night until daylight, and just as the seven o'clock mass at St. Peter's was ended, the duke flung himself upon his horse in the Burg courtyard and rode off with all his counts, knights, and warriors, the soldiers from the burgomaster's house among them. In their midst were the wagons laden with booty, and in that fashion, they rode through Burggasse, past St. Peter's, and through Sendlingergasse toward the city gate.

The people flocked thither, murmuring and reviling, but the duke took no notice of them except to laugh as if amused at their helpless rage; but at Sendling Gate he stopped, and turning with his horse, he reached into his money-bag and threw a handful of pennies among the crowd, calling out: "There! Take my thanks! See what your hatred and anger are worth to me! You deserve no better! Many greetings to your burgomaster, who has served you this trick, otherwise I never should have gone so far. Sound a blast, trumpeters!" Thereupon he put about, and rode out through the gate, his retinue and the wagons following him, all

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straight ahead, then to the right toward the Freising highroad.

In that fashion, the princely cousin left the city of Munich behind him again. The people, however, hurried back to the market-place to revenge themselves upon the burgomaster. He suspected what was in store for him, and tried to hide here and there, but no one would give him shelter. He turned from one place to another, but there was refuge nowhere, and everywhere was the cry, "Away with you, traitor!" Then he fled through the streets and alleys, with the people after him, led by his own accomplices, until he gained an open courtyard near Sendling Gate. There he climbed a wall, and found a quiet path, which led to the tower on the left. He slipped in, bolted the gates, and went toward the city wall, intending, if worse should come to worst, to climb or jump down, and gain either freedom or death thereby. He went up the stairs, intending to kill the sentinels, if they should bar him the way, but he thought he was safe for awhile from the rear.

That was not the case, however. The accomplices had discovered his path instantly, the crowd pushed on, the gates were broken in, the accomplices ran up the stairs, followed by as many as could crowd in, and they all shouted to the sentinels, "Seize the traitor!" Thereupon the wall-sentries rushed at him from in front, and the others from behind, so that the burgomaster did not know which way to turn, and was not able to get any farther than the little open tower, from which he had mocked the dukes. He tried to climb up there and jump over, but did not have time before they had hold of him.

So he pulled out his sword, shouting, "Not without

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paying first!" and slashed and stabbed all around. When he recognized his assistants and accomplices, he called out: "You against me, you scoundrels, you who were my instruments! So you are trying to whitewash yourselves! Wait a minute, and I will color you red!" And he cut and hacked at them, in a rage, they returning it. He had better luck, though, than they, for he killed the first as well as the second, and he pushed the third over the parapet into the town below, where he fell with a shattered skull; then he turned to the others. They shouted and yelled and struck out at him, and he at them, front and back. Although he wounded many a man, he himself did not escape entirely, and at last he was quite exhausted, and saw his fate clearly before him. Thereupon he summoned his last strength, calling out: "You'll never get me alive!" and tried to follow his accomplice over the parapet, and shatter his own head. But the others pulled him back and knocked him down; even then he raged and struggled for a long time until he was bound and shackled. Then they led him away, back through the passage, down the stairs and scaffolding of the tower to Sendlingergasse, and along through the town to Falken Tower, where they threw him into the darkest dungeon.

On that same day, the people deliberated with the town counselor, who had been innocent in the whole affair, and a decision was reached, which pleased them all. Thereupon, three gentlemen of the council and six citizens mounted their horses. They rode away together to the two rightful lords, who were somewhere near Dachau. They confessed everything that had happened and implored forgiveness for the sorely tried city,

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“because the people are good,” they said, “and of the very best sort; but they were tempted and deceived with a devilish cunning. So if the gracious lords would keep that in mind and not lay it up against them, but return, they would be welcomed with repentance and great rejoicing.”

Not two days passed before the dukes approached, and at vespers rode around the whole city, to the blast of trumpets, and each gate was opened to them. At last they made a triumphal entry through the Anger Gate; and when they were in the city, they halted a moment, and Ernst said to the people: “A severe and lasting punishment is what you deserve, for you have sinned deeply, and ignored a sacred duty, as if you were better off with some one else than with us, who have always meant well by you! Have you found that out now for yourselves? You deserved it all, our cousin was right when he said that! But you are pardoned and forgiven, and everything is forgotten. No sign of the misfortune must remain, except that you will have empty purses for a long time yet, although the real loss is ours, and that the Anger Gate yonder will be walled up. And that will be a sign forever!”

The people broke out into shouts of joy at such mild words. The dukes rode along the Anger, across the market-place, and so on, to the castle courtyard, where they dismounted. They discovered then that the Burg had been emptied of everything of value, and were not a little angry about it. They then inquired into all the particulars of the affair from the very beginning, and found out the burgomaster's part in it, and above all what he had called out after them.

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The next day the people were summoned to the Rathhaus. The dukes rode hither also, and stopping at the door commanded that the burgomaster be taken out of the Falken Tower and brought there. He came accordingly in chains, and fell upon his knees before the dukes, begging for his life. But all the people cried out against him. At that the dukes made signs for silence, and Wilhelm, it is said, spoke thus in a loud voice: "You satanic fellow, you beg for your life? You may have it, but you would have done better to beg for death, I can tell you that of a truth. For you may live, traitor, but in such a way that death any day would be more welcome." Upon that he stopped speaking, and his brother Ernst took up the word, saying: "Do you remember the advice you gave us, and what you called after us from the little tower, when we were riding away, duped by your cunning? You shook your fist in mockery at us and called, 'You are outside, and will never get inside again.' Well, are we here again or not? Your word has turned out a lie. But the word we give you in return will remain true forever. And that word is as follows: You will be walled up in that little tower, from which you reviled and insulted us, two bricks' space will be left, through which your scanty fare will be given you, and there you will stay as a counter-play to your own word; you will be inside, and will never get outside! Just as you, who are to blame for the people's suffering and misery, shook your fist at us, in defiance of justice and duty, even so we shake ours forever at you and every traitor, in a symbol, from the top of your prison! It will carry your disgrace down to posterity. It may serve as a timely warning to him who used you

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to drive us away, and lead our faithful people astray, that we intend to revenge ourselves upon him when the time comes!"

At that the burgomaster broke down in total despair, and the jailers pulled him on to his feet again and took him off to Sendling Gate and up through the passage to the little pointed tower. The masons were already there, the people surged down below on the city side, shouting up curses by the thousand, and before long, the burgomaster was walled in. That was his reward! And soon after, he heard hammering above him, the fist was being riveted to the little tower.

So that was how the dukes gained possession of their city again, and the burgomaster came to his narrow jail. He lived in it four half-years, and the wall sentries heard him raving and raging often enough; then in the course of time, that changed to complaints and sighs, and at last he did not take his food at all, and asked for a priest. The latter came accordingly. He confessed to him and entrusted him to beg forgiveness of the dukes and of the whole city, and to implore them to pray a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*, out of compassion for him because his time was drawing to a close.

The priest delivered the messages, and many prayed for the soul of the burgomaster. The next day one heard only a low whispering in the little tower, and the second following day, nothing more at all, which indicated that he in the little tower had died. Then they broke into the wall and found the dead burgomaster. His hands were folded reverently together, and, judging from that, he had met his end quietly and bravely. They carried him out and buried him in the churchyard of

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Heiligen Geist. That graveyard has been destroyed in the course of time, so one does not know now where the burgomaster lies. The little tower, however, remained open for the future, and the fist up on its point. Even to-day, it speaks of the disgrace of traitors, just as the dukes said.

And the word of the two dukes concerning their princely cousin came to pass also. For later, when he heard that the good people of Munich had made some money again, the desire awoke once more in that wild lord to seize the city, this time by force as he had before succeeded in doing by cunning. He wanted to pull down that sign of warning, and make the people as poor as he had done the other time. Therefore he chose what he thought was the right moment, and marched forward with military forces, but very secretly. The dukes, however, had noticed his game, called every one to arms, and marched out against their cousin, meeting him somewhere near Blütenburg, which place received its name from all the blood which flowed then; and there they fought him and his followers, so furiously and fiercely that he suffered an ignominious defeat, and so barely escaped with his life, that he did not dream again of any designs against Munich, or of duping the true-hearted people again.

But Heaven punished him still more severely because of his crime against his cousins. For his own son rose up against him, he was taken prisoner by him and led from place to place, stripped of all power and possessions, and at last confined in a tower at Burghausen, where he stayed until his death.

IV
LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH
CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the Middle Ages Germany had even more than her share of strife and confusion. The country was divided among a host of lawless nobles and prelates — archbishops, bishops, abbots, dukes, margraves, landgraves, and counts — acknowledging no authority save the Emperor's, and even that only when the Emperor was strong enough to impose it by force. The lesser nobles, secure in their strong castles, grew rich by plundering helpless travelers and merchants, and the greater nobles carried on a constant warfare.

By the fifteenth century many of the cities of Germany had used the wealth brought them by the increase of commerce and manufacturing to free themselves by bribes or by force from their feudal lords. The "Imperial Cities," as these were called, had grown into turbulent little republics, governing themselves as they listed, and uniting in powerful leagues to defend their rights against the neighboring princes. These cities were a most important factor in the development of Europe. They were the centers not only of trade and industry, but of culture and art. They were rich and strong, and the freedom which they demanded and obtained was a long step toward the development of a free nation.

The most famous union of free cities was the Hanseatic League, which at one time numbered more than ninety cities among its members and was strong enough to carry on war against foreign countries. Before the sixteenth century was well begun, however, maritime discoveries had opened new routes of trade, stronger government had made travel safer, and about the middle of the seventeenth century the league was dissolved.

During the fifteenth century gunpowder was introduced and swiftly brought about a vast change in the structure of society, shifting the brunt of fighting from the shoulders of the armored knights to common soldiers, and leading to the introduction of mercenaries, or hired troops, and the establishment of standing armies.

THE GREAT HANSEATIC LEAGUE

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THERE was one trading company far greater and more famous than all the others. This was the Hanseatic League. "Hanse" or "hansa" is a word of several meanings. It seems to have signified in the first place a society; then the fee paid for entrance into a trading guild; then a company of merchants trading away from home. The Hanseatic League was a union of seventy or eighty cities in northern Germany. It aimed not only at commerce, but at making it safe to travel among these towns and also by sea. In those days piracy was looked upon as being disagreeable, indeed, for any vessel that was captured and robbed, but it was, nevertheless, a perfectly respectable calling. The German Ocean and the Baltic Sea were overrun by a gang of pirates, one of whose leaders was a nobleman named Stortebeker. The League sent out its vessels in pursuit, captured the leaders and one hundred and fifty men. Even if piracy was regarded as respectable, the pirate who was caught was adjudged to deserve death, and this nobleman was doomed to be hanged with his companions. "Let me go free," he said, "and I will give you a chain of pure gold long enough to go around the cathedral and the town." This request was refused; but his second wish was granted, namely, that he and his comrades might dress themselves in their best and march to the place of execution to the music of drum and fife.

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The Hanseatic League aimed at monopolizing the trade of the greater part of Europe. It grew stronger and stronger. Sometimes the members bought trade privileges, and sometimes they fought for them. They established "factories," or trading stations, in as many countries as possible. Bergen in Norway was one of their chief stations. They paid no taxes, and obliged the people to send to Bergen all the productions of the land that were for sale. There the Hansards selected what was of most value before any sales could be made elsewhere. About three thousand members of the League lived in the factory at Bergen. They were forbidden to marry or to spend a single night out of bounds. The young men and boys were treated with the utmost severity. Every newcomer had to undergo tortures, one of the mildest of which was to be flogged till the blood came. If he survived, the possibility lay before him of rising to a high position and gaining great wealth. The trade of Denmark and Sweden was in the hands of the League. In Russia it was for many years so powerful that it was able to forbid the Russian merchants to trade on the sea. The members established themselves at Novgorod; and at length became strong enough to oblige the Russians to obey whatever laws they chose to make. For instance, if a Russian merchant failed, the League decreed that he must pay in full whatever he might owe the Germans before he was allowed to pay the smallest debt to his countrymen. In the Netherlands the Hansards founded a factory at Bruges. Here they obliged every passing vessel, save those going to England or the Baltic coast, to halt at the port of Bruges, pay toll, and allow them to select from the cargo whatever they chose

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to buy. In France, Spain, Portugal, and Venice, they carried on trade; but not so widely as in the northern countries.

In England the power of the League was greatest. The English called its members Easterlings, because their land lay to the east of England. The German money was often spoken of as Easterling, or sterling money. It was with this sterling money that the Hansards bought their way to the favor of the English sovereigns. More than once, when an English king was in need of gold, the League helped him out of his difficulties, and in return graciously accepted trade privileges worth far more than the loans that they had made. The people of England were not always pleased to have these favors shown to foreigners, and during the Wat Tyler Rebellion, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, they made a fierce attack upon the Germans. "Say 'bread and cheese,'" they would command every one who was suspected of being a foreigner. If he pronounced the words with a trace of the German accent, he was struck down on the instant. It was easy, however, for the Hansards to get their revenge. All that they had to do was to tax the English heavily at Bruges or Bergen, or to refuse to allow their vessels to enter the Baltic Sea or to stop at any port of Iceland or Greenland. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, however, both Hansards and English had been playing pirate, and at length a treaty was actually made between them with as many formalities as if this trading company had been another nation.

The headquarters of the League in England was a settlement in London known as the Steelyard, probably

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because here stood the great scales called by that name. This was a city within a city. Its buildings stretched up from the river front, so that the merchandise of the League could be unloaded at its own wharves. Here stood the great hall, a handsome stone building which was used for business meetings, and also for a dining-room. A strong tower protected the treasures of the company. Not far away was a garden with trees and vines. There were also tables and seats; for the garden became a favorite resort for both Hansards and Londoners, who went there summer evenings to drink Rhenish wine and eat the salmon, caviar, and neat's tongue for which it was famous.

Life in the Steelyard was far from being all play, however, for there was plenty of work for everybody and the rules of the place were exceedingly strict. No one was allowed to marry so long as he remained at the settlement. Playing at dice even in one's own room and entertaining any person not a member of the League were punished by heavy fines. If a man fenced or played tennis with an Englishman, he was fined twenty shillings. If two men indulged in a fight with either fists or knives, they needed to have long purses, for the fine was one hundred shillings. Every evening, promptly at nine o'clock, the door of each dwelling was shut and locked and the key given to one of the officers.

In Norway the Hansards behaved with a high hand, demanding whatever they desired and forcing the helpless folk of Bergen to do as they were bidden. In England the German merchants were no less bent upon having their own way; but as far as possible, they bought privileges rather than demanded them. They

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made liberal gifts, but usually in directions where they would "do the most good." The Lord Mayor of London received from them a generous present each year. The English alderman whose business it was to settle any disputes that might arise between English and Germans was more than willing to accept from the League its annual gift of fifteen gold coins worth about one hundred shillings, wrapped in a pair of gloves. The Inspector of Customs fared even better, for once a year a friendly windfall of about four hundred shillings delighted his heart.

In spite of lavish gifts to those in power and of princely loans to English sovereigns, the Steelyard had to be prepared at all times to defend itself against a London mob, and as a safeguard a high stone wall was built to shut in the settlement from the rest of the city. Every merchant was required to keep in his room a suit of armor and a supply of arms in order to be prepared for any possible uprising.

As English merchants grew stronger, their jealousy of the League increased. The attacks of the mob upon the Steelyard became more frequent, and at length, near the end of the sixteenth century, its charter was taken away. The later history of the League in other countries was much the same. The Hanseatic merchants were so successful that the merchants of other lands sought earnestly for the same success; and as soon as the different cities and countries became rich and powerful enough to manage their own trade, the League weakened and came to its end. The free cities, Hamburg and Bremen, were the last to yield; but in 1888 these two gave up their independence and joined the German Empire.

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If we judge the Hanseatic League by present standards, its methods seem cruel and despotic; but it is a long way from the thirteenth century to the twentieth; and many things are frowned upon now that were regarded as entirely right and proper seven hundred years ago. Remembering this, we can appreciate the fact that the record of the League should be looked upon as a noble one. It aided the development of industry, it spread civilization, it created the commerce of northern Europe, and it trained merchants and magistrates and sea-captains. In the cities of the League there was courage and independence, there was industry and enterprise; better still, there was an ever-increasing appreciation of order and of peace.

THE WALLED CITIES OF GERMANY

BY SABINE BARING-GOULD, WITH THE COLLABORATION
OF ARTHUR GILMAN

It was only about the beginning of the fifteenth century that the cities of Germany rose to great importance, and became remarkable for their stately buildings, for their wealth and influence.

They were all inclosed within walls, with a moat surrounding the walls. At intervals in the ring were towers of various shapes. Indeed, the fancy was indulged of making all different, so as to add to the beauty of the appearance of the town. Very few of the great German towns remain walled in with their towers, but some have these ornaments intact. Ratisbon had fifteen towers, variously capped, making the distant view of the city a vision of beauty. All have been pulled down but one.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the houses were all built of wood and plaster, and thatched with straw. But such fires ensued, consuming large parts of the towns, that the inhabitants were driven to build of better material, and to use tile or slate instead of thatch. Nevertheless, a good many old timber and plaster houses remain. Indeed, even the castles were only partly built of stone, they were to a large extent composed of buildings of more perishable material. A little way up a tributary of the Moselle is an old castle, Schloss Elz. It is one of the few castles that have escaped being destroyed. It has its tower of stone and

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walls of stone, but the principal buildings for the inmates, hall of banquet and bedrooms, are of black timber with plaster fillings.

At first, in the towns, only the churches and town-halls and other public buildings were of stone, but in the beginning of the fifteenth century the patricians — that is, the ruling families and merchants, who were very wealthy — began to build themselves handsome stone houses. Even in such an important place as Frankfort-on-the-Main nearly all the houses, down to the end of the fourteenth century, were of combustible materials, and were without chimneys, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. The streets of Paris were paved in 1185, but though some attempts at paving were made in Germany in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it was not till later that they were systematically paved. Passengers picked their way in the mud as best they might. In the life of St. Elizabeth, the Landgravine of Hungary, we read of how, as she was thus trying to get along a street in Eisenach, a rude woman pushed her off the stepping-stone on which she had lighted, and she fell down into the black slough and was splashed from head to foot.

There were not many windows filled with glass before the fifteenth century. Even at Zürich, where the town-hall was built in 1402, the windows were filled with oiled linen strained to frames. In Zürich the first fountain was erected in 1430, and this is about the date of most of the fountains that decorate so many of the German towns. The houses in the towns were very different in plan from old English houses. Let me tell you what I saw one summer's day at Villingen, in the Black Forest.

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This is a walled town, the walls nearly perfect, with all the towers standing, but with the water let out of the moat, which is turned into gardens. When I visited the place it was at the time of hay harvest, and wains laden with hay were coming into the town. The old houses have very steep roofs, and the gables are towards the street, with a large door in the attic, and a crane over it. The chain from this contrivance was run down and the bundles of hay were raised and piled up in the garret of the house, which served as a great hay-store. Later, the corn would be brought in, and the flax, and stored away in the same place. The roof of the house formed the barn. Then the cows and horses were driven into the ground-floor rooms — they were really stables, vaulted with stone, and to enter the house where the people lived one had to ascend steps. As the citizens of a small town were landowners and farmers they thus made their houses compact farm dwellings. That was how they managed in small towns. In large cities they used the roof for stores of merchandise and the basement for shops. When you ascend the stairs you find in these old houses that there is a great deal of room given up to passage, and that this passage is paved, and sometimes vaulted. It served as a place for the children to play in wet weather, and meals were also taken in it when the company was large. These corridors are called *Lauben*. The rooms open out of these corridors and are comparatively small. In old times, before fire-engines were invented, the only way by which fires could be extinguished was with pails. The first fire brigade was established at Frankfort in 1439, and the first fire-engine used at Augsburg in 1518.

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We have many accounts from the fifteenth century of the social and architectural condition of the German towns. Nuremberg especially was regarded as the ideal of a beautiful mediæval town, and to the present day, with its stepped gables, solar windows, corner turrets, and rich sculpture, it retains more of its mediæval character than any other town. Italians, however, declared that a more beautiful city than Cologne could not be found, a verdict we in the present day should be far from endorsing. It is now a collection of hideous and vulgar houses surrounding more precious beautiful churches. The illustrious Frenchman, Montaigne, declared that Augsburg was more lovely than Paris. Æneas Silvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pope Pius II) could not find terms in which to praise the wealth and splendor of the German cities. There is some exaggeration when he says, "Where is a German inn at which silver plate is not used? What citizen woman — not necessarily noble — does not adorn herself with gold ornaments?" Of Vienna he says: "The town lies in a crescent on the Danube; the city wall is 5000 paces long and has double fortifications. The town proper lies like a palace in the center of the suburbs, several of which rival it in beauty and size. Nearly every house has something to show, something remarkable in or about it. Each dwelling has its back court and front court, large halls and smaller, good winter apartments. The guest-rooms are beautifully paneled, richly furnished, and warmed with stoves. All windows are glazed; some have painted glass, and have ironwork guards against thieves. On the basement are large cellars and vaults, which are devoted to apothecaries, warehouses, shops, and lodgings for strangers.

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In the halls many tame birds are kept, so that in passing through the streets one hears the sounds of a green pleasant forest. The market-places and streets teem with life. Without reckoning the children and those under age, there are 50,000 inhabitants and 7000 students. Enormous is the commerce of the traders, and enormous the sums of money here earned and spent. The whole district round Vienna is like one vast and beautiful garden covered with grapes and apples, and studded with the most charming country houses."

There is, however, another side to the picture. Æneas Silvius says: "By night and day there is fighting in the streets. Sometimes the artisans are assailing the students, sometimes the court people are quarreling with the citizens, and sometimes it is citizen who has sword drawn against citizen. A festival rarely concludes without bloodshed."

If the cities did not cultivate poetry they nursed music. They all had their master-singer guilds, and on Sunday afternoons the performers sang in the town-hall or the churches. Prizes were given for the best compositions. The highest prize was a representation of King David playing on the harp, stamped on a gold slate. The others consisted of wreaths of filigree wire of gold or silver. This performance was called "school singing." The last performance at Nuremberg was in 1770, and the very last of all was at Ulm in 1839.

GERMAN LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHANNES JANSSEN

[THE artists of four centuries ago always painted historical characters as if living at the same time as they themselves. A picture of the Virgin Mary, for instance, presented her wearing the same sort of clothes that a maiden of their own day would have worn; and a faithful likeness of a German house represented in most satisfactory fashion the abode of folk of any age and any country. As the artists made accurate copies of what they saw around them, we have only to study their pictures to learn what the people wore, how they lived, and how they amused themselves four centuries ago.

The Editor.]

THANKS to the number of these *genre* pictures, done by the best artists of the time, we are familiar with the manners of the day, and can contrast them with those of later times. A market scene is represented in a miniature or on glass in which women and young girls recommend their wares and offer them for sale — white bread and butter on a white plate, eggs in baskets, and milk in jugs. Pigeons and young chickens are tied in hampers, which are carried on the heads of the women, who wear dresses made of coarse stuff, the bodices high in the neck and crossed over the bosom, the skirts scant and of convenient length. An apron is tied by strings knotted in front. The hair, divided in the middle, is allowed to hang loose by the young girls, while by the older women it is hidden under a handkerchief, which hangs loosely down or is tied under the chin.

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We also find the popular amusements of the day represented with the same precision and accuracy. For instance, one picture shows us children spinning tops, trundling hoops, playing blindman's buff, swinging and turning somersaults. Another shows us older people amusing themselves with chess, backgammon, and dice. May festivals and shooting parties are often represented. Dancing being the favorite, indeed the general, amusement of the people in the Middle Ages, it naturally formed a constant subject for art. The lower orders always preferred to dance in the open air. The inns never contained dancing-halls, and we see the gay crowds collected on the green, dancing to the music of the tambourine, the bagpipe, or the violin. The wealthier classes had their private dancing-saloons, and sometimes used the city halls for this, their favorite amusement. A copper engraving by Israel von Meckenen gives us a good idea of those dancing festivals which were so popular on the Rhine at the close of the fifteenth century. In the center the musicians are placed on a gallery supported by pillars. The dancing couples seem to be moving with great difficulty, on account of the tight-fitting jackets and pointed shoes of the men, and the cumbersome trains of the ladies; these trains completely cover the floor. Endless variety is displayed in the costumes. The head-dresses are shaped like sugar-loaves, high on the head, and with long veils falling to the ground, or flat coifs, ornamented with flowers or ribbons. The men wear loose jackets over their tight-fitting vests, fastened with buckles, and long cloaks reaching to the floor, or else short mantles. The women all wear low-necked dresses; the men's faces are shaved,

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but their hair hangs in curls round the head. For headgear they wear a gaily embroidered band, a hat with feathers, or a turban-like cap.

From the stained glass, the miniature paintings, and even the altar pictures of the period, we can form an exact idea of the prevailing taste for rich materials and bright colors, for art in the Middle Ages copied exactly from nature. We see the dresses for state occasions made of thick brocade of the richest colors, and embroidered with gold and silver; the long sleeves slit open and trimmed with embroidery. Dresses enriched with precious stones and pearls often had six and seven rows of coral chains around the neck. Many finger-rings were worn.

A study of the inventories still extant of the wardrobes of well-to-do citizens will give us some idea of the luxury and variety of the dress of the Middle Ages. In the will of the wife of George Winter, of Nuremberg, dated 1485, there is mention, among other things, of four mantles of Malines silk, six long overskirts, three smock frocks, three under-dresses, six white aprons, one black, two white bath cloaks. Along with the other jewels we find thirty rings mentioned. A citizen of Breslau contributed to his daughter's trousseau (1490) a fur-lined mantle and dress, four dresses of different values, several caps, sashes, and armlets, a bodice embroidered with pearls, and a betrothal ring worth twenty-five florins. We read of another daughter receiving in 1470 from her guardians, as an inheritance from her mother, thirty-six gold rings, besides several chains, buckles, and cinctures.

The pictures of headgear both of men and women are

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very diverse and extraordinary. Women wore pointed caps a yard high, or head-dresses formed of colored stuff pressed and ornamented with gold and precious stones. The headdress of the unmarried women of the *bourgeois* class in the city was particularly remarkable, consisting of a muslin handkerchief laid in folds on a wire frame, and having ribbon strings to tie under the chin. The shapes of men's hats and caps were quite as remarkable. On some of the illuminated parchments of the city regulations of Hamburg we find patterns of hats and caps, some high and some low; some with wide, and others with narrow brims, turned up behind, or *vice versa*. There were beaver, felt, or cloth hats of various colors and designs, trimmed with feathers, gold ornamentation, or ribbons that hung down to the ground.

Long curls were considered a great adjunct to manly beauty, and much time and care were bestowed on the arrangement of them. When the son of the wealthy patrician, Jerome Tscheckenburlin, of Basle, became disgusted with the vanities of the world and joined the Carthusian order at the age of twenty-six, he had his portrait painted in the court dress in which he entered the monastery. Long curls encircled his forehead and fell over his shoulders. In the portrait of the youthful Maximilian we always notice his beautiful wavy hair falling low over his neck. Even Albert Dürer, the son of the plain blacksmith, seemed to delight in his ringlets. Sometimes, even, we see men with their curls encircled by an enameled band, fastened by buckle and heron's plume, or even with a bunch of ivy or flowers.

Instead of flowing curls the women wore thick braids of hair behind the ears, which gave rise to the reproach

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that "the women wear the hair of the dead." The young girls wore their plaits in gold or jeweled nets to which were attached gold aiglets. Dürer's well-known picture of the espousal of the Virgin gives us a good idea of the favorite dress of the young *fiancées* of the Middle Ages. Over a short velvet dress, which Mary holds in one hand, she wears a richly fur-trimmed robe with train and hanging sleeves. On her head is a small cap and veil. Amongst her companions is a Nuremberg woman of good position, who wears a full mantle and a piled-up linen cap.

Still more striking, though, than the shapes of clothes, even among the working classes, was the variety of their color. Stonecutters and carpenters worked in costumes consisting of red coats with blue trousers and caps, or in yellow coats with red trousers and caps; others, again, are represented in light blue and green mixed with yellow and red. The merchants behind their counters also wore the same bright colors. A peasant, bringing his pig to market, wears a red hat, green coat, and brown trousers. A truckman, wheeling a hogshead before him, appears in a red coat lined with green, red cap, blue hose, and bronze riding-boots. The village dandies seemed to delight in producing ridiculous effects by the multitude of colors they wore at the same time. One side of their costume would be of one color, while the other was composed of all the shades of the rainbow divided into different figures; others would appear in red from head to foot. Embroidery was also much used. In the year 1464, Bernhard Rohrbach, from Frankfort, had the sleeves of his coat so richly embroidered that they had eleven ounces of silver on them.

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Art in those days was a faithful portrayal of life in all its varieties and absurdities, its virtues and its vices, the caprices and the tyranny of its fashions, its wealth and luxury, its misery and its squalor. Each class and condition of humanity is in turn presented to our vision. Take, for instance, the hideous rabble in Martin Schongauer's "Carrying of the Cross," who are driving the Saviour to his death. They are clad in the clothes which chance or charity has given them. One has an overcoat without sleeves, and his legs are naked; another has trousers, but his feet are bare, and his short, torn jacket discovers a tattered shirt. Another, with naked shoulders, wears a cap with tassels, from under which a long curl escapes and hangs down on his neck. A fourth has bound his head in a kind of cotton turban, and a fifth wears a shapeless felt on his close-cut hair, whilst his neighbor lets his unkempt locks float in the wind. Among the rabble we discover figures that look as if they had seen better days. One is dressed in a garment trimmed with fringe and ribbon loops, and his arms are bared to the elbow. Another, with laced shoes and naked legs, has wrapped a sheepskin round his shoulders as though it were a royal ermine. An old man is clothed in a hermit's frock. The effect produced by all these figures, and which one sees so often reproduced in the pictures of the time, is painfully repulsive, and gives a vivid idea of the masses who played so prominent a part in the politico-ecclesiastical strifes of the sixteenth century.

Amongst all this foppery and folly, however, the workmen, the burghers, the professional and the scientific men, stand out in more sober relief. Both in form and

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coloring the dress of the artisans was very simple. It generally consisted of a short, convenient, blouselike garment, and tight or wide trousers, either coming down over or tucked into the boots or shoes. When at work they slipped on sleeveless jackets and tucked their shirtsleeves up to their shoulders. On their close-cropped heads they wore either caps or felt hats. The dress of the burghers was a short vest with an outer garment over it, either in the shape of a blouse closed in front and put on over the head, or else a coat open down the front. This outer garment was generally brown or black, and lined or bordered with fur. Scientific and professional men wore long, full robes, reaching to the feet, almost always of a dark color, but occasionally red. A simple biretta-like cap covered their close-cut hair. These distinct costumes for each rank and position are very characteristic of "the true, honest German citizen," and German domestic life, and are truthfully depicted by German art.

How homelike and comfortable, for instance, is the room in which Dürer depicts St. Jerome! It has two windows with small round panes; the ceiling is of dark timber; in the corner is an antique oak table, on which are the crucifix and an inkstand, and the furniture is ample and comfortable. In the background we see the large hourglass which is considered an indispensable accessory in all well-regulated households, the row of tapers ready lighted, the flasks of balsam, and the medicine case stocked with household remedies. There lies also the leather portfolio with writing materials and a large scissors. Beside the Rosary lies a brush; from the ceiling hangs a gourd; under the bench are thick-soled

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sabots. Everything bespeaks German thrift and domestic comfort.

Anything that may be wanting to make this a complete picture of a German home is added by Dürer in the bedroom of St. Anna after the birth of the Virgin. A wide staircase with heavy balustrades leads from the end of the room to an upper story; near the door, whose massive locks attract attention, is a washstand with all its conveniences, the towels and brushes hanging near. On a shelf are seen a richly bound prayerbook, a handsome candlestick, spice and medicine boxes. In front of the window is drawn up one of those comfortable seats which are yet to be seen in old German houses. There are no chairs in the room, but instead several cushioned seats. The table is massive, and the national carved chest, the repository of the household linen, stands in the corner. St. Anna lies in a canopied bed, and is in the act of taking some soup or other refreshing beverage. Everything around her bespeaks the perfection of housekeeping. The sponsors and neighbors gathered together are also refreshing themselves with food and drink, and one stout housewife in full armor of side-pocket, bunch of keys, and *châtelaine*, seems particularly anxious for a drink. A maidservant is in the act of bringing in a cradle and a bath for the infant Mary.

One of the most beautiful pictures of German domestic life is Dürer's "Holy Family at Their Daily Duties." Mary sits outside the door with spindle in her hand, while the infant Jesus lies in his cradle, and Joseph is making a wooden trough. Little angels, in the shape of boys, are collecting the chips in a basket and at the same

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time indulging in childish pranks; one of them brings a bunch of lilies of the valley to the young mother. It is a faithful representation of German life, where "everything is open and well regulated; where all is peace, and freedom, and joy."

THE CONTEST OF THE MASTER-SINGERS

BY AUGUST HAGEN

[IN the fourteenth century, guilds or societies were formed by some of the craftsmen of Germany for the cultivation of music. Almost every large city had its guild, but Nuremberg was especially rich in these associations of master-singers, as they were called. The most famous member was the shoemaker Hans Sachs, who appears as a character in Wagner's opera "Die Meistersinger." This versatile cobbler was born in 1494, and before his death in 1576 was able to boast that he had written no less than 4275 master-songs, 1558 stories and fables, 208 dramas, and 7 dialogues. Notwithstanding the prodigality of his muse his work has real merit and exercised a lasting influence on German literature.

The Editor.]

I WALKED up and down my room while waiting for my breakfast; and looking out of the window saw a rope, which extended from St. Sebaldus to the Town Hall, and from the middle of which hung a painted shield. All the pains which I took to make out the figures upon it were in vain; and I was just about to go down to the host to gain some information about it, when, at the same moment, Peter Vischer the younger, who was one of the members elect of the council, and was as amiable as he was accomplished, entered my room. He greeted me, and reminding me of what had been agreed upon between us, he informed me that to-day a festival of the Singing-School would be held in honor of the Emperor. I looked at him with surprise; but then I remembered that Peter

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Vischer was devoted to the delightful art of the Master-Singers, and I was able to explain his words, and at the same time to understand what was meant by the suspension of the tablet. Peter related to me that, by this shield, all who took part in pious festivals were invited to the Singing-School.

In the mean time breakfast was brought in, and Vischer was pleased to share it with me. He told me much about the origin and nature of the art of the Master-Singers, to which I willingly lent an attentive ear. The unseasonable question which escaped me, whether handicraftsmen in other places also pursued the same recreation? did not make him angry; he rather felt himself incited to instruct me concerning the high meaning of their endeavors. "Good music and the lovely art of singing," he began, somewhat solemnly, "do not merely contribute to the delight and amusement of men, but are the noblest means of exciting in them a recollection of divine favors and the devotion of the heart; even as the holy Apostle Paul earnestly exhorts men to practice pious songs."

I purposely interrupted him in his discourse, and he then continued; "The High-School of the Master-Singers is Mainz, and the Branch-Schools are Nürnberg and Strasburg. But for a long time this charming art has been more cultivated in Nürnberg than elsewhere. As fifty years ago the illuminator Hans Rosenplüt, and the barber Hans Folz, were in high repute, so now the linen-weaver, Leonhard Nunnenbeck, and, before all, his pupil Hans Sachs, the cobbler." "What is the meaning of those figures on the tablet?" I asked. "On the tablet?" he answered. "You see above, an escutcheon

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with a crown — those are the arms of the Master-Singers; and below are twelve men who are cultivating a garden, but whose labor is destroyed by a wild beast. The twelve men are the twelve celebrated singers who organized the first school; and the wild beast is Envy without and Discord within, that spoils their success. Penetrated with a sense of their holy calling, the twelve men sang songs which were pleasing to God and profitable to men. The Emperor, Otto the Great, of illustrious memory, ratified their union, and gave them an armorial bearing with a crown. But the monks, who at one time had everything their own way in the Church, were envious that they should thus publicly set forth the grace of God. They calumniated them to the Pope as heretics; and he summoned them in a body to Pavia, to give an account of their proceedings. They here frankly declared that God inspired their songs, and that they were therefore not only innocent but also holy. Whereat His Holiness was astonished, and in order to bring them to shame as liars, he gave them all a theme out of the Bible, on which they were to make a poem, and caused each to be separately locked up in a chamber. But the one who was put to shame was the Pope, when he compared all their poems with one another, and found that they agreed word for word. He dismissed them with rich presents, and called them all genuine Christians, although one did not deserve this name.”

“Are the names of these wonderful men known?”

“Certainly they are known. Some were learned men, some knights, and some citizens. One was a smith, one a rope-maker, one a glass-burner. There is not much to

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be told about them; but only so much the more about the knight, Wolfram Rohn (von Eschenbach), of Heinrich Frauenlob, Doctor of the Holy Scripture at Mainz, of Nicolaus Klingsor, Master of the Liberal Arts. Klingsor was a mighty astrologer and necromancer in Hungary, who lived at the time when there were at the court of the Landgrave Herrmann on the Wartburg, six masters of the art of singing, equally noble by birth and by soul. Five of them, of noble extraction, were knights, such as the territorial-lord Walther von der Vogelweide, and Wolfram Rohn; but one was a citizen of Eisenach, Heinrich von Ofterdingen. They celebrated in songs the glory of the Landgrave and the chastity of the Landgravine Sophia. Once upon a time they resolved to open a contest of song. They called it the 'War of the Wartburg'; and as in war it is a question of life and death, they agreed among themselves that he who came off worst should be hung. They contended in song, and Heinrich von Ofterdingen was vanquished. When the others would have taken his life, he sought shelter under the cloak of the Lady Sophia, and she screened him, and contrived that the vanquished one should obtain the assistance of a master in song, so as in the space of a year to offer himself again to the contest. He now traveled about, and went also into Hungary, where he saw the renowned Klingsor observing the stars. He laid the matter before him, and the necromancer promised to come at the end of a year, if he should by that time have observed all the stars, for before then he would not stir from his place. Heinrich had on this account suffered much sorrow and care. He waited one

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moon after another. The year was nearly gone, and he learned that Klingsor was still counting the stars at home. But on the very day on which the contest of song was to take place in the Knights-House, Klingsor caused himself to be carried by his spirits to Thüringen, and proceeded towards the Wartburg in the guise of a bishop. The contest had commenced. First Wolfram began, and then Klingsor sang with great skill of the nature of the heavenly spheres, of the course of the stars, and of the movement of the planets. Wolfram knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Then he in his turn praised the glory of God, and proclaimed how the Word had become flesh, and how our Lord Jesus Christ had given his blood for Christendom, as a pledge and earnest of eternal blessedness. Klingsor knew nothing of all this, and was obliged to be silent. Klingsor now summoned his servant, the devil Nasian, who appeared with four books in a bright glare of fire. Wolfram, when he saw his opponent lose courage, proceeded triumphantly, 'God is the highest being, and God is the Lord of all worlds.' 'Dost thou know all worlds?' asked Nasian; and Wolfram looked at him embarrassed. 'Schnipp, schnapp!' then cried Nasian; 'thou art a layman. How dost thou know that God is the Lord of all worlds, if thou dost not know how many worlds there are?' And he wrote on the wall with his finger, as with a glowing coal, 'Wolfram is vanquished!' The Landgrave then decided that neither had surpassed the other, and allowed Klingsor to leave the court laden with precious gifts. Thus were saved Wolfram's honor and Ofterdingen's life. That is the history of the Wartburg contest. — Another famous Master-Singer is Dr.

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Frauenlob from Meissen. He extolled in immortal songs the beauty and virtue of women; and out of gratitude the women of Mainz bore him to the grave, since it was fit their virtue should display itself to him, not only during his life, but in his death. In the cathedral is his tombstone, which the women moistened with tears and with wine.”

“Then the art of singing, with which you are now occupied, you derive from these twelve masters?”

“Yes, certainly. They instructed youths; and the scholars became masters in their turn; and so on down to our time. Whoever wishes to learn the art goes to a master who has once at least gained the prize in the Singing-School, and he instructs him without any fee. He teaches what it means to sing for the honor of Religion, and initiates him into the mysteries of the *Tabulature*, for so we call the laws of the art of poetry. When the scholar has mastered these, he petitions the society to be admitted a member, inasmuch as he is of commendable manners, and shows good will. On being received, he must ascend the singer’s chair in the church, and give a proof of his skill. If he succeeds, his wish is granted. He takes a most solemn vow to be ever true to the art; to maintain the honor of the society; always to bear himself peaceably; and not to profane any master-song by singing it aloud in the street. He then pays the registering money, and gives two measures of wine as a treat. In the ordinary meetings of the Master-Singers, and when they are assembled together in the tavern, secular songs are indeed allowed, but never at the school-festivals. The festivals of the schools take place three times a year, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, and at Christ-

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mas, in St. Catherine's Church. Here only such poems are recited, the subjects of which are taken from the Bible, or the sacred legends. He who sings with the fewest faults is here decorated with a golden chain; and he who comes next best after him, with a wreath. He, on the contrary, who is convicted of gross faults, must atone for them by a fine. Thus the life of the Master-Singers glides away amidst edifying songs; and if one is called away from the happy band, his companions assemble round his grave, and sing a farewell song to him."

As the clock of the Town Hall now struck, Vischer broke off. I supposed he would have taken me with him to St. Catherine's Church; but he promised to return in the course of an hour, as he must first put on another dress. He kept his word, and soon appeared completely clad in black silk, with a graceful cap. There was no fear of going wrong, as one had only to follow the train of people who were streaming towards the festival of the school. At the entrance of the little church, the sacristan held out his cap for drink-money. This was to prevent all the rabble from pressing in, and depriving respectable people of their edification. The church was beautifully decorated within, and from the choir, which the Emperor was to occupy, hung down a rich purple canopy. Most impressive was the appearance of the company of Master-Singers, seated all around upon the benches, some of them long-bearded old men (all of whom, however, still appeared vigorous); some beardless youths, who were all, nevertheless, as quiet and serious as if they belonged to the Seven Wise Men of Greece. All appeared in silk garments, green, blue, or black, with neatly plaited lace collars. Among the splendidly

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dressed masters was Hans Sachs, and his teacher Nunnbeck. A greater stillness could not have reigned during High Mass. Vischer and I were the only talkers, as he had to explain everything to me. By the side of the pulpit was the singer's chair. This chair, which the masters had had built at their own expense, and which to-day was ornamented with a gay carpet, was like a pulpit, only smaller. In the forepart of the choir a low platform had been erected, upon which stood a table and a desk. This was called the *Gemerke* (from the German *merken*, to mark); for here was the place for those who had to mark the faults which the singers committed, — in form, against the laws of the *Tabulature* — and in subject, by deviating from the Bible narrative and the legends of the saints. These people were called *Merker*, and there were three of them. Although the *Gemerke* was inclosed with black curtains, yet from my seat I could observe everything that went on there, and I saw hanging on one side of the platform the golden chain, to which several medals were attached, which was called the *Davidsgewinner* (the David's winner), and the wreath, which was made of silken flowers.

The noise of wheels was now heard before the entrance, and the Emperor Maximilian appeared with his whole train, and bore himself very graciously as he looked benignantly down from the choir. But he did not tarry long; for the divine art of singing did not seem to give him particular pleasure. When the Emperor made his appearance, everything was at once in active motion. A venerable master ascended the singer's chair, and from the *Gemerke* resounded the word, "Begin." It was Conrad Nachtigall, a locksmith, whose song was so

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yearning and plaintive, that he well deserved his name. Of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and of the founding of the New, he said much that was beautiful. I observed in the *Gemerke* how one of the masters followed him in the Bible, how another counted the syllables on his fingers, and the third wrote down what these two whispered to him from time to time. But the masters below were also attentive and quietly active. They were all engaged in a strange game with their fingers, in order to note accurately the measure of the verse. I perceived, by the shaking of their head, that here and there the reciter had gone wrong. After Master Nachtigall, the turn came to a youth named Fritz Kothner, a bell-founder, who had chosen the story of the creation as the subject of his poem. But here it could not be said, "And God saw that it was good." For the poor youth was embarrassed, and could not proceed, and a marker told him to leave the chair. "The master has sung wrong," whispered Vischer to me; and when I asked him why he was not allowed to continue his piece to the end, he explained to me that he had committed a grave fault. By this name they who possessed the science of the *Tabulature* designated an offense against the laws of rhyme. There were many strange names for faults; as *blind-meaning*, *clip-syllable*, *dock*, *mite*, *false flowers*. The terms for the various measures were indeed extraordinary; as the *black-ink* measure, the *departed glutton's* measure, the *Cupid's handbow* measure.

It was in the hedge-blossom measure that Leonhard Nunnenbeck, a venerable old man in a black garment, made his voice heard from the choir. His head was as smooth as the inside of my hand, and only his chin was

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ornamented with a snow-white beard. All heard him with wonder, as, in the style of the Apocalypse, he described the Lord, at whose throne the lion, the ox, the eagle, and the angel gave praise, and honor, and thanksgiving to Him who sits thereon, and lives from everlasting to everlasting; how the four-and-twenty elders cast down their crowns before the throne, and gave praise, and honor, and thanksgiving to Him by whose will all things have their being and were created; and how they have made their garments bright in the blood of the Lamb; and how the angels, who stood around the throne, around the elders, and around the four animals, fell on their faces and worshiped God.

When Nunnenbeck had ended, all were completely enraptured; and in particular the face of Hans Sachs, who was his grateful pupil, beamed with joy. He was proud of his teacher, as his teacher was of him. I too was pleased with the poem, which, however, was more sublime than beautiful. Now came forward, as the fourth and last singer, another youth. What he said was completely to my taste. He belonged, moreover, to the company of weavers, and was called Michael Behaim, and had seen many countries. His father had given himself the name of Behaim (Böhme), because he had come out of Bohemia into Franconia. With indefatigable efforts our Behaim cultivated the art of singing, and rightly compared himself to a miner, who laboriously digs, and seeks to obtain precious gold. He had never before come forward at a school-festival, as he resolved not to mount the singer's chair except with glory. Michael Behaim would doubtless have obtained the first prize, had not Nunnenbeck sung before.

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[The poem of Behaim, too long to quote, was one of those complicated analogies in which the good folk of the Middle Ages so delighted, but which seem vague and far-fetched to the readers of to-day.]

When Michael Behaim had recited his poem, the markers left their seats. The first marker went up to Nunnenbeck and, with a flattering congratulation, hung the David's-Prize round his neck, and the second marker decorated Behaim's head with the wreath, which became him well. These gifts, however, were not presents, but only marks of distinction for the celebration of the day. The festival in the church was now over, and all pressed forward with hearty sympathy to those who had received these marks of honor, in order to give them a joyful shake of the hand. I also could not deny myself the pleasure of offering my thanks aloud to the brave Behaim. Close by stood Hans Sachs, who accosted me in a friendly manner, and renewed the bond of friendship into which we had shortly before entered. I lamented that it had not been my luck to hear him; and that I must leave Nürnberg without having heard any other songs from his mouth than those which he had favored me with on the highway, when I was not exactly in a humor to hear them. "Dearest Herr Heller, come with us to the tavern, and you shall hear to your heart's content," he replied; and went with me arm-in-arm out of the church, which had gradually become vacant. It was the custom for the Master-Singers, particularly the younger ones, to betake themselves, after the school festival, to a neighboring tavern, where a joyous freedom prevailed, in the same degree that a religious seriousness had reigned in the church. The

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wine here drunk was at the cost, on the one hand, of the master Kothner, who paid for it as a penalty, on the other, of the master Behaim, who gave it in honor of having received the prize for the first time. Five measures of wine were given this day for the latter part of the entertainment. The Master-Singers, about sixteen in number, crossed the street in pairs, one behind the other, from the church to the tavern: the crowned Behaim led the procession. It was his duty here to maintain order, and they were all obliged to submit to him as to a marker. When the masters joined in a song of the whole company, he had the arrangement of it. The gayly attired guests contrasted strangely enough with the tavern, which equally within and without looked black with smoke and ruinous. There was nothing in the long room but tables and benches, and these were of the description which one generally finds in country gardens. But gay spirits and a good glass of wine caused all deficiencies to be overlooked. As far as the space permitted, the tables were placed in a row close by one another, and the singers seated themselves on both sides. At the top was Behaim; his throne was an armchair, and a wooden hammer his scepter for commanding silence. I sat by Hans Sachs: from the pressure of my neighbors I was pushed hard against him, so as to remark that his sleeves were stiffened with rods of fish bones, and this induced me to examine particularly his strange dress. The jacket was of sea-green stuff, with many slits in the breast, through which the dazzling whiteness of his shirt appeared, the plaited collar of which surrounded his neck in the form of a circle. The sleeves were of black satin, in which pointed incisions were tastefully

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made in regular lines, so that everywhere the white undergarment was seen through.

A small cask of wine was placed in the middle of the table, and one of the masters had the labor of drawing it, while the empty cups were reached to him incessantly. After much talking and laughing on various subjects, I reminded Nürnberg's most famous singer of the promise he had made me. He assented. Behaim knocked with his hammer, and then asked the assembled guests whether they would not attempt a contest in verse. No one made any objection. He asked again who was willing to sing, and three masters raised their hands — Behaim himself, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer. Hans Sachs was to propose a question for dispute; and, indeed, for my sake, as I had told him how constantly I had visited the workshops of the artists, and delighted myself with their productions, — he chose a subject alluding to this matter.

“My knowing friends, I pray you, say —
Whose art does highest skill display?”

[The carpenter Vischer speaks first and claims for his fellow workmen the glory of having built pleasure halls, mills, walls, the ark of Noah, the city of Jerusalem, the palace of Solomon, and even the labyrinthine house of Dædalus. Then comes Behaim, who claims the first place for the masons, the builders of town walls, forts, vaults, the leaning tower of Pisa, the temple of Jerusalem, the tower of Babel, the tomb of Mausolus, and, last of all, the pyramids. Finally Hans Sachs takes the stand and sings of the glorious work of the painter.]

“Let axe and chisel play their part,
They cannot vie with the Painter's art.
They only bring houses and towns to light,
Pile castles and watch-towers, dizzy in height.

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But he — what our God, by his word of power,
Call'd forth at creation's natal hour —
By mimic art to all time doth bequeath;
Trees, herbage, and flowers, in field and on heath;
The birds, as through the air they soar,
The human face with its living power:
The elements — he wields them well,
The rage of fire, the ocean's swell;
The devil he paints, and hell, and death,
And heaven, and angels who wait on God's breath.
All this by colors, now deep and now clear,
By his magical art can he cause to appear;
Each part wrought out with the finest shading,
A beautiful sketch his purpose aiding.
All things he can bring to your very view,
Not words could describe them more full and true.
On these must he ponder by day and by night,
For even in dreams his spirit is bright.
The treasures of fancy await his control,
For he glows with the poet's creative soul.
The knowledge of all things is at his command,
For they grow into life in his formative hand.
Who can fashion all things under heaven,
To him the master-craft is given."

Thus sang the poet; and his opponents were silent. Full of inward delight, I tapped him on the shoulder, and gave him to understand that he had spoken to me as if out of my own soul. All loaded him with marks of approbation, and not least Michael Behaim. He took off his wreath, and placed it on the head of Hans Sachs, Nürnberg's accomplished shoemaker.

JOHN GUTENBERG, INVENTOR OF PRINTING

[Middle of the sixteenth century]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

A GERMAN named John Gutenberg had been working away for many years, trying to invent a better process of making books than the slow, tiresome method of copying them by hand, letter by letter. When Gutenberg was a boy, this was the way in which all books were made. Moreover, they were generally written on parchment, and this added to the expense. The result was that a book was a costly article, and few people could afford to own one. After Gutenberg became a young man, a way of making books was invented which people thought was a most wonderful improvement. For each page the printer took a block of fine-grained wood, drew upon it whatever picture he was to print, then cut the wood away, leaving the outlines of the picture. By inking this and pressing it upon the paper he could print a page. Only one side of the paper was used, and so every pair of leaves had to be pasted together. At first only pictures were printed, but after a while some lettering was also done. Such books were called block books. Many were printed in this way whose pictures illustrated Bible history; and these were known as poor men's Bibles.

Although the block books were much less expensive than the books written by hand, still they were by no means cheap. It was long, slow work to cut a block for

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each page; and after as many books had been printed as were needed, the blocks were of no further use. Gutenberg wondered whether there was not some better way to print a book. He pondered and dreamed over the matter and made experiments. At last the idea which he sought came to him, an idea so simple that it seems strange no one had thought of it sooner. It was only to cut each letter on a separate piece of wood, form the letters into words, bind them together in the shape and size of a page, print as many copies as were desired, then separate the letters and use them in other books till they were worn out. Here was the great invention; but it was a long way from this beginning to a well-printed book.

Now people began to wonder what Gutenberg could be working at so secretly. In those days everything that was mysterious was explained as witchcraft; so the inventor, in order to avoid any such charge, made himself a workshop in a deserted monastery outside of the town. He had yet to learn how to make his types of metal, how to fasten them together firmly in forms, how to put on just enough ink, and how to make a press.

At length he carried through a great undertaking, — he printed a Latin Bible. This was completed in 1455, and was the first Bible ever printed. But Gutenberg was in trouble. He had not had the money needed to carry on this work without help, and he had been obliged to take a partner by the name of John Faust. Faust was disappointed in not making as much money as he had expected. The Bible had taken longer to complete and had cost more than Gutenberg had planned; and at length Faust brought a suit to recover what he had loaned. The judge decided in his favor, and every-

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thing that the inventor owned went to him. Gutenberg was left to begin again. Nevertheless he went on bravely with his printing, trying all the time to print better and better. By and by the Elector Adolphus of Nassau gave him a pension. This is all that is known of the last few years of his life. He died in 1468; but the art of printing lived. Printing-presses could hardly be set up fast enough, for every country wanted them. England, France, Holland, Germany had presses within a few years after the death of Gutenberg. The Jews carried one to Constantinople, and a century later even Russia had one.

So it was that the knowledge of printing flashed over Europe. The old Greek manuscripts were printed and sent from country to country. A Venetian printer named Aldo Manuzio issued especially accurate and well-made copies, which became known as the Aldine editions. The crusades had aroused people and made them ready and eager to learn. Now they found in the ancient writings of the Greeks and Romans nobler poems, more dignified histories, and more brilliant orations than they had known before. By this "New Learning," as it was called, men were stimulated to think. They felt as if they were brighter and keener than they used to be, as if they were not their old slow, dull selves, but were becoming quick and clear-minded. They felt so much as if they had just been born into a new, fresh world that the name Renaissance, or new birth, has been given to this period.

V

FROM THE REFORMATION TO
THE DEATH OF FREDERICK
THE GREAT

HISTORICAL NOTE

CHARLES V was Emperor of Germany when Luther raised the banner of spiritual revolt. He had little desire to embroil himself in a religious war with the Protestant states of Germany, and the new doctrines spread over the land with little hindrance, until the preponderance of power was in the hands of the Protestant princes. The religious war, so long delayed, broke out with terrible fury in 1618, and speedily resolved itself into a struggle for supremacy between the Protestant and the Catholic states of Germany. For thirty years armies marched back and forth through the land; agriculture and industry were neglected; villages and cities were burned; pestilence and famine swept over the country; lawlessness and cruelty were everywhere. At the close of the war, Germany was merely a group of states, each looking out for its own interests as best it might, and Austria came to be looked upon as a foreign country.

In 1701 Frederick, Elector of Brandenburg, was crowned as the first King of Prussia. He was succeeded by Frederick William I, who by the strictest economy was able to maintain a standing army of 83,000 men with a population of only 2,500,000, and who laid the foundation of Prussia's future greatness. His son Frederick II, afterwards known as Frederick the Great, came to the throne in 1740 at the age of twenty-eight. By the first Silesian War he won the province of Silesia from Austria. The desire of Maria Theresa, the Austrian queen, to regain her territory, led in 1756 to the Seven Years' War, wherein the great states of Russia, Austria, France, and Sweden united to crush the little Prussian monarchy. For seven years there was waged one of the most terrible wars of modern history, but the vigor and military genius of Frederick and the devotion of his people more than counterbalanced the power of his enemies, and in the end Austria was forced to conclude a peace that left matters unchanged. Before his death in 1786 Frederick had Prussia placed on an equal footing with the greatest powers of Europe.

MARTIN LUTHER AS A BOY

[About 1500]

BY MRS. ELIZABETH R. CHARLES

[MARTIN LUTHER was the son of a slate-cutter with little money to spare for the education of his son, and the boy student often won a meal by singing at the door of some hospitable house. At Eisenach, where he went to school, he lived with Frau Ursula Cotta, who appears in the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," the story from which the following selection is taken. He decided to become a monk, and entered the Augustine monastery. At the age of twenty-four he became a priest, then a professor of philosophy in the University of Wittenberg, and in 1512 he was made a doctor of theology. Before this he had become dissatisfied with the Church system of penance and indulgence, and in 1517 he nailed to the church door in Wittenberg ninety-five theses on this subject. Other publications to the same effect followed. Luther was excommunicated by the Pope and his writings were publicly burned. Thereupon he burned with equal publicity the Pope's bull of excommunication. On the appeal of the Pope, the Emperor Charles V, as protector of the Church, summoned Luther to a Diet, or meeting of German nobles, princes, and clergy, at the city of Worms. Here he explained and defended his views, ending with the famous declaration, "There I take my stand. I can do naught else. So help me, God. Amen." To save him from danger, his friend, the Elector of Saxony, seized him as he was passing through the Thuringian Forest, and carried him to the Castle of the Wartburg at Eisenach. Here he remained for ten months, translating the New Testament into German. He laid aside his cowl and married a nun who also had renounced her vows.

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Every effort was made to suppress the teachings of Luther, but they spread rapidly and led to the establishment of the Protestant churches.

The Editor.]

THESE are nearly all the people I know well, except, indeed, Martin Luther, the miner's son, to whom Aunt Ursula Cotta has been so kind. He is dear to us all as one of our own family. He is about the same age as Fritz, who thinks there is no one like him. And he has such a voice, and is so religious, and yet so merry withal; at least at times. It was his voice and his devout ways which first drew Aunt Ursula's attention to him. She has seen him often at the daily prayers at church. He used to sing as a chorister with the boys of the Latin school of the parish of St. George, where Fritz and he studied. The ringing tones of his voice, so clear and true, often attracted Aunt Ursula's attention; and he always seemed so devout. But we knew little about him. He was very poor, and had a pinched, half-starved look when first we noticed him. Often I have seen him on the cold winter evenings singing about the streets for alms, and thankfully receive a few pieces of broken bread and meat at the doors of the citizens; for he was never a bold and impudent beggar as some of the scholars are. Our acquaintance with him, however, began one day which I remember well. I was at Aunt Ursula's house, which is in George Street, near the church and school. I had watched the choir of boys singing from door to door through the street. No one had given them anything: they looked disappointed and hungry. At last they stopped before the window where Aunt Ursula and I were sitting with her little boy. That clear, high, ringing

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voice was there again. Aunt Ursula went to the door and called Martin in, and then she went herself to the kitchen, and after giving him a good meal himself, sent him away with his wallet full, and told him to come again very soon. After that, I suppose, she consulted with Cousin Conrad Cotta, and the result was that Martin Luther became an inmate of their house, and has lived among us familiarly since then like one of our own cousins.

He is wonderfully changed since that day. Scarcely any one would have thought then what a joyous nature his is. The only thing in which it seemed then to flow out was in his clear true voice. He was subdued and timid like a creature that had been brought up without love. Especially he used to be shy with young maidens, and seemed afraid to look into a woman's face. I think they must have been very severe with him at home. Indeed, he confessed to Fritz that he had often, as a child, been beaten till the blood came, for trifling offenses such as taking a nut, and that he was afraid to play in his parents' presence. And yet he would not bear a word reflecting on his parents. He says his mother is the most pious woman in Mansfeld, where his family live, and his father denied himself in every way to maintain and educate his children, especially Martin, who is to be the learned man of the family. His parents are inured to hardship themselves, and believe it to be the best early discipline for boys. Certainly poor Martin had enough of hardship here. But that may be the fault of his mother's relations at Eisenach, who, they hoped, would have been kind to him, but who do not seem to have cared for him at all. At one time he told

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Fritz he was so pinched and discouraged by the extreme poverty he suffered, that he thought of giving up study in despair, and returning to Mansfeld to work with his father at the smelting furnaces, or in the mines under the mountains. Yet indignant tears start to his eyes if any one ventures to hint that his father might have done more for him. He was a poor digger in the mines, he told Fritz, and often he had seen his mother carrying firewood on her shoulders from the pine woods near Mansfeld.

But it was in the monastic schools, no doubt, that he learned to be so shy and grave. He had been taught to look on married life as a low and evil thing; and, of course, we all know it cannot be so high and pure as the life in the convent. I remember now his look of wonder when Aunt Ursula, who is not fond of monks, said to him one day, "There is nothing on earth more lovely than the love of husband and wife, when it is in the fear of God."

In the warmth of her bright and sunny heart, his whole nature seemed to open like the flowers in summer. And now there is none in our circle so popular and sociable as he is. He plays on the lute, and sings as we think no one else can. And our children all love him, he tells them such strange, beautiful stories about enchanted gardens and crusaders, and about his own childhood among the pine forests and the mines.

It is from Martin Luther, indeed, that I have heard more than from any one else, except from our grandmother, of the great world beyond Eisenach. He has lived already in three other towns, so that he is quite a traveler, and knows a great deal of the world, although

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he is not yet twenty. Our father has certainly told us wonderful things about the great islands beyond the seas which the Admiral Columbus discovered, and which will one day, he is sure, be found to be only the other side of the Indies and Tokay and Arabia. Already the Spaniards have found gold in those islands, and our father has little doubt that they are the Ophir from which King Solomon's ships brought the gold for the Temple. Also, he has told us about the strange lands in the south, in Africa, where the dwarfs live, and the black giants, and the great hairy men who climb the trees and make nests there, and the dreadful men-eaters, and the people who have their heads between their shoulders. But we have not yet met with any one who has seen all these wonders, so that Martin Luther and our grandmother are the greatest travelers Fritz and I are acquainted with.

Martin was born at Eisleben. His mother's is a burgher family. Three of her brothers live here at Eisenach, and here she was married. But his father came of a peasant race. His grandfather had a little farm of his own at Mora, among the Thuringian pine forests; but Martin's father was the second son; their little property went to the eldest, and he became a miner, went to Eisleben, and then settled at Mansfeld, near the Hartz Mountains, where the silver and copper lie buried in the earth.

At Mansfeld, Martin Luther lived until he was nineteen. I should like to see the place. It must be so strange to watch the great furnaces where they fuse the copper and smelt the precious silver, gleaming through the pine woods, for they burn all through the night in

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the clearings of the forest. When Martin was a little boy he may have watched by them with his father, who now has furnaces and a foundry of his own. Then there are the deep pits under the hills, out of which come from time to time troops of grim-looking miners. Martin is fond of the miners; they are such a brave and hearty race, and they have fine bold songs and choruses of their own which he can sing, and wild original pastimes. Chess is a favorite game with them. They are thoughtful, too, as men may well be who dive into the secrets of the earth. Martin, when a boy, had often gone into the dark, mysterious pits and winding caverns with them, and seen the veins of precious ore. He has also often seen foreigners of various nations. They come from all parts of the world to Mansfeld for silver, — from Bavaria and Switzerland, and even from the beautiful Venice, which is a city of palaces, where the streets are canals filled by the blue sea, and instead of wagons they use boats, from which people land on the marble steps of the palaces. All these things Martin has heard described by those who have really seen them, besides what he has seen himself. His father also frequently used to have the schoolmasters and learned men at his house, that his sons might profit by their wise conversation. But I doubt if he can have enjoyed this so much. It must have been difficult to forget the rod with which he was beaten fourteen times in one morning, so as to feel sufficiently at ease to enjoy their conversation. Old Count Gunther of Mansfeld thinks much of Martin's father, and often used to send for him to consult him about the mines.

Their house at Mansfeld stood at some distance from the schoolhouse, which was on the hill, so that, when he

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was little, an older boy used to be kind to him, and carry him in his arms to school. I dare say that was in winter, when his little feet were swollen with chilblains, and his poor mother used to go up to the woods to gather fagots for the hearth.

His mother must be a very good and holy woman, but not, I fancy, quite like our mother; rather more like Aunt Agnes; I think I should have been rather afraid of her. Martin says she is very religious. He honors and loves her very much, although she was very strict with him, and once, he told Fritz, beat him, for taking a nut from their stores, until the blood came. She must be a brave, truthful woman, who would not spare herself or others; but I think I should have felt more at home with his father, who used so often to kneel beside Martin's bed at night, and pray God to make him a good and useful man. Martin's father, however, does not seem so fond of the monks and nuns, and is therefore, I suppose, not so religious as his mother is. He does not at all wish Martin to become a priest or a monk, but to be a great lawyer, or doctor, or professor at some university.

Mansfeld, however, is a very holy place. There are many monasteries and nunneries there, and in one of them two of the countesses were nuns. There is also a castle there, and our St. Elizabeth worked miracles there as well as here. The devil also is not idle at Mansfeld. A wicked old witch lived close to Martin's house, and used to frighten and distress his mother much, bewitching the children so they nearly cried themselves to death. Once, even, it is said, the Devil himself got up into the pulpit, and preached, of course in disguise. But in all the legends it is the same. The Devil never seems so busy as

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where the saints are, which is another reason why I feel how difficult it would be to be religious.

Martin had a sweet voice, and loved music as a child, and he used often to sing at people's doors as he did here. Once, at Christmas time, he was singing carols from village to village among the woods with other boys, when a peasant came to the door of his hut, where they were singing and said in a loud gruff voice, "Where are you, boys?" The children were so frightened that they scampered away as fast as they could, and only found out afterwards that the man with a rough voice had a kind heart, and had brought them out some sausages. Poor Martin was used to blows in those days, and had good reason to dread them. It must have been pleasant, however, to hear the boys' voices caroling through the woods about Jesus born at Bethlehem. Voices echo so strangely among the silent pine forests.

When Martin was thirteen he left Mansfeld and went to Magdeburg, where the Archbishop Ernest lives, the brother of our elector, who has a beautiful palace, and twelve trumpeters to play to him always when he is at dinner. Magdeburg must be a magnificent city, very nearly, we think, as grand as Rome itself. There is a great cathedral there, and knights and princes and many soldiers, who prance about the streets; and tournaments and splendid festivals. But our Martin heard more than he saw of all this. He and John Reineck of Mansfeld (a boy older than himself, who is one of his greatest friends), went to the school of the Franciscan Cloister, and had to spend their time with the monks, or sing about the streets for bread, or in the churchyard when the Franciscans in their gray robes went there to fulfil

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their office of burying the dead. But it was not for him, the miner's son, to complain, when, as he says, he used to see a Prince of Anhalt going about the streets in a cowl begging bread, with a sack on his shoulders like a beast of burden, insomuch that he was bowed to the ground. The poor prince, Martin said, had fasted and watched and mortified his flesh until he looked like an image of death, with only skin and bones. Indeed, shortly after he died.

At Magdeburg also, Martin saw the picture of which he has often told us. "A great ship was painted, meant to signify the Church, wherein there was no layman, not even a king or prince. There were none but the pope with his cardinals and bishops in the prow, with the Holy Ghost hovering over them, the priests and monks with their oars at the side; and thus they were sailing on heavenward. The laymen were swimming along in the water around the ship. Some of them were drowning; some were drawing themselves up to the ship by means of ropes, which the monks, moved with pity, and making over their own good works did cast out to them to keep them from drowning, and to enable them to cleave to the vessel and to go with the others to heaven. There was no pope, nor cardinal, nor bishop, nor priest, nor monk in the water, but laymen only."

It must have been a very dreadful picture, and enough to make any one afraid of not being religious, or else to make one feel how useless it is for any one, except the monks and nuns, to try to be religious at all. Because however little merit any one had acquired, some kind monk might still be found to throw a rope out of the ship and help him in; and however many good works any

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layman might do, they would be of no avail to help him out of the flood, or even to keep him from drowning, unless he had some friend in a cloister.

I said Martin was merry; and so he is, with the children, or when he is cheered with music or singing. And yet, on the whole, I think he is rather grave, and often he looks very thoughtful, and even melancholy. His merriment does not seem to be so much from carelessness as from earnestness of heart, so that whether he is telling a story to the little ones, or singing a lively song, his whole heart is in it, — in his play as well as in his work.

In his studies Fritz says there is no one at Eisenach near him, whether in reciting, or writing prose or verse, or translating, or church music.

Master Trebonius, the head of St. George's school, is a very learned man and very polite. He takes off his hat, Fritz says, and bows to his scholars when he enters the school, for he says that "among these boys are burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magistrates." This must be very different from the masters at Mansfeld. Master Trebonius thinks very much of Martin. I wonder if he and Fritz will be burgomasters or doctors one day.

Martin is certainly very religious for a boy, and so is Fritz. They attend mass very regularly, and confession, and keep the fasts.

From what I have heard Martin say, however, I think he is as much afraid of God and Christ and the dreadful day of wrath and judgment as I am. Indeed I am sure he feels, as every one must, there would be no hope for us were it not for the Blessed Mother of God who may

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remind her Son how she nursed and cared for him and move him to have some pity.

But Martin has been at the University of Erfurt nearly two years, and Fritz has now left us to study there with him, and we shall have no more music, and the children no more stories until no one knows when.

THE SACKING OF MAGDEBURG

[1631]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[IN the earlier part of the Thirty Years' War, the Emperor had by far the best generals, and as a result the Protestant Union was beaten in almost every battle. The friends of the League long hoped that Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, would come to its aid; but his hands were full in guarding his own country. At length the Emperor became so strong that even in defense of Sweden it seemed necessary to oppose him, and Gustavus led his army into Germany. The German princes were not at all inclined to follow a foreign leader; but after all the horrors of Magdeburg they forgot everything except that their only hope was in union.

The Editor.]

ON the 30th of March, 1631, Tilly returned, to push the siege with vigor. The outworks were soon carried, and Falkenburg, after withdrawing the garrisons from the points which he could no longer hold, destroyed the bridge over the Elbe. As his troops were barely sufficient to defend the extensive fortifications, the suburbs of Sudenburg and Neustadt were abandoned to the enemy, who immediately laid them in ashes. Pappenheim, now separated from Tilly, crossed the Elbe at Schonenbeck, and attacked the town from the opposite side.

The garrison, reduced by the defense of the outworks, scarcely exceeded two thousand infantry and a few hundred horse. To supply this deficiency, the citizens were armed — a desperate expedient, which produced more

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evils than those it prevented. The citizens, at best but indifferent soldiers, by their disunion threw the town into confusion. The poor complained that they were exposed to every hardship and danger, while the rich, by hiring substitutes, remained at home in safety. These rumors broke out at last in an open mutiny; indifference succeeded to zeal. Weariness and negligence took the place of vigilance and foresight. Dissension, combined with growing scarcity, gradually produced a feeling of despondence, many began to tremble at the desperate nature of their undertaking, and the magnitude of the power to which they were opposed. But religious zeal, an ardent love of liberty, an invincible hatred to the Austrian yoke, and the expectation of speedy relief, banished as yet the idea of a surrender; and divided as they were in everything else, they were united in the resolve to defend themselves to the last extremity.

Their hopes of succor were apparently well founded. They knew that the confederacy of Leipzig was arming; they were aware of the near approach of Gustavus Adolphus. Both were alike interested in the preservation of Magdeburg; and a few days might bring the King of Sweden before its walls. All this was also known to Tilly, who, therefore, was anxious to make himself speedily master of the place. With this view, he had despatched a trumpeter with letters to the Administrator, the commandant, and the magistrates, offering terms of capitulation; but he received for answer, that they would rather die than surrender. A spirited sally of the citizens also convinced him that their courage was as earnest as their words, while the king's arrival at Pots-

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dam with the incursions of the Swedes as far as Zerbst, filled him with uneasiness, but raised the hopes of the garrison. A second trumpeter was now dispatched; but the more moderate tone of his demands increased the confidence of the besieged, and unfortunately their negligence also.

The besiegers had now pushed their approaches as far as the ditch, and vigorously cannonaded the fortifications from the abandoned batteries. One tower was entirely overthrown, but this did not facilitate an assault, as it fell sidewise upon the wall, and not into the ditch. Notwithstanding the continual bombardment, the walls had not suffered much; and the fire balls, which were intended to set the town in flames, were prevented of their effect by the excellent precautions adopted against them. But the ammunition of the besieged was nearly expended, and the cannon of the town gradually ceased to answer the fire of the Imperialists. Before a new supply could be obtained, Magdeburg would be either relieved or taken. The hopes of the besieged were on the stretch, and all eyes anxiously directed toward the quarter in which the Swedish banners were expected to appear. Gustavus Adolphus was near enough to reach Magdeburg within three days; security grew with hope, which all things contributed to augment. On the 9th of May, the fire of the Imperialists was suddenly stopped, and the cannon withdrawn from several of the batteries. A death-like stillness reigned in the imperial camp. The besieged were convinced that deliverance was at hand. Both citizens and soldiers left their posts upon the ramparts early in the morning, to indulge themselves, after their long toils,

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with the refreshment of sleep, but it was indeed a dear sleep and a frightful awakening.

Tilly had abandoned the hope of taking the town, before the arrival of the Swedes, by the means which he had hitherto adopted; he therefore determined to raise the siege, but first to hazard a general assault. This plan, however, was attended with great difficulties, as no breach had been effected, and the works were scarcely injured. But the council of war assembled on this occasion declared for an assault, citing the example of Maestricht, which had been taken early in the morning, while the citizens and soldiers were reposing themselves. The attack was to be made simultaneously on four points; the night betwixt the 9th and 10th of May was employed in the necessary preparations. Everything was ready and awaiting the signal, which was to be given by cannon at five o'clock in the morning. The signal, however, was not given for two hours later, during which Tilly, who was still doubtful of success, again consulted the council of war. Pappenheim was ordered to attack the works of the new town, where the attempt was favored by a sloping rampart, and a dry ditch of moderate depth. The citizens and soldiers had mostly left the walls, and the few who remained were overcome with sleep. This general, therefore, found little difficulty in mounting the wall at the head of his troops.

Falkenburg, roused by the report of musketry, hastened from the townhouse, where he was employed in dispatching Tilly's second trumpeter, and hurried with all the force he could hastily assemble towards the gate of the new town, which was already in the possession of the enemy. Beaten back, this intrepid general flew to

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another quarter, where a second party of the enemy were preparing to scale the walls. After an ineffectual resistance he fell in the commencement of the action. The roaring of musketry, the pealing of the alarm-bells, and the growing tumult apprised the awakening citizens of their danger. Hastily arming themselves, they rushed in blind confusion against the enemy. Still some hope of repulsing the besiegers remained; but the governor being killed, their efforts were without plan and coöperation, and at last their ammunition began to fail them. In the mean while, two other gates, hitherto unattacked, were stripped of their defenders, to meet the urgent danger within the town. The enemy quickly availed themselves of this confusion to attack these posts. The resistance was nevertheless spirited and obstinate, until four imperial regiments, at length, masters of the ramparts, fell upon the garrison in the rear and completed their rout. Amidst the general tumult, a brave captain named Schmidt, who still headed a few of the more resolute against the enemy, succeeded in driving them to the gates; here he fell mortally wounded, and with him expired the hopes of Magdeburg. Before noon, all the works were carried, and the town was in the enemy's hands.

Two gates were now opened by the storming party for the main body, and Tilly marched in with part of his infantry. Immediately occupying the principal streets, he drove the citizens with pointed cannon into their dwellings there to await their destiny. They were not long held in suspense: a word from Tilly decided the fate of Magdeburg.

Even a more humane general would in vain have

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recommended mercy to such soldiers; but Tilly never made the attempt. Left by their general's silence masters of the lives of all the citizens, the soldiery broke into the houses to satiate their most brutal appetites. The prayers of innocence excited some compassion in the hearts of the Germans, but none in the rude breasts of Pappenheim's Walloons. Scarcely had the savage cruelty commenced, when the other gates were thrown open, and the cavalry, with the fearful hordes of the Croats, poured in upon the devoted inhabitants.

Here commenced a scene of horrors for which history has no language — poetry no pencil. Neither innocent childhood, nor helpless old age; neither youth, sex, rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Wives were abused in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents; and the defenseless sex exposed to the double sacrifice of virtue and life. No situation, however obscure, or however sacred, escaped the rapacity of the enemy. In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheim's Walloons with stabbing infants at the mother's breast. Some officers of the League, horror-struck at this dreadful scene, ventured to remind Tilly that he had it in his power to stop the carnage. "Return in an hour," was his answer; "I will see what I can do; the soldier must have some reward for his danger and toils." These horrors lasted with unabated fury, till at last the smoke and flames proved a check to the plunderers. To augment the confusion and to divert the resistance of the inhabitants, the Imperialists had, in the commencement of the assault, fired the town in

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several places. The wind rising rapidly, spread the flames, till the blaze became universal. Fearful, indeed, was the tumult amid clouds of smoke, heaps of dead bodies, the clash of swords, the crash of falling ruins, and streams of blood. The atmosphere glowed; and the intolerable heat forced at last even the murderers to take refuge in their camp. In less than twelve hours, this strong, populous, and flourishing city, one of the finest in Germany, was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses. The administrator, Christian William, after receiving several wounds, was taken prisoner, with three of the burgomasters; most of the officers and magistrates had already met an enviable death. The avarice of the officers had saved four hundred of the richest citizens, in the hope of extorting from them an exorbitant ransom. But this humanity was confined to the officers of the League, whom the ruthless barbarity of the Imperialists caused to be regarded as guardian angels.

Scarcely had the fury of the flames abated, when the Imperialists returned to renew the pillage amid the ruins and ashes of the town. Many were suffocated by the smoke; many found rich booty in the cellars, where the citizens had concealed their more valuable effects. On the 13th of May, Tilly himself appeared in the town, after the streets had been cleared of ashes and dead bodies. Horrible and revolting to humanity was the scene that presented itself. The living crawling from under the dead, children wandering about with heart-rending cries, calling for their parents; and infants still sucking the breasts of their lifeless mothers. More than six thousand bodies were thrown into the Elbe to clear

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the streets; a much greater number had been consumed by the flames. The whole number of the slain was reckoned at not less than thirty thousand.

The entrance of the general, which took place on the 14th, put a stop to the plunder, and saved the few who had hitherto contrived to escape. About a thousand people were taken out of the cathedral, where they had remained three days and two nights, without food, and in momentary fear of death. Tilly promised them quarter, and commanded bread to be distributed among them. The next day a solemn mass was performed in the cathedral, and the *Te Deum* sung amidst the discharge of artillery. The imperial general rode through the streets, that he might be able, as an eyewitness, to inform his master that no such conquest had been made since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem. Nor was this an exaggeration, whether we consider the greatness, importance, and prosperity of the city razed, or the fury of its ravagers.

THE GIANT REGIMENT OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I OF PRUSSIA

[Between 1713 and 1740]

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

TRULY they are men supreme in discipline, in beauty of equipment, and the shortest man of them rises, I think, toward seven feet; some are nearly nine feet high. Men from all countries; a hundred and odd come annually, as we saw, from Russia — a very precious windfall; the rest have been collected, crimped, purchased out of every European country at enormous expense, not to speak of other trouble to His Majesty. James Kirkman, an Irish recruit of good inches, cost him £1200 before he could be got inveigled, shipped, and brought safe to hand. The documents are yet in existence; and the Portrait of this Irish fellow citizen himself, who is by no means a beautiful man. Indeed, they are all portrayed — all the privates of this distinguished Regiment are, if anybody cared to look at them. “Redivanoff from Moscow” seems of far better bone than Kirkman, though still more stolid of aspect. One Hohmann, a born Prussian, was so tall, you could not, though you yourself tall, touch his bare crown with your hand; August the Strong of Poland tried, on one occasion, and could not. Before Hohmann turned up, there had been “Jonas; the Norwegian Blacksmith,” also a dreadfully tall monster. Giant “Macdoll” — who was to be married, no consent asked on either side, to the tall young

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woman, which latter turned out to be a decrepit *old* woman (all Jest-Books know the myth)¹ — he also was an Irish Giant, his name probably M'Dowal. This Hohmann was now *Flügelmann* ("fugleman," as we have named it, leader of the file), the Tallest of the Regiment, a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone.

Tall men, not for this regiment only, had become a necessary of life to Friedrich Wilhelm — indispensable to him almost as his daily bread. To his heart there is no road so ready as that of presenting a tall man or two. Friedrich Wilhelm's regiments are now, by his exact new regulations, levied and recruited each in its own Canton or specific district: there all males, as soon as born, are enrolled, liable to serve when they have grown to years and strength. All grown men (under certain exceptions, as of a widow's eldest son, or of the like evidently ruinous cases) are liable to serve; Captain of the Regiment and *Amtmann* of the Canton settle between them which grown man it shall be. Better for you not to be tall! In fact, it is almost a kindness of Heaven to be gifted with some safe impediment of body, slightly crooked back or the like, if you much dislike the career of honor under Friedrich Wilhelm. A general shadow of unquiet apprehension we can well fancy hanging over those rural populations, and much unpleasant haggling now and then; nothing but the King's justice that can

¹ This refers to the story that the king ordered a very tall woman to carry a note to the colonel of the Guard. Tall folk had to look out for themselves in the days of Frederick William, and she shrewdly guessed what was in it, — namely, a command for the tallest unmarried guardsman to become her husband on the instant. She induced a tiny little old woman to deliver the note. The colonel was obedient, and the marriage took place; but the despotic sovereign was outwitted for once.

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be appealed to — King's justice very great indeed, but heavily checked by the King's value for handsome soldiers. . . .

At any rate, enrollment in time of peace cannot fall on many: three or four recruits in the year, to replace vacancies, will carry the Canton through its crisis; for we are to note withal, the third part of every regiment can, and should by rule, consist of "foreigners" — men not born Prussians. These are generally men levied in the Imperial Free Towns — in "the *Reich*," or Empire, as they term it; that is to say, in the countries of Germany that are not Austrian or Prussian. For this foreign third part, too, the recruits must be got; excuses not admissible for Captain and Colonel (supporting their enterprise on frugal adequate "perquisites," hinted of above) have to be on the outlook, vigilantly, eagerly, and must contrive to have them. Nay, we can take supernumerary recruits, and have in fact, always on hand, attached to each regiment, a stock of such. Any number of recruits that stand well on their legs are welcome; and for a tall man there is joy in Potsdam, almost as if he were a wise man or a good man.

The consequence is, all countries, especially all German countries, are infested with a new species of predatory two-legged animals — Prussian recruiters. They glide about, under disguise if necessary. Better not to be too tall, in any country, at present! Irish Kirkman could not be protected by the ægis of the British Constitution itself. In general, however, the Prussian recruiter on British ground reports that the people are too well off; that there is little to be done in those parts. A tall British sailor, if we pick him up strolling about Memel

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or the Baltic ports, is inexorably claimed by the Diplomats; no business doable till after restoration of him; and he proves a mere loss to us. Germany, Holland, Switzerland, the Netherlands, these are the fruitful fields for us, and there we do hunt with some vigor.

For example, in the town of Jülich there lived and worked a tall young carpenter. One day a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman ("Baron von Hompesch," the records name him) enters the shop; wants "a stout chest, with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point — in fact, it will be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann; what is the cost; when can it be ready?" Cost, time, and the rest are settled. "A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size; if too short, it will be of no use to me, mind!" "*Ja wohl! Gewiss!*" and the positive-looking, well-clad gentleman goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready; we hope, an unexceptionable article? "Too short, as I dreaded," says the positive gentleman. "Nay, your Honor," says the carpenter, "I am certain it is six feet six," and takes out his foot-rule. "Pshaw! it was to be longer than yourself." "Well, so it is." "No, it is n't." The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into his chest, and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place, and find — horrible to relate, the poor carpenter dead; choked by want of air in this

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frightful middle passage of his. Name of the town is given, Jülich as above; date not. And if the thing had been only a popular myth, is it not a significant one? But it is too true; the tall carpenter lay dead, and Hompesch got "imprisoned for life" by the business.

Burgermeisters of small Towns have been carried off; in one case, "a rich merchant in Magdeburg," whom it cost a large sum to get free again. Prussian recruiters hover about barracks, parade-grounds, in Foreign Countries, and if they see a tall soldier (the Dutch have had instances, and are indignant at them) will persuade him to desert — to make for the Country where soldier-merit is understood and a tall fellow of parts will get his pair of colors in no time. .

But the highest stretch of their art was probably that done on the Austrian Ambassador — tall Herr von Bentenrieder — tallest of Diplomats; whom Fassman, till the Fair of St. Germain, had considered the tallest of men. Bentenrieder was on his road as Kaiser's Ambassador to George I, in those Congress of Cambrai times, serenely journeying on, when, near by Halberstadt, his carriage broke. Carriage takes some time in mending; the tall Diplomatic Herr walks on, will stretch his long legs, catch a glimpse of the Town withal, till they get it ready again. And now, at some Guard-house of the place, a Prussian Officer inquires, not too reverently of a nobleman without carriage, "Who are you?" "Well," answered he, smiling, "I am *Botschafter* (Message-bearer) from His Imperial Majesty. And who may you be that ask?" "To the Guard-house with us!" whither he is marched accordingly. "Kaiser's messenger, why not?" Being a most tall, handsome man, this

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Kaiser's *Botschafter*, striding along on foot here, the Guard-house Officials have decided to keep him, to teach him Prussian drill exercise, and are thrown into a singular quandary when his valets and suite come up, full of alarm dissolving into joy, and call him "Excellenz!"

THE CHILDHOOD OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

[About 1720]

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

ALREADY, a year before this time, there had been instituted for express behoof of little Fritz, a miniature Soldier Company above a hundred strong, which grew afterward to be near three hundred, and, indeed, rose to be a permanent Institution by degrees, called *Compagnie der Kronprinzlichen Kadetten* (Company of Crown-Prince Cadets). A hundred and ten boys about his own age, sons of noble families, had been selected from the three Military Schools then extant, as a kind of tiny regiment for him, where, if he was by no means commander at once, he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. Czar Peter, it is likely, took a glance at this tiny regiment just getting into rank and file there, which would remind the Czar of his own young days. An experienced Lieutenant-Colonel was appointed to command-in-chief. A certain handy and correct young fellow, Rentzel by name, about seventeen, who already knew his fudging to a hair's-breadth, was Drill-master, and exercised them all, Fritz especially, with due strictness, till, in the course of time and attainments, Fritz could himself take the head charge, which he did in a year or two; a little soldier thenceforth, properly strict, though of small dimensions, in tight blue bit of coat and cocked hat, miniature image of Papa (it is

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fondly hoped and expected), resembling him as a sixpence does a half-crown. In 1721, the assiduous Papa set up a "little arsenal" for him "in the Orange Hall of the Palace"; there let him, with perhaps a chosen comrade or two, mount batteries, fire exceedingly small brass ordnance, his Engineer-Teacher, one Major von Senning, limping about (on cork leg), and superintending if needful.

Rentzel, it is known, proved an excellent Drill-sergeant; had good talents every way, and was a man of probity and sense. He played beautifully on the flute, too, and had a cheerful, conversible turn, which naturally commended him still farther to Fritz, and awoke or encouraged, among other faculties, the musical faculty in the little boy. Rentzel continued about him or in sight of him through life, advancing gradually, not too fast, according to real merit and service (Colonel in 1759), and never did discredit to the choice Friedrich Wilhelm had made of him. Of Senning, too, Engineer-Major von Senning, who gave Fritz his lessons in Mathematics, Fortification, and the kindred branches, the like or better can be said. He was of graver years; had lost a leg in the Marlborough Campaigns, poor gentleman, but had abundant sense, native worth, and cheery, rational talk in him so that he, too, could never be parted with by Friedrich, but was kept on hand to the last, a permanent and variously serviceable acquisition.

Thus, at least, is the military education of our Crown Prince cared for. And we are to fancy the little fellow, from his tenth year or earlier, going about in miniature soldier figure for most part — in strict Spartan-Bran-

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denburg costume of body as of mind — costume little flattering to his own private taste for finery, yet by no means unwholesome to him, as he came afterward to know. In October, 1723, it is on record, when George I came to visit his Son-in-law and Daughter at Berlin, His Britannic Majesty looking out from his new quarters on the morrow, saw Fritzchen “drilling his Cadet Company,” a very pretty little phenomenon — drilling, with clear voice, military sharpness, and the precision of clockwork, on the Esplanade (*Lustgarten*) there; and doubtless the Britannic Majesty gave some grunt of acquiescence, perhaps even a smile, rare on that square, heavy-laden countenance of his. That is the record, and truly it forms for us by far the liveliest little picture we have got from those dull old years of European History; years already sunk or sinking into lonesome, unpeopled Dusk for all men, and fast verging toward vacant Oblivion and Eternal Night, which (if some few articles were once saved out of them) is their just and inevitable portion from afflicted human nature.

Of riding-masters, fencing-masters, swimming-masters, much less of dancing-masters (celebrated Graun “on the organ,” with Psalm-tunes), we cannot speak; but the reader may be satisfied they were all there, good of their kind, and pushing on at a fair rate. Nor is there lack anywhere of paternal supervision to our young Apprentice. From an early age Papa took the Crown Prince with him on his annual Reviews. From utmost Memel on the Russian border down to Wesel on the French, all Prussia, in every nook of it, garrison, marching-regiment, board of management, is rigorously reviewed by Majesty once a year. There travels little

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military Fritz beside the military Majesty, amid the generals and official persons, in their hardy Spartan manner, and learns to look into everything like a Rhadamanthine Argus, and how the eye of the master, more than all other appliances, fattens the cattle.

On his Hunts, too, Papa took him; for Papa was a famous hunter when at Wusterhausen in the season: hot Beagle-chase, hot Stag-hunt, your chief game deer; huge "Force-Hunt" (*Parforce-Jagd*, the woods all beaten, and your wild beasts driven into straits and Caudine Forks for you); Boar-hunting (*Sauhetze*, "sow-baiting," as the Germans call it), Partridge shooting, Fox-and-wolf hunting — on all grand expeditions of such sort little Fritz shall ride with Papa and party. Rough, furious riding; now on swift steed, now at places on *Wurstwagen* — *Wurstwagen*, "Sausage-car," so called, most Spartan of vehicles, a mere *stuffed pole* or "sausage" with wheels to it, on which you sit astride, a dozen or so of you, and career, regardless of the summer heat and sandy dust, of the winter's frost-storms and muddy rain. All this the little Crown-Prince is bound to do, but likes it less and less, some of us are sorry to observe! In fact, he could not take to hunting at all, or find the least of permanent satisfaction in shooting partridges and baiting sows, "with such an expenditure of industry and such damage to the seed-fields," he would sometimes allege in extenuation. In later years he has been known to retire into some glade of the thickets, and hold a little Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades while the sows were getting baited; or he would converse with Mamma and her Ladies, if Her Majesty chanced to be there in a day for open driving, which things by no

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means increase his favor with Papa, a sworn hater of "effeminate practices."

He was nourished on beer-soup, as we said before. Frugality, activity, exactitude, were lessons daily and hourly brought home to him in everything he did and saw. His very sleep was stingily meted out to him. "Too much sleep stupefies a fellow," Friedrich Wilhelm was wont to say; so that the very Doctors had to interfere in this matter for little Fritz. Frugal enough, hardy enough; urged in every way to look with indifference on hardship, and take a Spartan view of life.

Money-allowance completely his own he does not seem to have had till he was seventeen. Exiguous pocket-money, counted in *Groschen* (English *pence*, or hardly more), only his Kalkstein and Finkenstein could grant as they saw good; about eighteen pence in the month to start with, as would appear. The other small incidental moneys necessary for his use were likewise all laid out under sanction of his Tutors, and accurately entered in Daybooks by them, audited by Friedrich Wilhelm, of which some specimens remain, and one whole month, September, 1719 (the Boy's eighth year) has been published. Very singular to contemplate in these days of gold nuggets and irrational man-mountain fattened by mankind at such a price! The monthly amount appears to have been some £3 10s., and has gone, all but the eighteenpence of sovereign pocket-money, for small furnishings and very minute necessary luxuries, as thus: —

"To putting His Highness's shoes on the last," for stretching them to the little feet — and only one "last," as we perceive; "To twelve yards of Hair-tape" (*Haar-*

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band for our little queue, which becomes visible here); “For drink-money to the Postillions”; “For the Housemaids at Wusterhausen” (Don’t I pay them myself? objects the auditing Papa at that latter kind of items: No more of that); “For mending the flute, four *Groschen* (or pence)”; “Two boxes of Colors, sixteen ditto”; “For a livesnipe, twopence”; “For grinding the hanger” (little swordkin); “To a Boy whom the dog bit”; and chiefly of all, “To the *Klingbeutel*” (Collection-plate, or bag, at church) which comes upon us once, nay, twice, and even thrice, a week, eighteenpence each time, and eats deep into our straitened means.

On such terms can a little Fritz be nourished into Friedrich the Great, while irrational man-mountains, of the beaverish or beaverish-vulpine sort, take such a pride to fatten them into monstrosity. The Art-manufacture of your Friedrich can come very cheap, it would appear, if once Nature have done her part in regard to him, and there be more honest will on the part of the by-standers. Thus Samuel Johnson, too, cost next to nothing in the way of board and entertainment in this world; and a Robert Burns, remarkable modern Thor, a Peasant-god of those sunk ages, with a touch of melodious *runes* in him (since all else lay under ban for the poor fellow) was raised on frugal oatmeal at an expense of perhaps half a crown a week. Nuggets and ducats are divine, but they are not the most divine. I often wish the devil had the lion’s share of them at once and not circuitously as now. It would be an unspeakable advantage to the bewildered sons of Adam in this epoch.

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But with regard to our little Crown Prince's intellectual culture, there is another Document, specially from Papa's hand, which, if we can redact, adjust, and abridge it, as in the former case, may be worth the reader's notice, and elucidate some things for him. It is of date Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721, little Fritz now in his tenth year, and out there, with his Duhan and Finkensteins, while papa is rustivating for a few weeks. The essential Title is, or might be, —

To Head-Governor von Finkenstein, Sub-Governor von Kalkstein, Preceptor Jacques Egide Duhan de Jaudun, and others whom it may concern: Regulations for schooling at Wusterhausen, 3d September, 1721, in greatly abridged form.

Sunday. "On Sunday he is to rise at 7, and, as soon as he has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it" (that there be no deception or short measure palmed upon us) "in these words: 'Lord God, blessed Father, I thank thee from my heart that thou hast so graciously preserved me through this night. Fit me for what thy holy will is, and grant that I do nothing this day, nor all the days of my life, which can divide me from thee. For the Lord Jesus, my Redeemer's sake. Amen.' After which the Lord's Prayer; then rapidly and vigorously (*geschwinde und hurtig*) wash himself clean, dress, and powder, and comb himself": we forget to say that, while they are combing and queuing him, he breakfasts, with brevity, on tea. "Prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest, to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes," that is, at a quarter past 7.

"This finished, all his Domestic and Duhan shall come in and do family worship (*das grosse Gebet zu halten*): Prayer on their knees, Duhan withal to read a Chapter of the Bible, and sing some proper Psalm or Hymn (as practiced in well-regulated families); "it will then be a quarter to 8. All the Domestic then withdraw again, and Duhan now reads with

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my Son the Gospel of the Sunday, expounds it a little, adducing the main points of Christianity"; "questioning from Noltenius's Catechism" (which Fritz knows by heart): "it will then be 9.

"At 9 he brings my Son down to me, who goes to Church, and dines along with me" (dinner at the stroke of Noon); "the rest of the day is then his own" (Fritz's and Duhan's). "At half past 9 in the evening he shall come and bid me good-night; shall then directly go to his room; very rapidly (*sehr geschwind*) get off his clothes, wash his hands" (get into some tiny dressing-gown or *cassaquin*; no doubt), and so soon as that is done, Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, and sings a hymn, all the Servants being again there; "instantly after which my Son shall get into bed — shall be *in* bed at half past 10"; and fall asleep how soon, Your Majesty? This is very strict work.

Monday. "On Monday, as on all week-days, he is to be called at 6, and so soon as called he is to rise; you are to stand to him (*anhaltten*) that he do not loiter or turn in bed, but briskly and at once get up, and say his prayers the same as on Sunday morning. This done, he shall as rapidly as he can get on his shoes and spatterdashes, also wash his face and hands, but not with soap; farther, shall put on his *cassaquin*" (short dressing-gown), "have his hair combed out and queued, he shall at the same time take breakfast of tea, so that both jobs go on at once, and all this shall be ended before half past 6." Then enter Duhan and the Domestic with worship, Bible, Hymn, all as on Sunday; this is done by 7, and the Servants go again.

"From 7 till 9 Duhan takes him on History; at 9 comes Noltenius" (a sublime Clerical Gentleman from Berlin) with the "Christian Religion, till a quarter to 11. Then Fritz rapidly (*geschwind*) washes his face with water, hands with soap and water; clean shirt; powders, and puts on his coat; about 11 comes to the King; stays with the King till 2," perhaps promenading a little; dining always at Noon, after which His Majesty is apt to be slumberous, and light amusements are over.

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“Directly at 2 he goes back to his room. Duhan is there, ready; takes him upon the Maps and Geography from 2 to 3, giving account” (gradually) “of all the European Kingdoms; their strength and weakness; size, riches, and poverty of their towns. From 3 to 4, Duhan treats of Morality (*soll die Moral tractiren*). From 4 to 5, Duhan shall write German Letters with him, and see that he gets a good *stylum*” (which he never in the least did). “About 5, Fritz shall wash his hands, and go to the King; ride out; divert himself, in the air and not in his room, and do what he likes, if it is not against God.”

There, then, is a Sunday, and there is one Week-day, which latter may serve for all the other five, though they are strictly specified in the royal monograph, and every hour of them marked out: How, and at what points of time, besides this of *History*, of *Morality*, and *Writing in German*, of Maps and *Geography*, with the strength and weakness of Kingdoms, you are to take up *Arithmetic* more than once; *Writing of French Letters*, so as to acquire a good *stylum*, in what nook you may intercalate “a little getting by heart of something in order to strengthen the memory”; how, instead of Noltenius, Panzendorf (another sublime Reverend Gentleman from Berlin, who comes out express) gives the clerical drill on Tuesday morning; with which two onslaughts, of an hour and half each, the Clerical Gentlemen seem to withdraw for the week, and we hear no more of them till Monday and Tuesday come round again.

On Wednesday we are happy to observe a liberal slice of holiday come in. After half past 9, having done his *History*, and “got something by heart to strengthen the memory” (very little, it is to be feared), “Fritz shall rapidly dress himself and come to the King; and the

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rest of the day belongs to little Fritz (*gehört vor Fritzchen*)." On Saturday there is some fair chance of half holiday.

"*Saturday*, forenoon till half past 10, come History, Writing, and Ciphering, especially repetition of what was done through the week, and in *Morality* as well" (adds the rapid Majesty), "to see whether he has profited; and General Graf von Finkenstein, with Colonel von Kalkstein, shall be present during this. If Fritz has profited, the afternoon shall be his own; if he has not profited, he shall, from 2 to 6, repeat and learn rightly what he has forgotten on the past days." And so the laboring week winds itself up. Here, however, is one general rule, which cannot be too much impressed upon you, with which we conclude: —

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others, and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*). 'Not so dirty,' that is my last word; and here is my sign-manual.

"*Friedrich Wilhelm.*"

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE FIRST SILESIAN WAR

[1740-1745]

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

A FEW months after his (Frederick's) accession died Charles VI, Emperor of Germany, the last descendant, in the male line, of the House of Austria. Charles left no son, and had, long before his death, relinquished all hopes of male issue. During the latter part of his life, his principal object had been to secure to his descendants in the female line the many crowns of the House of Hapsburg. With this view, he had promulgated a new law of succession, widely celebrated throughout Europe under the name of the "Pragmatic Sanction." By virtue of this decree, his daughter, the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Francis of Lorraine, succeeded to the dominions of her ancestors.

No sovereign has ever taken possession of a throne by a clearer title. All the politics of the Austrian Cabinet had, during twenty years, been directed to one single end — the settlement of the succession. From every person whose rights could be considered as injuriously affected, renunciations in the most solemn form had been obtained. The new law had been ratified by the Estates of all the kingdoms and principalities which made up the great Austrian monarchy. England, France, Spain, Russia, Poland, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, the Germanic body, had bound themselves by

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treaty to maintain the "Pragmatic Sanction." That instrument was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world.

Even if no positive stipulations on this subject had existed, the arrangement was one which no good man would have been willing to disturb. It was a peaceable arrangement. It was an arrangement acceptable to the great population whose happiness was chiefly concerned. It was an arrangement which made no change in the distribution of power among the states of Christendom. It was an arrangement which could be set aside only by means of a general war; and, if it were set aside, the effect would be, that the equilibrium of Europe would be deranged, that the loyal and patriotic feelings of millions would be cruelly outraged, and that great provinces, which had been united for centuries, would be torn from each other by main force.

The sovereigns of Europe were, therefore, bound by every obligation which those who are entrusted with power over their fellow-creatures ought to hold most sacred, to respect and defend the rights of the Archduchess. Her situation and her personal qualities were such as might be expected to move the mind of any generous man to pity, admiration, and chivalrous tenderness. She was in her twenty-fourth year. Her form was majestic, her features beautiful, her countenance sweet and animated, her voice musical, her deportment gracious and dignified. In all domestic relations she was without reproach. She was married to a husband whom she loved, and was on the point of giving birth to a child when death deprived her of her father. The loss of a parent and the new cares of the empire were too

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much for her in the delicate state of her health. Her spirits were depressed, and her cheek lost its bloom.

Yet it seemed that she had little cause for anxiety. It seemed that justice, humanity, and the faith of treaties would have their due weight, and that the settlement so solemnly guaranteed would be quietly carried into effect. England, Russia, Poland, and Holland declared in form their intention to adhere to their engagements. The French ministers made a verbal declaration to the same effect. But from no quarter did the young Queen of Hungary receive stronger assurances of friendship and support than from the King of Prussia.

Yet the King of Prussia, the "Anti-Machiavel," had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war, and all this for no end whatever except that he might extend his dominions and see his name in the gazettes. He determined to assemble a great army with speed and secrecy to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom. . . .

To do the king justice, he pretended to no more virtue than he had. In manifestoes he might, for form's sake, insert some idle stories about his antiquated claim on Silesia; but in his conversations and "Memoirs" he took a very different tone. To quote his own words, — "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day and I decided for war."

Having resolved on his course, he acted with ability and vigor. It was impossible wholly to conceal his

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preparations, for throughout the Prussian territories regiments, guns, and baggage were in motion. The Austrian envoy at Berlin apprised his court of these facts, and expressed a suspicion of Frederick's designs; but the ministers of Maria Theresa refused to give credit to so black an imputation on a young prince who was known chiefly by his high professions of integrity and philanthropy. "We will not," — they wrote, — "we cannot believe it."

In the mean time, the Prussian forces had been assembled. Without any declaration of war, without any demand for reparation, in the very act of pouring forth compliments and assurances of good will, Frederick commenced hostilities. Many thousands of his troops were actually in Silesia before the Queen of Hungary knew that he had set up any claim in any part of her territories. At length he sent her a message which could be regarded only as an insult. If she would but let him have Silesia, he would, he said, stand by her against any power which should try to deprive her of her other dominions: as if he was not already bound to stand by her, or as if his new promise could be of more value than the old one!

It was the depth of winter. The cold was severe, and the roads deep in mire. But the Prussians passed on. Resistance was impossible. The Austrian army was then neither numerous nor efficient. The small portion of that army which lay in Silesia was unprepared for hostilities. Glogau was blockaded; Breslau opened its gates; Ohlau was evacuated. A few scattered garrisons still held out; but the whole open country was subjugated: no enemy ventured to encounter the king in the

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field; and, before the end of January, 1741, he returned to receive the congratulations of his subjects at Berlin.

Had the Silesian question been merely a question between Frederick and Maria Theresa, it would be impossible to acquit the Prussian king of gross perfidy. But when we consider the effects which his policy produced, and could not fail to produce, on the whole community of civilized nations, we are compelled to pronounce a condemnation still more severe. Till he began the war it seemed possible, even probable, that the peace of the world would be preserved. The plunder of the great Austrian heritage was indeed a strong temptation: and in more than one cabinet ambitious schemes were already meditated. But the treaties by which the "Pragmatic Sanction" had been guaranteed were express and recent. To throw all Europe into confusion for a purpose clearly unjust was no light matter. England was true to her engagements. The voice of Fleury¹ had always been for peace. He had a conscience. He was now in extreme old age and was unwilling, after a life which, when his situation was considered, must be pronounced singularly pure, to carry the fresh stain of a great crime before the tribunal of his God. Even the vain and unprincipled Belle-Isle, whose whole life was one wild day-dream of conquest and spoliation, felt that France, bound as she was by solemn stipulations, could not without disgrace make a direct attack on the Austrian dominions. Charles, Elector of Bavaria, pretended that he had a right to a large part of the inheritance, which the "Pragmatic Sanction" gave to the Queen of Hungary, but he was not sufficiently powerful

¹ Chief minister of Louis XV of France.

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to move without support. It might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected that, after a short period of restlessness, all the potentates of Christendom would acquiesce in the arrangements made by the late Emperor. But the selfish rapacity of the King of Prussia gave the signal to his neighbors. His example quieted their sense of shame. His success led them to underrate the difficulty of dismembering the Austrian monarchy. The whole world sprang to arms. On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe — the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the brave mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by this wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

Silesia had been occupied without a battle; but the Austrian troops were advancing to the relief of the fortresses which still held out. In the spring Frederick rejoined his army. He had seen little of war, and had never commanded any great body of men in the field. It is not, therefore, strange that his first military operations showed little of that skill which, at a later period, was the admiration of Europe. What connoisseurs say of some pictures painted by Raphael in his youth, may be said of this campaign. It was in Frederick's early bad manner. Fortunately for him, the generals to whom he was opposed were men of small capacity. The discipline of his own troops, particularly of

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the infantry, was unequaled in that age; and some able and experienced officers were at hand to assist him with their advice. Of these, the most distinguished was Field-Marshal Schwerin — a brave adventurer of Pomeranian extraction, who had served half the Governments in Europe, had borne the commissions of the States-General of Holland and of the Duke of Mecklenburg, and fought under Marlborough at Blenheim, and had been with Charles XII at Bender.

Frederick's first battle was fought at Molwitz, and never did the career of a great commander open in a more inauspicious manner. His army was victorious. Not only, however, did he not establish his title to the character of an able general, but he was so unfortunate as to make it doubtful whether he possessed the vulgar courage of a soldier. The cavalry, which he commanded in person, was put to flight. Unaccustomed to the tumult and carnage of a field of battle, he lost his self-possession, and listened too readily to those who urged him to save himself. His English gray carried him many miles from the field, while Schwerin, though wounded in two places, manfully upheld the day. The skill of the old field-marshal and the steadiness of the Prussian battalions prevailed; and the Austrian army was driven from the field with the loss of eight thousand men.

The news was carried late at night to a mill in which the king had taken shelter. It gave him a bitter pang. He was successful; but he owed his success to dispositions which others had made, and to the valor of men who had fought while he was flying. So unpromising was the first appearance of the greatest warrior of that age!

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The battle of Molwitz was the signal for a general explosion throughout Europe. Bavaria took up arms. France, not yet declaring herself a principal in the war, took part in it as an ally of Bavaria. The two great statesmen to whom mankind had owed many years of tranquillity, disappeared about this time from the scene; but not till they had both been guilty of the weakness of sacrificing their sense of justice and their love of peace in the vain hope of preserving their power.

Fleury, sinking under age and infirmity, was borne down by the impetuosity of Belle-Isle. Walpole retired from the service of his ungrateful country to his woods and paintings at Houghton; and his power devolved on the daring and eccentric Carteret. As were the ministers, so were the nations. Thirty years during which Europe had, with few interruptions, enjoyed repose, had prepared the public mind for great military effects. A new generation had grown up, which could not remember the siege of Turin or the slaughter of Malplaquet; which knew war by nothing but its trophies; and which, while it looked with pride on the tapestries at Blenheim, or the statue in the "Place of Victories," little thought by what privations, by what waste of private fortunes, by how many bitter tears, conquests must be purchased.

For a time fortune seemed adverse to the Queen of Hungary. Frederick invaded Moravia. The French and Bavarians penetrated into Bohemia, and were there joined by the Saxons. Prague was taken. The Elector of Bavaria was raised by the suffrages of his colleagues to the imperial throne — a throne which the practice of

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centuries had almost entitled the House of Austria to regard as an hereditary possession.

Yet was the spirit of the haughty daughter of the Cæsars unbroken. Hungary was still hers by an unquestionable title; and although her ancestors had found Hungary the most mutinous of all their kingdoms, she resolved to trust herself to the fidelity of a people, rude, indeed, turbulent, and impatient of oppression, but brave, generous, and simple-hearted. In the midst of distress and peril she had given birth to a son, afterward the Emperor Joseph II. Scarcely had she risen from her couch when she hastened to Presburg. There, in the sight of an innumerable multitude, she was crowned with the crown and robed with the robe of St. Stephen. No spectator could refrain his tears when the beautiful young mother, still weak from child-bearing, rode, after the fashion of her fathers, up the Mount of Defiance, unsheathed the ancient sword of state, shook it towards north and south, east and west, and, with a glow on her pale face, challenged the four corners of the world to dispute her rights and those of her boy. At the first sitting of the Diet she appeared clad in deep mourning for her father, and in pathetic and dignified words implored her people to support her just cause. Magnates and deputies sprang up, half drew their sabers, and with eager voices vowed to stand by her with their lives and fortunes. Till then, her firmness had never once forsaken her before the public eye, but at that shout she sank down upon her throne, and wept aloud. Still more touching was the sight when, a few days later, she came before the Estates of her realm, and held up before them the little archduke in her arms. Then it was that the

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enthusiasm of Hungary broke forth into that war-cry which soon resounded throughout Europe, "Let us die for our *King*, Maria Theresa!"

In the mean time, Frederick was meditating a change of policy. He had no wish to raise France to supreme power on the Continent, at the expense of the House of Hapsburg. His first object was, to rob the Queen of Hungary. His second was, that, if possible, nobody should rob her but himself. He had entered into engagements with the powers leagued against Austria; but these engagements were in his estimation of no more force than the guaranty formerly given to the "Pragmatic Sanction." His game was now to secure his share of the plunder by betraying his accomplices. Maria Theresa was little inclined to listen to any such compromise; but the English Government represented to her so strongly the necessity of buying off so formidable an enemy as Frederick that she agreed to negotiate. The negotiation would not, however, have ended in a treaty, had not the arms of Frederick been crowned with a second victory. Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law to Maria Theresa, a bold, active, though unfortunate general, gave battle to the Prussians at Chotusitz, and was defeated. The king was still only a learner of the military art. He acknowledged, at a later period, that his success on this occasion was to be attributed, not at all to his own generalship, but solely to the valor and steadiness of his troops. He completely effaced, however, by his courage and energy, the stain which Molwitz had left on his reputation.

A peace, concluded under the English mediation, was the fruit of this battle. Maria Theresa ceded Silesia;

Frederick abandoned his allies: Saxony followed his example; and the queen was left at liberty to turn her whole force against France and Bavaria. She was everywhere triumphant. The French were compelled to evacuate Bohemia, and with difficulty effected their escape. The whole line of their retreat might be tracked by the corpses of thousands who died of cold, fatigue, and hunger. Many of those who reached their country carried with them seeds of death. Bavaria was overrun by bands of ferocious warriors from that bloody "debatable land," which lies on the frontier between Christendom and Islam. The terrible names of the Pandoor, the Croat, and the Hussar, then first became familiar to western Europe. The unfortunate Charles of Bavaria, vanquished by Austria, betrayed by Prussia, driven from his hereditary states, and neglected by his allies, was hurried by shame and remorse to an untimely end. An English army appeared in the heart of Germany, and defeated the French at Dettingen. The Austrian captains already began to talk of completing the work of Marlborough and Eugene, and of compelling France to relinquish Alsace and the Three Bishoprics.

The Court of Versailles, in this peril, looked to Frederick for help. He had been guilty of two great treasons, perhaps he might be induced to commit a third. The Duchess of Châteauroux then held the chief influence over the feeble Louis. She determined to send an agent to Berlin, and Voltaire was selected for the mission. He eagerly undertook the task, for, while his literary fame filled all Europe, he was troubled with a childish craving for political distinction. He was vain, and not without reason, of his address, and of his insinuating eloquence;

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and he flattered himself that he possessed boundless influence over the King of Prussia. The truth was, that he knew, as yet, only one corner of Frederick's character. He was well acquainted with all the petty vanities and affectations of the poetaster; but was not aware that these foibles were united with all the talents and vices which lead to success in active life; and that the unlucky versifier who bored him with reams of middling Alexandrines, was the most vigilant, suspicious, and severe of politicians.

Voltaire was received with every mark of respect and friendship, was lodged in the palace, and had a seat daily at the royal table. The negotiation was of an extraordinary description. Nothing can be conceived more whimsical than the conferences which took place between the first literary man and the first practical man of the age, whom a strange weakness had induced to exchange their parts. The great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guaranties, and the great king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes. On one occasion Voltaire put into His Majesty's hand a paper on the state of Europe, and received it back with verses scrawled on the margin. In secret they both laughed at each other. Voltaire did not spare the king's poems; and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. "He had no credentials," says Frederick, "and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce."

But what the influence of Voltaire could not effect, the rapid progress of the Austrian arms effected. If it should be in the power of Maria Theresa and George II to dictate terms of peace to France, what chance was there that Prussia would long retain Silesia? Frederick's

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conscience told him that he had acted perfidiously and inhumanly towards the Queen of Hungary. That her resentment was strong she had given ample proof; and of her respect for treaties he judged by his own. Guaranties, he said, were mere filigree, pretty to look at, but too brittle to bear the slightest pressure. He thought it his safest course to ally himself closely to France, and again to attack the Empress Queen. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1744, without notice, without any decent pretext, he recommenced hostilities, marched through the electorate of Saxony without troubling himself about the permission of the elector, invaded Bohemia, took Prague, and even menaced Vienna.

It was now that, for the first time, he experienced the inconstancy of fortune. An Austrian army under Charles of Lorraine threatened his communications with Silesia. Saxony was all in arms behind him. He found it necessary to save himself by a retreat. He afterwards owned that his failure was the natural effect of his own blunders. No general, he said, had ever committed greater faults. It must be added, that to the reverses of this campaign he always ascribed his subsequent successes.

It was in the midst of difficulty and disgrace that he caught the first clear glimpse of the principles of the military art.

The memorable year of 1745 followed. The war raged by sea and land, in Italy, in Germany, and in Flanders; and even England, after many years of profound internal quiet, saw, for the last time, hostile armies set in battle array against each other. This year is memorable in the life of Frederick, as the date at which his novitiate

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in the art of war may be said to have terminated. There have been great captains whose precocious and self-taught military skill resembled intuition. Condé, Clive, and Napoleon are examples. But Frederick was not one of these brilliant portents. His proficiency in military science was simply the proficiency which a man of vigorous faculties makes in any science to which he applies his mind with earnestness and industry. It was at Hohenfriedeberg that he first proved how much he had profited by his errors, and by their consequences. His victory on that day was chiefly due to his skillful dispositions, and convinced Europe that the prince who, a few years before, had stood aghast in the rout of Molwitz, had attained in the military art a mastery equaled by none of his contemporaries, or equaled by Saxe alone. The victory of Hohenfriedeberg was speedily followed by that of Sorr.

In the mean time, the arms of France had been victorious in the Low Countries. Frederick had no longer reason to fear that Maria Theresa would be able to give law to Europe, and he began to meditate a fourth breach of his engagements. The court of Versailles was alarmed and mortified. A letter of earnest expostulation, in the handwriting of Louis, was sent to Berlin; but in vain. In the autumn of 1745, Frederick made peace with England, and, before the close of the year, with Austria also. The pretensions of Charles of Bavaria could present no obstacle to an accommodation. That unhappy prince was no more; and Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, was raised, with the general consent of the Germanic body, to the imperial throne.

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Prussia was again at peace; but the European war lasted till, in the year 1748, it was terminated by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Of all the powers that had taken part in it, the only gainer was Frederick. Not only had he added to his patrimony the fine province of Silesia, he had, by his unprincipled dexterity, succeeded so well in alternately depressing the scale of Austria and that of France, that he was generally regarded as holding the balance of Europe — a high dignity for one who ranked lowest among kings, and whose great-grandfather had been no more than a margrave. By the public, the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious, and shamelessly false; nor was the public much in the wrong.

THE ROUND TABLE OF FREDERICK
THE GREAT

THE ROUND TABLE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

BY ADOLF FRIEDRICH ERDMANN MENZEL

(Germany. 1815-1905)

AFTER Frederick the Great had fully established his power, he made himself a quiet home which he named Sans Souci. There was no idleness in his day. He attended to public business, reviewed his troops, signed cabinet orders, did literary work. When half-past eight in the evening had come, work was laid aside and he and his friends sat down to supper. The meal often lasted until midnight. Theoretically, it was a time of perfect freedom of conversation; but practically, it was freedom for the king alone, and the man who gave too keen a repartee to one of Frederick's sharp speeches was soon made to feel himself in disgrace.

Most of the guests of Frederick were foreigners, coming from Scotland, Italy, or France. Most remarkable among them was Voltaire. To him for a while the king showed the utmost generosity and the most servile devotion; but with the first disagreement the royal admiration cooled. The king lessened the guest's allowance of sugar and chocolate; and the guest stole the king's wax candles. Voltaire laughed at the sovereign's verses, and the would-be poet accused him of stealing the precious collection. Thus came to an end the friendship of Frederick the Great with Voltaire; and in somewhat similar fashion ended most of his friendships.

In this picture Frederick is shown sitting with his back to the door at the farther end of the table and talking with Voltaire, who is the second figure on the king's right. At the left of the king sits Field Marshal Keith, a brave Scotchman who was one of Frederick's most intimate friends. In the foreground are La Mettrie and Marquis d'Argens, two French philosophers and critics, Count Rothenburg, and other persons celebrated in their day. Voltaire is replying to a remark of the young king, and the party is waiting with evident interest for a bon mot or for one of those delicate flatteries in which the great Frenchman so excelled.



VI
GERMAN AUTHORS AND
COMPOSERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN the Seven Years' War had come to an end, in 1763, there was on the surface little to encourage literature. Warfare is always expensive, and the country had been much impoverished. On the other hand, so energetic a ruler as Frederick the Great could not fail to arouse in his subjects an ardent desire for progress, advancement, and knowledge. The heroic struggle of Prussia had led to a revival of national feeling such as had not existed for centuries, and this in turn resulted in such an outburst of writing as has seldom been seen. Authors arose almost by the hundred, eager to free themselves from superstition, from the tyranny of the thoughts of others, and in short from anything approaching to law in literary composition. What resulted was, of German literature, the "Sturm und Drang" (storm and stress) period, as it was called. This covered some ten or twelve years near the end of the eighteenth century. The greatest of these writers were Goethe and Schiller.

This favored century was rich in musicians as well as in authors. The improvements in the violin, organ, and piano-forte and the development of the modern orchestra powerfully stimulated musical composition. In this art, as in literature, Germany took the lead, and the giant figure of Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) marks the beginning of a period of famous German musicians, a period that culminated one hundred years later in Beethoven, the greatest of all composers.

STORIES FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

[GOETHE was the son of a man who had attained a high political position and was able to give his son every advantage. From him the boy learned to love the classics and the fine arts. From his mother he derived, as he said, his happy disposition and love of story-telling. At the university he easily mastered the various subjects of the curriculum, and had plenty of time for merrymaking and also for falling in love with one damsel after another — a practice which he continued in later years and which afforded him experiences valuable as material for poetry. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar became interested in him, and he was made a privy councilor of legation, and took up his home at Weimar. In the wild and frivolous amusements of the place he soon became leader. Soon, however, he resumed work and produced prose and poetry. It was not until 1805, when he was fifty-six, that his "Faust" appeared. Long before this he had won a wide reputation as a writer of genius, but "Faust" gave him the homage of Europe and ranked him with the little group of the greatest of the poets. He had small interest in the revolutionary events of the times, and in the tumult he devoted himself to scientific studies. Up to his last day he was occupied in intellectual pursuits. He died in 1832.

The foundation of "Hermann and Dorothea," from which the following selections are taken, is the sufferings of the Lutherans who were driven from their Salzburg homes during the first part of the eighteenth century. The first extract is given as the report of the "druggist," who has just returned from seeing the sorrowful procession of fugitives. The second is a homely bit of village life of Goethe's own day, and is a favorite because of its simplicity and its

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truth to nature. The shrewd and thrifty father is the first speaker. "Tamino" and "Pamina" are the hero and heroine of Mozart's opera, "The Magic Flute."

The Editor.]

THE PASSING OF THE FUGITIVES

SUDDENLY then began the hostess, with friendly impatience,

"Tell us what you have seen; for that's what I wish to be hearing."

"Hardly," replied thereupon the druggist, with emphasis speaking,

"Shall I in short space again feel happy since all I have witnessed.

Who could describe it aright, — that manifold scene of disaster?

Clouds of dust from afar, ere yet we came down to the meadows,

Saw we at once; though the train, from hill to hill as it progressed,

Still was hid from our sight, and we could but little distinguish.

But when we reached the road which goes across through the valley,

Truly great was the crowding and din of the travelers' wagons.

Ah! we saw then enough of the poor men, while they passed by us,

And could but learn how bitter is flight, with such sorrows attended,

And yet how joyous the sense of life, when hastily rescued.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STORIES

Piteous was it to see the goods of every description,
Which the well-furnished house contains, and which a
 good landlord
In it has placed about, each thing in its proper posi-
 tion,
Always ready for use (for all things are needed and
 useful),
Now to see all these loaded on wagons and carts of all
 fashions,
One thing thrust through another, in over-haste of
 removal.
Over the chest there lay the sieve, and the good woollen
 blankets
In the kneading trough, the bed and the sheets o'er the
 mirror.
Ah! and, as at the fire twenty years ago we all noticed,
Danger took from man altogether his powers of reflec-
 tion,
So that he seized what was paltry, and left what was
 precious behind him.
Just in this case, too, took they on, to burden their oxen
 and horses,
Such as old boards and casks, the goose-coop and with
 it the bird-cage,
Women and children, too, gasped as they dragged along
 with their bundles,
Under baskets and tubs filled with things of no use to
 their owners;
Since man is still unwilling the last of his goods to
 abandon.
Thus on the dusty road the crowding train traveled
 onward,

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Orderless and confused with ill-matched pairs of faint
horses,
One of which wished to go slow, while the other was
eager to hasten.
Then there arose the cry of the squeezed-up women and
children,
Mixed with the lowing of cattle, and dogs all barking in
chorus,
And with the wail of the aged and sick, all seated and
swaying
High aloft upon beds, on the hard and overpacked
wagons.
But, driven out of the rut, to the very edge of the high-
way,
Wandered a creaking wheel; — upsetting, the vehicle
rolled down
Into the ditch, with its human freight quick discharg-
ing
Far in the field, — with dire screams, yet with fortunate
issue.
After them tumbled the chests, and fell by the side of the
wagon.
Truly, he who saw them in falling, expected to find
them
Crushed and shattered beneath the load of the boxes and
cupboards.
Thus, then, they lay, — the wagon all broken, the
people all helpless, —
For the others went on, and with speed drew past, each
one thinking
Only about himself, while the stream still hurried him
forward.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STORIES

Then did we hasten to them, and found the sick and the aged,
Who, when at home and in bed, scarce bore their continual sufferings,
And now injured here on the ground lay moaning and groaning,
Scorched at once by the sun, and choked by the dust thickly waving.”

Moved by the tale, thereupon replied the humane-hearted landlord:
“O that Hermann may find them, to give both comfort and clothing!
Loath should I be to see them; the sight of misery pains me.”
Though deeply moved by the first report of such a disaster,
Sent we in haste a mite from our superfluity, so that
Some might be strengthened therewith, and we feel our hearts the more tranquil.

THE COURTSHIP OF HERMANN

“ And thus I cherish a hope of thee, my Hermann, that quickly
Into the house thou wilt bring thy bride with fine marriage-portions,
For a high-spirited man deserves a well-endowed maiden;
And it gives so much pleasure, when with the dear wife of his wishes
Come in the useful presents, too, in baskets and boxes.
’T is not in vain that the mother through many a year is preparing

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Linen of ample store, of web fine and strong, for her
daughter.

'T is not in vain that sponsors present their silver
donations,

And that the father lays by in his desk a gold-piece,
though seldom,

For in due time shall she thus delight with her goods and
her presents

That young man who made her, before all others, his
chosen.

Yes, I know, in her house how pleasant the dear wife
must find it

Both in kitchen and parlor, to see her own furniture
standing,

And herself her own bed, herself her own board, to have
covered.

May I but see in the house the bride that is handsomely
portioned!

For the poor one at last is only despised by her hus-
band,

And as a servant she's treated, who, servant-like, came
with a bundle.

Men continue unjust, and the season of youth passeth
by them.

Yes, my Hermann, thou wouldst to my age grant high-
est enjoyment,

If to my house ere long thou shouldst bring me a dear
little daughter

From the neighborhood here, — from the house painted
green over yonder.

Rich is the man, that's sure; and his trade and factories
make him

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STORIES

Daily richer; for what does not turn to gain for the merchant?

And there are only three daughters to share his possessions among them.

Won already, I know, is the eldest, and promised in marriage;

But the second and third may be had, though not long may they be so.

Had I been in your place, till now I would not have tarried,

One of the girls myself to bring here, as I did your mother."

Modestly then the son to the august father made answer:

"Truly, my wish was, as yours is, one of the daughters Of our neighbor to choose; for we all were brought up together;

Round the spring in the market in former times have we sported,

And from the town-boys' rudeness I often used to protect them.

But that was long ago; and girls at length, when they grow up,

Stay, as is proper, at home and avoid such wild sportive meetings.

Well brought up they are, to be sure; still, from former acquaintance,

As you wished it, I went from time to time over yonder:

But in their conversation I never could feel myself happy,

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Since they would always be finding fault, which taxed
my endurance.
Quite too long was my coat, the cloth was too coarse,
and the color
Quite too common; and then my hair was not cut and
curled rightly;
So that at last I thought of bedecking myself like the
shopboys
Over there, who on Sunday are always displaying their
figures,
And whose lappets in summer, half silk, hang so loosely
about them.
But I observed soon enough that they always to ridicule
turned me;
Which offended me much, for my pride was wounded.
More deeply
Still did it vex me to find that they misunderstood the
kind feeling
Which I cherished for them, — especially Minnie, the
youngest,
For I went the last time at Easter to pay them a visit,
And had donned my new coat, which now hangs up in
the wardrobe,
And my hair I had got well curled, like the rest of the
fellows.
When I went in they tittered; but I to myself did not
take it.
At the piano sat Minnie; her father also was present,
Hearing his dear daughter sing, — entranced and in
excellent spirits.
Much was expressed in the songs that surpassed my
poor comprehension,

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STORIES

But I heard a great deal of Pamina and of Tamino;
But since I did not like to sit dumb, as soon as she
finished,

Questions I asked on the words and the two chief characters in them.

Then they all at once were silent, and smiled; but the father

Said, 'Our friend, sure, with none but Adam and Eve is acquainted.'

No one then refrained, but loud was the laugh of the maidens,

Loud the laugh of the boys, while the old man held tightly his stomach.

Then I let fall my hat through embarrassment, and the rude titter

Still went on and on, in spite of the singing and playing,
Then did I hurry back to my home in shame and vexation,

Hung up my coat in the wardrobe, and drew my hair with my fingers

Down to my head, and swore nevermore to pass over the threshold.

And I was perfectly right; for vain they all are and loveless,

And I hear that with them my name is always Tamino."

Then replied the mother, "Thou shouldst not, Hermann, so long time

Angry be with the children, for children they are all together,

Minnie is certainly good, and for thee always showed an affection,

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And but lately she asked after thee; thou oughtest to
choose her.”

Thoughtfully then the son replied: “I know not; that
insult

Hath so deep an impression made on me that truly I
wish not

At the piano again to see her, and list to her singing.”

MORNING PRAYERS IN THE FAMILY OF
SEBASTIAN BACH

MORNING PRAYERS IN THE FAMILY OF SEBASTIAN BACH

BY TOBY EDWARD ROSENTHAL

(*American painter.* 1848)

BEFORE the time of Sebastian Bach there were excellent violinists and a definite "method" for the violin; but the clavier, forerunner of the piano, was utterly undeveloped, and so far as there was any method for its use, this was of the crudest nature; for example, on neither the organ nor the piano was much use made of the thumb or the little finger. Scales were played slowly and by twisting one finger over the other. The elaborate compositions of Bach could not be played in any such fashion, and he taught performers to use both thumb and little finger, and to play scales by turning the thumb under, as is done to-day. Another great service which he rendered to keyed instruments was the introduction of the modern method of tuning. Between A and B, for instance, we place one black key, which is in reality higher than A sharp and lower than B flat. This was Bach's invention; and without this, either a piano would need to have many more keys, or else the player would be unable to vary his music by modulations.

Bach's music is distinguished by remarkable grandeur and harmony and a marvelous freshness of invention.

Generation after generation of the Bach family showed marked musical ability. It was their custom each year to hold a reunion, with much music of course; first of all a dignified chorale, and last a catch in which merry jests against the whims and foibles of those present were extemporized by one after another.

The reproduction of Rosenthal's painting is especially charming in its portraiture of quiet, happy family life, the characters ranging from the serious youth with the violin to the baby playing with the kitten. The quaint little maiden at the left might have stepped out of some courtly ballroom; but at the right the simple preparations for breakfast are going on.



HANDEL, THE MASTER OF ORATORIO

[1685-1759]

L. B. URBINO

[GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL was born in 1685. His father, a physician and surgeon of reputation, meant to have a lawyer son, and had no sympathy with the boy's love of music. The Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, however, fortunately chanced to hear him play on the church organ, and was so pleased with his ability that he persuaded the unwilling father to let his son study music. At the age of twenty-six Handel became chapel-master of the Elector of Hanover. Somewhat later he paid a visit to England and did not keep his agreement to return promptly. When the elector became George I of England, Handel was in disgrace with him, but he was restored to favor. At length he became chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos. It was then that he composed his magnificent anthems and organ fugues. In 1741, he brought out the "Messiah," his masterpiece. It is said of his work that "in boldness and strength of style, and in the combination of vigor, spirit, and invention in his instrumental compositions, he was never surpassed." His choruses have a grandeur and sublimity which have never been equaled. He died in 1759 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The Editor.]

GREAT in all the branches of his art, Handel is the real creator and perfecter of oratorio. Handel's rapidity in composition and creative power have seldom been reached, never surpassed, although every one of his grand oratorios shows an individual formation and

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collective characteristics which seem to have required most careful consideration.

Handel was of a noble and commanding appearance; his face was handsome, and wore an expression of tranquillity and mildness which strongly contrasted with that extreme violence of his character of which we have already made mention. One day when the singer Cuzzoni refused to sing an air of the opera "Othon," Handel seized her by the arm, dragged her to a window, and threatened to throw her into the street, if she obstinately refused to sing what he required. The poor terrified woman uttered cries of despair, and promised to sing whatever he desired.

Librettists who presumed to make changes in the text, without the master's consent, were treated in the same rough manner as the interpreters of his music. Aside from this defect, and some inclination for strong drink, the life of Handel is one of the purest that can be cited as an example to artists. While the extraordinary number of compositions with which he enriched the church and the theater is without doubt the sign of a wonderful facility in composition, it is also a striking proof of a regular and well-ordered life. Such a continuation of labor is incompatible with habits of dissipation and disorder. Handel considered his art a sort of priesthood; therefore, that he might devote himself to it unreservedly, he remained single. His intimates were three particular friends, — a painter named Goupy, a pupil named Smith, and a dyer by the name of Hunter; besides these, he received few visitors. He kept aloof from social gatherings with as much care as most artists seek them. Certain people of London, finding

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that he sedulously refused all invitations to visit, used to say of him, "He is a bear." Be that as it may, this bear has left us masterpieces, which he would in all probability not have done if he had sacrificed his time to the frivolous amusements of social life.

Handel left seven manuscripts to his secretary. These manuscripts fell into the hands of a bookseller in Bristol, who sold them to a Frenchman, M. Victor Schoelcher, the esteemed author of a life of Handel.

The "Messiah," though written in London, was intended especially for Dublin, where it was performed April 13, 1742, to a large and enthusiastic audience. The proceeds, amounting to four hundred pounds, were given to the poor.

One Sunday Handel asked the organist of a country church where he had attended divine worship, to permit him to play the people out, to which he readily consented. But the people were so attracted by his music, that, instead of vacating their seats, they remained until the organist, losing his patience, told Handel that he never could play them *out*, for they would stay *in* as long as he played.

In the year 1738 only, Handel produced "Saul," "Israel," Dryden's "Ode," and the "Twelve Grand Concertos," works of different character, and each of which was enough to establish the glory of a composer.

"While in Chester, on his way to Ireland, Handel was detained by contrary winds. Wishing to employ this delay in trying his new music, he sought for some one who could read music at sight. A house-painter named Janson was pointed out as the best the town afforded. Poor Janson made such a bungle of it, that the com-

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poser, purple with rage, cried out, 'You schountrel! tit you not tell me dat you could sing at soite?' — 'Yes, sir,' replied the astonished Janson, 'but not at *first sight*.' Upon this, Handel burst out laughing, and the rehearsal proceeded no further."

"When Handel's 'Messiah' was first performed, the audience was much affected by the music; but when the chorus struck up, 'For the Lord God omnipotent,' in the Alleluia, they were so transported that they all, even the king, who was present, started up and remained standing till the chorus ended."

"The 'Messiah' alone brought into the funds of the Foundling Hospital, London, no less than \$10,299."

We are told that Handel set more value on the oratorio of "Theodora" than any of his other works. Burney says, "In 1749 his 'Theodora' was so unfortunately neglected, that he was glad to give orders for admission to any professors who did not perform. Two of these gentlemen having afterwards applied to Handel for an order to hear the 'Messiah,' he cried out, 'Oh, your sarvant, mein herren, you are tamnple tainty! you would not co to "Teodora": der was room enough to tance dere when dat was perform.'" This dear "Theodora" remained mistress of his heart, although she never brought him anything but an empty house.

When a friend regretted that the house was so poor, Handel said, "Never moind: de music vil sount de petter."

One evening Mr. Fountayne and Handel were walking together in Marylebone Gardens, while the orchestra was playing. "Come, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece: I want to know

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your opinion of it." They sat down, and after a while, Mr. Fountayne, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to; it's very poor stuff." — "You are right," said Handel quietly: "I thought so myself when I had finished it."

Dr. Quin says, "No man ever told a story with more effect; but it was requisite for the hearer to have a knowledge of French, German, Italian, and English, all which languages he used in his narratives. Had he been as great a master of English as Swift, his *bon-mots* would have been as frequent."

It is stated that an old manager of a London theater, seeing at a rehearsal that the horn-players were quiet, asked them why they did not play. On their answering that they were counting their "*rests*," the indignant manager exclaimed, "Rests, indeed! I pay you to *play*, not to *rest*: so either play up, or go away."

When the diploma of a Doctor of Music was offered to Handel, he refused it. On being asked why he did not take his degree, he replied, "Vat de dyfil I trow my money away for dat wick de blockhead wish? I no want."

In his will Handel bequeathed all his manuscripts, his harpsichord and organ, to Christopher Smith, one of his pupils. Smith afterwards became attached to the household of George III, who granted him a pension from his own privy purse, presenting it with his own hands to Smith, who was then growing old. Smith, touched by the king's kindness, offered a present which was more than royal: he gave to George III all Handel's manuscripts, the harpsichord, and the marble bust made by Roubiliac. Such is the origin of the Handelian collection at Buckingham Palace.

THE UNWRITTEN OVERTURE OF MOZART

[1756-1791]

BY HERIBERT RAU

[THE great composer Mozart was born in 1756. He was an infant prodigy, and at the age of five was composing music that even the most skillful performers found difficult to execute. Before he was fourteen, he had played at various courts, had published numerous sonatas and symphonies, and in Bologna had been elected member and master of the chapel of the Philharmonic Academy. This was only the beginning of his work and his honors. Symphonies, serenatas, operas, concertos, and masses, marked by novelty and richness followed in rapid succession. Even the great expectations aroused by his marvelous boyhood were not disappointed. He has been called the "Raphael of musicians," because his life, like that of Raphael, was so short and so full of accomplishment. He died in 1791.

The Editor.]

VENICE, the ancient city, the pearl of Italy, every one knows; but only those who have lived in Prague are acquainted with "Little Venice."

It is an island in the Moldau, and belonged, at the time of which we write, to a company of sharpshooters of Prague. On certain days, all through the summer, they held meetings here, and shot at a target for prizes. They had, moreover, excellent music on such occasions, so that "Little Venice" was a favorite place of resort for all pleasure-loving people. Half the island was given up to green grass and shrubbery, ending in a little

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thicket which made a cool lounging-place on hot summer days. At the other end of the island was the shot-house, from which a long alley, between tall trees, led down to the target on the bank of the river.

In the great room of the shot-house, which was really "Little Venice," but gave its name to the whole island, hung upon the walls hundreds of painted targets, perforated with the bullets of past prize-matches. There was Venus rising from the sea-foam; but there was a hole through her girdle. Next her was that favorite character of those times, Harlequin, with his nose shot away. Farther on was Diana, descending upon clouds to Endymion; but the murderous lead had taken her on the wing, and an eye was gone. In fact, nothing had remained sacred to these "Freischützen," as they called themselves. "Free-shots," indeed, they seemed to have been. There were Roman emperors and Greek goddesses; Delilah, with a bullet-hole through her shears; and Judas the betrayer, who had received a shot through the bottom of his eye, which did not at all add to the amiability of that feature's expression.

The "Free-shots" were extremely proud of these trophies of victory, and every good burgher of Prague fancied that his wine tasted a little better in that room than anywhere else.

During the summer, "Little Venice" was always lively and gay with company, but the warm summer days were now past, and autumn had come.

It was one of the last days of October, bright but cool, and there was only one guest to be seen. He was a man in a gray overcoat, with large figured buttons, in black silk hose and buckled shoes, and with the inevitable cue

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at the back of his handsome head. He was pacing up and down the long alley, evidently buried in absorbing thought.

He seemed to be a strange fellow, for now his gaze was fixed on the ground, and then his head would be suddenly raised, and his great beautiful eyes would distend and darkle, as if mighty ideas were flashing through his brain. As one watched him, it would appear as if he were drinking in the sunshine and all the bright aspects of nature, and working them into new forms in his own spirit; yet a keen observer might have seen that the man neither saw nor heard anything about him. His mind was busy with another world, a diviner region, in which his face showed that he saw unspeakable beauty.

A beggar spoke to him. Without looking at him, he put his hand in his pocket, and gave the fellow a piece of money. The beggar looked surprised and delighted, and glanced in astonishment from the gift to the giver; for he held a bright thaler in his hand. "H'm!" he muttered. "That's a fool. I must try him again!" So he limped to the opposite end of the alley, and begged of the abstracted man again. And again the man put his hand in his pocket and gave him something. The gift must have been a considerable one, for the beggar chuckled and limped away.

But the man saw him not. Always brighter his eyes shone, and his face beamed more joyfully, as with a livelier motion of the hand he beat time to an invisible music.

"'T is done!" he spoke aloud to himself, stopping in his walk; "done to the last note! But — if I only had

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it written down! I hate the horribly tedious, mechanical work of writing it."

He went a few steps farther, stopped again, and rubbed his forehead, as though it ached with the long concentration upon some intense labor. Then he said, smiling gayly to himself: "Poh! what matters it? I've got six or eight days yet, and, thank Heaven, my memory will hold fast to every note of it!"

And the man, who of course was no other than Mozart, walked back to the shot-house.

Six days after this walk in "Little Venice," Mozart was sitting in his room when Bondini entered. The impresario's face, usually so calm and good-humored, betrayed by its look of anxiety that something lay heavy on his heart. Frank and straightforward as ever, Mozart asked what was the matter.

"My dear maestro," answered Bondini, "I should think you would know what the matter was!"

"I?"

"Who else?"

"Is it about the opera?"

"Yes."

"Why, I thought the rehearsal went capitally!"

"Could n't have been better!"

"And to-morrow evening the curtain rises."

"Yes, at six o'clock!" and the look of anxiety on Bondini's face deepened into despair at the thought.

"Well, what's the matter, then?" asked Mozart. "Were n't the tickets all sold in advance a week ago? What more could a director ask?"

"Nothing; only the opera can't be given to-morrow!"

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“Can’t be given?” cried Mozart, staring at Bondini with great eyes. “What’s the reason it can’t be given?”

Bondini only spread his hands wide apart, and gasped.

“Is Saporitti sick?”

“No.”

“Your little wife?”

The director shook his head.

“In the devil’s name, then, who is it? Bassi? Lolli? Baglioni? —”

“Nobody’s sick!” said Bondini.

“See here, my friend,” — and Mozart began to get angry, — “if you don’t want to drive me mad, tell me what the matter is! Has the police got its nose into the affair, at the last minute?”

“Oh, bah! The police! Is it possible you don’t *know* what the matter is? Do you mean to say that *you* don’t know why I can’t give it to-morrow — this ‘Don Giovanni,’ for which all Prague has been waiting impatiently, for which every seat was sold a week ago?”

“No, I don’t!” said Mozart.

“Well!” exclaimed the astonished Bondini; “if a man was n’t ready to cry over it, he could laugh himself to death! It’s nothing — nothing at all! only — you have n’t written the overture yet!”

“Is that all?” said Mozart. “Oh, there’s time enough for that!”

Bondini was thunderstruck; at last he stammered, “For the overture to a work like ‘Don Giovanni’?”

Amadeus smiled archly, then going up to Bondini, he laid both hands on the director’s shoulders, looked him in the eyes, and asked —

“Do you suppose, my friend, that I would, with my

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own hand, ruin the best work of my life by a bad overture?"

"No!" cried Bondini; "certainly not."

"Well, then, set your mind at rest."

"But, maestro, the parts will have to be all copied."

"Tell the copyist to be here at seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

"And the rehearsal —?"

"Oh, this doubting Thomas!" cried Mozart, laughing aloud; "he does n't know his own orchestra. I tell you, Bondini, *my* Prague orchestra plays at sight!"

"You have an enormous faith!" returned the director, still looking troubled. "Everything depends on the overture; if that goes wrong —"

"Now, Bondini!" exclaimed Mozart, coaxingly; "just you trust to me and your orchestra!"

"Well, all right! But if it goes straight, I shall hand you over to the Inquisition."

"What for?"

"As a sorcerer!"

"Only see that the copyist is here at seven, and we shall need no sorcery. I will commence the overture at once. Good-bye!"

Bondini hurried away, somewhat encouraged, as he saw the composer seat himself at his desk, take out his music-paper, and dip his pen in the deep inkstand.

Scarcely was he out of the house, when Duscheck entered the room.

"Mozart!" he exclaimed, "I have had the horses harnessed, and Constanze and my wife are already in the carriage. It is a splendid day, and there won't be many more such this year. Come along!"

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Amadeus jumped up as if Duscheck had been an electric shock, seized his hat with one hand and poked at his necktie with the other, and in two minutes was seated by the side of his wife, and the horses were off. When they came back, the short November afternoon had already darkened into evening; and through its darkness they saw from afar all the windows of the Duscheck mansion illuminated as for some grand festivity.

Mozart was the first to notice it —

“What has broken loose at home?” he exclaimed in astonishment.

“You’ll soon see!” replied Duscheck.

But what was Mozart’s surprise on reaching the house and alighting, to find himself surrounded by a group of his best friends, who had prepared a little feast in honor of the completion of “Don Giovanni”!

It was a delightful company. Bondini was there with his little madcap of a wife, as well as all the members of the opera troupe, except Saporitti, who — to the sorrow of everybody — had a headache, and had remained at home as a precaution against being ill the next day. She had set her heart on appearing in the opera, and was as pleased with her rôle as a child. The headache was reported as slight; so the company soon forgot the anxiety which its announcement at first excited.

The evening and a good part of the night flew away in unrestrained merriment and gayety, and at last they sat down to a fine supper. Everybody was in excellent spirits, but Mozart exceeded them all, laughing, joking, and reeling off endless strings of comical verse.

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“Fill your glasses!” cried Duscheck. “Here is to the success of ‘Don Giovanni!’”

The glasses clinked, and the toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. Then said Bondini —

“It’s very well for you to drink to the success of the opera; but if you had suffered the anxiety and despair which I have for the last few days, till this forenoon in fact —”

“How so?” asked Duscheck, while Mozart went on laughing and bantering with little Madame Bondini, not hearing what the others were saying.

“How so?” returned the director. “I will tell you. Till this forenoon our good maestro had n’t written a stroke of the overture!”

“What!” exclaimed several voices at once. “And is it done already?”

“Certainly!” said Bondini quietly; “for when I left him he had gone to work on it. The opera could n’t possibly have been given otherwise.”

At that moment Mozart turned his merry face toward them.

“Well!” cried Bondini, “how did you get along with the overture this forenoon?”

“With —”

“The overture!”

Mozart turned pale. Everybody started, and a universal expression of dismay went from face to face.

Amadeus pulled out his watch — it was almost midnight!

“It is, eh!” said he thoughtfully. “Then I’ve got no more time to lose. In ten minutes it will strike twelve, and at seven the copyists are to come. Some hours yet!”

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Good-night, gentlemen: good-night, ladies — I kiss your hands! Stanzerl, bring a glass of punch with you to keep me awake. And now, may all the good spirits stand by me!”

Mozart hastened to his room, where pen and paper were lying as he had dropped them in the forenoon. The company broke up in great anxiety, and with gloomy forebodings of the morrow. For the opera could not be given without an overture, and what mortal could in a few hours of the night write one that would be worthy of the “Don Giovanni”?

Bondini was in perfect despair, and only his wife kept up her courage and confidence.

Meantime Mozart had seated himself. Just as he was on the point of diving into his work, he caught sight of Constanze’s face, which was full of deep sorrow.

“Stanzerl!” said he, in a gentle voice — “my treasure! come here and let me whisper something in your ear.”

“But, Wolferl,” she replied imploringly, as if expecting some new prank, “won’t you please begin?”

“Come here!” repeated her husband; “put your little ear down here a second.”

Constanze obeyed. Amadeus gave the soft cheek a kiss, then whispered lightly —

“You need n’t be a bit anxious, dear heart. It’s all finished long ago.”

“How? Where?” she exclaimed, her face lighting up.

“Here,” said Amadeus laughing, and pointing to his forehead. “I finished the overture a week ago, and put it all away safely in my skull; only I was too lazy to do the horrid work of writing it down. It will all be on

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paper by the time the copyist comes, and my Stanzerl will be satisfied with it. I think the world will, too!"

"If it has all stayed there where you put it," said Constanze, a little dubiously.

"Ah, ha!" cried Amadeus, laughing, and beginning to write at the same time. "If I could carry Allegri's 'Miserere' home with me when a youngster, without dropping a note, I think I can carry an overture of my own for a week. Now then, Stanzerl, sit down here by me, and tell me a story out of the 'Arabian Nights' — Aladdin's Lamp, or something — that I shan't go to sleep."

"Shall I tell you about Nouredin-Ali and Bedreddin Hassan?"

"All right!" And Constanze set the glass of punch before him, took her knitting-work, seated herself by his side, and began: —

"There was once in Egypt a very just and merciful sultan. His bravery made him the terror of all his neighbors. He loved the poor, and shielded the orphans, and protected his people from the oppressions of the rich. Now the vizier of this sultan was a wise and keen-sighted man, who was learned in all arts and sciences. The sultan had two sons, and the name of the elder was Nouredin-Ali."

So it went on for three hours. Mozart wrote rapidly; but now weariness began to overcome him and at last his yawns and nods grew more and more frequent, till sleep could no longer be fought off. Constanze clapped him on the shoulder, and said —

"Dear, it won't go; you are too tired. Come! Sleep an hour. I will keep awake and call you."

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Mozart rubbed his forehead and eyes. "Well," he exclaimed, drowsily, "I'll take your advice; but be sure you wake me up after an hour."

And he lay down on the sofa. "You are a good little wife," he whispered; then kissed her once, and was asleep.

Constanze sat by his side and went on knitting. She thought on the times of her first love — the Christmas night when she had sent her dear friend the little pocket-book; the fatal consequences which had followed upon this gift; and then the hour when it had, after long trial, made her happy at last.

And as she thought over the past, image after image of her whole life arose before her. How many pleasant hours at the side of her husband; and ah, how many sorrowful and anxious ones! Then she fell to thinking of the new opera, and how much renown it would bring Amadeus, and what a change it would make in their life.

She sighed deeply; then put down her work in her lap, and looked at the slumberer, and thought — "Ah, if there might only be no more worrying about money!"

Then again she sank into dreams, which linked from one to another, on and on; but now they were bright fancies, — she was dreaming of a beautiful future.

The hour had passed. She put out her hand and opened her lips to wake her husband, but he was sleeping so quietly!

"It will be time enough if I let him sleep one more little hour," she thought. "His genius makes things easy for him which would be impossible to others. Sleep on, dear soul! — in an hour you can go to work again."

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So she took up her knitting once more, and went back to her dreams.

At last the clock struck five.

There was no more time to lose — Constanze must wake her husband. He rubbed his eyes, sprang up and looked at his watch.

“Five!” he exclaimed, threatening her laughingly with his finger. “That was contrary to the agreement.”

“But you were having such a good sleep!”

“Well, it will do yet,” he answered. “But now, dear child, go you to bed. You look utterly tired out.”

Constanze obeyed, and Mozart went at his work with fresh strength. Two hours afterward the copyist entered. It was seven o'clock, and the overture to “Don Giovanni” — that masterpiece of Mozart's creations — lay finished before him!

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN

[1770-1827]

BY RICHARD WAGNER

[BEETHOVEN, the greatest of composers, was born at Bonn in 1770. His musical education was begun when he was four years old, by his father, who was a singer in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. The boy's talent was obvious, and in 1787 the elector, at his own expense, sent him to study with Haydn in Vienna. His first compositions were published in 1795. In 1802, he began to be seriously troubled with deafness, a terrible disaster for a musician, and before many years he had entirely lost his hearing. Nothing daunted, he continued to compose his mighty works, in which no trace of his affliction appears. He died in 1827 during a furious thunderstorm, and his last words were, "I shall hear in Heaven."

The following story is one of the two pieces of prose fiction written by Wagner. The hero of the tale has but one wish — to see Beethoven. To gain a little money for the journey, he degrades himself, as he feels, by composing some galops. Even then, he is too poor to pay carriage hire, and therefore sets out on foot. On the way he is tormented by a rich Englishman, bound on the same quest, who does his best to force him into his carriage. Arrived in Vienna, the Englishman clings to him like a leech, determined that "we," as he persists in saying, "shall meet Beethoven." On one occasion, in a park, the Englishman, determined to throw himself before the master, even leaves the skirt of his coat in the hero's restraining hands. At last the hero writes to Beethoven, telling of his longing to meet him. Beethoven replies kindly and makes an appointment for the following morning.

The Editor.

A VISIT TO BEETHOVEN

THAT night I could not sleep. What I had just gone through and what awaited me on the morrow was too great and overwhelming to have let me carry it quietly into my dreams. I lay awake; I wandered; I prepared myself to appear before Beethoven. At last the day appeared; I waited with impatience for a time suitable for a morning call; it came, and I started forth. The most important event of my life stood before me; I trembled at the thought.

But I was to pass through a terrible trial.

Leaning against Beethoven's door-post there awaited me with great *sang-froid*, my demon — the Englishman! The villain had bribed everybody — finally even the landlord. The latter had read Beethoven's open note before I had seen it myself, and had betrayed its contents to the Briton.

A cold sweat burst from me at the sight. All romance, all divine ecstasy disappeared. I was again in *his* power.

“Come,” said the wretch, “let us introduce ourselves to Beethoven.”

At first I thought of helping myself out of the difficulty with a lie, and asserting that I was not on the way to Beethoven at all. But he at once deprived me of all possibility of refuge, by explaining to me with the greatest candor that he had discovered my secret; and declaring that he would not leave me till we had seen Beethoven.

I sought at first to dissuade him good-humoredly from his design;— in vain. I fell into a rage;— in vain. Finally I hoped to escape him by fleetness of foot. I flew up the steps like an arrow, and jerked at the bell

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like a madman. But before the door was opened, the man stood beside me, seized the skirt of my coat and said: "Don't run away from me! I have a right to your coat-skirts, and I'll hold fast by them until we stand in Beethoven's presence."

I turned upon him in a fury, and struggled to free myself; I even felt tempted to defend myself by physical force against the proud son of Albion — when suddenly the door was opened. An old servant appeared, frowning as she discovered us in our extraordinary position, and seemed about to shut the door again upon us. In my anxiety I called my name aloud, and affirmed that I had been invited by Herr Beethoven himself.

The old woman was still in doubt, for the sight of the Englishman seemed to rouse in her a very just suspicion, — when suddenly, as luck would have it, Beethoven himself appeared at the door of his study. Taking advantage of this moment, I rushed quickly in, and sought to approach the master to excuse myself. But I dragged the Englishman in with me, for he clung to me still. He carried out his purpose, and did not let me go until we stood before Beethoven. I bowed, and stammered out my name; and though he certainly did not understand it, he seemed to know that I was the one who had written to him. He motioned to me to go into his room; and without being in the least disturbed by Beethoven's amazed look, my companion slipped hastily in after me.

Here I was — in the sanctuary; but the horrible embarrassment into which the villainous Britisher had led me robbed me of all that beneficent mood that was necessary to worthily enjoy my good fortune. Beetho-

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ven's appearance was certainly not in itself adapted to have an agreeable and soothing effect. He was in a somewhat disorderly dishabille; he wore a red woolen belt around his body; long, stiff, gray hair hung in disorder about his head; and his gloomy, repellent expression did not tend to allay my confusion. We sat down at a table covered with pens and paper.

There was a decided feeling of awkwardness; no one spoke. Beethoven was evidently out of temper at having to receive two persons instead of one.

At last he began by saying in a harsh voice — "You come from L——?"

I was about to answer, but he interrupted me; laying a pencil and sheet of paper before me, he added: "Write; I cannot hear."

I knew of Beethoven's deafness, and had prepared myself for it. Nevertheless it went through my heart like a pang when I heard his harsh and broken voice say, "I cannot hear." To live in the world joyless and in poverty; to find one's only exalted happiness in the power of music — and to have to say, "I cannot hear!" In one moment there came to me the full understanding of Beethoven's manner, of the deep sorrow in his face, of the gloomy sadness of his glance, of the fire-set haughtiness of his lips; — *he could not hear!*

Confused, and without knowing what I said, I wrote an entreaty for his pardon and a brief explanation of the circumstances that had forced me to appear in the company of the Englishman. The latter sat silent and contented opposite Beethoven, who, when he had read my words, turned to him rather sharply with the inquiry what he desired from him.

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“I have the honor” — replied the Briton.

“I can’t understand you,” cried Beethoven, hastily interrupting him. “I cannot hear, and I can speak but little. Write down what you want with me.”

The Englishman quietly reflected for a moment, then drew an elegant music-book from his pocket, and said to me, “Good. — Write ‘I request Herr Beethoven to look at this composition of mine; if he finds a passage that does not please him, he will have the kindness to mark a cross against it.’”

I wrote down his request literally, in the hope that we might thus get rid of him. And such was really the result. After Beethoven had read it, he laid the Englishman’s composition on the table with a peculiar smile, nodded abruptly, and said, “I will send it to you.”

With this, my “gentleman” was content. He rose, made an especially magnificent bow, and took his leave. I drew a long breath; — he was gone.

Now for the first time I felt myself in the very sanctuary. Even Beethoven’s features grew obviously brighter; he looked quietly at me for a moment, and began: —

“The Englishman has caused you no little trouble?” said he. “Find consolation with me; these traveling Englishmen have tortured me to death. They come to-day to see a poor musician as they would go to-morrow to look at some rare animal. I am heartily sorry to have confounded you with him. — You wrote me that you were pleased with my compositions. I am glad of that, for I have little confidence now in pleasing people with my productions.”

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This cordiality in addressing me soon did away with all my embarrassment; a thrill of joy ran through me at these simple words. I wrote that I was by no means the only one filled with such ardent enthusiasm for every one of his creations, as to have no dearer wish than, for instance, to gain for my native city the happiness of seeing him once in its midst; — that he might then convince himself what effect his works produced upon the public.

“I can well believe,” he answered, “that my compositions are more appreciated in North Germany. The Viennese often provoke me — they hear too much wretched stuff every day, to be always in the mood to take an earnest interest in anything serious.”

I sought to combat this view, and instanced the fact that I had yesterday attended a performance of “Fidelio,” which the Viennese public had received with the most obvious enthusiasm.

“Hm! Hm!” muttered the master, — “The ‘Fidelio’! But I know that the people only applaud it out of vanity, after all, for they imagine that in my re-arrangement of the opera I only followed their advice. So they seek to reward me for my trouble, and cry ‘Bravo!’ It’s a good-natured, uneducated populace; so I like better to be among them than among wise people. Does ‘Fidelio’ please you?”

I told him of the impression that the performance of the day before had made upon me, and remarked that the whole had gained most gloriously by the additions that had been made to it.

“It is vexatious work,” said Beethoven; “I am no composer of operas; at least I know of no theater in the

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conflict of the elemental emotions, and give to their course a well-defined and united channel; and the human heart itself, in receiving these elemental emotions, will be immeasurably strengthened and broadened; and made capable of feeling clearly what was before an uncertain presage of the highest ideal, now changed into a divine knowledge."

Beethoven paused here a moment, as if fatigued. Then, with a light sigh, he continued: "It is true that many obstacles are met with in the attempt to solve this problem; in order to sing one has need of words. But what man could put into words the poetry that must form the basis of such a union of elements? Poetry must stand aside here; for words are too weak things for this task. — You will soon hear a new composition of mine which will remind you of what I am now explaining. It is a symphony with choruses. I call your attention to the difficulty I had in this, in getting over the obstacle of the inadequacy of the poetry which I required to help me. Finally I decided to choose our Schiller's beautiful 'Hymn to Joy'; this is at least a noble and elevating creation, even though it is far from expressing what in this case, it is true, no verses in the world *could* express."

Even now I can hardly comprehend the happiness that I enjoyed in the fact that Beethoven himself should thus help me by these explanations to the full understanding of his last giant symphony, which at that time must have been barely finished, but which was as yet known to no one. I expressed to him my enthusiastic thanks for this certainly rare condescension. At the same time I expressed the delighted surprise that he had given

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me in this news that the appearance of a new and great work of his composition might soon be looked for. Tears stood in my eyes — I could have kneeled before him.

Beethoven seemed to perceive my emotion. He looked at me half sorrowfully, half with a mocking smile, as he said: "You will be able to be my defender when my new work is spoken of — think of me then; the wise people will believe me mad — at all events they will call me so. Yet you see, Herr R——, that I am not exactly a madman, — though I might be unhappy enough to be one. People demand of me that I shall write according to their conception of what is beautiful and good; but they do not reflect that I, the poor deaf man, must have thoughts that are all my own, — that it is impossible for me to compose otherwise than as I feel. And that I cannot think and feel the things that *they* deem beautiful," he added ironically, "that is my misfortune!"

With this he rose and strode up and down the room with short, quick strides. Deeply moved as I was, I also rose — I felt myself trembling. It would have been impossible for me to continue the conversation either by pantomime or writing. I perceived that the time had come when my visit might grow burdensome to the master. To *write* my deep-felt thanks and my farewell, seemed cold; I contented myself by taking my hat, standing before Beethoven, and letting him read in my eyes what was passing within me.

He seemed to understand me. "You are going?" he asked. "Do you remain any time longer in Vienna?"

I wrote that I had no other aim in this journey than to

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world for which I would care to compose an opera again. If I should make an opera according to my own conception, the people would absolutely flee from it; for there would be no airs, duets, trios, and all that nonsense to be found in it, with which operas are stitched together nowadays; — and what I would substitute for these no singer would sing, and no audience hear. They all know nothing deeper than brilliant falsehoods, sparkling nonsense, and sugar-coated dullness. The man who created a true musical drama would be looked upon as a fool — and would be one in very truth if he did not keep such a thing to himself, but wanted to bring it before the public.”

“And how should one go to work,” I asked excitedly, “to produce such a musical drama?”

“As Shakespeare did when he wrote his plays” — was the almost angry answer. Then he continued: “The man who has to trouble himself with fitting all sorts of brilliant prattle to women with passable voices, so that they may gain applause by it, should make himself a Parisian man-milliner, not a dramatic composer. For myself, I am not made for such trifling. I know very well that certain wiseacres say of me for this very reason that though I have some ability in instrumentation I should never be at home in vocal music. They are right — for they understand by vocal music only operatic music; and as for my being at home in that — Heaven forbid!”

I ventured to ask if he really thought that any one, after hearing his “Adelaïde,” would dare to deny him the most brilliant genius for vocal music also.

“Well,” he said after a short pause, “‘Adelaïde’ and

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things of that kind are small matters, after all, that soon fall into the hands of the professional *virtuosi* — to serve them as opportunities to bring out their brilliant art-touches. Why should not vocal music form a great and serious *genre* by itself as well as instrumental, — that should receive as much respect from the frivolous tribe of singers in its execution, as is demanded of an orchestra in the production of a symphony? The human voice exists. It is a far more beautiful and noble organ of tone than any instrument of an orchestra. Ought it not to be brought into as independent use as this latter? What new results might not be gained by such a method! For it is precisely the character of the human voice, utterly different by nature from the peculiarities of an instrument, that could be brought out and retained, and could be capable of the most varying combinations. In instruments, the primal organs of creation and nature find their representation; they cannot be sharply determined and defined, for they but repeat primal feelings as they come forth from the chaos of the first creation, when there were perhaps no human beings in existence to receive them in their hearts. With the genius of the human voice it is entirely otherwise; this represents the human heart, and is isolated, individual emotion. Its character is therefore limited; individual emotion, but fixed and determined. Let these two elements be brought together, then let them be united! Let those wild primal emotions that stretch out into the infinite, that are represented by instruments, be contrasted with the clear, definite emotions of the human heart, represented by the human voice. The addition of the second element will work beneficently and soothingly upon the

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conflict of the elemental emotions, and give to their course a well-defined and united channel; and the human heart itself, in receiving these elemental emotions, will be immeasurably strengthened and broadened; and made capable of feeling clearly what was before an uncertain presage of the highest ideal, now changed into a divine knowledge."

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He seemed to understand me. "You are going?" he asked. "Do you remain any time longer in Vienna?"

I wrote that I had no other aim in this journey than to

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become acquainted with him; that as he had deemed me worthy of such an unusual reception, I was more than happy to find my goal reached, and should start the next day on my return.

He answered, smiling, "You wrote to me how you furnished yourself with money for this journey. You should stay here in Vienna and make galops — they are popular wares here."

I declared that all that was over for me, for that I knew nothing that could ever again seem to me to deserve such a sacrifice.

"Well, well," he said, "perhaps something will yet be found! I — fool that I am — should be far better off if I made galops; if I go on as I have hitherto, I shall always be in want. *Bon voyage!*" he went on; "bear me in mind, and console yourself with me in all your trials!"

Deeply moved, and with tears in my eyes, I was about to take my leave, when he called to me — "Wait! Let us finish up the musical Englishman. Let us see where the crosses come in."

With this he seized the Englishman's music-book, and smilingly looked through it; then he carefully folded it up again, wrapped it in paper, took up a heavy music-pen, and drew a gigantic cross across the whole wrapper. And then he handed it to me with the remark, "Kindly return the unfortunate being his masterpiece. He is an ass — and yet I envy him his long ears. Farewell, mein Lieber, and remember me in kindness."

With this he dismissed me. Deeply agitated, I passed out of the room and from the house.

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At the hotel I met the Englishman's servant, as he was arranging his master's trunk in the traveling-carriage. His goal, too, had been reached; I was compelled to confess that he, too, had shown persistency. I hurried to my room, and made my preparations to begin, the next day, my pedestrian journey back again. I had to laugh, as I looked at the cross on the wrapper of the Englishman's composition. Yet the cross was a memorial of Beethoven, and I begrudged it to the evil demon of my pilgrimage. My decision was quickly made. I took the wrapper off, took out my galops, and wrapped them instead in this condemnatory covering. I returned the Englishman his composition without a wrapper, and accompanied it with a note in which I informed him that Beethoven envied him, and that he declared he did not know where to put a cross on such a work.

As I left the hotel I saw my wretched companion getting into his carriage.

"Good-bye" — he shouted; — "you have done me a great service. I am delighted to have made Herr Beethoven's acquaintance. Will you go to Italy with me?"

"What are you after there?" asked I in reply.

"I want to make the acquaintance of Rossini — he is a very celebrated composer."

"Good luck!" I called. "*I* know Beethoven; and with that I have enough for all my life."

We parted. I cast one longing look towards Beethoven's house, and turned to the northward — exalted and ennobled in heart.

VII
TWO WARS WITH FRANCE

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the passing years the Holy Roman Empire had maintained a shadowy existence, though Voltaire had declared in the eighteenth century that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. After the French Revolution, Napoleon brought about, in 1806, what was known as the Confederation of the Rhine. This was a league of German states which agreed to assist him and to regard him as their protector. Francis II was now obliged to give up the crown of the Empire and to call himself simply Francis I, Emperor of Austria. Thus ended the Holy Roman Empire.

In 1815 the "German Confederation" was formed, a loose union of Prussia, Austria (for her German districts), and many smaller states. This was unsatisfactory, chiefly because the interests of the two great states, of the Germans and the non-Germans, were opposed. In 1861, William I came to the throne of Prussia, with Bismarck as his prime minister. Bismarck declared that only "blood and iron" could settle the differences between the two states, and in 1866 the Seven Weeks' War broke out. The result of this war was the complete separation of Austria and Germany, and the recognition of Prussia as the head of the German Confederation.

This contest had hardly come to a close before the ambition of Napoleon III brought about war between France and Prussia. The general cause of the war was the desire of the French to secure the Rhine as a boundary, and the conviction that Prussia was becoming too powerful for the welfare of France. The war lasted but eight months, and ended with the surrender of Paris. By the treaty of peace Germany received the greater part of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine and an indemnity of one billion dollars.

THE OATH AT THE GRAVE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

[1806]

BY "LOUISA MÜHLBACH" (KLARA M. MUNDT)

[UP to 1806, Frederick William, King of Prussia, refused to oppose Napoleon, although the keen-eyed Queen Louisa had long urged him to resist the French with all his might. After Napoleon's victory at Ulm, however, even the king saw his danger, and was at last aroused to range himself on the side of the foes of France.

The Editor.]

THIS new victory, this new conquest Napoleon had made in Germany, loomed up before the king as a danger which menaced himself, and compelled him to take up arms for his own defense. The threatening and defiant language of the French emperor sounded truly revolting to the heart of the German king, and instead of being intimidated by this new and unparalleled triumph, by this threatening language Napoleon had made use of, he was only provoked to offer him resistance; he perceived all at once that he could only be the servant and slave of this powerful man, or his enemy, and that Napoleon never would tolerate any one as an equal at his side. What were those three German princes who had found three crowns on the battle field of Ulm. Those new kings of Wurtemberg and Bavaria, that Grand Duke of Baden, were only vassals and ser-

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vants of the Emperor of France, who had first given, and then permitted them to wear, these crowns.

King Frederick William needed no such crown. A genius stood at his side and breathed with a heavenly smile into his ear: "It is better to die in an honorable struggle for freedom than to live in splendor and magnificence, but with a stain on your honor."

And the king listened to the voice of his genius: he listened to the voice of his ministers who implored him to defend the integrity of his state for the sake of the honor and welfare of Prussia and Germany; he listened to the voice of his people, who demanded war loudly and ardently; he listened to the voice of the Emperor Alexander, who vowed to him eternal love and eternal friendship; he listened, finally, to the voice of his own heart, which was the heart of a true German, and felt deeply the insult offered to him.

King Frederick William listened to all these voices, and resolved at length on war against France.

On the 3d of November the Emperor Alexander and King Frederick William signed at Potsdam a secret treaty, by which Prussia agreed to intervene between Napoleon and the allies. By virtue of this treaty Prussia was to summon the Emperor of the French to reëstablish the former treaties, and to restore the former state of affairs; that is to say, to give up almost all his conquests, to indemnify Sardinia, to recognize the independence of Naples, of the German Empire, of Holland, of Switzerland, and to separate the crown of Italy from that of France. If France should not consent to these conditions, Prussia agreed to ally herself openly and unreservedly with the coalition, and take the field with an

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army of 180,000 men. A Prussian negotiator was to lay these conditions before the Emperor Napoleon, and the term at which Prussia should be obliged to act should expire four weeks after the date of the treaty.

The king, who in his kindness was anxious to indemnify Minister von Haugwitz for the coldness with which he had been latterly treated, and for his broken windows, had commissioned him to deliver a copy of the treaty of Potsdam to Napoleon, and to negotiate with him. Haugwitz, therefore, left Berlin in order to repair to the Emperor's headquarters. It is true, he did not know exactly where to find them, but he was satisfied that Napoleon would take care to make his whereabouts known to him by fresh deeds of heroism and victories, and Count Haugwitz, therefore, set out.

According to the wishes of the King of Prussia, the treaty of Potsdam, for some time at least, was to be kept secret; only those immediately concerned should be informed of its contents, but not the public generally, and no one was to suspect that Prussia had at length given up her policy of neutrality.

This secrecy, however, was distasteful to the Emperor Alexander; moreover, it made Minister von Hardenburg fear lest the king, at the decisive moment, might be once more gained over to his former favorite policy of neutrality by the French party at court. It would be wise, therefore, to force the king so far forward as to render it impossible for him to recede, and to betray so much of the secret of the concluded alliance as was required to fasten the king to it.

Hence, the emperor, at the hour of his departure for Austria, requested the Queen and King of Prussia to

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accompany him to the grave of Frederick the Great. At midnight, on the 5th of November, they repaired, therefore, to the garrison church at Potsdam, the lower vault of which contains the coffin of the great king. A single torch-bearer accompanied the august visitors, whose steps resounded solemnly in the silent, gloomy walls.

Arriving at the king's coffin, the Emperor knelt down; his face, lighted up by the glare of the torch, was radiant with enthusiasm. On the other side of the dark vault stood the king and the queen, both with folded hands; the king with a gloomy and reserved air, the queen with her eyes turned to heaven, and her face beaming with pious emotion and joy.

Alexander, still remaining on his knees, now raised his folded hands toward heaven. "At the grave of the most heroic king," he said in a loud and solemn voice — "at the grave of Frederick the Great, I swear to my ally, the King of Prussia, an oath of everlasting love and constancy; I swear an oath of everlasting constancy and love to the sacred cause which has united us for the most exalted purpose. Never shall my constancy waver; never shall my love grow cold! I swear it!"

He kissed the coffin and rose from his knees; his eyes, glistening with tears, then turned toward the king, as he said: —

"It is your turn now, my brother, to swear the oath."

The king hesitated.

The queen laid her hand gently on his shoulder, and bent her beautiful face so close to him that he felt her breath, like the kiss of an angel, on his cheek.

"Swear the oath, my friend, my beloved," she whispered; "swear to be faithful to the holy alliance

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against the French tyrant; swear everlasting constancy and love to our noble ally."

The king hesitated no longer; he raised his head resolutely and approached the coffin. Laying his hand upon it, he repeated in a grave and calm voice the words which the queen had uttered before, and which she now whispered with trembling lips.

All three then grasped each other's hands over the coffin; thus they stood a long while, deeply moved and silent.

All at once this silence was interrupted by the loud, ringing notes of the church clock, announcing the first hour of the new day. The sounds died away, and the chime of the bells now commenced playing in clear and sweet notes the old German hymn, "*Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*"¹

The king inclined his head, as if in silent prayer; an almost imperceptible, strange smile overspread the noble features of the emperor. The queen, however, glowing with enthusiasm, exclaimed:—

"God and the spirit of Frederick the Great give us the motto of our alliance: '*Ueb immer Treu und Redlichkeit, bis an dein kühles Grab!*' Let us remember it as long as we live!"

"Let us remember it," repeated the two sovereigns, with a firm, manly grasp. They looked at each other, and with their eyes bade each other a last farewell.

Then they turned silently away and left the royal vault.

Five minutes later, the Emperor Alexander of Russia

¹ Hölty's hymn, "Be honest and faithful until they lay thee in thy cool grave."

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was on his way to Olmütz, in order to join there the Emperor Francis of Austria, who had fled thither from Napoleon and his victorious army.

At Olmütz the plan for the campaign of the third coalition against Napoleon was to be agreed upon.

WHY THE PHILOSOPHER'S LETTER WAS NOT MAILED

[1806]

BY "LOUISA MÜHLBACH" (KLARA M. MÜNDR)

[IN 1806, the Prussian king, Frederick William III, declared war against Napoleon. The French conqueror dashed down upon his armies; in a single day he was victorious at Jena and Auerstädt, and Prussia lay at his feet.

The Editor.]

PROFOUND silence reigned in the small room; books were to be seen everywhere on the shelves, on the tables, and on the floor; they formed almost the only decoration of this room which contained only the most indispensable furniture.

It was the room of a German savant, a professor at the far-famed University of Jena.

He was sitting at the large oaken table where he was engaged in writing. His form, which was of middle height, was wrapped in a comfortable dressing-gown of green silk, trimmed with black fur, which showed here and there a few worn-out, defective spots. A small green velvet cap, the shape of which reminded the beholder of the cap of the learned Melancthon, covered his expansive, intellectual forehead, which was shaded by sparse light-brown hair.

A number of closely written sheets of paper lay on the table before him, on which the eyes of the savant, of the philosopher, were fixed.

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This savant in the lonely, small room, this philosopher, was George Frederick William Hegel.

For two days he had not left his room; for two days nobody had been permitted to enter it except the old waitress who silently and softly laid the cloth on his table, and placed on it the meals she had brought for him from a neighboring restaurant.

Averting his thoughts from all worldly affairs, the philosopher had worked and reflected, and heard nothing but the intellectual voices that spoke to him from the depths of his mind. Without, history had walked across the battlefield with mighty strides and performed immortal deeds; and here, in the philosopher's room, the mind had unveiled its grand ideas and problems.

On the 14th of October, and in the night of the 14th and 15th, Hegel finished his "Phenomenology of the Mind," a work by which he intended to prepare the world for his bold philosophical system, and in which, with the ringing steps of a prophet, he had accomplished his first walk through the catacombs of the creative intellect.

All the power and strength of reality, in his eyes, sprang from this system, which he strove to found in the sweat of his intellectual brow, — and his system had caused him to forget the great events that had occurred in his immediate neighborhood.

Now he had finished his work; now he had written the last word. The pen dropped from his hands, which he folded over his manuscript as if to bless it silently.

He raised his head, which, up to this time, he had bent over the paper, and his blue eyes, so gentle and lustrous,

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turned toward heaven with a silent prayer for the success of his work. His fine, intellectual face beamed with energy and determination; the philosopher was conscious of the struggle to which his work would give rise in the realm of thought, but he felt ready and prepared to meet his assailants.

"The work is finished," he exclaimed loudly and joyfully; "it shall now go out into the world!"

He hastily folded up his manuscript, wrapped a sheet of paper around it, sealed it, and directed it.

Then he looked at his watch.

"Eight o'clock," he said in a low voice; "if I make haste, the postmaster will forward my manuscript to-day."

He divested himself of his gown, and dressed. Then he took his hat and the manuscript and hastened down into the street toward the post-office. Absorbed as he was in his reflections, he saw neither the extraordinary commotion reigning in the small university town, nor the sad faces of the passers-by; he only thought of his work, and not of reality.

He now entered the post-office; all the doors were open; all the employés were chatting with each other, and no one was at the desk to attend to the office business and to receive the various letters.

Hegel, therefore, had to go to the postmaster, who had not noticed him at all, but was conversing loudly and angrily with several gentlemen who were present.

"Here is a package which I want you to send to Bamberg," said the philosopher, handing his package to the postmaster. "The stage-coach has not set out yet, I suppose?"

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The postmaster stared at him wonderingly. "No," he said; "it has not set out yet, and will not set out at all!"

It was now the philosopher's turn to look wonderingly at the postmaster.

"It will not set out?" he asked. "Why not?"

"It is impossible, in the general confusion and excitement. There are neither horses nor men to be had to-day. Everybody is anxious and terrified."

"But what has happened?" asked the philosopher in a low voice.

"What? Then you do not know yet the terrible events of the day, Mr. Professor?" exclaimed the postmaster in dismay.

"I do not know anything about them," said the philosopher timidly, and almost ashamed of himself.

"Perhaps you did not hear, in your study, the thunders of the artillery?"

"I heard occasionally a dull, long-continued noise, but I confess I did not pay any attention to it. What has occurred?"

"A battle has occurred," exclaimed the postmaster, "and when I say a battle, I mean two battles; one was fought here at Jena, and the other at Auerstädt; but here they did not know that a battle was going on at Auerstädt, and at Auerstädt, like you, Mr. Professor, they did not hear the artillery of Jena."

"And who has won the battle?" asked Hegel feelingly.

"Who but the conqueror of the world, the Emperor Napoleon!" exclaimed the postmaster. "The Prussians are defeated, routed, dispersed; they are escaping in all directions; and when two French horsemen are approaching, hundred of Prussians throw their arms away

THE PHILOSOPHER'S LETTER

and beg for mercy! The whole Prussian army has exploded like a soap-bubble. The king was constantly in the thickest of the fray; he wished to die when he saw that all was lost, but death seemed to avoid him. Two horses were killed under him, but neither sword nor bullet struck him. He is retreating now, but the French are at his heels. God grant that he may escape! The commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, was mortally wounded; a bullet struck him in the face and destroyed his eyes. Oh, it is a terrible disaster! Prussia is lost, and so is Saxe-Weimar, for the Emperor Napoleon will never forgive our duke that, instead of joining the Confederation of the Rhine, he stood by Prussia and fought against France. Our poor state will have to atone for it!"

Hegel had listened sadly to this loquacious man, and his features had become gloomier and gloomier. He felt dizzy, and a terrible burden weighed down his breast. He nodded to the postmaster and went out again into the street.

But his knees were trembling under him. He slowly tottered toward his residence.

All at once a brilliant procession entered the lower part of the street. Drums and cheers resounded. A large cavalcade was now approaching.

At its head, mounted on a white horse with a waving mane and quivering nostrils, rode the man of the century, the man with the marble face of a Roman *imperator*, the Julius Cæsar of modern history.

His eyes were beaming with courage and pride; a triumphant smile was playing on his lips. It was the *triumphator* making his entry into the conquered city.

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The philosopher thought of the history of ancient Rome, and it seemed to him as though the face of the modern Cæsar were that of a resuscitated statue of antiquity.

Napoleon now fixed his flashing eyes on the philosopher, who felt that this glance penetrated into the innermost depths of his heart.

Seized with awe, Hegel took off his hat and bowed deeply.

The Emperor touched his hat smilingly, and thanked him; then he galloped on, followed by the whole brilliant suite of his marshals and generals.

The German philosopher stood still, as if fixed to the ground, and gazed after him musingly and absorbed in solemn reflections.

He himself, the Napoleon of ideas, had yet to win his literary battles in the learned world of Germany.

The Emperor, the Napoleon of action, had already won his battles, and Germany lay at his feet. Vanquished, crushed Germany seemed to have undergone her last death-struggle in the battles of Jena and Auerstädt.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE

[1806]

BY A. L. A. SMITH

[IN the war with Napoleon, Queen Louisa of Prussia herself took the field. She was present at the battle of Jena, and at the rout of the Prussian army she remained on the battleground. It is said that a band of French hussars dashed upon her at full speed. Only three or four of her escort were with her, and these were dispersed by the drawn swords of the enemy. Fortunately for her, she was mounted upon a magnificent charger, who galloped away for Weimar, out-distanced the horses of the pursuers, and saved the queen from capture.

The Editor.]

FAIR QUEEN, away! to thy charger speak,
A band of hussars thy capture seek;
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way,
Speak, speak to thy charger without delay;
They're nigh.

Behold! they come at a breakneck pace,
A smile triumphant illumines each face,
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race,
To Weimar for safety — fly!

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash,
Over the field like the lightning's flash —
Fled.

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Away, like an arrow from steel crossbow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go,
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he tries to save,
But, no!
"Vive l'Empereur!" rings sharp and clear;
She turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear,
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as though on the wings of the wind,
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.

No more
She fears, though each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs and strains;
For ride as they may, her steed still gains,
And Weimar is just before.

Safe! the clatter now fainter grows,
She sees in the distance her laboring foes,
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride
So dear.

With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! she is safe with those
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!

WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA PROCLAIMED EMPEROR
AT VERSAILLES

THE TROUBLES OF A CORRESPONDENT IN
THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

[1870]

FROM "ALL THE YEAR ROUND"

WHEN war was declared between France and Germany in the early summer of 1870, I was sent by a London paper to act as special correspondent with MacMahon's *corps d'armée*, and, leaving the town at twenty-four hours' notice, arrived at Strasburg with by no means too much time to spare. On arriving at Strasburg, I managed to be introduced, in an informal manner, to the gallant officer who commanded the army there assembled, and was not a little pleased when the marshal recognized me, as having met me in Algeria some years before. Frenchmen, and more particularly French military men, are somewhat backward, or shy, of fraternizing with new acquaintances; but when the latter show any desire to know them, and more particularly, as was the case with me, when they show anything like a genuine admiration of the many soldier-like qualities which are to be found among those who compose their armies, they will always come more than half-way to meet foreigners in the bond of good-fellowship. .

When we reached Worth it was evident that something very like a decisive engagement would take place, and that either the French or the German army would be badly beaten before many hours were over. I got away from the lines and, with the help of a little of that

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gold which is a key to most doors, managed to get up to the flat top of the tower which forms part of the village church, and there witnessed what proved to be the beginning of the end of the war, so far as the French army and nation were concerned. To me, as well as to my friends, the day proved most unfortunate. I felt so certain that MacMahon's troops would rally and eventually beat their enemy, that I delayed coming down from the tower until it was too late. By the time I got back to where I had left an old *britschka* with two screws of horses that I owned, the French army was in full retreat for the Vosges, the Germans were in possession of the village, and my conveyance, together with my servant who drove it, and all the clothes I had in the world, had vanished. As a matter of course, not being able to speak German, I was made a prisoner, and taken before the officer commanding the brigade that held the place. Of the treatment I received from them I had nothing whatever to complain. An officer who could speak English was sent for, and when he had read my Foreign Office passport, as well as my credentials for the paper I represented, I was at once released, on condition of giving my parole that I would not rejoin the French army for at least seven days. I was then given a free pass, which would prevent my being made prisoner by any of the German troops, and was told I might go where I liked.

But where to go and how to do so, was now the question. My carriage and all my kit having been looted, as I afterwards found out, by the German camp-followers, I had, in the way of clothes, what I stood in. Most fortunately my circular letter of credit had not shared the

TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

fate of the rest of my property. I had kept it in my breast pocket, and was not a little glad that I had done so. If I could only reach Carlsruhe I should be able to get whatever money I wanted. But how to get there was the question. It was some thirty or forty English miles from Worth; there was no conveyance of any sort to be had; and even if the latter had been favorable, my whole worldly wealth consisted, with the exception of the letter of credit, of something less than twenty francs. If I could manage to walk all the way, that very modest sum would suffice me for a very humble lodging each night, and for a moderate amount of indifferent food. I had, however, no choice. Walk I must, if I did not want to be left to starve at Worth. The journey to Carlsruhe would help to pass away the seven days, or, at any rate, a large portion of them, during which I was under parole not to rejoin the French army. To remain where I was, or to follow the French through the Vosges, was equally impossible. So I made up my mind, and started upon what promised to be, and what certainly proved, a journey that was anything but pleasant.

Whatever other drawbacks the road between Worth and Carlsruhe had, it was by no means a solitary or lonely route. It would be difficult to say whether the wagons and other conveyances going towards Germany or those coming into France, were more numerous. The former were filled with French prisoners and wounded soldiers; the latter with fresh German troops en route for the seat of war, doctors and sisters of charity on their way to tend the sick of the German army, and every sort of war stores and supplies it is possible to imagine. There were three villages in the thirty miles of road

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where I found it possible to rest at night. There was nothing in the shape of a bedroom, or even of a bed, to be had, except at prices which my very limited amount of cash rendered impossible for me. I was obliged to make the best of things, and to sleep, as well as eat, as best I could. Under such circumstances personal cleanliness was almost impossible. When I arrived, on the morning of the fourth day, at Carlsruhe, I was very far from being respectable in appearance. At Grosse's Hotel the clerk in the bureau evidently did not like to admit me, and it was only after I had shown him my passport that he ordered a room to be got ready for me. I went at once to the bank named in my letter of credit, got what money I required, bought a suit of ready-made clothes; and after a hot bath, and using plenty of soap, began to feel as if it were possible to be clean and comfortable again; although it took two or three days before I could realize that I had got rid of the dirt and discomfort brought about by my vagabond-like pedestrian journey. On the third day after my arrival at Carlsruhe I started for Baden, thence went over the Swiss frontier to Basle; and by that time the seven days having elapsed, I crossed the French frontier and made my way to Laon, following, as well as I could, the direction in which public report gave out that the army under MacMahon was marching.

At Laon I learned that Marshal MacMahon had, with the army he commanded, made his way to Rheims, whence he intended to try to afford assistance to Bazaine, who was already surrounded at Metz. The rail from Laon towards Rheims had been cut by order of the French military authorities, so that I had no means

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whatever of pushing on, except by purchasing an old rattle-trap of a carriage to supply the place of the one that had been taken by the German camp-followers at Worth. I was, however, fortunate enough to procure two active and fast horses which, as will be seen presently, proved, in a great measure, the means by which I afterwards was able to effect the very narrow escape that saved my life.

Between Laon and Rheims I passed through Châlons and Epernay, at which places I saw, for the first time, the *francs-tireurs*, or free-shooters. The corps was, in the most comprehensive possible meaning of the word, irregular. The men who composed it were not only irregular in everything they did, but appeared to glory in their irregularity. They seemed to have very few officers, and the few they had were seldom, if ever, to be seen on duty with the men. The latter had evidently souls above obedience, for they did very much what they liked, and in the manner they liked. They evidently hated the regular army, and the latter returned the compliment with interest.

I was very anxious to let my employers in London know the exact state of affairs in regard to the intended advance of MacMahon towards Metz, and how the attempt to relieve Bazaine had utterly failed. To telegraph the news was impossible, as all the wires had been cut by the enemy. I had prepared a long letter which gave many details that had not yet been published in England, and I felt sure that if I could only manage to get what I had written to London it would do me no little credit. As yet Sedan was not even threatened by the Germans. I knew the officers who commanded there

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very well, and I resolved to push on by myself, and see what could be done in the way of forwarding my letter thence over the Belgian frontier, whence it would be safe to reach London in twenty-four hours. It took the best part of three days to reach Sedan. At Sedan I was able to procure a horse, and rode some ten miles over the Belgian frontier to Buiony, where there were neither wars nor rumors of wars. Here my letter was posted, registered, and sent off to London. I then returned to Sedan, and, having the horses harnessed to the wretched old conveyance of which I was the owner, set off on my return to the headquarters of MacMahon's army, wherever they might be.

The colonel in command at Sedan was very kind to me, gave me the best of food, and the most reliable of information, advising me, if I wanted to rejoin MacMahon's army, to make the best of my way to a small town called Mouson, some fifteen or twenty miles off, situated in the valley of the Meuse, whence, as he said, I should be pretty sure of finding the headquarters of the army. My coachman, a Swiss whom I had engaged when I bought the trap at Laon, told me that the drive from Sedan to Mouson would occupy about four hours, going at a comparatively slow pace which could not knock up the horses. It was agreed that we were to halt for an hour or so, after we had been a couple of hours on the road. I was very tired and sleepy when we left, and therefore made myself comfortable to enjoy a good sleep, thinking I should have at least two hours in which I could do so.

To my amazement, we had not gone more than a couple or three miles from Sedan when the carriage

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came to a sudden halt, and I heard more than one rough voice ordering the driver not to move, unless he wished to be shot then and there. I drew back the leather curtains and looked out, when I found that some thirty or more armed men had surrounded the vehicle, and two of them, opening the door, ordered me in the most brutal manner to get out. At first I thought they were soldiers, and that they were laboring under some mistake, having taken me to be somebody else. But I soon discovered that they belonged to the *francs-tireurs*; and that they fully intended to make me a prisoner. I still thought there must be some mistake, and asked them what they wanted, telling them that I was an English newspaper correspondent who had accompanied MacMahon all through the campaign, and was now on my way to rejoin him. "*Vous mentez*" (You lie) was the polite answer I got; and, as one of them cocked his rifle and swore he would shoot me dead if I did not get out, I thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and got out upon the dusty road. I asked where their officers were; but they replied that there were none present, and that Frenchmen knew how to deal with Prussian spies without being controlled by officers. I asked them what I had done that I should be made a prisoner of. They answered that I was a Prussian spy, and that they intended to try me by court-martial and shoot me. I told them that if they would only come back to Sedan with me, the commandant of the garrison would satisfy them that I was not a Prussian, still less a spy, but an Englishman who was going about his lawful work. They said that the commandant at Sedan was, like most of the French army, a traitor to his country; that they

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would not believe a word he said, but had determined to make me a prisoner and kill me. Anything so brutal as they were in their words and manner it has never been my lot to witness in any part of the world.

At last they decided to begin what they were pleased to call a *conseil de guerre*, or court-martial, in order that they might try me for being, as they asserted, a Prussian spy on French soil.

I question whether, in the history of the world, a greater farce or a more entirely one-sided affair was ever enacted than on this occasion. I was accused, as I said before, of being a Prussian spy; but what I came to spy upon, or in whose employment I was, my accusers, who were also my judges, did not say. A couple of dozen times at least I was told that I was what they said; and when I denied it, and said I was an Englishman, I was told "*Vous mentez*" (You lie). Of the twenty-five or thirty men present, twelve resolved themselves into what they called a court, a thirteenth individual acting as president. I offered to show them — in fact held out for their inspection — my Foreign Office passport, as well as a pass I had received from MacMahon's chief-of-staff when I joined the army at Strasburg. But the first they would not even look at; and the second they said was given by a man — Marshal MacMahon — who was himself a traitor to France. They did not seem to think it requisite that I should be put upon my defense. One of them was called forward by the rest, asked whether he could speak English, and whether he would know an Englishman by sight when he saw him. To both questions he answered in the affirmative. He was then told to speak

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to me in English, and to look at me, and say if I was an Englishman. He came up to me and muttered some gibberish which contained a few words that might, by persons of a very strong imagination, be called English. I endeavored to say a few words to him in my own tongue; but he stopped me by shouting out that I was a Prussian, that I spoke German, and did not understand a word of English.

This seemed quite enough for those who were trying me. After consulting together for a few minutes one of them announced in a loud voice that I had been found guilty of being a Prussian spy, and that as such I was condemned to be shot. He then told me — looking at his watch and letting me look at mine — that I had a quarter of an hour given me to live, and, as a proof that he meant what he said, orders were given to twelve of the party to load their rifles, and two others were told off to give me the *coup de grâce*, in the event of my not being killed by the firing party. In a word, my lease of life seemed to be very near its termination, and I felt very certain that I had not more than the fifteen minutes the fellow named in which to live.

To analyze one's feelings or thoughts under such circumstances is impossible. For about five minutes, a third of the time that was left me, I felt utterly stunned, and kept wondering whether those I had left behind in England would ever learn what my fate had been. At last an idea, a sort of forlorn hope, came to me, and I lost no time before trying whether or not I could put it in execution. I called to one of the men, who seemed to be a leader among his fellows, and told him that I wished, before being shot, to see a priest, which was a privilege

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invariably granted to even the greatest culprits in France, and asked him to find out the *curé*, or parish priest, of the nearest village, and bring him to me. My idea was that by making this request I should, at any rate, gain a little time, and that if this priest did come to see me it was possible, although I feared not very probable, he might have some influence with these men, and might get them to send me to some military post, where I should have justice done me. My request did not seem to annoy my judges in the least. On the contrary, they approved of it, and at once sent off a couple of messengers in different directions to look for this *curé*.

In the mean time my feelings and surroundings were by no means happy. It is true that since they had sentenced me to be shot the men had — most fortunately, as it afterwards turned out — unbound my hands and feet. I was allowed to sit on the ground, close to a wall, a sentry with a loaded rifle being within a dozen yards of me, and due notice was given that if I attempted to get away this man had orders to shoot me at once. I was covered with dirt and dust, the result of having been knocked down more than once when I was made a prisoner. What the ultimate result of my reprieve might be, or what the priest could do if they found him, which seemed far from likely, was, I need hardly say, utterly uncertain. I kept on hoping for the very improbable best, but fearing in my heart that the more than probable worst would be my fate.

At last what turned out to be my guardian angel appeared. The messengers who had gone in search of the priest had been absent some little time, and my

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captors were beginning to grumble and say that it was time to finish the business and shoot me offhand, when all at once an old man, a *garde champêtre*, appeared on the scene, his fowling-piece over his shoulder, and the red ribbon in the buttonhole of his blouse, showing that he had served, and served with honor, in the French army. He asked what was the matter, and turning to me, inquired whether I really was an Englishman. I told him my story, and showed him the different documents I had by me, commencing with the pass given me by the chief of MacMahon's staff. He read it carefully, and I could see by his face that he was convinced I was telling the truth. He then looked at my Foreign Office passport, but did not seem able to make out what it meant. All at once he left me, and I saw him go to where my carriage was, and while examining the vehicle and horses, — the latter, most providentially, as it turned out, having never been unharnessed, — he spoke a few words to the coachman. He then came back to where I was, asked me to show him again my different papers, and then, turning to some of the *francs-tireurs* who were standing near, said, in a loud voice, "Messieurs, you have made a great mistake. This person," pointing to me, "is not a Prussian. He is an English officer of rank, who has come to France in order that he may see and admire how Frenchmen defend their country. Even now French officers are expecting him at the headquarters of the army." And then, turning to me, he said, "*Allons, monsieur, en route; ne perdez pas un moment.*" With that he caught hold of my arm, hurried me away, and before my enemies had time, or anything like time, to realize what he was doing, we were not only

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inside the carriage, but were tearing along at a smart hand-gallop on the road to Mouson. The anger and vexation of my captors may be imagined. They had not the means of pursuing us; but they fired several shots after us, one of which went through the crown of my billycock hat. However, I was saved; and if ever one man saved the life of another, that old *garde champêtre* saved mine. When we arrived at Mouson I got five hundred francs (twenty pounds) on my letter of credit, and made it a present to the old fellow who had behaved with such pluck, and who had certainly risked his life to save me. Had we been caught before we reached the carriage, nothing could have saved him from suffering with me the death to which I had been condemned.

GERMAN WOUNDED IN THE GALLERY OF
MIRRORS, VERSAILLES

GERMAN WOUNDED IN THE GALLERY OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES

BY VICTOR BACHEREAU-REVERCHON

(*French artist. 1842*)

IN the Palace of Versailles there is one room, the superb Gallery of Mirrors, that has seen strange vicissitudes. It was built by Mansard, in 1678. It is 240 feet long and 43 feet high, and has 34 great mirrors. It is richly ornamented with paintings and trophies and is the most splendid room in the whole splendid palace. During the siege of Paris by the Germans, the floors were trod by softly stepping nurses instead of nobles and mighty potentates; and the mirrors reflected cots of wounded soldiers instead of the exquisite gowns of beautiful women and the insignia of royalty; for the most magnificent apartment of Versailles was turned into a hospital for wounded German soldiers.

The palace has had an eventful history. At first Louis XIII built a tiny hunting lodge in the woods and planned a great château. Louis XIV, instead of a château, built a magnificent palace, lavishing vast sums upon it. In 1682 the court came to Versailles, and for over a hundred years it was the principal residence of the French kings. Here Marie Antoinette played at being a peasant dairymaid. The great halls have been the scene of important historical events. Here was signed the treaty of peace between France and England in which Great Britain recognized the independence of the United States. Here the Paris mob swarmed and drove Louis XVI and his queen to Paris for safety. In the Franco-Prussian War, the Germans used the palace as headquarters, and it was here that, on January 18, 1871, the King of Prussia was proclaimed German emperor.

The inscription on the central building, "To all the glories of France," is justified by the collection within. Hall after hall is filled with pictures commemorating historical events, with statues and busts and portraits of famous people, plans of important battles, allegorical paintings, views of royal palaces, and arms of crusaders and kings.



THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

BY MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

[THIS was a favorite song of the German soldiers during the war of 1870.

The Editor.]

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?

Chorus: Dear Fatherland, no danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of an heroic race
From heaven look down and meet this gaze;
He swears with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

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Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

VIII
MODERN GERMANY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE success of the Prussian arms aroused national pride. A closer union was again the cry, and in 1871 King William I of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor, this title to be hereditary in the Prussian dynasty. With the consolidation of all the German states under the leadership of Prussia and the recognition of the new empire as the dominant military power on the Continent of Europe, Germany entered upon a period of great prosperity. Emperor William I was succeeded by his son, Frederick III, whose short reign was followed in 1888 by the accession to the throne of William II, the present emperor. This most independent of princes regarded nothing as too small for his attention, nothing as too great for his control. During his reign Germany has built up a colonial empire, created a powerful navy and merchant marine, extended her commercial and industrial activities throughout the world, and increased her manufactures more rapidly than has any other country.

The German Empire of to-day is a union of twenty-six states under the presidency of the King of Prussia, who has the title of German Emperor. The Reichstag, or Parliament, represents the nation as a whole, and consists of about 400 members, who are elected for five years each. The executive power is held by the Emperor, and the Cabinet is responsible to him and not to Parliament as in England.

BISMARCK IN THE REICHSTAG AND AT HOME

[About 1880]

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE

[KARL OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK-SCHONHAUSEN — to give his full quota of names — was born in 1815. He followed the traditions of his ancestors and entered the public service. At the accession of William I, he became the head of the Prussian Cabinet and Minister of Foreign Affairs. His aim was to drive Austria out of the Confederation, to unite Germany, and to bring it to the front rank among the nations of Europe. The Seven Weeks' War, in 1866, broke the union between Prussia and Austria, and made it plain that Prussia was the most powerful of the German states. Bismarck's next aim was to win the South German states, and in pursuit of this he was more than willing to push on a war with France. The success of the German army brought about an enthusiasm and strength of patriotism that resulted in the coronation of William in 1871 as German Emperor.

Now that the empire was established, the great chancellor aimed at the victories of peace. He skillfully kept clear of international entanglements and formed such alliances as would best conduce to the greatness of the country. Between him and the Emperor William I there was a strong and sincere attachment; but when, after the short reign of Frederick, William II came to the throne, trouble arose. Bismarck had ruled the land for too many years to submit to an autocratic young man of twenty-nine. The result was the minister's resignation. He died in 1898. As has been well said, "He found Germany a group of jealous kingdoms and principalities, the shuttlecock of Austria and France.

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He left it a united nation, one of the world's great Powers, and the dominant force on the Continent of Europe."

The Editor.]

It is interesting to observe Bismarck as, in the legislative palace at Berlin, he sits on the central bench of the Reichstag, which is set apart for the imperial ministers. He usually enters just before the house is called to order, and with a haughty nod here and there, sits plump down into his chair, apparently unconscious of the multitude of eyes that are fixed upon him. He begins at once his work of signing papers, glancing rapidly over dispatches, and giving orders to the secretaries who stand by. Now and then he throws a quick glance across the chamber; then settles down again, folds his arms across his breast, and seems to be carrying on a double process of listening to what is said, and of meanwhile thinking hard. But if Herr Lasker or Herr Haenel happens to be delivering an eloquent tirade against the Government, you can easily read upon the chancellor's grim face, and in his nervous, petulant movements, the emotion which is agitating him. He is not one of those nerveless men who can listen with a stolid face and contemptuously placid smile to the invectives of his antagonists. Irritable, imperious, yet thin-skinned and sensitive, Bismarck never seems to care to conceal the annoyance or anger so easily aroused in his breast by opposition. At such a time you will see him contract his bushy brows, look rapidly around the chamber as if to take stock of his enemies, and finally rise to his feet amid a sudden hush and breathless attention. In a delivery broken, abrupt, spasmodic, with a voice husky and apparently

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always finding its breath with difficulty, — except at certain moments of high passion, when it rings out strong, clear, and defiant, — with his big hands clutching the shining buttons of his military tunic, or savagely twirling and twisting a paper or a pencil, he proceeds to reply to the attack. His round gray eyes flash brightly and fiercely, his large frame sways to and fro, his face grows red, his legs are sometimes crossed, then suddenly drawn wide apart; and he goes on in the simplest, clearest, frankest language, to justify his acts and repel the assertions of his antagonist. Every one is astonished at his frankness; his blunt avowal of his motives; his unequivocal declarations of future policy; his merciless handling, not only of his immediate opponent, but of all his opponents, and of men and courts outside of Germany. It is a part of his adroitness to seem imprudently frank; his apparent imprudence and recklessness, are, we may be sure, calculated beforehand. But there can be no doubt that his wrath is genuine; or that the greatest difficulty he encounters in debate is that of keeping in check his most unruly temper.

When we follow Bismarck from the chancellerie and the Reichstag, from the palace and the council chamber, to his homes in the Friedrichstrasse and at Varzin, he appears to us under many fresh and more pleasing aspects. For this grim, iron-souled chief, whose courage, will, determination, and despotic temper are so irresistible on the public arena, is really one of the most human of men. He is still, though often oppressed by well-nigh insufferable neuralgic pains, as fond of a frolic as a boy. He is far happiest in his home, surrounded by a family than which there never was a family more tenderly and

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chivalrously beloved. He has a great, affectionate, generous heart; his ardent devotion to those who have won his love is in the mouths of all Germany. His home, too, is a temple, in which the household gods are many. In speaking of his quiet, domestic, sweet-tempered wife, he once said, "She it is who has made me what I am." At one of the most brilliant periods of his life he wrote to this congenial partner: "I long for the moment when, established in our winter quarters, we sit once more around the cheerful tea-table, let the Neva be frozen as thick as it will." These winter quarters were the massive, three-story house, No. 76 Friedrichstrasse, the chancellor's official residence. A sentry's box at the front gate indicates its public nature; within, liveried attendants moving to and fro betray that this great man, simple and robust as are his tastes, must still maintain some show of state. The broad stairway is adorned by two stone sphinxes, which seem to symbolize Bismarck's policy, if not his character. Beyond, are the larger apartments of the house, — the drawing and reception rooms; while still more remote, and only accessible to those especially honored by Bismarck's friendship, is the large, plain, curiously furnished library, where he at once performs the burden of his labors and takes his chief comfort. The windows of the library overlook an umbrageous park; the room itself is garnished with suits of armor, boxing gloves, foils, swords, and other paraphernalia of war and the "manly arts." Time was when Bismarck used to sit there, drinking big draughts of mixed porter and champagne, smoking a bottomless student pipe, and working like a giant, till far into the earlier hours of the morning.

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Latterly, tortured by neuralgia, he has given up these midnight indulgences and labors, and sits with his family in the common sitting-room.

It is not here in the Friedrichstrasse, however, amid the bustle of the crowded city and swarms of officials and satellites, that Bismarck takes his chief delight. It is only at Varzin, near by his ancestral home, among the scenes of his mad and rollicking youth, that he most fully enjoys the luxury of living. When away, he is constantly longing for Varzin. He once said: "I often dream that I see Varzin — all the trees that I know so well, and the blue sky; and I fancy that I am enjoying it all."

Ample acres and all the appurtenances of a prosperous and well-kept landed estate surround the spacious Pomeranian mansion of the chancellor. The stables shelter many thoroughbreds, the kennels are crowded with Bismarck's favorite dogs. The conservatories teem with rare fruits and flowers; and in all these things the master takes a keen and watchful interest. But he is most often found at Varzin, as at Berlin, in his study. This is a six-sided apartment, furnished with rugged simplicity. An enormous chimney and open fireplace fill in one of the corners; on either side of which rises a column bearing a coat-of-arms on an emblazoned shield. Bismarck is proud of his blood and his ancestry. After the French war, he added to his coat-of-arms the banners of Alsace and Lorraine, and chose as his motto, "*Trinitate Robur*," — "My strength in trinity," — an old family device. "And," suggested a friend, "it may also signify 'My strength in the three-in-one God.'" "Quite so," replied the prince, gravely. "That was

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what I meant." A bust of the Emperor surmounts the chimney; while before it there are placed two stiff, high-backed chairs. The walls are adorned, as Bismarck everywhere is fond of adorning them, with many curiosities; there are Tunisian sabers and Japanese swords, Russian hunting knives and braces of pistols, military caps and quaint bits of armor. The furniture of the room comprises sofas, divans, and the chancellor's writing-desk covered with green cloth, and having upon it a white porcelain inkstand and a two-armed student lamp; on a small table at one side is a large Bible, evidently much used; everything is solid, plain, and substantial, like Bismarck himself. This feature of simple comfort is discernible, indeed, throughout the house. Nor is it without its mysterious staircase. Such a one leads from a corridor into unknown regions. "The castle keep?" once asked a friend, pointing to the door. "That is my sally-port," said Bismarck; and he went on to explain that it led to a path in the woods, whither the great man was fain incontinently to retreat when threatened by a raid of unwelcome guests.

Many of Bismarck's most attractive personal traits are hinted to us by his surroundings. Once within the serene atmosphere of Varzin, the stern chancellor becomes the devoted family man, the enthusiastic sportsman, the frank and talkative friend, and even the genial wit. Those who have been privileged to hear his conversation, declare it to be replete with brilliant sallies, humorous hits, and graphic descriptions. At his ease he is one of the frankest, most genial, most entertaining of men. Adamant as he seems in public, he has

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been known to feel so bitterly the stings of hostile sarcasm and criticism as to give way to fits of weeping. When, during the Austrian war, the German generals desired to push on and invade Hungary, Bismarck strenuously opposed the project; but his arguments were in vain. Chagrined at his failure to convince them, he suddenly left the room, went into the next, threw himself upon the bed, and wept and groaned aloud. "After a while," he says, "there was silence in the other room, and then the plan was abandoned." His tears had conquered where his arguments had failed.

His mode of life is peculiar. Being often sleepless, his usual hour of rising is ten in the morning. His breakfast is simple, consisting generally of a cup of tea, two eggs, and a piece of bread. At dinner he eats and drinks, like a true Pomeranian, copiously and freely. His princely appetite, indeed, is described as being truly voracious. His table groans with a superabundance of rich and indigestible food, and dizzy concoctions of champagne and porter, sherry and tea. "The German people," said he on one occasion, alluding to the many hampers of his known favorite meats, fish, and fruits sent him from all quarters, "are resolved to have a fat chancellor."

Sometimes, like lesser folks, Bismarck has fits of the blues and of brooding; which can scarcely be wondered at when we consider his self-indulgence at table. On these occasions he distresses those around him by the most forlorn reflections. Once he declared that he had made nobody happy by his public acts — neither himself, nor his family, nor the country. "I have had," he went on gloomily, "little or no pleasure out of all I have done — on the contrary, much annoyance, care and

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trouble." In brighter moods he takes all this back, and revels, with almost boyish exultation, in the splendor of his state strokes, and the new face he has put upon the world's events.

"Where is my dog?" was Bismarck's first exclamation when, on a recent visit to Vienna, he alighted from the railway train. Never did a man cherish a fonder affection for the brute creation than this king-maker and world-mover. He watched by the side of his dying "Sultan" as he might have done over a favorite child, and begged to be left alone with him in the final hour. When the faithful old friend gasped his last breath, Bismarck, with tears in his eyes, turned to his son and said: "Our German forefathers had a kind belief that, after death, they would meet again, in the celestial hunting-grounds, all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. I wish I could believe that!" For children Bismarck had an ardent fondness. His bright little grandchildren are the very joy of his old age. On every occasion, he seems to take delight in humoring and pleasing the young. Curiously commingled in his large nature are sentiment and satire, kindness and humor. One day he was taking a walk with his wife at the famous watering-place of Kissingen. As they were about to turn down a side path, the chancellor saw just beyond a rustic family, evidently anxious to catch a good glimpse of him. The youngest daughter, a girl of ten, started forward, and with an expression half-timid, half-bold, approached, staring at him. Bismarck at once turned aside and sat down on a rustic bench by the road, until the girl had passed; when rising, he bowed his most stately bow to her, said gravely,

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“Good-morning, miss,” and proceeded down the secluded path.

There can be no doubt of Bismarck’s sturdy personal courage. One striking incident in his career has proved that to all time. One day in 1866, as he was returning home from the palace through the Unter den Linden, he was shot from behind by an assassin. He turned short, seized the miscreant, and though feeling himself wounded held the man with iron grasp until some soldiers came up. He then walked rapidly home, sat down with his family and ate a hearty dinner. After the meal was over, he walked up to his wife and said, “You see, I am quite well”; adding, “you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see.” It was the first intimation she had had of the attempted tragedy.

These necessarily rapid glances at Bismarck’s career and character may fitly be brought to a close by referring to the depth and sincerity of his religious faith and feelings. In an age when skepticism and atheism are especially rampant among his countrymen, Bismarck adhered stoutly to the sturdy creed of his fathers. “I do not understand,” he once wrote to his wife, “how a man who thinks about himself, and yet knows and wishes to know nothing of God, can support his existence, out of very weariness and disgust. I do not know how I bore it formerly. If I were now to live without God as then, I would not know in very truth why I should not put away life like a soiled robe.”

This simple fervor of humble and deep-rooted faith seems to me to shed greater luster on his full, troubled, but triumphant life, than the conquest of Austrian or

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Frank, the rebuilding of a fallen empire, the sway of a power which bends all Europe to its will, or even that lofty mastery over event and circumstances which must record his name the highest on the illustrious roll of the statesmen of our century.

STUDENT LIFE AT THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

[About 1900]

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK

ENGLISH people who have been in Germany at all have invariably been to Heidelberg, and if they have been there in term time they have been amused by the gangs of young men who swagger about the narrow streets, each gang wearing a different colored cap. They will have been told that these are the "corps" students, and the sight of them so jolly and so idle will confirm their mental picture of the German student, the picture of a young man who does nothing but drink beer, fight duels, sing *Volkslieder* and *Trinklieder*, and make love to pretty, low-born maidens. When you see a company of these young men clatter into the Schloss garden on a summer afternoon and drink vast quantities of beer, when you observe their elaborate ceremonial of bows and greetings, when you hear their laughter and listen to the latest stories of their monkey tricks, you understand that the student's life is a merry one, but except for the sake of tradition you wonder why he need lead it at a seat of learning. Anything further removed from learning than a German corps student cannot be imagined, and the noise he makes must incommode the quiet working students who do not join a corps. Not that the quiet working students would wish to banish the others. They are the glory of the German universities. In novels and on

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the stage none others appear. The innocent foreigner thinks that the moment a young German goes to the Alma Mater of his choice he puts on an absurd little cap, gets his face slashed, buys a boar hound, and devotes all his energies to drinking beer and ragging officials. But though the "corps" students are so conspicuous in the small university towns, it is only the men of means who join them. For poorer students there is a cheaper form of union, called a *Burschenschaft*. When a young German goes to the university he has probably never been from home before, and by joining a *Corps* or a *Burschenschaft*, he finds something to take the place of home, companions with whom he has a special bond of intimacy, and a discipline that carries on his social education; for the etiquette of these associations is most elaborate and strict. The members of a corps all say "thou" to each other, and on the *Alle Herren Abende*, when members of an older generation are entertained by the young ones of to-day, this practice still obtains, although one man may be a great minister of State and the other a lad fresh from school. The laws of a "corps" remind you of the laws made by English schoolboys for themselves, — they are as solemnly binding, as educational, and as absurd. If a Vandal meets a Hessian in the streets he may not recognize him, though the Hessian be his brother; but outside the town's boundary this prohibition is relaxed, for it is not rooted in ill feeling but in ceremony. One corps will challenge another to meet it on the dueling ground, just as an English football team will meet another — in friendly rivalry. All the students' associations except the theological require their members to fight these duels, which are

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really exercises in fencing and take place on regular days of the week, just as cricket matches do in England. The men are protected by goggles and by shields and baskets on various parts of their bodies, but their faces are exposed, and they get ugly cuts, of which they are extremely proud. As it is quite impossible that I should have seen these duels myself, I will quote from a description sent me by an English friend who was taken to them in Heidelberg by a corps student. "They take place," he says, "in a large bare room with a plain boarded floor. There were tables, each to hold ten or twelve persons, on three sides of the room, and a refreshment counter on the fourth side, where an elderly woman and one or two girls were serving wine. The wine was brought to the tables, and the various corps sat at their special tables, all drinking and smoking. The dressing and undressing and the sewing up of wounds was done in an adjoining room. When the combatants were ready, they were led in by their seconds, who held up their arms one on each side. The face and the top of the head were exposed, but the body, neck, and arms were heavily bandaged. The duelists were placed opposite each other, and the seconds, who also have swords in their hands, stand one on each side, ready to interfere and knock up the combatant's sword. They say, '*Auf die Mensur,*' and then the slashing begins. As soon as blood is drawn, the seconds interfere, and the doctor examines the cut. If it is not bad they go on fighting directly. If it needs sewing up they go into the next room, and you wait an endless time for the next party. I got awfully tired of the long intervals, sitting at the tables, drinking and smoking. While the fights were

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going on we all stood round in a ring. There were only about three duels the whole morning. There was a good deal of blood on the floor. The women at the refreshment counter were quite unconcerned. They did n't trouble to look on, but talked to each other about blouses like girls in a post-office. The students drove out to the inn and back in open carriages. It is a mile from Heidelberg. The duels are generally as impersonal as games, but sometimes they are in settlement of quarrels. I think any student may come and fight on these occasions, but I suppose he has to be the guest of a corps." . .

A *Kommers* is a students' festival in which the professors and other senior members of a university take part, and at which outsiders are allowed to look on. The presiding students appear *in vollem Wuchs*, or as we should say, *in their war paint*, with sashes and rapiers. Young and old together drink beer, sing songs, make speeches, and in honor of one or the other they "rub a Salamander," — a word which is said to be a corruption of *Sauft alle mit einander*. This is a curious ceremony and of great antiquity. When the glasses are filled at the word of command, they are rubbed on the table; at the word of command they are raised and emptied; and again at the word of command every man rubs his glass on the table, the second time raises it and brings it down with a crash. Any one who brought his glass down a moment earlier or later than the others would spoil the "Salamander" and be in disgrace. In "Ekkehardt," Scheffel describes a similar ceremonial in the tenth century. "The men seized their mugs," he says, "and rubbed them three times in unison on the smooth

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rocks, producing a humming noise, then they lifted them towards the sun and drank; each man set down his mug at the same moment, so that it sounded like a single stroke."

A *Kommers* is not always a gay festival. It may be a memorial ceremony in honor of some great man lately dead. Then speeches are made in his praise, solemn and sacred music is sung, and the "Salamander," an impressive libation to the dead man's Manes, is drunk with mournful effect.

In small university towns — and it must be remembered that there are twenty-two universities in Germany — the students play a great part in the social life of the place. German ladies have often told me that the balls they looked forward to with most delight as girls were those given by students, when one "corps" would take rooms and pay for music, wine, and lights. For supper, tickets are issued on such occasions, which the guests pay themselves. The small German universities seem full of the students in term time, especially in those places where people congregate for pleasure and not for work. Even in a town as big as Leipsic they are seen a good deal, filling the pavement, occupying the restaurants, going in gangs to the play. But in Berlin the German student of tradition, the beer person, the duelist, the rollicking lad with his big dog, is lost. He is there, you are told, but if you keep to the highway you never see him; and to tell the truth, in Germany you miss him. He stands for youth and high spirits and that world of ancient custom most of us would be loath to lose. In Berlin, if you go to the *Universität* when the working day begins, you see a crowd of serious, well-mannered

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young men, most of them carrying books and papers. They are swarming like bees to the various lecture-rooms, they are as quiet as the elderly professors who appear amongst them. They have no corps caps, no dogs, no scars on their scholarly faces. By their figures you judge that they are not Beer Persons. They have worked hard for twelve years in the gymnasiums of Germany, they have no idle habits, no interests so keen as their interest in this business of preparing for the future. They are the men of next year's Germany and will carry on their country's reputation in the world for efficiency and scholarship.

A DAY WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR

[1898]

BY MAURICE LEUDET

THE energy of the Emperor is proverbial. He never rests, and professes the deepest horror of idleness. Moreover, his capacity for work is prodigious. Amongst those who immediately surround him there is even some fear that his health will some day suffer from his continual efforts to examine into all the affairs of the empire himself. To rest his brain he indulges in all those physical exercises in which he excels.

The Emperor gets up at five o'clock in the morning. As soon as he is up he takes a cold bath. His mother — who is a daughter of Queen Victoria, and an Englishwoman — has given him a taste from his earliest childhood for cold water, which is so wholesome for those who can stand it. After his bath, he dresses quickly and breakfasts at half-past six.

Immediately after breakfast the Emperor goes into his study, where piles of letters and quantities of documents await him. There are letters received during the night at the post-office and which special messengers bring the first thing in the morning to the Palace of Berlin or the Palace of Potsdam. There are also reports in the handwriting of the ministers and of high authorities. The Emperor, who himself sees to everything, has so much to do in reading all these documents that if he wishes to examine each in detail — which with him is a

principle — he cannot allow himself an instant's rest. It is very rarely that he postpones the consideration of any sort of business. He settles everything at the hour he has appointed, even though, to do so, he has to take an hour or two from his sleep.

The adjutants on duty are at their posts at half-past six. The Emperor discusses with them the orders for the day, and at seven he usually goes to see his children. He then betakes himself to the room where he receives, for the most part, the reports of the marshals. Then some conferences with the functionaries under the orders of the master of the household. In these interviews the details of such and such a ceremony are discussed, the programme for some impending journey of the Emperor made out, and the probable expense calculated, etc.

In the same way the Emperor, during his hours of work, looks into the affairs of the imperial household, examines the accounts, approves of orders given by the Grand Marshal, and, in a word, settles all questions relating to the daily domestic life. On important occasions he receives the ministers, the councilors with their reports, the prefect of police, generals, and great functionaries. It is the greatest delight to the Emperor to receive the reports of these persons, and to sign the papers they present to him. The Emperor goes into all these reports with so much zeal, though they are coming all day long, that he often says to those working with him, "I know I am giving you a lot of trouble, but I cannot do differently. I have a great task myself to accomplish, and I cannot make my decisions quickly."

If frequently happens that the heads of the different

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departments bring him twenty papers to sign. Each of these is discussed, and of the twenty perhaps only three or four are carried away signed. For the others, the sovereign is determined to have further information concerning them.

By nine o'clock in the morning the Emperor has thus accomplished a good deal of business, and if the weather and the season permit, he goes out for a drive and afterwards takes a pretty long walk. If the weather is unfavorable for driving, he goes to the riding-school and rides for three quarters of an hour. The Emperor is a good fencer, a good rider, and a good shot. When he is on horseback he likes to meet with difficulties. He not only jumps hedges and ditches, but also banks, called Irish banks, with the greatest ease. On days when a military inspection takes place, the Emperor, who has thus had to ride in the open air for a long time, dispenses with his drive. He remains in the saddle for five or six hours at a stretch willingly.

At about eleven the interviews and the reports begin again. This is also the time when audiences are granted. Officers of high rank who have received promotion, or great functionaries who have been accorded a rise, are announced. He also receives the envoys and representatives of foreign countries, princes, and great lords. The Emperor converses with each of them for a few minutes.

At *levées* the Emperor pays his guests some original attentions. During the course of a *levée* he will change his uniform five or six times. Thus, for instance, if the son of a deceased general of artillery comes to announce to William II the death of his father, the Emperor does

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not fail to put on his artillery uniform to do honor to the officer who has died in his service. He wears the uniform of a general of artillery, of cavalry, of infantry, or the naval uniform, according to the person he receives and the position that person occupies.

If the Emperor receives foreign representatives of military *attachés* of foreign powers, he wears the uniform of the army of the country which the visitor represents, or at least the orders belonging to that country.

The fatiguing ceremony lasts till about half-past two. The Emperor then goes again to join his children, who are already at table, and takes his second breakfast with them.

He then visits certain great functionaries, generals, and ministers, and discusses State affairs with them. He visits an artist and sits for a picture or a bust. He inspects the barracks and the public offices, and, if he has time, he concludes the afternoon with a carriage drive, which lasts till five or six o'clock.

At half-past six he again receives persons who have some communication to make to him, or who come to consult him upon military or civil business. He reads reports, and signs papers which were presented to him in the morning, but which he wished to think over. Finally, at seven o'clock he dines with his family.

On leaving the table the Emperor devotes some time to his children, who have spent the day in their studies, or in physical exercises; then he returns to work.

In the evening, as a novel recreation, the Emperor practices fencing. Towards ten he takes a light repast, and then retires to his bedroom. At a little after ten he summons his valet to help him to undress.

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On a table beside his bed there are always placed paper and pencil, in order that the Emperor may make a note of anything that occurs to him before he goes to sleep or before he gets up in the morning.

Such is one of the Emperor's working-days, in ordinary circumstances. In extraordinary circumstances William II imposes yet greater labor on himself. Think for a moment of the additional work imposed on him by the visit of a king or any sort of prince. All the business of the day is done by him, no matter what happens, even when the visit of some great personage obliges him to spend half the day at repasts, drives and walks, and ceremonies. On these occasions his time is so parceled out that it is often not till eleven o'clock in the morning that he can go into his study to glance at the newspapers, or read a new scientific, political, or literary book. It is past eleven at night before he can dispose himself for sleep. Even then he rises, if need be, at four o'clock, and begins again, without interruption, the business of the State. At the same time, visits, military maneuvers, inspections outside Berlin, occupy a great deal of the Emperor's time. During a journey he is never a moment idle. In the saloon carriage which is reserved for him, he writes, looks at reports, signs papers, etc. By the evening, after all the ceremonies at which he is obliged to be present, after the speeches and the toasts which he has had to listen to, and to which he has had to reply, he is very tired; but, nevertheless, when he is once more in his room, he looks at papers, runs through documents, and appends his signature. When he is away from Berlin, which is the seat of government, he is careful to attend to all business

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with even greater promptitude and attention than usual.

During reviews and inspections the Emperor is on horseback from five o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon. He has hardly time to take his hurried meals. Immediately afterwards he sets to work to study the business of State, has a *levée* in the afternoon, and assists at fresh ceremonies. Outwardly he does not show the least fatigue or the least effort. There is a sort of coquetry in his way of having a pleasant word for each of his visitors.

In these exceptional circumstances the Emperor has often not more than three hours for sleep. The next day he is on horseback again at the earliest possible hour.

Passionately fond of life by the sea, he is particularly fond of the natural beauties of the North Sea coast.

Even during his pleasure trips he devotes a great part of his time to work. At every place where he stops he finds dispatches, letters, reports for him, and even on his yacht his active spirit obliges him to read and study. It is true that he takes somewhat long voyages during the summer, when the departments take their holiday; but the government machine never stops, and William II has affairs to settle which require prompt execution.

In spite of all the work which the Emperor imposes on himself, he finds time to read most of the books of any importance which appear in Europe, whether literary, scientific, religious, or philosophical. A distinguished linguist, having in particular a marvelous acquaintance with French and German, he reads all these books, not in translations, but in the original. Therefore he is rarely at a loss when there is any discussion of

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a new book. In order to be abreast of all these studies, this reading, and these various labors, William II is penetrated with the idea that only the most absolute regularity in the employment of time can enable him to solve the apparently unsolvable problems of how to have sufficient knowledge of everything which attracts human observation.

He was prepared for this life of work by the severe education he was subjected to. He was, in fact, brought up in a hard school. Each day he had only half an hour to pursue his own tastes. Knowing the value of time, it is seldom indeed that he puts anything off till the morrow. A little theatrical in his manner, even one might say *cabotin*,¹ he has nevertheless a strong sentiment that the chief of the State should not only be the representative of authority, but also the most active collaborator in the life of the country of which he is the head.

His mystical ideas have led him to believe that he holds his right to rule from the Deity. He is one of the last believers in Divine right, of which M. the Comte de Chambord was the last representative in France.

¹ *Cabotin* means literally "strolling player," but is an untranslatable word.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND

BY ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

WHERE is the German's fatherland?
The Prussian land? The Swabian land?
Where Rhine the vine-clad mountain laves?
Where skims the gull the Baltic waves?
 Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavarian land? or Stygian land?
Where sturdy peasants plough the plain?
Where mountain-sons bright metal gain?
 Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
The Saxon hills? The Zuyder strand?
Where sweep wild winds the sandy shores?
Where loud the rolling Danube roars?
 Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Then name, then name the mighty land!
The Austrian land in fight renowned?

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The Kaiser's land with honors crowned?

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?

Then name, then name the mighty land!

The land of Hofer? land of Tell?

This land I know, and love it well;

But, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Where is the German's fatherland?

Is his the pieced and parceled land

Where pirate-princes rule? A gem

Torn from the empire's diadem?

Ah, no, no, no!

Such is no German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?

Then name, oh, name the mighty land!

Where'er is heard the German tongue,

And German hymns to God are sung!

This is the land, thy Hermann's land;

This, German, is thy fatherland.

This is the German's fatherland,

Where faith is in the plighted hand,

Where truth lives in each eye of blue,

And every heart is staunch and true.

This is the land, the honest land,

The honest German's fatherland.

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Low Countries were conquered by Cæsar, but later the German tribes united and drove the Romans to the southward. When Charlemagne's empire fell to pieces, the Netherlands were first ruled by France, then by Germany. In 932, the northern part was given to one Count Dirk, the first "Count of Holland." He and his successors ruled the land until 1299, when the throne fell to the House of Hainault. In order to obtain money for war, William IV of Hainault granted many privileges to the wealthy towns who were willing to become his creditors. This did much to break up feudalism and lessen the power of king and nobles. The next rulers were of the House of Bavaria. During their reign windmills, which had been introduced a century earlier, came into general use; and the method of curing herring was discovered, leading to a valuable trade in the dry fish.

The reign of the House of Burgundy began in the fifteenth century with Philip the Good. Commerce flourished, and free schools, art, and literature met with generous encouragement. The Dutch learned how to refine salt, to weave linen and woolen, and to make handsome jewelry. They strengthened their dikes; and even if the Dutchman Coster did not invent printing, as the Dutch firmly believe, his countrymen were certainly the most enthusiastic practicers of the new art. Charles the Bold did his best to destroy the liberties of the country, and at his death the Dutch called together all the Estates of the Netherlands to decide upon the wisest course. This was the first meeting of the States-General. In 1477, this assembly issued the Great Privilege, the Dutch Magna Charta. Through the marriage of the daughter of Charles the Bold to Maximilian of Austria, in 1482, the land passed into the hands of the Hapsburg family.

GERMANY

This is the land, the one true land,
O God, to aid be thou at hand!
And fire each heart, and nerve each arm,
To shield our German homes from harm,
 To shield the land, the one true land,
 One Deutschland and one fatherland.

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I

FROM THE ROMAN CONQUEST
TO THE REFORMATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

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BESIEGING A ROMAN CAMP

[54 B.C.]

BY T. RICE HOLMES

[WHENEVER a Roman army made a halt, if for only one night, their camp was always carefully fortified with trench, rampart, and palisade. It was such a camp as this that was attacked by Ambiorix. He had been successful in a previous engagement, and now he induced the Atuatuca and the Nervii to join him in another venture. The Roman leader, Quintus Cicero, was a brother of the orator Cicero.

In substance, this account is taken from the narrative of Cæsar.

The Editor.]

AMBIORIX told the chiefs exultingly of his success. Here was such a chance as they might never have again. Cicero's camp was close by. Why should they not do as he had done, — swoop down upon the solitary legion, win back their independence for good, and take a glorious revenge upon their persecutors? The chiefs caught at the suggestion. The small tribes that owned their sway flocked to join them: the Eburones, flushed with victory, were there to help; and the united host set out with eager confidence for the Roman camp. Their horsemen, hurrying on ahead, cut off a party of soldiers who were felling wood. Not the faintest rumor of the late disaster had reached Cicero; and the Gallic hordes burst upon him like a bolt from the sky. Their first onslaught was so violent that even the disciplined courage

of the Romans barely averted destruction. Messengers were instantly dispatched to carry the news to Cæsar; and Cicero promised to reward them well if they should succeed in delivering his letters. Working all night with incessant energy, the legionaries erected a large number of wooden towers on the rampart, and made good the defects in the fortifications. The Gauls, who meanwhile had been strongly reinforced, returned in the morning to the attack. They succeeded in filling up the trench; but the garrison still managed to keep them at bay.

Day after day the siege continued; and night after night and all night long the Romans toiled to make ready for the morrow's struggle. The towers were furnished with stories and embattled breastworks of wattle-work: sharp stakes, burnt and hardened at the ends, were prepared for hurling at the besiegers, and huge pikes for stopping their rush if they should attempt an assault. Even the sick and the wounded had to lend a hand. Cicero himself was in poor health, but he worked night and day; and it was not till the men gathered round him and insisted on his sparing himself, that he would take a little rest. His complaints, his Epicurean studies, his abortive tragedies were forgotten; he remembered only that he was a Roman general. Meanwhile the Nervian leaders, who had expected an easy triumph, were becoming impatient. They asked Cicero to grant them an interview. Some of them knew him personally; and they doubtless hoped that he would prove compliant. They assailed him with the same arguments that Ambiorix had found so successful with Sabinus. They tried to frighten him by describing the massacre at Atuatuca, and assured him that it was idle to hope

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for relief. But they would not be hard upon him. All that they wanted was to stop the inveterate custom of quartering the legions for the winter in Gaul. If he and his army would only go, they might go in peace whithersoever they pleased. Cicero calmly replied that Romans never accepted terms from an armed enemy. They must first lay down their arms: then he would intercede for them with Cæsar; Cæsar was always just, and would doubtless grant their petition.

Disappointed though they were the Gauls were not disheartened. They determined to invest the camp in a scientific manner. From the experience of past campaigns they had got a rough idea of the nature of Roman siege works; and now, with the quickness of their race, they proceeded to imitate them. Some prisoners who had fallen into their hands gave them hints. Having no proper tools, they were obliged to cut the turf with their swords, and use their hands and even their cloaks in piling the sod; but the workers swarmed in such prodigious numbers that in three hours they had thrown up a rampart, ten feet high and nearly three miles in extent. They then proceeded, under the guidance of the prisoners, to erect towers, and to make sappers' huts, ladders, and poles fitted with hooks for tearing down the rampart of the camp. The huts, which were intended to protect the men who had to fill up the trench and demolish the rampart, were partially closed in front, and had sloping roofs, built of strong timbers, so as to resist the crash of any stones which might be pitched on to them, and probably covered with clay and rawhides, as a protection against fire. On the seventh day of the siege there was a great gale. The besiegers took

advantage of it to fling blazing darts and white-hot balls of clay, which lighted on the straw thatch of the men's huts; and the wind-swept flames flew all over the inclosure. With a yell of exultation, the enemy wheeled forward their towers and huts, and planted their ladders: in another moment they were swarming up: but all along the rampart, their dark figures outlined against the fiery background, the Romans were standing ready to hurl them down: harassed by showers of missiles, half scorched by the fierce heat, regardless of the havoc that the flames were making in their property, every man of them stood firm; and hardly one so much as looked behind. Their losses were heavier than on any previous day. The Gauls, too, went down in scores; for those in front could not retreat because of the masses that pressed upon them from behind. In one spot a tower was wheeled right up to the rampart. The centurions of the Third Cohort coolly withdrew their men, and with voice and gesture dared the Gauls to come on: but none dared stir a step: a shower of stones sent them flying; and the deserted tower was set on fire. Everywhere the result was the same. The assailants were the bravest of the Gauls: of death they had no fear: but they had not the heart to hurl themselves upon that living wall; and, leaving their slain in heaps, they sullenly withdrew.

Still the siege went on; and to the wearied and weakened legion its trials daily increased. Letters for Cæsar were sent out in more and more rapid succession. Some of the messengers were caught in sight of the garrison, and tortured to death. There was, however, in the camp a Nervian named Vertico, who, just before the

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siege, had thrown himself upon the protection of Cicero, and had been steadfastly true to him. By lavish promises he induced one of his slaves to face the dangers which to the Roman messengers had proved fatal. The letter which he had to carry was fastened to a javelin and concealed by the lashing. He passed his countrymen unnoticed, made his way safely to Samarobriua, and delivered his dispatch. None of the other messengers had arrived; and so close was the sympathy between the peasants and the insurgents that Cæsar had not heard a rumor of the siege. . . .

Everything now depended upon speed. Passing through the Nervian territory, Cæsar learned from some peasants who fell into his hands that Cicero's situation was all but desperate: immediately he wrote a letter in Greek characters assuring him of speedy relief, and offered one of his Gallic horsemen a large reward to deliver it. He told him, in case he should not be able to get into the camp, to tie the letter to the thong of a javelin and throw it inside. Dreading the risk of apprehension, the man did as Cæsar had directed; but the javelin stuck in one of the towers, and remained unnoticed for two days. A soldier then found it and took it to Cicero, who read the letter to his exhausted troops. As they gazed over the rampart, they saw clouds of smoke floating far away over the west horizon, and knew that Cæsar was approaching and taking vengeance as he came.

That night Cæsar received a dispatch from Cicero, warning him that the Gauls had raised the siege, and had gone off to intercept him. Notwithstanding their heavy losses, they numbered, it was said, some sixty

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thousand men. Cæsar made known the contents of the dispatch to the troops, and encouraged them to nerve themselves for the approaching struggle. A short march in the early morning brought the legions to a rivulet, running through a broad valley, beyond which the enemy were encamped. Cæsar had no intention of fighting a battle against such heavy odds on unfavorable ground. Cicero was in no danger; and he was therefore not pressed for time. He sent out scouts to look for a convenient place to cross the river. Meanwhile he marked out his camp on a slope, and constructed it on the smallest possible scale in the hope of seducing the enemy to attack him. But the enemy were expecting reinforcements, and remained where they were. At dawn their horsemen ventured across the river, and attacked Cæsar's cavalry, who promptly retreated in obedience to orders. Sitting on their horses, the Gauls could see inside the camp. An attempt was apparently being made to increase the height of the rampart, and to block the gateways. There was every appearance of panic. Cæsar had told his men what to do; and they were hurrying about the camp with a pretense of nervous trepidation. The enemy hesitated no longer; and in a short time they were all across the stream. They had to attack uphill; but that mattered nothing against such craven adversaries. Not even a sentry was standing on the rampart. Criers were sent round the camp to say that if any man cared to come out and join the Gauls, he would be welcome, — till eight o'clock. The gates looked too strong to be forced, though there was really only a mock barricade of sods, which could be knocked over in a moment. The Gauls walked right up

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to the ditch, and began coolly filling it up, and actually tearing down the rampart with their hands, — when from right and left and front the cohorts charged: there was a thunder of hoofs; and reeling backward in amazement before a rush of cavalry, they flung away their arms and fled.

Cæsar prudently stopped the pursuit, lest his troops should become entangled in the outlying woods and marches; but about three o'clock that afternoon the legions reached Cicero's camp without the loss of a man. With keen interest Cæsar asked for details of the siege, and gazed with admiring wonder at the enemy's deserted works. When the legion was paraded, he found that not one man in ten was unwounded. Turning to Cicero, he heartily thanked him for the magnificent stand which he had made, and then, calling out, one by one, the officers whom he mentioned as having shown especial bravery, he addressed to them a few words of praise. From some prisoners, who had served under Ambiorix, he gleaned details of the massacre at Atuatuca. Next day he again assembled the men, and described to them what had befallen their comrades. The culpable rashness of a general officer had entailed a disaster; but they must not be downhearted, for Providence and their own good swords had enabled them to repair the loss.

Meanwhile the news of the relief had spread like wild-fire. Before midnight it was known in the neighborhood of Labienus's camp, more than fifty miles away. A number of loyal Romans hurried to congratulate the general; and a shout of joy at the gates of his camp told him what had occurred. Indutiomarus, who was on the

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point of attacking him, beat a hasty retreat. A large force from the maritime tribes of Brittany and Normandy was advancing against the camp of Roscius, when an express came to warn them of Cæsar's victory, and they precipitately fled.

THE REBELLION OF CIVILIS

[69 A.D.]

BY CAIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS

[ONE race of the people of the Netherlands, the Batavians, lived on an island at the mouth of the Rhine. They were brave and warlike, and finally they became allies of the Romans and joined the Roman armies. For a long while they served the emperors as a bodyguard. Nevertheless, they did not forget their own land and their former freedom, and while Vitellius and Vespasian were contending for the sway of Rome, they seized the opportunity to revolt. Their leader was a Batavian called Civilis. He is said to have made a speech to the Batavians, the substance of which is given in the following extract.

The Editor.]

CIVILIS, under the pretext of a banquet, convened the nobles and bravest of the nation, in a sacred grove; and when he saw that they were warmed with midnight revelry and mirth, he addressed them, first expatiating on the fame and exploits of the Batavians, and then enumerating the wrongs of his countrymen, the depredations of the Romans, and all the other evils of thralldom. Indeed, he said, they were no longer treated as allies, but as bond-slaves. When would a lieutenant-general come to govern them, though with a burdensome retinue, and domineering authority? They were now turned over to prefects and centurions, who, as soon as they have gorged themselves with spoils and blood, are recalled, a fresh set of rapacious creatures sent out, and

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the same system of depredation carried on under various names. A levy was just at hand, by which children would be separated in a manner forever from their parents, brothers from brothers. The Romans were never, at any period, in so feeble a condition. Neither had they aught in their winter quarters besides old men and plunder. Let them only lift up their eyes, and they would see no reason to dread their shadowy, unsubstantial legions. On the other hand, they had themselves an efficient force of foot and horse. The Germans were their kinsmen; the Gauls sympathized with them. Not even the Romans' displeasure was to be apprehended in the war he advised: in which, if they failed, they could lay the blame on Vespasian; and if they succeeded, there was no account to be rendered at all.

Having been heard with zealous approbation, he bound them all according to barbarian forms, and by the oaths and imprecations of their country.

[Then followed warfare. The following is an account of one of the engagements.]

Civilis pressed the siege of the Old Camp, keeping strict guard that no secret intelligence of coming succors might reach the garrison. The management of the battering-engines, and other warlike preparations, he delegated to the Batavians; the forces from beyond the Rhine, who demanded the signal for action, he ordered to advance and tear down the rampart; and when they were repulsed, he bade them renew the contest, as he had a redundance of men, and the loss of some of them would not be felt: nor did the night put a period to the effort

THE REBELLION OF CIVILIS

The barbarians, having placed heaps of wood around and set fire to them, betook themselves to a repast concurrently with their operations; and as each grew warm with liquor, they rushed with bootless temerity to the assault. For indeed their darts were without effect from the darkness, while the Romans took aim at the barbarian line, which was exposed to full view, and singled out as marks whoever was conspicuous for his valor or the splendor of his decorations. Civilis saw the disadvantage, and ordered the fires to be put out, that all might be enveloped in darkness, and the fight carried on without distinction. Then, indeed, dissonant noises were heard, unforeseen accidents occurred; there was no room for foresight either in striking or avoiding blows; they faced about to the quarter whence the shout proceeded, and directed their weapons thither. Valor could profit nothing; chance confounded all things, and the bravest often fell by the hand of the coward. The Germans fought with blind fury; the Roman soldiers, inured to danger, threw not their poles pointed with iron, nor discharged their massy stones at haphazard. Whenever the sound of the barbarians sapping the foundations of the walls, or of the scaling-ladders applied to the ramparts, presented the enemy to their attack, they drove the assailants down with the bosses of their shields, and followed them up with their javelins. Many who made good their way to the top of the walls they stabbed with daggers. After a night spent in this manner, the day disclosed a new mode of conflict.

The Batavians had reared a turret two stories high, which, as it approached the prætorian gate, where the ground was most even, was shivered to pieces by strong

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bars brought forward for the purpose, and beams which were made to impinge upon it: many of those who stood upon it were annihilated; and an attack was made upon the assailants, in their alarm and confusion, by a sudden and successful sally. At the same time more machines were made by the legionary soldiers, who excelled in skill and ingenuity. One in particular struck the enemy with terror and amazement. It was an instrument poised in the air, and having an oscillatory motion, by which, when suddenly let down, one or more of the enemy were borne aloft before the faces of their comrades, and then, by turning the whole mass, were discharged within the camp. Civilis, abandoning the hope of storming the place, again had recourse to a leisurely blockade, employing himself in undermining the fidelity of the legions by messages and promises.

[At length the Gallic allies of Civilis deserted him, and even his own people ceased to trust him. Moreover, they had become completely discouraged and had concluded that it was useless to try to oppose the Romans. There was nothing for him to do but to make the best terms of peace that he could. He and the Roman commander met on a bridge — if it could be called a meeting, for Civilis stood on one end and the Roman general on the other, and the center of the bridge was broken away. Unfortunately, no one knows what they said, for the story stops here. History does not tell what became of Civilis.

The Editor.]

HOW COUNT WILLIAM OF HOLLAND WAS MADE A KNIGHT

[1247]

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[THE theory of the Middle Ages was that the king owned the whole country; but, as he could not cultivate it all or even defend it, he gave large districts of it to his chief men. Each man, when he received a share, knelt before the king with uncovered head, laid his hands in those of his sovereign, and vowed to be his man and to serve him faithfully. Then the king kissed his vassal, or liegeman, and gave him a bit of turf and a twig to indicate that he was to hold the land and what grew upon it. Often when land was granted to a man, he was required to make a small payment of money or produce. This was not rent, but merely an acknowledgment that the property was not his, but his lord's. It was sometimes nothing more than a measure of grain, or a fish or two from some river flowing through the land.

The service required by the king was usually service in war. When there was need of fighting, he had a right to call out his vassals to fight for him. But every vassal divided his land into portions and gave it to people who now became *his* vassals and vowed to be faithful to *him*. Each vassal then called out those who were under him; and they were all obliged to go out to help do battle. This was the feudal system. In short, the lord must protect, and the vassal must serve. It was a tenure of land on condition of service.

The Editor.]

AFTER all had been made ready in the [Cologne] cathedral, the aforesaid Squire William, after a solemn mass,

folded hands in a missal upon the Gospel that had just been read, thus speaking: —

“Will you then, in the Lord’s name, piously accept the order of knighthood and, to the best of your ability, observe the rule explained to you word by word?”

The squire answered to this: —

“I will.”

The lord cardinal now handed the squire the vow, which the squire read in the hearing of all, as follows: —

“I, William, chief of the Holland knighthood, free feudatory of the Holy Empire, swear in presence of my Lord Peter, cardinal deacon of St. George *ad velum aureum* and legate of the Papal See, on this Gospel, which I touch with my hand, to observe the rule of the order of knighthood.”

The cardinal answered: —

“May this pious vow be the true deliverance from your sins. Amen.”

When this was over, the King of Bohemia gave a loud blow on the squire’s neck with these words: —

“To the honor of Almighty God, I ordain you knight and receive you with congratulations into our company. And remember, that the Saviour of the world, in presence of the High Priest Annas, was struck and mocked at before you, in presence of King Herod was covered with a robe and laughed at, and in presence of the whole people was crucified, naked and wounded, on the cross. I counsel you to bear his suffering in mind; I command you to take up his cross; also I admonish you to avenge his death.”

When this had all solemnly been accomplished, the young squire began, after a mass, with blare of trumpet,

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clangor of bell, and beat of drum, a thrice-repeated combat of arms with the King of Bohemia's son, and afterwards, fighting with the naked sword, he ended his squireship, celebrated with great splendor a feast of three days, and showed his liberality by ample presents to all the noblemen.

HOW PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE WAS MADE GOVERNOR OF GHENT

[1386]

BY SIR JOHN FROISSART

[TOWARD the end of the fourteenth century, Philip van Artevelde was made governor of Ghent and leader of the people in their war against the Count of Flanders. He was at first successful, but soon King Charles VI of France came to the aid of the count. Philip's army was routed and he himself was slain.

The Editor.]

WHEN Peter du Bois saw Ghent thus weakened in her captains and soldiers, and deserted by her allies; that the principal inhabitants began to tire; he suspected they would readily give up the war, but that, whatever peace or treaty they should enter into with the earl, there would not be any possibility for him to save his life. He therefore called to his recollection John Lyon, who had been his master, and with what art he had worked; he saw plainly he could not do everything himself, not having sufficient weight nor knowledge to govern the town; neither did he wish for the principal command, being solely desirous of leading every mad enterprise: he, in consequence, turned his thoughts to a man, of whom the city of Ghent had not any suspicions, one of sufficient prudence, though his abilities were unknown, for until that day they had not paid any attention to him: his name was Philip van Artevelde, son of Jacob

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van Artevelde, who had ruled over all Flanders for seven years. Peter du Bois had heard it related by his master, John Lyon, and the old people of Ghent, that the whole country was never so well governed, feared, loved, and honored, as during the time of Jacob van Artevelde's reign, which lasted for seven years: the inhabitants added, that if Jacob van Artevelde were alive, things would not be in the state they are now in: they should have a peace according to their wishes, and the earl would be too happy to forgive them.

These words made an impression on Peter du Bois: he recollected that Jacob van Artevelde had left a son called Philip, a handsome and agreeable man, to whom the Queen of England, when she was at Ghent and during the time of the siege of Tournay, had stood god-mother, and who, from respect to her, had been christened Philip. Peter du Bois came one evening to Philip's house, who resided with his mother, maintaining themselves honorably on their rents. Peter, having arranged in his own mind what he should say, thus opened the matter and the cause of his coming: "If you will listen to me, and follow my advice, I will make you the greatest man in Flanders." "How will you do this?" replied Philip. "I will tell you, for we are at this moment in the utmost want of a leader of a good name and fair character: by this means we shall rouse the men of Ghent, through remembrance of your father's fame; for every one says that Flanders was never so flourishing, nor so much feared, as during his lifetime. I will easily place you, if you be willing, in his situation; and when there, you will govern according to my advice until you shall find yourself master of the business, which you will soon

PHILIP MADE GOVERNOR OF GHENT

acquire." Philip, who was arrived at manhood, and naturally wished to advance himself in honor and wealth more than he then possessed, replied, "Peter, you offer me great things; and, if I be placed in the situation you saw, I swear on my faith that I will never act without your advice."

Peter asked, "Can you be cruel and proud? For a great man among the commonalty, and in particular among such as we shall have to do with, will not be thought anything worth if he be not feared and dreaded, and at times renowned for his cruelty. It is thus that the Flemings wish to be governed; and among them men's lives should be no more valued, nor should they have more pity shown to them, than swallows or larks, which are caught in the proper season for the table." "By my troth," answered Philip, "I know well how to act this part." "All then goes well," said Peter. "You are just such a one as I want, and the chief I look for." On saying this, he took leave and departed to his own house. Night passed, and day returned, when Peter du Bois went to a square where there were upward of four thousand of his followers and others, assembled to hear the news, to discuss how matters ought to be carried on, and who should be governor of the town.

The Lord de Harzelle was there, who chiefly conducted the affairs of Ghent, but he would not undertake to do anything out of the town: some named him for governor: others were also nominated. Peter, who was listening attentively, having heard many names, raised his voice and said, "Gentlemen, I have paid every attention to all you have said, and firmly believe that you have been induced, through your love and affection for

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the honor and wealth of the town of Ghent, to propose such who are worthy to have a share in the government of this city; but I know one who in no way is thinking of it, and if he would undertake the Government, there could not be any one found of greater abilities, nor of a more propitious name." Peter du Bois was called upon to name him, which he did by saying, "It was Philip von Artevelde, who was christened at the font of St. Peter's in Ghent by that noble queen of England, Philippa, who was his godmother at the time when his father, Jacob von Artevelde, was at the siege of Tournay with the King of England, the Duke of Brabant, the Duke of Gueldres, and the Earl of Hainault; which Jacob von Artevelde, his father, governed the town of Ghent and the country of Flanders better than has ever been done since, from all I hear from those inhabitants who have it strong in their memories: Flanders had been for some time lost, if through his sense and good fortune he had not regained it. Now, it behooves us to love the branches from such a valiant man, in preference to any other person." No sooner had Peter du Bois done speaking than the idea of Philip von Artevelde filled every one's mind, and encouraged them so much that they unanimously cried out, "Let him be sought for: we will not have any one but him for our governor." "No, no," said Peter du Bois: "we will not send for him: it will be much better we go to his house, for we do not at present know how he will take it. We ought not by any means to suffer him to excuse himself from accepting it."

At these words, those present took the road to Philip's house, followed by many others who had been informed of their intentions. When they arrived there, the Lord

PHILIP MADE GOVERNOR OF GHENT

de Harzelle, Peter du Bois, Peter la Nuitée, and about ten or twelve of the principal tradesmen, addressed him, saying, "That the good town of Ghent was in the greatest danger for want of a chief, with whom alliances might be formed both at home and abroad, and that all ranks of people in Ghent had given him their voices and chosen him to be their sovereign; for the good remembrance of his name, and the love they had borne to his father, made him more agreeable to them than any one else. For which reasons they entreated him affectionately to take on him the Government of the town, with the management of their affairs both within and without, and they would swear to him obedience and loyalty as completely as to their lord. They likewise engaged to bring every one, how great soever he might be, under his obedience."

Philip, after hearing everything they had to say, made the following prudent reply: "Gentlemen, you require great things from me; and I should imagine you have not weighed the matter so maturely as it ought to have been, when you offer me the government of Ghent. You say, the affection your ancestors had for my father has been your great inducement: when he had performed for them every service in his power, they murdered him. If I should accept the government in the manner you request, and be afterwards murdered, I should gain but a miserable recompense." "Philip," said Peter du Bois, who caught at these words which seemed to make his choice doubtful, "what has passed cannot now be amended: you will act from the advice of your council, and by thus continuing you will ever be so well advised that all mankind shall praise you." Philip answered:

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“I should never wish to act otherwise.” They then elected him; and conducting him to the market-place, he was there sworn into office; the mayors, sheriffs, and rulers of companies were also sworn to obey him.

In this manner was Philip von Artevelde made sovereign of Ghent. He acquired great popularity at the commencement; for he spoke to every one who had any business with him politely and prudently, so that he was beloved by all.

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES V: A READING
BY ERASMUS

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES V: A READING BY ERASMUS

BY EDUARD JEAN CONRAD HAMMAN

(*Belgian painter. 1819*)

IN the year of Columbus's great discovery, Erasmus left the monastery and began life as a scholar; and a scholar he became, one of the first of his times. He refused all advancement in the Church, and at first criticized the Church and welcomed the ideas of Luther and the Reformation. However, he was never a reformer in the Lutheran sense, and remained a Catholic. He believed that the people needed nothing but teaching, and that as they grew wiser, the points which deserved criticism would be amended.

Erasmus was made a counselor in the royal household of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles V, and had to do with the education of the young prince. In his "Christian Prince," which he wrote for Charles, he said: "God has given you an empire without bloodshed; his will is that you preserve it ever free from blood. May it come to pass that through your goodness and wisdom we may at last have a rest from these mad wars. Peace will be made precious to us by the memory of evils past, and our gratitude to you will be double by the misfortunes of other times."

Dr. Emerton says: "All this to Charles of Burgundy, already Most Catholic King of Spain, within a year to be elected Holy Roman Emperor, and destined for the next generation to turn Europe into a battlefield for objects in which no one of his numerous subject peoples had the remotest interest!"

In this picture Charles is shown, at the age of eleven, seated on his throne in the palace of Brussels. Beside him is his guardian, Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian of Austria. This boy, who was destined to become the most powerful ruler of his age, had inherited the rich provinces of the Netherlands five years before this time; five years later he inherited from his mother the kingdom of Spain with its vast possessions in America; and in 1519, he was elected Emperor of Germany.



II
HOW HOLLAND WON HER
FREEDOM

HISTORICAL NOTE

AT the death of Ferdinand of Aragon, Charles V of the House of Austria, who had inherited the Netherlands from his father, became also ruler of Spain. His reign was on the whole tolerable to the Netherlands. He had been brought up in their province and they thought of him as one of themselves. With his son, Philip II, to whom Charles resigned his throne in 1556, the case was different. He was a gloomy, conscientious bigot, with neither sympathy nor liking for the liberty-loving Dutch. The doctrines of Martin Luther were making great headway in the country, and to combat them Philip II introduced, or revived, the terrible Inquisition. Moreover, he filled the chief offices with Spaniards and quartered Spanish soldiers upon the people. Disturbances broke out, churches were sacked, and although quiet was at last restored, Philip sent the Duke of Alva with 20,000 veteran troops of Spain to punish the unhappy provinces. Under the merciless rule of Alva and his "Council of Blood," thousands of the Dutch were tortured or put to death and thousands more fled the country. When, in 1568, extraordinary taxes were imposed on the people (the tenth penny from the price of every article sold and the hundredth part of every income), and the Inquisition declared the inhabitants of the Netherlands heretics and at one stroke sentenced them *all* to death with a few named exceptions, the provinces rose in revolt, and embarked on one of the most memorable wars of all history.

In 1579, the southern Catholic provinces, forming what is now Belgium, submitted to Spanish rule. In the same year the seven northern provinces united in what is called the Union of Utrecht. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the rebel leader, was made hereditary Stadtholder. In 1584, William was assassinated, and his place was taken by his seventeen-year-old son, Maurice of Nassau. Maurice proved to be a skillful general, and he was aided by a brilliant man of business, John of Barneveldt, who managed with the utmost wisdom the financial affairs of the provinces. In 1648, after a struggle of eighty years, the independence of the Dutch Republic was acknowledged.

THE "BEGGARS" OF HOLLAND

[1566]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[THE people of the Netherlands had no desire to match their little strength against the mighty power of Spain, then the foremost nation of Europe, without first exhausting every peaceable means of maintaining their rights. In 1566, a party of nobles decided to present a petition, setting forth their grievances, to the Spanish king's half sister, Margaret, Duchess of Parma, whom he had made regent of the country.

The Editor.]

It was about six o'clock in the evening, on the third day of April (1566), that the long-expected cavalcade at last entered Brussels. An immense concourse of citizens of all ranks thronged around the noble confederates as soon as they made their appearance. They were about two hundred in number, all on horseback, with pistols in their holsters; and Brederode, tall, athletic, and martial in his bearing, with handsome features and fair curling locks upon his shoulders, seemed an appropriate chieftain for that band of Batavian chivalry. The procession was greeted with frequent demonstrations of applause as it wheeled slowly through the city till it reached the mansion of Orange Nassau. Here Brederode and Count Louis alighted, while the rest of the company dispersed to different quarters of the town.

"They thought that I should not come to Brussels," said Brederode, as he dismounted. "Very well, here I

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am; and perhaps I shall depart in a different manner." In the course of the next day, Counts Culemburg and Van der Berg entered the city with one hundred other cavaliers.

On the morning of the 5th of April, the confederates were assembled at the Culemburg mansion, which stood on the square called the Sabon, within a few minutes' walk of the palace. A straight handsome street led from the house along the summit of the hill, to the splendid residence of the ancient Dukes of Brabant, then the abode of the Duchess Margaret. At a little before noon, the gentlemen came forth, marching on foot, two by two, to the number of three hundred. Nearly all were young, many of them bore the most ancient historical names of their country, every one was arrayed in magnificent costume. It was regarded as ominous that the man who led the procession, Philip de Bailleul, was lame. The line was closed by Brederode and Count Louis, who came last, walking arm in arm. An immense crowd was collected in the square in front of the palace, to welcome the men who were looked upon as the deliverers of the land from Spanish tyranny, from the Cardinalists, and from the Inquisition. They were received with deafening huzzas and clappings of hands by the assembled populace. As they entered the council chamber, passing through the great hall, where ten years before the Emperor had given away his crowns, they found the Emperor's daughter seated in the chair of state, and surrounded by the highest personages of the country. The emotion of the duchess was evident, as the procession somewhat abruptly made its appearance; nor was her agitation diminished as she observed among the peti-

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tioners many relatives and retainers of the Orange and Egmont houses, and saw friendly glances of recognition exchanged between them and their chiefs.

As soon as all had entered the Senate room, Brederode advanced, made a low obeisance, and spoke a brief speech. He said that he had come thither with his colleagues to present a humble petition to Her Highness. He alluded to the reports which had been rife, that they had contemplated tumult, sedition, foreign conspiracies, and, what was more abominable than all, a change of sovereign. He denounced such statements as calumnies, begged the duchess to name the men who had thus aspersed an honorable and loyal company, and called upon her to inflict exemplary punishment upon the slanderers. With these prefatory remarks he presented the petition. The famous document was then read aloud. Its tone was sufficiently loyal, particularly in the preamble, which was filled with protestations of devotion to both king and duchess. After this conventional introduction, however, the petitioners proceeded to state, very plainly, that the recent resolutions of His Majesty, with regard to the edicts and the Inquisition, were likely to produce a general rebellion. They had hoped, they said, that a movement would be made by the seigniors or by the estates, to remedy the evil by striking at its cause, but they had waited in vain. The danger, on the other hand, was augmenting every day, universal sedition was at the gate, and they had therefore felt obliged to delay no longer, but come forward the first and do their duty. They professed to do this with more freedom, because the danger touched them very nearly. They were the most exposed to the

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calamities which usually spring from civil commotions, for their houses and lands situate in the open fields, were exposed to the pillage of all the world. Moreover, there was not one of them, whatever his condition, who was not liable at any moment to be executed under the edicts, at the false complaint of the first man who wished to obtain his estate, and who chose to denounce him to the inquisitor, at whose mercy were the lives and property of all. They therefore begged the duchess regent to dispatch an envoy on their behalf, who should humbly implore His Majesty to abolish the edicts. In the mean time they requested Her Highness to order a general surcease of the Inquisition, and of all executions, until the king's further pleasure was made known, and until new ordinances, made by His Majesty with advice and consent of the States-General duly assembled, should be established. The petition terminated, as it had commenced, with expressions of extreme respect and devoted loyalty.

The agitation of Duchess Margaret increased very perceptibly during the reading of the paper. When it was finished, she remained for a few minutes quite silent, with tears rolling down her cheeks. As soon as she could overcome her excitement, she uttered a few words to the effect that she would advise with her councilors and give the petitioners such answer as should be found suitable. The confederates then passed out from the council chamber into the grand hall; each individual, as he took his departure advancing towards the duchess and making what was called the "caracole," in token of reverence. There was thus ample time to contemplate the whole company, and to count the numbers of the deputation.

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After this ceremony had been concluded, there was earnest debate in the council. The Prince of Orange addressed a few words to the duchess, with the view of calming her irritation. He observed that the confederates were no seditious rebels, but royal gentlemen, well born, well connected, and of honorable character. They had been influenced, he said, by an honest desire to save their country from impending danger — not by avarice or ambition. Egmont shrugged his shoulders, and observed that it was necessary for him to leave the court for a season, in order to make a visit to the baths of Aix, for an inflammation which he had in the leg. It was then that Berlaymont, according to the account which has been sanctioned by nearly every contemporary writer, whether Catholic or Protestant, uttered the gibe which was destined to become immortal, and to give a popular name to the confederacy. "What, madam," he is reported to have cried in a passion, "is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these beggars (*gueux*)? Is it not obvious what manner of men they are? They have not had wisdom enough to manage their own estates, and are they now to teach the king and Your Highness how to govern the country? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their petition should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we would make them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them."

[The duchess finally agreed to send an envoy to Philip, who should lay before him the wishes of the Hollanders. She promised also to order the inquisitors to act "modestly and discreetly" — whatever that might imply; she declared that she could do nothing more.]

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Meanwhile the next important step in Brederode's eyes was a dinner. He accordingly invited the confederates to a magnificent repast which he had ordered to be prepared in the Culemburg mansion. Three hundred guests sat down, upon the 8th of April, to this luxurious banquet, which was destined to become historical.

The board glittered with silver and gold. The wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble Bacchanals, who were never weary of drinking the healths of Brederode, of Orange, and of Egmont. It was thought that the occasion imperiously demanded an extraordinary carouse, and the political events of the past three days lent an additional excitement to the wine. There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to their confederacy. Should they call themselves the "Society of Concord," the restorers of lost liberty, or by what other attractive title should the league be baptized? Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honor, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his rhetorical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the duchess, upon the presentation of the request, and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively. Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time. Great was the

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indignation of all that the state councilor should have dared to stigmatize as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them with good humor that nothing could be more fortunate. "They call us beggars!" said he; "let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the king, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then beckoned to one of his pages, who brought him a leathern wallet, such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the beggars!" he cried, as he wiped his beard and set the bowl down. "*Vivent les gueulx.*" Then for the first time, from the lips of those reckless nobles rose the famous cry, which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field. The humor of Brederode was hailed with deafening shouts of applause. The count then threw the wallet around the neck of his nearest neighbor, and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest, in turn, donned the mendicant's knapsack. Pushing aside his golden goblet, each filled the beggars' bowl to the brim, and drained it to the beggars' health. Roars of laughter, and shouts of "*Vivent les gueulx*" shook the walls of the stately mansion, as they were doomed never to shake again. The shibboleth was invented. The conjuration which they had been

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anxiously seeking was found. Their enemies had provided them with a spell, which was to prove, in after days, potent enough to start a spirit from palace to hovel, forest or wave, as the deeds of the "wild beggars," and the "beggars of the sea," taught Philip at last to understand the nation which he had driven to madness.

When the wallet and bowl had made the circuit of the table, they were suspended to a pillar in the hall. Each of the company in succession then threw some salt into his goblet, and, placing himself under these symbols of the brotherhood, repeated a jingling distich, produced impromptu for the occasion.

"By this salt, by this bread, by this wallet we swear,
These beggars ne'er will change, though all the world should stare."

This ridiculous ceremony completed the rites by which the confederacy received its name; but the banquet was by no means terminated. The uproar became furious. The younger and more reckless nobles abandoned themselves to revelry which would have shamed heathen saturnalia. They renewed to each other, every moment, their vociferous oaths of fidelity to the common cause, drained huge beakers to the beggars' health, turned their caps and doublets inside out, danced upon chairs and tables. Several addressed each other as Lord Abbot, or Reverend Prior, of this or that religious institution, thus indicating the means by which some of them hoped to mend their broken fortunes.

While the tumult was at its height, the Prince of Orange with Counts Horn and Egmont entered the apartment. They had been dining quietly with Mansfeld, who was confined to his house with an inflamed

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eye, and they were on their way to the council chamber, where the sessions were now prolonged nightly to a late hour. Knowing that Hoogstraaten, somewhat against his will, had been induced to be present at the banquet, they had come round by the way of Culemburg House, to induce him to retire. They were also disposed, if possible, to abridge the festivities which their influence would have been powerless to prevent.

These great nobles, as soon as they made their appearance, were surrounded by a crew of "beggars," maddened and dripping with their recent baptism of wine, who compelled them to drink a cup amid shouts of "*Vivent le roi et les gueulx!*" The meaning of this cry they of course could not understand, for even those who had heard Berlaymont's contemptuous remarks, might not remember the exact term which he had used, and certainly could not be aware of the importance to which it had just been elevated. As for Horn, he disliked and had long before quarreled with Brederode, had prevented many persons from signing the Compromise, and, although a guest at that time of Orange, was in the habit of retiring to bed before supper, to avoid the company of many who frequented the house. Yet his presence for a few moments, with the best intentions, at the conclusion of this famous banquet, was made one of the most deadly charges which were afterwards drawn up against him by the Crown. The three seigneurs refused to be seated, and remained but for a moment, "the length of a Miserere," taking with them Hoogstraaten as they retired. They also prevailed upon the whole party to break up at the same time, so that their presence had served at least to put a conclusion to the dis-

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graceful riot. When they arrived at the council chamber they received the thanks of the duchess for what they had done.

Such was the first movement made by the members of the Compromise. Was it strange that Orange should feel little affinity with such companions? Had he not reason to hesitate, if the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty could only be maintained by these defenders and with such assistance?

The "beggars" did not content themselves with the name alone of the time-honored fraternity of mendicants in which they had enrolled themselves. Immediately after the Culemburg banquet, a costume for the confederacy was decided upon. These young gentlemen discarding gold lace and velvet, thought it expedient to array themselves in doublets and hose of ashen gray, with short cloaks of the same color, all of the coarsest material. They appeared in this guise in the streets, with common felt hats on their heads, and beggars' pouches and bowls at their sides. They caused also medals of lead and copper to be struck, bearing upon one side the head of Philip; upon the reverse, two hands clasped within a wallet, with the motto, "Faithful to the king, even to wearing the beggar's sack." These badges they wore around their necks, or as buttons to their hats. As a further distinction, they shaved their beards close, excepting the mustaches, which were left long and pendent in the Turkish fashion, that custom, as it seemed, being an additional characteristic of mendicants.

Very soon after these events the nobles of the league dispersed from the capital to their various homes. Bred-

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erode rode out of Brussels at the head of a band of cavaliers, who saluted the concourse of applauding spectators with a discharge of their pistols. Forty-three gentlemen accompanied him to Antwerp, where he halted for a night. The duchess had already sent notice to the magistrates of that city of his intended visit, and warned them to have an eye upon his proceedings. "The great beggar," as Hoogstraaten called him, conducted himself, however, with as much propriety as could be expected. Four or five thousand of the inhabitants thronged about the hotel where he had taken up his quarters. He appeared at a window with his wooden bowl, filled with wine, in his hands, and his wallet at his side. He assured the multitude that he was ready to die to defend the good people of Antwerp and of all the Netherlands against the edicts and the Inquisition. Meanwhile he drank their healths, and begged all who accepted the pledge to hold up their hands. The populace, highly amused, held up and clapped their hands as honest Brederode drained his bowl, and were soon afterwards persuaded to retire in great good humor.

THE SIEGE OF LEYDEN

[1574]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

THIS city was one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands. Placed in the midst of broad, fruitful pastures, which had been reclaimed by the hand of industry from the bottom of the sea, it was fringed with smiling villages, blooming gardens, fruitful orchards. The ancient, and, at last, decrepit Rhine, flowing languidly towards its sandy death-bed, had been multiplied into innumerable artificial currents, by which the city was completely interlaced. These watery streets were shaded by lime trees, poplars, and willows, and crossed by one hundred and forty-five bridges, mostly of hammered stone. The houses were elegant, the squares and streets spacious, airy, and clean, the churches and public edifices imposing, while the whole aspect of the place suggested thrift, industry, and comfort. Upon an artificial elevation, in the center of the city, rose a ruined tower of unknown antiquity. By some it was considered to be of Roman origin, while others preferred to regard it as a work of the Anglo-Saxon Hengist, raised to commemorate his conquest of England. Surrounded by fruit trees, and overgrown in the center with oaks, it afforded from its mouldering battlements, a charming prospect over a wide expanse of level country, with the spires of neighboring cities rising in every direction. It was from this commanding height, during the long and ter-

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rible summer days which were approaching, that many an eye was to be strained anxiously seaward, watching if yet the ocean had begun to roll over the land.

[In 1574, the Spaniards under Don Francis Valdez besieged Leyden, and built so many redoubts around the city that there was no hope of succor coming to it by land. Food was already becoming scarce when Philip offered to pardon his "erring subjects" if they would give up their religion and return to the Roman Catholic Church. Half starving as they were, they refused. William of Orange held the fortress of Poldermaert; between him and the besieged city a precarious communication was kept up by carrier-pigeons and venturesome messengers called "jumpers." The Netherlanders were weak on land, but on the sea they were irresistible, and William believed that the only way to save the city was to break down the dikes, open the sluice-gates, and allow the ocean to roll over the country. Then their fleet could sail over the submerged land and bring relief to the famishing city. The Hollanders agreed. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," they cried. Money, plate, and jewelry poured in that the work might progress. The dikes were pierced and the waters poured over the country. Admiral Boisot with eight hundred "Sea Beggars," as the rebel sailors were called, set out boldly on the new ocean to carry food to Leyden, but when almost within sight of the city the boats ran aground. Eighteen inches of water were needed to float them, and there was no chance of getting it unless the wind should shift to the west and roll the ocean in through the gaps in the dikes.]

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its

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progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and

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withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noon-day through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out — women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its

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high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance to the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but

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ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arm retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud; but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens, — "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at farthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition

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would of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, and their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with

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sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder

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within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Baldez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning; but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide *détour*, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist. — “Yonder,” cried the burgomaster, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, “yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?” “We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails,” was the reply, “before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us.” It was resolved that a *sortie*, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-

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dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the

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conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effect of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; — but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children — nearly every living person within the

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walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note dispatched to the Prince of Orange was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

THE ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM THE SILENT

[1584]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

THE news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, the 8th of July, 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the dispatches before leaving his bed, caused the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the duke. The courier was accordingly admitted to the prince's bedchamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon, who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the Reformed faith. A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meager, mean-visaged, muddy complexioned, and altogether a man of no account — quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from

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Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

Nevertheless, this insignificant frame locked up a desperate and daring character; this mild and inoffensive nature had gone pregnant seven years with a terrible crime, whose birth could not much longer be retarded. Francis Guion, the Calvinist, son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."

When but twenty years of age, he had struck his dagger with all his might into a door, exclaiming, as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of Orange!" For this he was rebuked by a bystander, who told him it was not for him to kill princes, and that it was not desirable to destroy so good a captain as the prince, who, after all, might one day reconcile himself with the king.

As soon as the ban against Orange was published, Balthazar, more anxious than ever to execute his long-cherished design, left Dôle and came to Luxemburg. Here he learned that the deed had already been done

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by John Jaureguy. He received this intelligence at first with a sensation of relief, was glad to be excused from putting himself in danger, and, believing the prince dead, took service as clerk with one John Duprel, secretary to Count Mansfeld, governor of Luxemburg. Ere long, the ill success of Jaureguy's attempt becoming known, the "inveterate determination" of Gérard aroused itself more fiercely than ever. He accordingly took models of Mansfeld's official seals in wax, in order that he might make use of them as an acceptable offering to the Orange party, whose confidence he meant to gain.

Various circumstances detained him, however. A sum of money was stolen, and he was forced to stay till it was found, for fear of being arrested as the thief. Then his cousin and employer fell sick, and Gérard was obliged to wait for his recovery. At last, in March, 1584, "the weather," as he said, "appearing to be fine," Balthazar left Luxemburg and came to Trèves. While there, he confided his scheme to the regent of the Jesuit College — a "red-haired man" whose name has not been preserved. That dignitary expressed high approbation of the plan, gave Gérard his blessing, and promised him that, if his life should be sacrificed in achieving his purpose, he would be enrolled among the martyrs. Another Jesuit, however, in the same college, with whom he likewise communicated, held very different language, making great efforts to turn the young man from his design, *on the ground of the inconveniences which might arise from the forging of Mansfeld's seals* — adding, that neither he nor any of the Jesuits liked to meddle with such affairs, but advising that the whole matter be laid before the Prince of Parma. It does not appear that this

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personage, "an excellent man and a learned," attempted to dissuade the young man from his project by arguments drawn from any supposed criminality in the assassination itself, or from any danger, temporal or eternal, to which the perpetrator might expose himself.

Not influenced, as it appears, except on one point, by the advice of this second ghostly confessor, Balthazar came to Tournay, and held council with a third — the celebrated Franciscan, Father Géry — by whom he was much comforted and strengthened in his determination. His next step was to lay the project before Parma, as the "excellent and learned" Jesuit at Trèves had advised. This he did by a letter, drawn up with much care, and which he evidently thought well of as a composition. One copy of this letter he deposited with the guardian of the Franciscan convent at Tournay; the other he presented with his own hand to the Prince of Parma. "The vassal," said he, "ought always to prefer justice and the will of the king to his own life." That being the case, he expressed his astonishment that no man had yet been found to execute the sentence against William of Nassau, "except the gentle Biscayan, since defunct." To accomplish the task, Balthazar observed, very judiciously, that it was necessary to have access to the person of the prince — wherein consisted the difficulty. Those who had that advantage, he continued, were therefore bound to extirpate the pest at once, without obliging His Majesty to send to Rome for a chevalier, because not one of them was willing to precipitate himself into the venomous gulf, which by its contagion infected and killed the souls and bodies of all poor abused subjects exposed to its influence. Gérard

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avowed himself to have been so long goaded and stimulated by these considerations — so extremely nettled with displeasure and bitterness at seeing the obstinate wretch still escaping his just judgment — as to have formed the design of baiting a trap for the fox, hoping thus to gain access to him, and to take him unawares. He added — without explaining the nature of the trap and the bait — that he deemed it his duty to lay the subject before the most serene Prince of Parma, protesting at the same time that he did not contemplate the exploit for the sake of the reward mentioned in the sentence, and that he preferred trusting in that regard to the immense liberality of His Majesty.

Parma had long been looking for a good man to murder Orange, feeling — as Philip, Granville, and all former governors of the Netherlands had felt — that this was the only means of saving the royal authority in any part of the provinces. Many unsatisfactory assassins had presented themselves from time to time, and Alexander had paid money in hand to various individuals — Italians, Spaniards, Lorrainers, Scotchmen, Englishmen, who had generally spent the sums received without attempting the job. Others were supposed to be still engaged in the enterprise, and at that moment there were four persons — each unknown to the others, and of different nations — in the city of Delft, seeking to compass the death of William the Silent. Shag-eared, military, hirsute ruffians — ex-captains of free companies and such marauders — were daily offering their services; there was no lack of them, and they had done but little. How should Parma, seeing this obscure, undersized, thin-bearded, runaway clerk before him,

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expect pith and energy from him? He thought him quite unfit for an enterprise of moment, and declared as much to his secret councilors and to the king. He soon dismissed him, after receiving his letters, and it may be supposed that the bombastic style of that epistle would not efface the unfavorable impression produced by Balthazar's exterior. The representations of Haultepenne and others induced him so far to modify his views as to send his confidential councilor, Assonleville, to the stranger, in order to learn the details of the scheme. Assonleville had accordingly an interview with Gérard, in which he requested the young man to draw up a statement of his plan in writing, and this was done upon the 11th of April, 1584.

In this letter Gérard explained his plan of introducing himself to the notice of Orange, at Delft, as the son of an executed Calvinist; as himself warmly, though secretly, devoted to the Reformed faith, and as desirous, therefore, of placing himself in the prince's service, in order to avoid the insolence of the Papists. Having gained the confidence of those about the prince, he would suggest to them the great use which might be made of Mansfeld's signet in forging passports for spies and other persons whom it might be desirable to send into the territory of the royalists. "With these or similar feints and frivolities," continued Gérard, "he should soon obtain access to the person of the said Nassau," repeating his protestation that nothing had moved him to his enterprise "save the good zeal which he bore to the faith and true religion guarded by the Holy Mother Church Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman, and to the service of His Majesty." He begged pardon for having purloined

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the impressions of the seals — a turpitude which he never would have committed, but would sooner have suffered a thousand deaths, except for the great end in view. He particularly wished forgiveness for that crime before going to his task, “in order that he might confess, and receive the holy communion at the coming Easter, without scruples of conscience.” He likewise begged the Prince of Parma to obtain for him absolution from His Holiness for this crime of pilfering — the more so “as he was about to keep company for some time with heretics and atheists, and in some sort to conform himself to their customs.”

From the general tone of the letters of Gérard, he might be set down at once as a simple, religious fanatic, who felt sure that, in executing the command of Philip publicly issued to all the murderers of Europe, he was meriting well of God and his king. There is no doubt that he was an exalted enthusiast, but not purely an enthusiast. The man's character offers more than one point of interest, as a psychological phenomenon. He had convinced himself that the work which he had in hand was eminently meritorious, and he was utterly without fear of consequences. He was, however, by no means so disinterested as he chose to represent himself in letters which, as he instinctively felt, were to be of perennial interest. On the contrary, in his interviews with Assonville, he urged that he was a poor fellow, and that he had undertaken this enterprise in order to acquire property — to make himself rich — and that he depended upon the Prince of Parma's influence in obtaining the reward promised by the ban to the individual who should put Orange to death.

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This second letter decided Parma so far that he authorized Assonleville to encourage the young man in his attempt, and to promise that the reward should be given to him in case of success, and to his heirs in the event of his death. Assonleville, in the second interview, accordingly made known these assurances in the strongest manner to Gérard, warning him, at the same time, on no account, if arrested, to inculpate the Prince of Parma. The councilor, while thus exhorting the stranger, according to Alexander's commands, confined himself, however, to generalities, refusing even to advance fifty crowns, which Balthazar had begged from the governor-general in order to provide for the necessary expenses of his project. Parma had made similar advances too often to men who had promised to assassinate the prince and had then done little, and he was resolute in his refusal to this new adventurer, of whom he expected absolutely nothing. Gérard, however, notwithstanding this rebuff, was not disheartened. "I will provide myself out of my own purse," said he to Assonleville, "and within six weeks you will hear of me." "Go forth, my son," said Assonleville, paternally, upon this spirited reply, "and if you succeed in your enterprise, the king will fulfill all his promises, and you will gain an immortal name beside."

The "inveterate deliberation," thus thoroughly matured, Gérard now proceeded to carry into effect. He came to Delft, obtained a hearing of Villers, the clergyman and intimate friend of Orange, showed him the Mansfeld seals, and was, somewhat against his will, sent to France, to exhibit them to Maréchal Biron, who, it was thought, was soon to be appointed governor of

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Cambray. Through Orange's recommendation, the Burgundian was received into the suite of Noël de Caron, Seigneur de Schoneval, then setting forth on a special mission to the Duke of Anjou. While in France, Gérard could rest neither by day nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project, and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The dispatches having been entrusted to him, he traveled post-haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

Balthazar could hardly control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou, but Orange, deeply engaged with the dispatches, and with the reflections which their deeply important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and after communicating all the information which the prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

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It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the courtyard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied — a fund for carrying out his purpose!

Next morning, with the money he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown — such as

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had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace,*" while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The princess, still not relieved, observed in an undertone that "she had never seen so villainous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passageway, with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were

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completely lighted by a large window, halfway up the flight. The prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He

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made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the Father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede — as he had often done before — in behalf of those who assailed his life.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE GLASS OF WATER

[1586]

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[IN 1581, the United Netherlands published their Declaration of Independence, and were about to make William the Silent their Count, when he was assassinated. The Spaniards were delighted, for they thought that the Dutch, without him to lead them, could be overcome. The Dutch, however, had no idea of being overcome, and they felt especially courageous, for Queen Elizabeth had agreed to send them help, and she now ordered a fleet of fifty vessels to start for the Netherlands. The Earl of Leicester was in command, and with him was his nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, who was perhaps the best-loved man in England, the knight "without fear and without reproach." He met his death in the battle of Zutphen.

The Editor.]

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, in the last charge, rode quite through the enemy's ranks till he came upon their intrenchments, when a musket-ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. Although desperately wounded in a part which should have been protected by the cuisses which he had thrown aside, he was not inclined to leave the field, but his own horse had been shot under him at the beginning of the action, and the one upon which he was now mounted became too restive for him, thus crippled, to control. He turned reluctantly away, and rode a mile and a half back to the intrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for

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his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he passed along the edge of the battlefield his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier, who had "eaten his last at the same feast," looked up wistfully in his face, when Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine." He then pledged his dying comrade in a draught, and was soon afterwards met by his uncle. "Oh, Philip," cried Leicester in despair, "I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight." But Sidney comforted him with manful words, and assured him that death was sweet in the cause of his queen and his country. Sir William Russell, too, all blood-stained from the fight, threw his arms around his friend, wept like a child, and kissing his hand, exclaimed, "Oh! noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honorably or serve so valiantly as you." Sir William Pelham declared "that Sidney's noble courage in the face of our enemies had won him a name of continuing honor." . . .

He [the Earl of Leicester] describes Sidney's wound as "very dangerous, the bone being broken in pieces"; but said that the surgeons were in good hope. "I pray God to save his life," said the earl, "and I care not how lame he be." Sir Philip was carried to Arnheim, where the best surgeons were immediately in attendance upon him. He submitted to their examination and the pain which they inflicted, with great cheerfulness, although himself persuaded that his wound was mortal. For many days the result was doubtful, and messages were sent day by day to England that he was convalescent — intelligence which was hailed by the queen and people

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as a matter not of private but of public rejoicing. He soon began to fail, however. . . . Sidney was first to recognize the symptoms of mortification, which made a fatal result inevitable. His demeanor during his sickness and upon his death-bed was as beautiful as his life. He discoursed with his friends concerning the immortality of the soul, comparing the doctrines of Plato and of other ancient philosophers, whose writings were so familiar to him, with the revelations of Scripture and with the dictates of natural religion. He made his will with minute and elaborate provisions, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings, to all his friends. Then he indulged himself with music, and listened particularly to a strange song which he had himself composed during his illness, and which he had entitled "La Cuisse Rompue." He took leave of the friends around him with perfect calmness, saying to his brother Robert, "Love my memory. Cherish my friends. Above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."

And thus this gentle and heroic spirit took its flight.

HOW A TURF-BOAT CAPTURED THE CITY OF BREDA

[1590]

BY G. T. HOARE

IN the year 1590 the large, strongly built city of Breda, on the river Mark, was held by the soldiers of the King of Spain, or rather by Italians paid by him. These men were placed in a castle, surrounded by a deep moat or ditch, at the entrance of the town. While Prince Maurice [son of William of Orange] was anxiously considering how he should gain possession of the place, he was secretly visited by a boatman named Van der Berg, who was employed to supply the castle at Breda with dry turf for fuel, there being no wood or coal in the country. He said that his vessel was so constantly going in and out of the castle, that it was hardly ever searched by the guard, and he proposed that some men should be concealed within it, and thus gain an entrance unperceived. To this plan Prince Maurice gave a ready consent. He chose sixty-eight men, in whose daring and patient determination he knew that he could trust, with four officers to take the command. On the night of the 25th of February they came down at eleven o'clock to the ferry, where the boatman had agreed to meet them. Neither vessel nor man was to be seen, and they walked about for some hours, very cold, disappointed, and angry at Van der Berg for not having kept his promise. On their way back they met him, when he made the

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excuse that he had overslept himself. It was too late to attempt anything that night, but it was settled that they should be there the following evening. He seems to have grown afraid of the undertaking, for he did not come at the appointed time, but he sent his nephews, two boatmen who he declared were brave enough to dare any peril. On the 26th the seventy Hollanders went on board the vessel, which appeared to be filled with blocks of turf, and packed themselves closely in the hold, or lower part. The voyage was slow, and most dangerous, for the winter wind, loaded with fog and sleet, blew straight down the river, bringing with it great blocks of ice. It became at length impossible to proceed farther. The patient soldiers, closely wedged together in the little hold, lay from Monday night till Thursday morning, bearing the pangs of hunger, thirst, and bitter cold, without a murmur. On the third morning there seemed no better prospect in store for them, for the east wind still raged with violence. Some food was, however, now quite necessary, so they stole on shore at a lonely place, where they refreshed themselves, and remained till night, when one of the boatmen came to say that the wind had changed and become favorable. Yet it was not till two days later that they ended their adventurous journey, and found themselves in the outer harbor of Breda.

There was no going back now. The little band must either take the strong city and castle, defended by five companies of Italians, or die. The officer of the guard soon came on board to look at the turf, and arrange for its delivery. While he was in the cabin, he could be plainly seen and heard by the men below; the least sound

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made by them would have caused their instant discovery and destruction. Happily he stayed only a few moments, and promised to send some soldiers to drag the vessel into the castle dock. Meanwhile, the turf boat struck upon a hidden rock in the river and sprang a leak. Soon the brave fellows in the hold were up to their knees in water. The boatmen worked away at the pumps to keep the vessel from sinking, and before long it was drawn into the inner harbor by a party of Italians from the shore. The deck was soon crowded with laborers unloading the turf, which was much needed, as there had been a great want of fuel. So rapidly did the work proceed that the prisoners began to fear that the daylight would soon shine in upon them, bringing discovery and death. To add to their danger, the whole party began sneezing and coughing, the consequence of the wetting they had received. One officer, whose cough was especially violent, begged his neighbors to stab him to the heart with his sword, lest the noise should betray his companions to the enemy. The bold boatmen, however, rendered this unnecessary by their presence of mind. The elder directed his brother to work the pump with as much clatter as possible, so as to drown the sound of the coughing, whilst he loudly assured the bystanders that the vessel was half full of water. At length he said that he was tired, and it was getting too dark to unload any more, so giving the men some money he bade them go ashore and have some beer, and finish their work the next morning. The captain's servant stayed behind to complain that the turf was not so good as usual; he was sure that his master would not like it. "Ah," replied the boatman coolly, "the best part of the cargo is under-

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neath. This is expressly reserved for the captain. He is sure to get enough of it to-morrow."

Before long the boat was left to itself. Shortly before midnight Captain Herangiere, the chief officer of the little band, made a speech to his men, reminding them that the time for retreat was now past. The path to glory lay before them. He bid them strike for their country and for themselves. They were then divided into two parties, one under himself to attack the guardhouse, the other to gain possession of the arsenal belonging to the castle. An arsenal is a place where guns, powder, and shot are stored. With the utmost quietness they stole out of the ship and stood at last on the castle ground. Herangiere went at once to the guardhouse. To the question "Who goes there?" from a soldier on guard hearing footsteps in the darkness, the captain replied, "A friend," and seizing him by the throat, commanded him on pain of death to give no alarm. "How many are there in the fort?" asked Herangiere. "Three hundred and fifty," whispered the frightened sentinel. The Dutchmen, not hearing the reply, eagerly asked, "How many?" "Only fifty," said their captain, leaving out the three hundred, to encourage them with the hope of an easy victory. Meanwhile there was a stir in the guardhouse: the officer of the watch became alarmed, and sprang out. "Who goes there?" asked he, "A friend," said Herangiere once more, striking him dead with one blow.

The rest of the guard now turned out with torches. The attacking party set upon them, and soon drove them back into the guardhouse, through the windows and doors of which they fired upon them. Soon there

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was not one of the enemy alive. The other division of the Hollanders had not been idle. They had seized the arsenal, and killed those who defended it. The soldiers remaining in the castle were struck with fear, and fled in disorder into the town, spreading dismay and terror as they ran.

Before dawn a party of the Netherlands troops, whose commander had been informed that the attempt was going to be made, arrived before the gates of the town, and, soon after, Prince Maurice himself, with another large body of soldiers, marched into it. The fight was over. About forty of the enemy's force were killed, but not one man of the attacking party. Thus were five companies of Italian soldiers utterly defeated and put to flight by the patient courage and determination of seventy Hollanders.

III
THE PERIOD OF COMMERCIAL
GREATNESS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE seventeenth century was the golden age of the Dutch Republic. Although its independence was not recognized until 1648, Spain had practically abandoned the struggle forty years before. The wealth and commerce of the Netherlanders increased rapidly. In 1602, the Dutch East India Company was organized, and before many years their over-sea possessions included territory in North and South America and a great part of the East Indies.

The Netherlands reached the height of their power and prosperity during the magistracy of Jan de Witt, who was Grand Pensionary (chief executive) of Holland, the richest of the Dutch provinces, from 1650 to 1672. At this time the Republic was the leading sea-power and a great part of the commerce of Europe was carried in her vessels. It was jealousy of the growth of Dutch trade that led England to pass the famous Navigation Acts, which forbade any except English vessels, manned chiefly by English sailors, to bring to England the produce of Asia, Africa, or America.

In 1672, the Netherlands were attacked by Louis XIV, the French king, and the conquest of Holland was averted only by opening the dikes and flooding the country. The Dutch blamed Jan de Witt and his brother Cornelius for the success of the French armies, they were torn to pieces by a mob on the streets of The Hague, and William of Orange was placed at the head of the State. This prince afterwards became King of England through his marriage with the daughter of James II.

During the eighteenth century the power of the Netherlands gradually declined. Long years of peace and prosperity sapped the energy of the people; change and development were hindered by a particularly clumsy form of government, and by the close of the century the prosperity of the once powerful republic had almost vanished.

HOW A MUD-HOLE BECAME A GARDEN

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

IN both the Burgundian and the Spanish eras, the Netherlands formed the richest part of the domains of their rulers. Yet there were no mines, gems, or pearls in the Low Countries. Whence, then, came the wealth, beauty, comforts, and rich revenues? Let us see.

Among the crusaders were men of taste, who loved beauty and were charmed with the lovely things they saw in the East. These lovers of the beautiful brought back seeds either in their brains, in wallets, or in ships' holds. Especially was this true as to flowers and fruits. A taste for gardening was stimulated among the Netherlanders, and their part of the earth received a new embroidery of rich, natural colors. Brilliant blooms, foliage, and perfumes, never before seen or enjoyed in Europe, became common. After the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, Holland grew to be one of the gayest garden-lands of Europe.

The ranunculus, or "little frog" family of plants, the anemones, tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, and others, were acclimated, domesticated, and became the Dutchman's darlings. Especially did the bulbous flowers of the East, like the tulips, find a congenial soil in Holland. Indeed, the tulip not only drove the serious Dutchman mad, but in the sixteenth century all the world went wild over the bulbs of the Haarlem. Even to-day, the polders, or drained lands, left by the pumped-out lake of

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Haarlem, is the best for bulbs of any land in the world. Whereas in other parts of the Netherlands farms do not usually pay over four per cent on the money invested, the Haarlem bulb-lands yield a revenue of twelve per cent per annum. New varieties of these brilliant exotics are continually developed. One of the latest, named the Abraham Lincoln, is the direct descendant of an Asiatic ancestor brought westward three centuries ago.

In the sixteenth century, Obel, the botanist of King James I of England, published a book on the history of plants. In it he declared that Holland contained more rare plants than any other country in Europe. Thirty-eight varieties of the anemone or wind-flower, Dutch Paaschblœmen or Easter-bloom, were known.

Dutch captains making voyages to tropical countries were ordered to bring home seeds, bulbs, roots, and cuttings. From their settlements in Brazil, the Hudson River region, South Africa, the Spice Islands, Formosa, Japan, and Asiatic lands, many new plants were introduced first into Holland, and then into all the gardens of the Western world. Hundreds of our common flowers, trees, or vegetables were once oriental exotics which the Dutch chaperoned and brought out into occidental garden-society.

Leyden was one of the first cities in Europe to establish botanical gardens, and Haarlem early led in the floriculture and horticulture. Leyden, for over a century, under the renowned Boerhaave, was the floral capital of Europe. Here first were domesticated varied children of the geranium family, and the Ficoideæ with their fleshy leaves and showy flowers, and other exotics from near the Cape of Good Hope. Amsterdam's was

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the first garden in Europe to have the coffee tree. Groningen and Utrecht had great hot-houses. Noordwyk was famous for its roses.

This taste for flowers, introduced at the time of the Crusades, made the Dutch a nation of flower-lovers, skilled gardeners, and inventive farmers. Window-gardening was especially cultivated, until to-day it is a national passion and habit. On the canal-boat, in the floating homes on the inland rivers, the farmhouse, the humble village, and the great city, flowers are everywhere.

The Dutch have always been famous for quick brains and active mental initiative. When their own climate did not agree with an exotic, they made a new climate that did. They invented or greatly improved the green or hot-house. They first made use of forcing pits or beds sided or covered with boards or roofed with glass, by which young plants were early raised from seed and kept from frost and cold until ready for transplanting. No fewer than six thousand exotic plants were catalogued at Leyden during the time of Dr. Boerhaave, who by his books or lectures trained most of the famous doctors of Old and New England and of colonial New York. This renowned physician taught the hot-house men of Europe to adjust the slope of the glass according to the latitude so as to get the maximum power of the sun's rays. One great florist in Haarlem had four green-houses, in which he kept the climates of the Levant, Africa, India, and America. From Holland the science of botany was carried to Sweden. It was at the Dutch University of Harderwyck that Linnæus obtained his degree, and in Holland he wrote the books on which his fame rests.

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The plough in its modern form, consisting of several distinct parts, is a Dutch invention. At the government agricultural school at Wageningen, one may see the models of several eras, showing its steady evolution into the wonderful tool of our day. Englishman and Yankee have made many improvements, but for some generations the Dutch plough led the world. Not a few of the more important modern agricultural implements were invented by Dutchmen, as their names in old English works on husbandry clearly prove.

About the time of the truce with Spain, from 1609 to 1620, the Hollanders began to drive a good trade in seeds, bulbs, and flowers. Later they supplied most of the courts of Europe with early fruits. They added greatly to the daily diet of civilized people. They introduced garden vegetables and the artificial grasses into England. They taught the eastern country folks how to drain their fens and raise two crops a year on the same field. By the Dutchman's aid the marshy land which raised sedge and malaria, and compelled two rabbits to fight for one blade of grass, became rich in turnips, mutton, and human beings, quickly doubling in population and value. Most of the early English books on agriculture are by authors with Dutch names, or with the names more or less Anglicized.

The Dutchman's country being far north of the wine and oil line of Europe, and within the beer and butter line, he gave early attention to dairy and hop-field. In all the products of the cow — milk, cream, butter, cheese, meat, hides, and horns — the Dutchman led Europe. He did this because he studied soil and foods most carefully and treated his dumb cattle as if they were his

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friends. To-day, the traveler entering Holland in chilly May notices cows and sheep blanketed while in the pastures. In Friesland he sees that the fine breeds of cattle are housed under the same roof, though not in the same room, with their masters. The dwelling and the stable are near to each other, entertainment for man and beast being scrupulously clean, and the latter within easy help of the former. So much attention was paid to the "hens" (which in old English, as in Dutch, meant both sexes), and to eggs and to butter making, that the Duke of Alva imagined that the Dutch would not fight, for, as he thought, they were only "men of butter."

Beer or milk was the everyday drink. In those early days, when modern hot drinks, tea and coffee, were not known, the beer mug stood on the table by the plate of every child as well as adult. The Dutchmen first made use of hops to improve the quality of beer. It was a great day when hops were introduced into England from the Netherlands, and the event was celebrated in street songs. The Pilgrims in the Mayflower were teetotalers, of necessity, during their famous voyage, for all their beer as well as most of their butter had been sold off to pay their debts to their harsh English creditors. In America, until after the Revolution, the New Englanders could never raise crops or stock like their neighbors west of the Hudson. The best farmers and gardeners, as well as stock-raisers, were the New Netherlanders or their descendants in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

In a word, that great movement of European humanity called the "Crusades," and in which the Dutch took a share, was a powerful factor in their development.

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Being bright in mind, quick in observation, and active in brain, the Dutchman learned much, and improved upon what he imported. The festivals in honor of the foundation of the Christian Church in a village, celebrated yearly, were called "Kirk-mass" or "Kermis." On these gay and joyful occasions the Dutch cooks exercised all their ingenuity, and many were the novelties to tempt the palate.

Buckwheat, for example, had been used for ages in Asia, where in the form of mush, porridge, or steamed dough, it was eaten by the peoples from India to Japan. The Dutch named it *boekweit*, from which our English word "buckwheat" has been corrupted, because it looks like the beech-mast. After many an experiment in Dutch kitchens, the luscious winter-breakfast luxury, which with butter and maple syrup delights so many Americans, was evolved.

One of the direct results of commerce stimulated by the crusades was the gingerbread. Thick, spicy, and aromatic cake was sold in the Netherlands as early as the twelfth century. Gilded, painted, whitened with egg, and cut into all sorts of comical shapes, it was sold by tons at the fair and *kermis*. Our words "cooky" and "cruller," like the honey-cakes of Deventer, muffins, and waffles are of Dutch origin. The *poffertjes*, and other products of the batter-dish and oven or toasting-irons, which were first made popular at the Dutch *kermis*, were imported into other countries with new names. Oriental fruits and nuts, now called by the word *wal* or foreign, as in walnut, Walloon, Wales, Wallabout Bay, etc., were, like hops, borrowed by English-speaking folks from their more advanced and more highly

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civilized Dutch neighbors, who vastly improved table resources. The "Dutch oven" made life for the early New Englanders very agreeable.

Next to good food is good clothing. More important in its influence on industry was the introduction of flax. This native of Egypt found a most congenial home in the Netherlands. It was patiently studied by men of science, and cultivated with infinite care by the farmers, with their eyes to its improvement in the quality of the fiber. They were so far successful that Flemish and Dutch flax soon had a name all over Europe. In India, as in America, the plant had been cultivated for its seed, in order to get oil, rather than for its fiber, out of which is made linen. The Dutch from the first paid attention to the development of the stalks, and aimed to secure abundant and delicate floss. Linen manufactories were established, and around these a score of trades sprang up. Spinners and spinsters, webbers, and websters, dyers and bleachers, burrelers, hatchelers, and lace-makers are some of the English names for these.

In this new group of industries, like a white rose in a bouquet, which lights up the whole composition, appeared one that deserves the name of a fine art. Rich and delicate as are the fabrics of the East, lace is European. The nuns invented needle-sculpture or lace.

The stimulus to produce fine yarn for the lace-makers became so great that the flax produce of the southern Netherlands was developed until it was without a rival. In some instances the crop was so precious that in one year it exceeded the value of the ground on which it grew. The cultivation of the new Oriental flowers afforded novel patterns for the lace-makers. While the

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cathedral builders and abbey masons made the stone blossom under the chisel, and reared spires and tracery that were like the gossamer of spiders, the nuns wrought with the needle and produced the loveliest works of art in lace. These women of taste and skill did not merely copy flowers and spider webs, but wrought out new forms and most tasteful combinations. The art, which probably arose in Italy, was quickly transferred to the Netherlands.

The oldest form of this art industry is seen in point lace, in which fairy-like webs are woven by the needle over foundation pieces of linen. Exactly how this old point lace was made is not certainly known, for the special art was lost in the sixteenth century. Yet the durability of the work is seen in the fact that many pieces of true point lace yet remain in Europe. The later kinds, though still very expensive, are less artistic. In the first or inventive period, the designer and the worker were one, but later the worker was usually a copyist. After the needle-wrought lace came the pillow-worked, or bobbin lace, and, last of all, in our day, the machine-made lace, when all classes can wear it, because all purses can afford to buy it.

In Italy and the Netherlands, the two countries in which painting and flowers were most cultivated, lace-making reached its acme of proficiency. Where the canvas first bloomed with colors laid on in oil, there the parterres and the flax fields were richest and lace most lovely. The Dutch invented the thimble, thus reinforcing the application of the needle and of linen to a thousand needs of life. The names we still use for the various fabrics and patterns, cambric from Cambrai,

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diaper from d'Apres, and various places in the Netherlands, show their geographical origin.

The inventions of the shirt, nightdress, bedtick, pocket handkerchief, tablecloth, napkin, most of them in the thirteenth century and of Netherlandish origin, are landmarks in the history of European civilization. The use and application of starch, also a Dutch invention, was introduced in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, but Dutch weavers had been brought over as early as 1253. Most of the old names of woolen, hempen, flaxen, and cotton goods come from the Low Countries. Even our word "tick" in bedtick is only a mispronunciation of the Dutch *dekken*, to cover. It was a decided advance in household economy, in cleanliness, and in hygiene when the bed was lifted up from the floor and made snowy with linen and glorious with a canopy. In the evolution of the modern bed, no people have contributed more than the sedentary and home-loving Dutch. In the land where art first glorified domestic life, they studied health, cleanliness, and comfort, until a love for these became a passion.

At first, linen sheets, pillow and bolster cases, pocket handkerchiefs, and shirts were luxuries, and only for kings and nobles. Even then, the inventory or washing list of a queen or emperor in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would have made a Chinese laundryman laugh because of its scantiness. Instead of being fine and snow-white, the first shirt was probably rough and dark-colored. The problem was to make linen white.

The Dutch raised bleaching to the dignity of a fine art. They persevered until the name "Hollands" all over Europe meant "finest linen, white as snow." Eight

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months were required to secure the purest white. The tedious process consisted in spreading out the web or sheets of linen on the grass or bleaching ground, and wetting it several times a day. The grounds around Haarlem were especially fitted for this process. They often looked as if a snow-storm had whitened the earth. The old paintings show how much land was thus occupied. Some virtue in the water, probably its power, in connection with the sea air, of liberating ozone, in addition to the energy of the sun's rays, was supposed to hold the secret of success. Much linen woven in Great Britain was sent to the Netherlands to be blanched. When sold at home it was marked "finest Hollands."

It was not until 1785, when a French chemist discovered chlorine and the virtues of bleaching powder, that the time and space required in the old process were saved, and the Dutch fields became green again. The old Dutch family names of Bleeker, Mangeler, and all the varieties of De Witt, de Witte, de Witt, etc., like the English Dwight, Walker, Webster, etc., are monuments of the long bygone days when the trades of the bleacher, the smoother, and the whitener flourished. The latter tell of those occupations from which our English fathers so generally received their names, while the Dutch, on the contrary, took theirs largely from places, landmarks, and natural objects in the scenery. It was not until the fifteenth century that family names were in use in northern Europe.

WHEN THE PILGRIM FATHERS WENT TO HOLLAND

[1608]

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD

[IN 1608, the Separatists, or Pilgrims as they were afterwards called, a branch of the larger body of Puritans, left England on account of the intolerance with which they were treated, and settled at Leyden, to the number of one thousand or more, under their minister John Robinson.

William Bradford, author of the history from which the following selection is taken, was a prominent member of the party, and later when the Pilgrims were settled in the New World served as governor of the colony.

The Editor.]

BEING thus constrained to leave their native soil and country, their lands and livings, and all their friends and familiar acquaintance, it was much, and thought marvelous by many. But to go into a country they knew not (but by hearsay), where they must learn a new language, and get their livings they knew not how, it being a dear place and subject to the miseries of war, it was by many thought an adventure almost desperate, a case intolerable, and a misery worse than death. Especially seeing they were not acquainted with trades nor traffic (by which that country doth subsist) but had only been used to a plain country life, and the innocent trade of husbandry. But these things did not dismay them (though they did sometimes trouble them) for their

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desires were set on the ways of God and to enjoy his ordinances; but they rested on his providence, and knew whom they had believed.

Yet this was not all, for though they could not stay, yet were they not suffered to go, but the ports and havens were shut against them, so as they were fain to seek secret means of conveyance, and to bribe and fee the mariners, and give extraordinary rates for their passages. And yet were they oftentimes betrayed (many of them), and both they and their goods intercepted and surprised, and thereby put to great trouble and charge, of which I will give an instance or two, and omit the rest.

There was a large company of them purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincolnshire, and for that end had hired a ship wholly to themselves and made agreement with the master to be ready at a certain day, and take them and their goods in, at a convenient place, where they accordingly would all attend in readiness. So, after long waiting and large expenses, though he kept not day with them, yet he came at length and took them in, in the night.

But when he had them and their goods aboard, he betrayed them, having beforehand plotted with the searchers and other officers so to do; who took them, and put them into open boats, and there rifled and ransacked them, searching them to their shirts for money, yea, even the women further than became modesty; and then carried them back into the town, and made them a spectacle and wonder to the multitude, which came flocking on all sides to behold them. Being thus first, by the catch-poll officers, rifled, and stripped of their money,

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books, and much other goods, they were presented to the magistrates, and messengers sent to inform the Lords of the Council of them; and so they were committed to ward. Indeed the magistrates used them courteously, and showed them what favor they could; but could not deliver them, till order came from the Council-table. But the issue was that after a month's imprisonment, the greatest part were dismissed, and sent to the places from which they came; but seven of the principal were still kept in prison, and bound over to the Assizes.

The next spring after, there was another attempt made by some of these and others to get over at another place. And it so fell out that they light of a Dutchman at Hull, having a ship of his own belonging to Zealand; they made an agreement with him, and acquainted him with their condition, hoping to find more faithfulness in him than in the former of their own nation. He bade them not fear, for he would do well enough. He was by appointment to take them in between Grimsby and Hull, where was a large common a good way distant from any town. Now against the prefixed time, the women and children, with the goods, were sent to the place in a small barque, which they had hired for that end; and the men were to meet them by land. But it so fell out that they were there a day before the ship came, and the sea being rough and the women very sick, prevailed with the seamen to put into a creek hard by, where they lay on ground at low water. The next morning the ship came, but they were fast and could not stir till about noon.

In the mean time, the ship master, perceiving how the

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matter was, sent his boat to be getting the men aboard whom he saw ready, walking about the shore. But after the first boatful was got aboard, and she was ready to go for more, the master espied a great company, both horse and foot, with bills and guns and other weapons; for the country was raised to take them. The Dutchman seeing it, swore his country's oath, "Sacrement," and having the wind fair, weighed his anchor, hoisted sail and away. But the poor men which were got aboard were in great distress for their wives and children, which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps; and themselves also, not having a cloth to shift them with more than they had on their backs, and some scarce a penny about them, all they had being on board the barque. It drew tears from their eyes, and anything they had they would have given to have been ashore again; but all in vain, there was no remedy, they must thus sadly part. And afterwards endured a fearful storm at sea, being fourteen days or more before they arrived at their port, in seven whereof they neither saw sun, moon, nor stars, and were driven near the coast of Norway; the mariners themselves often despairing of life; and once with shrieks and cries gave over all as if the ship had been foundered in the sea, and they sinking without recovery. But when man's hope and help wholly failed, the Lord's power and mercy appeared in their recovery; for the ship rose again and gave the mariners courage again to manage her. And if modesty would suffer me, I might declare with what fervent prayers they cried unto the Lord in this great distress (especially some of them) even without any great distraction, when the water ran into their mouths and ears;

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and the mariners cried out, "We sink! we sink!" they cried (if not with miraculous, yet with a great height or degree of divine faith), "Yet, Lord, thou canst save, yet, Lord, thou canst save"; with such other expressions as I will forbear. Upon which the ship did not only recover, but shortly after the violence of the storm began to abate, and the Lord filled their afflicted minds with such comforts as every one cannot understand, and in the end brought them to their desired haven, where the people came flocking, admiring their deliverance, the storm having been so long and sore, in which much hurt had been done, as the master's friends related unto him in their congratulations.

But to return to the others where we left. The rest of the men that were in greatest danger made shift to escape away before the troops could surprise them; those only staying that best might, to be assistant unto the women. But pitiful it was to see the heavy case of these poor women in this distress; what weeping and crying on every side, some for their husbands, that were carried away in the ship as is before related; others not knowing what should become of them and their little ones; others again melted in tears, seeing their poor little ones hanging about them, crying for fear and quaking with cold.

Being thus apprehended, they were hurried from one place to another, and from one justice to another, till in the end they knew not what to do with them; for to imprison so many innocent women and children for no other cause (many of them) but that they must go with their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable, and all would cry out of them; and to send them home again was as difficult, for they alleged, as the truth was, they had no

homes to go to, for they had either sold or otherwise disposed of their houses and livings. To be short, after they had been thus turmoiled a good while and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be rid of them in the end upon any terms; for all were wearied and tired with them. Though in the mean time they (poor souls) endured misery enough; and thus in the end necessity forced a way for them.

But that I be not tedious in these things, I will omit the rest, though I might relate many other notable passages and troubles which they endured and underwent in these their wanderings and travels both a land and sea; but I haste to other things. Yet I may not omit the fruit that came hereby, for by these so public troubles, in so many eminent places, their cause became famous, and occasioned many to look into the same; and their godly carriage and Christian behavior was such as left a deep impression in the minds of many. And though some few shrank at these first conflicts and sharp beginnings (as it was no marvel), yet many more came on with fresh courage and greatly animated others. And in the end, notwithstanding all these storms of opposition, they all got over at length, some at one time and some at another, and some in one place and some in another, and met together again according to their desires, with no small rejoicing.

Being now come into the Low Countries, they saw many goodly and fortified cities, strongly walled and guarded with troops of armed men. Also they heard a strange and uncouth language, and beheld the different manners and customs of the people, with their strange fashions and attires; all so far differing from that of their

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plain country villages (wherein they were bred, and had so long lived) as it seemed they were come into a new world. But these were not the things they much looked on, or long took up their thoughts; for they had other work in hand, and another kind of war to wage and maintain. For though they saw fair and beautiful cities, flowing with abundance of all sorts of wealth and riches, yet it was not long before they saw the grim and grisly face of poverty coming upon them like an armed man, with whom they must buckle and encounter, and from whom they could not fly; but they were armed with faith and patience against him and all his encounters; and though they were sometimes foiled, yet by God's assistance they prevailed and got the victory.

Now when Mr. Robinson, Mr. Brewster, and other principal members were come over (for they were of the last and stayed to help the weakest over before them), such things were thought on as were necessary for their settling and best ordering of the church affairs. And when they had lived at Amsterdam about a year, Mr. Robinson, their pastor, and some others of best discerning, seeing how Mr. John Smith and his company was already fallen into contention with the church that was there before them, and no means they could use would do any good to cure the same, and also that the flames of contention were like to break out in the ancient church itself (as afterwards lamentably came to pass); which things they prudently foreseeing, thought it was best to remove, before they were any way engaged with the same; though they well knew it would be much to the prejudice of their outward estates, both at present and in likelihood in the future; as indeed it proved to be.

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For these and some other reasons they removed to Leyden, a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation, but made more famous by the university wherewith it is adorned, in which of late had been so many learned men. But wanting that traffic by sea which Amsterdam enjoys, it was not so beneficial for their outward means of living and estates. But being now here pitched, they fell to such trades and employments as they best could; valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatsoever. And at length they came to raise a competent and comfortable living, but with hard and continual labor.

Being thus settled (after many difficulties) they continued many years in a comfortable condition, enjoying much sweet and delightful society and spiritual comfort together in the ways of God, under the able ministry and prudent government of Mr. John Robinson, and Mr. William Brewster, who was an assistant unto him in the place of an elder, unto which he was now called and chosen by the church. So as they grew in knowledge and other gifts and graces of the spirit of God, and lived together in peace, and love, and holiness; and many came to them from divers parts of England, so as they grew a great congregation.

THE SURRENDER OF BREDA

THE ESCAPE OF HUGO DE GROOT

[1621]

BY FREDERICK SPENCER BIRD

ONE of the greatest names in Holland, in connection with the literature of his time, is that of Hugo de Groot, or Grotius, as he is commonly called. When a mere youth he is said to have successfully maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence. He has left behind him several volumes of Latin poems, theological works, and a standard treatise on international law called "De Jure Belli et Pacis." The story of his escape from the Castle of Loevestein, where he was sentenced to be imprisoned for life, for the part he took in the political and theological disputes which agitated his native country, is well worth recording. In so far that his devoted wife devised and helped to carry out the plan for regaining his freedom, the anecdote reminds one of the Earl of Nithsdale's escape from the Tower of London, in 1715, which was effected by the aid of his countess. A Dutch "Life of Grotius" gives the full particulars, from which I have selected the following:—

The castle of Loevestein is situated on the west side of the island of Bommel, where the waters of the rivers Waal and Maas unite. Both nature and art have combined to render it a place of great strength, as may be seen by its position, and the thick, high walls and double moats by which it is surrounded.

Fortunately for De Groot, his wife had obtained per-

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mission to share his confinement with him, though under certain restrictions as to quitting and returning to the castle. De Groot entertained no hopes of being released, and amid "so many doors, locks, warders, walls, and moats" saw no means of escape; but his wife who had exhausted all legitimate efforts at her command to obtain his freedom and soften the hearts of his enemies, at last hit on a plan which, though fraught with great danger of detection, was destined to be completely successful. Books were the chief solace of De Groot in his captivity; and a certain Professor Erpenius was in the habit of occasionally sending a chest containing volumes such as the prisoner liked best to the house of his brother-in-law, one Daetselaer, living at Gorkum, whence it was forwarded to De Groot at Loevestein. This chest was allowed to be carried to and from the castle as often as it was desired that the books should be exchanged. The commander of the fortress at first gave orders that the contents of the chest should be examined each time it passed in or out; but nothing having occurred to excite suspicion that any regulations were being infringed, the order was not regularly carried out, and the chest was frequently allowed to pass without being opened.

This did not escape the notice of Madam de Groot, who immediately devised a plan for releasing her husband by conveying him "as books" from the castle; trusting that Providence would aid the attempt, and that the relaxed vigilance of the warders might afford the much longed-for opportunity for effecting De Groot's deliverance.

She at once communicated her plan to her husband,

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who, after some reflection, expressed his willingness to risk the attempt; and they lost no time in making an examination of the chest. At first sight it seemed neither long nor deep enough to hold a man of De Groot's size, but on making a trial, he found he could just lie in it in a cramped position by drawing up his legs and placing his arms straight by his sides. He then tried to discover how long it would be possible for him to remain inside with the lid closed, and whether he would have difficulty in obtaining the necessary supply of air to enable him to breathe freely. To test this, he lay shut up in the chest until the sand in the hourglass had run down twice; then the experiment was deemed satisfactory, and all fears of his being suffocated were removed. Matters being so far arranged, it was decided that Madam de Groot should take into her confidence the wife of Daetselaer, to whose house the chest would have to be conveyed. This she took the first opportunity of doing, and the result was favorable to their plan. She then obtained leave as usual from the governor of the castle, to send away, on a certain day, a chest of books, which she stated her husband desired to exchange for others; and now all that remained to be done was to obtain the coöperation of their faithful maid-servant, Elsje van Houwening, a girl of twenty, who had been allowed to attend her mistress in the fortress. They had every confidence in Elsje's prudence and fidelity, and therefore did not hesitate to communicate their secret to her. She was asked whether she would accompany the chest and endeavor to have it safely conveyed to the house of Daetselaer at Gorkum, and she at once expressed her willingness to undertake the responsible and dangerous

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duty. All preparations were quickly made, and at length the eventful day arrived. When he rose in the morning, De Groot prayed earnestly that God would permit the undertaking to be successful, and having breakfasted and embraced his wife, he got into the chest. He was but scantily clad, and there was so little space that his shoes had to be left out. Under his head, to serve as a cushion, the New Testament was placed, and other books were so packed about him as to prevent the possibility of his rolling about when the chest was moved. Madam de Groot again took an affectionate leave of her husband; and who shall say what were the feelings of that devoted woman as she took a parting glance at his face and shut down the lid! Hiding her emotion as well as she could, she locked the chest and gave the key to her maid, who stood ready to start on her anxious journey. Madam De Groot then retired to bed and drew the curtains around her, having previously placed her husband's clothes on a chair close by, so that the warder, on entering, might suppose De Groot to be with her and asleep. A male attendant, who had been deputed to wait on De Groot, was then summoned, and on entering he asked what was wanted.

"I had thought to go myself to Gorkum," said Madam De Groot from behind the bed curtains, "but not feeling well, and the weather being so unsettled, I have decided to send Elsje instead. She will take the chest with her. Call a soldier to help to remove it." The man retired, and shortly afterwards a warder and some soldiers entered. They saw De Groot's clothing on the chair near the bed, and having no suspicions concerning the safety of the prisoner, two or three of them

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took hold of the chest to carry it away. The task, however, was not so easy as was expected; and one soldier was heard to say to the others, "What makes the chest so heavy? Is the Arminian [meaning De Groot] inside?" Thereupon Madam De Groot called out, "There are Arminian books inside."

The soldiers then appeared to examine the chest as if to see whether any holes had been bored in it to admit air; and having apparently satisfied themselves that all was right, they again applied themselves to removing it. Half dragging and half lifting it, they contrived to get it down the long staircase and through thirteen doors, which one after the other had to be unbarred and unlocked to allow them to pass with their burden. While the soldiers were resting, one again said to another, "I am sure the Arminian must be inside," on which the wife of one of the men, being present, remarked, "I know that some years ago a *Bergverkooper* [traitor] was carried out of the town in a box, so the Arminian can very well be inside." A soldier then replied that if he thought De Groot was concealed in the chest he would get a gimlet and bore him through the body.

Elsje von Houwening, who had hitherto kept silent, then quickly said, in a tone of affected gayety, "To do that you must get a bore that will reach from here to his chamber." While this brief conversation was taking place, the wife of the governor (who was absent from the castle) made her appearance, and inquired what was the matter. The men remarked that the chest was unusually heavy, and asked her whether they should open it to see what was inside. She inquired whether her husband was generally in the habit of having it opened before it was

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taken away. The men answered that it had not been his practice to do so for a long time. Then said the governor's wife, who evidently did not wish to appear more particular than her husband, "Madam de Groot tells me it only contains Arminian books. Take the chest as it is to the ship." The order was obeyed, and the box was then carried down to the water's edge, where a small Dutch vessel lay moored. The skipper, Jan Wouterszoon, was present, and he placed a plank to facilitate the conveyance of the chest on board; but the faithful Elsje perceiving that the wood was thin, and fearing that her master's weight might cause it to break, exclaimed, "What is this! do you intend to use this thin plank to get the box on board? It may break and let it fall into the water, then all will be spoiled. The chest is full of valuable books which have been lent and must be taken great care of. Put a thick plank over the other."

The skipper complied with her request; and to her great relief the chest at last was deposited safely on board. As a preconcerted signal between the maid and her mistress, who was anxiously watching from a window of the castle, the former threw her handkerchief over her head, and waved it once or twice to show that all went well. A sailor observing this, inquired why she did it. She readily replied that some one had dared her to venture on the water in such rough weather — the wind being very high at the time — and it was a signal that she was going. The chest had been placed on deck, but was left unsecured; and with perhaps an excess of caution Elsje said to the skipper, "Make this chest fast. It might fall overboard, in which case the books would not only be spoiled but lost." During the progress of the

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voyage the girl was again made anxious by seeing some men sitting on the box, thus pressing down the lid, and, as she feared, depriving its occupant of air. They were also kicking it with their heels — a proceeding that must have been anything but agreeable to De Groot.

She begged them to seat themselves elsewhere, declaring that besides books the chest contained china that would easily break. At last the ship arrived safely at Gorkum. When she was moored the skipper began to discharge the cargo, and other goods were landed before the chest, which might have remained on board a considerable time, had not Elsje persuaded the master to have it speedily removed.

A barrow was obtained, and assisted by his son, the skipper placed the chest on it. They were wheeling it away when the former exclaimed, "Father, there is something alive inside this chest!" On which the skipper turning towards Elsje, who pretended not to have overheard the remark, said, "Do you hear what my son says? He says there is something alive in the chest."

"Yes," replied Elsje, in as careless a tone as she could assume, "books have life."

The matter then dropped and at length the chest, with its precious contents, was deposited at the house of Daetselaer, where it was taken in as privately as possible, by the back entrance.

The carriers having been paid and dismissed, Elsje went in search of the occupants of the house. She found Daetselaer and his wife, with some other persons, in a front room, busily engaged in packing some goods. Going up to the woman, she whispered softly in her ear,

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“I have my master here behind in a chest! You must see how you can get him away.”

For a moment Vrouw Daetselaer looked both astonished and agitated on hearing the news, and her face became white as a sheet. She, however, soon recovered her presence of mind, and followed Elsje into the room where the chest had been deposited.

Before unlocking it the maid knelt down, and in a loud whisper called, “Master! Master!” several times; but there being no reply she looked around sorrowfully to her companion, and exclaimed, “Alas! my master is dead!” The other woman replied, “Your mistress has done a clever thing. Formerly she had a live husband, now she has but a dead one.”

Hearing their conversation, De Groot now tapped the lid of the chest with his hand, and called out, “No, I am not dead. I did not know the voice.” The chest was then at once opened. De Groot had lain inside for about two hours, and he came out of it looking like a corpse restored to life. He was then asked to go upstairs, and he ascended, followed by Vrouw Daetselaer and the girl. Observing the agitated manner and pale face of the former, De Groot asked her if she always looked so white. “No sir,” she replied, “but I am frightened to see you here. You are no ordinary person. The whole world knows you. I am afraid of getting into trouble, and that my husband will be arrested and set in your place.” De Groot answered, “I have prayed so much to God, who has thus far been with me, and I have so heartily thanked Him for permitting me to escape, that, if it be his will, I am ready to return to my chest, and be again conveyed back to prison.” The woman, now more

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at her ease, replied, "No, we have you here now, and whatever comes of it, we will help you." Seeing that he could hardly stand, she gave him a glass of Spanish wine, which appeared to revive him. He then asked to speak with her husband. She went to fetch him; but on her telling him of the matter, he replied in a fright, "I must know nothing of it. I must neither see nor speak with Mynheer De Groot, or I shall be implicated." She then ran to the house of her brother-in-law, who being let into the secret, obtained a suit of clothes from a laborer, in which De Groot disguised himself, and with the assistance of his kind friends, finally escaped to Antwerp, where he found refuge in the house of a clergyman named Nikolaes Grevinkhoven, who had previously lived in Rotterdam. Madam De Groot, after some time, was permitted to join her husband; and the noble devotion of herself and of her trusty maid, Elsje van Houwening, will long live to be recorded in the annals of the Netherlands.

THE RETURN OF SPINOZA

[About 1653]

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

[SPINOZA was a Jewish philosopher of Dutch birth. His lack of faith in Judaism led to his withdrawal from the synagogue. The rabbis brought about his nominal banishment from Amsterdam. Nevertheless, he remained there for several years, though in constant danger, supporting himself by grinding glasses for telescopes.

The Editor.]

ON his homeward way dark looks still met him, but he faced them with cheerful, candid gaze. At the end of the narrow Spuistraat the affairs of the broad marketplace engrossed popular attention, and the philosopher threaded his way unregarded among the stalls and the canvas-covered Zealand wagons, and it was not till he reached the Paviljoensgracht — where he now sits securely in stone, penciling a thought as enduring — that he encountered fresh difficulty. There, at his own street door, under the trees lining the canal-bank, his landlord, Van der Spijck, the painter — usually a phlegmatic figure haloed in pipe-clouds — congratulated him excitedly on his safe return, but refused him entry to the house. “Here thou canst lodge no more.”

“Here I lodge to-night,” said Spinoza quietly, “if there be any law in Holland.”

“Law! The folk will take the law into their own hands. My windows will be broken, my doors battered

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in. And thou wilt be murdered and thrown into the canal.”

His lodger laughed. “And wherefore? An honest optician murdered! Go to, good friend!”

“If thou hadst but stayed at home, polishing thy spy-glasses instead of faring to Utrecht! Customarily thou art so cloistered in that the goodwife declares thou forgettest to eat for three days together — and certes there is little thou canst eat when thou goest not abroad to buy provision! What devil must drive thee on a long journey in this hour of heat and ferment? Not that I believe a word of thy turning traitor, — I’d sooner believe my mahl-stick could turn serpent like Aaron’s rod, — but in my house thou shalt not be murdered.”

“Reassure thyself. The whole town knows my business with Stoupe; at least I told my bookseller, and ’t is only a matter of hours.”

“Truly he is a lively gossip.”

“Aye,” said Spinoza dryly. “He was even aware that a letter from the Royal Society of England awaits me.”

Van der Spijck reddened. “I have not opened it,” he cried hastily.

“Naturally. But the door thou mayst open.”

The painter hesitated. “They will drag thee forth, as they dragged the De Witts from the prison.”

Spinoza smiled sadly. “And on that occasion thou wouldst not let me out; now thou wilt not let me in.”

“Both proofs that I have more regard for thee than thou for thyself. If I had let thee dash out to fix up on the public wall that denunciation thou hadst written of the barbarian mob, there had been no life of thine to risk

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to-day. Fly the town, I beseech thee, or find thicker walls than mine. Thou knowest I would shelter thee had I the power; do not our other lodgers turn to thee in sickness and sorrow to be soothed by thy talk? Do not our own little ones love and obey thee more than their mother and me? But if thou were murdered in our house, how dreadful a shock and a memory to us all!"

"I know well your love for me," said Spinoza, touched. "But fear nothing on my account: I can easily justify myself. There are people enough, and of chief men in the country too, who well know the motives of my journey. But whatever comes of it, so soon as the crowd make the least noise at your door, I will go out and make straight for them, though they should serve me as they have done the unhappy De Witts."

Van der Spijck threw open the door. "Thy word is an oath!"

On the stairs shone the speckless landlady, a cheerful creature in black cap and white apron, her bodice laced with ornamental green and red ribbons. She gave a cry of joy, and flew to meet him, broom in hand. "Welcome home, Heer Spinoza! How glad the little ones will be when they get back from school! There's a pack of knaves been slandering thee right and left; some of them tried to pump Henri, but we sent them away with fleas in their ears — eh, Henri?"

Henri smiled sheepishly.

"Most pertinacious of all was a party of three — an old man and his daughter and a young man. They came twice, very vexed to find thee away, and feigning to be old friends of thine from Amsterdam; at least not the young man — his lament was to miss the celebrated

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scholar he had been taken to see. A bushel of questions they asked, but not many pecks did they get out of *me.*”

A flush had mantled upon Spinoza's olive cheek. “Did they give any name?” he asked with unusual eagerness.

“It ends in Ende — that stuck in my memory.”

“Van den Ende?”

“Or such like.”

“The daughter was — beautiful?”

“A goddess!” put in the painter.

“Humph!” said the vrouw. “Give *me* the young man. A cold marble creature is not my idea of a goddess.”

“’T is a Greek goddess,” said Spinoza with labored lightness. “They are indeed old friends of mine — saving the young man, who is doubtless a pupil of the old. He is a very learned philologist, this Dr. van den Ende: he taught me Latin —”

“And Greek goddesses,” flashed the vrouw affectionately.

Spinoza tried to say something, but fell a-coughing instead, and began to ascend to his room. He was agitated: and it was his principle to quit society whenever his emotions threatened to exceed philosophical moderation.

“Wait! I have thy key,” cried the goodwife, pursuing him. “And oh! what dust in thy room! No wonder thou art troubled with a phthisis!”

“Thou didst not arrange anything?” he cried in alarm.

“A flick with a feather-brush, as I took in thy letters —

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no more; my hand itched to be at thy papers, but see! not one is in order!"

She unlocked his door, revealing a little room in which books and papers mingled oddly with the bedroom furniture and the tools and bench of his craft. There were two windows with shabby red curtains. On nails hung a few odd garments, one of which, the doublet anciently pierced by the fanatic's dagger, merely served as a memento, though not visibly older than the rest of his wardrobe. "Who puts a mediocre article into a costly envelope?" was the philosopher's sartorial standpoint. Over the mantel (on which among some old pipes lay two silver buckles, his only jewelry) was pinned a charcoal sketch of Masaniello in shirt-sleeves, with a net on his shoulder, done by Spinoza himself, and obviously with his own features as model: perhaps in some whimsical moment when he figured himself as an intellectual revolutionary. A portfolio that leaned against a microscope contained black-and-white studies of some of his illustrious visitors, which caught happily their essential features without detail. The few other wall-pictures were engravings by other hands. Spinoza sat down on his truckle-bed with a great sigh of content.

"*Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto*,"¹ he murmured. Then his eye roving around: "My spiders' webs are gone!" he groaned.

"I could not disarrange aught in sweeping *them* away!" deprecated the goodwife.

"Thou hast disarranged *me!* I have learnt all my wisdom from watching spiders!" he said, smiling.

¹ "I rest upon the couch for which I have longed."

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“Nay, thou jestest.”

“In no wise. The spider and the fly — the whole of life is there. 'T is through leaving them out that the theologies are so empty. Besides, who will now catch the flies for my microscope?”

“I will not believe thou wouldst have the poor little flies caught by the great big spiders. Never did I understand what Pastor Cordes prated of turning the other cheek till I met thee.”

“Nay, 't is not my doctrine. Mine is the worship of joy. I hold that the effort to preserve our being is virtue.”

“But thou goest to church sometimes?”

“To hear a preacher.”

“A strange motive.” She added musingly: “Christianity is not then true?”

“Not true for me.”

“Then if thou canst not believe in it, I will not.”

Spinoza smiled tenderly. “Be guided by Dr. Cordes, not by me.”

The goodwife was puzzled. “Dost thou then think I can be saved in Dr. Cordes' doctrine?” she asked anxiously.

“Yes, 't is a very good doctrine; the Lutheran; doubt not thou wilt be saved in it, provided thou livest at peace with thy neighbors.”

Her face brightened. “Then I will be guided by thee.”

THE RIVAL TULIP-GROWERS

[1672]

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

[THE famous "tulip mania" began in France in 1635, but raged more violently in the Netherlands. The usually staid and sensible Dutchmen forgot everything but buying and selling tulip bulbs. The prices given for some of these were most absurd, as high as \$5200 being paid for one bulb. At the height of the excitement shares were issued, and speculated in, for a single rare specimen even before the bulb existed. At length the craze for speculation reached such a degree that a proclamation was issued by the Government declaring all contracts concerning tulips to be invalid; and the frenzy came to an end, but not until the wealth of many families had been swept away.

The Editor.]

JUST then the Tulip Society of Haarlem offered a prize for the production of the large black tulip without a spot of color, a thing which had not yet been accomplished, and was considered impossible, as at that time there did not exist a flower of that species approaching even to dark nut-brown. It was, therefore, generally said that the founders of the prize might just as well have offered two millions as a hundred thousand guilders,¹ since no one would be able to gain it.

The tulip-growing world, however, was thrown by it into a state of most active commotion. Some fanciers

¹ In former times the value of the guilder varied according to the period and the place of issue. At present a guilder is worth 40.2 cents.

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caught at the idea without believing it practicable; but such is the power of imagination among florists, that, although considering the undertaking as certain to fail, all their thoughts were engrossed by that grand black tulip, which was looked upon as chimerical, as the black swan or the white raven were reputed to be in those days.

Van Baerle was one of the tulip-growers who were struck with the idea; Boxtel thought of it in the light of a speculation. Van Baerle, as soon as the idea had once taken root in his clear and ingenious mind, began slowly the necessary sowings and operations to reduce the tulips, which he had grown already, from red to brown, and from brown to dark brown.

By the next year he had obtained flowers of a perfect nut brown, and Boxtel espied them in the border, whereas he had himself, as yet, only succeeded in producing the light brown.

Boxtel, once more worsted by the superiority of his hated rival, was now completely disgusted with tulip-growing, and, being driven half mad, devoted himself entirely to observation.

The house of his rival was quite open to view; a garden exposed to the sun; cabinets with glass walls, shelves, cupboards, boxes and ticketed pigeon-holes, which could easily be surveyed by the telescope. Boxtel allowed his bulbs to rot in the pits, his seedlings to dry up in their cases, and his tulips to wither in the borders, and henceforward occupied himself with nothing else but the doings at Van Baerle's.

But the most curious part of the operations was not performed in the garden.

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It might be one o'clock in the morning, when Van Baerle went up to his laboratory, into the glazed cabinet whither Boxtel's telescope had such easy access; and here, as soon as the lamp illuminated the walls and windows, Boxtel saw the inventive genius of his rival at work.

He beheld him sifting his seeds, and soaking them in liquids which were destined to modify or to deepen their colours. He knew what Cornelius meant, when, heating certain grains, then moistening them, then combining them with others by a sort of grafting — a minute and marvelously delicate manipulation — he shut up in darkness those which were expected to furnish the black color; exposed to the sun or to the lamp those which were to produce red; and placed between the endless reflection of two water-mirrors those intended for white, the pure representation of the limpid element.

This innocent magic, the fruit at the same time of childlike musings and of manly genius — this patient untiring labor, of which Boxtel knew himself to be incapable — made him, gnawed as he was with envy, center all his life, all his thoughts, and all his hopes, in his telescope.

For, strange to say, the love and interest of horticulture, had not deadened in Isaac his fierce envy and thirst of revenge. Sometimes, whilst covering Van Baerle with his telescope, he deluded himself into a belief that he was leveling a never-failing musket at him; and then he would seek with his finger for the trigger to fire the shot which was to have killed his neighbor. But it is time that we should connect with this epoch of the operations of the one, and the espionage of the other, the visit which Cornelius de Witt came to pay to his native town.

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[Just at this time Van Baerle receives a visit from his godfather, Cornelius de Witt, brother of the chief magistrate of Holland, who leaves with him a sealed package. The jealous tulip-fancier suspects that this contains political papers, and forms a plot to prevent his rival from developing the precious black tulip. De Witt and his brother were accused of attempting the life of William of Orange. They were not pronounced guilty, but, nevertheless, they were torn in pieces by a furious mob.]

On the 20th of August, 1672, at one o'clock, Cornelius was, therefore, in his dry-room, with his feet resting on the foot-bar of the table, and his elbows on the cover, looking with intense delight on three suckers which he had just detached from the mother bulb, pure, perfect, and entire, and from which was to grow that wonderful product of horticulture, which would render the name of Cornelius Van Baerle forever illustrious.

“I shall find the black tulip,” said Cornelius to himself, whilst detaching the suckers. “I shall obtain the hundred thousand guilders offered by the Society. I shall distribute them among the poor of Dort; and thus the hatred which every rich man has to encounter in times of civil wars will be soothed down, and I shall be able, without fearing any harm either from Republicans or Orangists, to keep as heretofore my borders in splendid condition. I need no more be afraid, lest on the day of the riot the shopkeepers of the town, and the sailors of the port, should come and tear out my bulbs, to boil them as onions for the families, as they have sometimes quietly threatened when they happened to remember my having paid two or three hundred guilders for one bulb. It is, therefore, settled I shall give the hundred

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thousand guilders of the prize Haarlem to the poor. And yet —”

Here Cornelius stopped, and heaved a sigh.

“And yet,” he continued, “it would have been so very delightful to spend the hundred thousand guilders on the enlargement of my tulip-bed, or even on a journey to the East, the country of beautiful flowers. But, alas! these are no thoughts for the present times, when muskets, standards, proclamations, and beating of drums are the order of the day.”

Van Baerle raised his eyes to heaven, and sighed again. Then turning his glance towards his bulbs — objects of much greater importance to him than all those muskets, standards, drums, and proclamations, which he conceived only to be fit to disturb the minds of honest people, he said, —

“These are, indeed, beautiful bulbs; how smooth they are, how well formed! there is that air of melancholy about them which promises to produce a flower of the color of ebony. On their skin you cannot even distinguish the circulating veins with the naked eye. Certainly, certainly, not a light spot will disfigure the tulip which I have called into existence. And by what name shall we call this offspring of my sleepless nights, of my labor and my thought? *Tulipa nigra Barlaënsis*.

“Yes, Barlaënsis; a fine name. All the tulip-fanciers — that is to say all the intelligent people of Europe — will feel a thrill of excitement when the rumor spreads to the four quarters of the globe: The Grand Black Tulip is Found! ‘How is it called?’ the fanciers will ask, — ‘*Tulipa nigra Barlaënsis!*’ ‘Why *Barlaënsis?*’ — ‘After its grower, Van Baerle,’ will be the answer. ‘And

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who is this Van Baerle?’ — ‘It is the same who has already produced five new tulips; the Jane, the John de Witt, the Cornelius de Witt, etc.’ Well, this is what I call my ambition. It will cause tears to no one. And people will still talk of my *Tulipa nigra Barlæensis*, when, perhaps, my godfather, this sublime politician, is only known from the tulip to which I have given his name.

“Oh! these darling bulbs!

“When my tulip has flowered,” Baerle continued in his soliloquy, “and when tranquillity is restored in Holland, I shall give to the poor only fifty thousand guilders, which, after all, is a goodly sum for a man who is under no obligation whatever. Then, with the remaining fifty thousand guilders, I shall make experiments. With them, I shall succeed in imparting scent to the tulip. Ah! if I succeed in giving it the odor of the rose or the carnation, or, what would be still better, a completely new scent; if I restored to this queen of flowers her natural distinctive perfume, which she has lost in passing from her Eastern to her European throne, and which she must have in the Indian Peninsula at Goa, Bombay, and Madras, and especially in that island which in olden times, as is asserted, was the terrestrial paradise, and which is called Ceylon — oh, what glory! I must say, I would then rather be Cornelius Van Baerle than Alexander, Cæsar, or Maximilian.

“Oh, the admirable bulbs!”

Thus Cornelius indulged in the delights of contemplation, and was carried away by the sweetest dreams.

Suddenly the bell of his cabinet was rung much more violently than usual.

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Cornelius, startled, laid his hands on his bulbs, and turned round.

“Who is here?” he asked.

“Sir,” answered the servant, “it is a messenger from the Hague.”

“A messenger from the Hague! What does he want?”

“Sir, it is Craeke.”

“Craeke! the confidential servant of Mynheer John de Witt? Good, let him wait.”

“I cannot wait,” said a voice in the lobby.

And at the same time forcing his way in, Craeke rushed into the dry-room.

This abrupt entrance was such an infringement on the established rules of the household of Cornelius Van Baerle, that the latter, at the sight of Craeke, almost convulsively moved his hand which covered the bulbs, so that two of them fell on the floor, one of them rolling under a small table, and the other into the fireplace.

“Zounds!” said Cornelius, eagerly picking up his precious bulbs. “What’s the matter?”

“The matter, sir!” said Craeke, laying a paper on the large table, on which the third bulb was lying — “the matter is, that you are requested to read this paper without losing one moment.”

And Craeke, who thought he had remarked in the streets of Dort symptoms of a tumult similar to that which he had witnessed before his departure from the Hague, ran off without even looking behind him.

“All right! all right! my dear Craeke,” said Cornelius, stretching his arm under the table for the bulb; “your paper shall be read, indeed it shall.”

Then, examining the bulb which he held in the hollow

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of his hand, he said, "Well, here is one of them uninjured. That confounded Craeke! thus to rush into my dry-room; let us now look after the other."

And without laying down the bulb which he already held, Baerle went to the fireplace, knelt down, and stirred with the tip of his finger the ashes, which fortunately were quite cold.

He at once felt the other bulb.

"Well, here it is," he said. And looking at it with almost fatherly affection, he exclaimed, "Uninjured, as the first."

At this very instant, and whilst Cornelius, still on his knees, was examining his pets, the door of the dry-room was so violently shaken, and opened in such a brusque manner, that Cornelius felt rising in his cheeks and his ears the glow of that evil counselor which is called wrath.

"Now, what is it again," he demanded; "are people going mad here?"

"Oh, sir! sir!" cried the servant, rushing into the dry-room, with a much paler face, and with much more frightened mien, than Craeke had shown.

"Well!" asked Cornelius, foreboding some mischief from this double breach of the strict rule of his house.

"Oh, sir, fly! fly, quick!" cried the servant.

"Fly! and what for?"

"Sir, the house is full of the guards of the States."

"What do they want?"

"They want you."

"What for?"

"To arrest you."

"Arrest me? — arrest me, do you say?"

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“Yes, sir, and they are headed by a magistrate.”

“What’s the meaning of all this?” said Van Baerle, grasping in his hands the two bulbs, and directing his terrified glance toward the staircase.

“They are coming up! they are coming up,” cried the servant.

“Oh, my dear child, my worthy master!” cried the old housekeeper, who now likewise made her appearance in the dry-room, “take your gold, your jewelry, and fly, fly!”

“But how shall I make my escape, nurse?” said Van Baerle.

“Jump out of the window.”

“Twenty-five feet from the ground?”

“But you will fall on six feet of soft soil.”

“Yes, but I should fall on my tulips.”

“Never mind, jump out.”

Cornelius took the third bulb, approached the window, and opened it, but seeing what havoc he would necessarily cause in his borders, and, more than this, what a height he would have to jump, he called out, “Never!” and fell back a step.

In this moment they saw, across the banister of the staircase, the points of the halberds of the soldiers rising.

The housekeeper raised her hands to heaven.

As to Cornelius Van Baerle, it must be stated to his honor, not as a man, but as a tulip-fancier, his only thought was for his inestimable bulbs.

Looking about for a paper in which to wrap them up, he noticed the fly-leaf from the Bible, which Craeke had laid upon the table, took it without, in his confusion, remembering whence it came, folded in it the three bulbs, secreted them in his bosom, and waited.

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At this very moment the soldiers, preceded by a magistrate, entered the room.

“Are you Doctor Cornelius Van Baerle?” demanded the magistrate (who, although knowing the young man very well, put his questions according to the forms of justice, which gave his proceedings a much more dignified air).

“I am that person, Master Van Spennen,” answered Cornelius, politely bowing to his judge, “and you know it very well.”

“Then give up to us the seditious papers which you secrete in your house.”

“The seditious papers!” repeated Cornelius, quite dumfounded at the imputation.

“Now don’t look astonished, if you please.”

“I vow to you, Master Van Spennen,” Cornelius replied, “that I am completely at a loss to understand what you want.”

“Then I shall put you in the way, Doctor,” said the judge; “give up to us the paper which the traitor Cornelius De Witt deposited with you, in the month of January last.”

A sudden light came into the mind of Cornelius.

“Halloa!” said Van Spennen, “you begin now to remember, don’t you?”

“Indeed I do; but you spoke of seditious papers, and I have none of that sort.”

“You deny it then?”

“Certainly I do.”

The magistrate turned round, and took a rapid survey of the whole cabinet.

“Where is the apartment you call your dry-room?” he asked.

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“The very same where you now are, Master Van Spennen.”

The magistrate cast a glance at a small note at the top of his papers.

“All right,” he said, like a man who is sure of his ground.

Then turning round towards Cornelius, he continued, “Will you give up those papers to me?”

“But I cannot, Master Van Spennen: those papers do not belong to me, they have been deposited with me as a trust, and a trust is sacred.”

“Doctor Cornelius,” said the judge, “in the name of the States I order you to open this drawer, and to give up to me the papers which it contains.”

Saying this, the judge pointed with his finger to the third drawer of the press, near the fireplace.

In this very drawer, indeed, the papers deposited by the Warden of the Dikes with his godson were lying; a proof that the police had received very exact information.

“Ah! you will not,” said Van Spennen, when he saw Cornelius standing immovable and bewildered; “then I shall open the drawer myself.”

And, pulling out the drawer to its full length, the magistrate at first alighted on about twenty bulbs, carefully arranged and ticketed, and then on the paper parcel, which had remained in exactly the same state as it was when delivered by the unfortunate Cornelius De Witt to his godson.

The magistrate broke the seals, tore off the envelope, cast an eager glance on the first leaves which met his eye, and then exclaimed with a terrible voice: —

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“Well, justice has been rightly informed after all!”

“How,” said Cornelius, “how is this?”

“Don’t pretend to be ignorant, Mynheer Van Baerle,” answered the magistrate, “follow me.”

“How’s that, follow you?” cried the Doctor.

“Yes, sir, for in the name of the States I arrest you!”

Arrests were not as yet made in the name of William of Orange, he had not been Stadtholder long enough for that.

“Arrest me?” cried Cornelius, “but what have I done?”

“That’s no affair of mine, Doctor, you will explain all that before your judges.”

“Where?”

“At The Hague.”

Cornelius, in mute stupefaction, embraced his old nurse, who was in a swoon; shook hands with his servants, who were bathed in tears; and followed the magistrate, who put him in a coach, as a prisoner of State, and had him driven at full gallop to The Hague.

WHEN WILLIAM III OF ENGLAND CAME HOME TO HIS FATHERLAND

[1691]

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[WILLIAM, Stadtholder of the United Netherlands, married Mary, daughter of James II of England. When James was deposed, William and Mary were called to England and pronounced sovereigns of that country. The English appreciated what William did for them, but they never liked him or understood him, although he was adored by his subjects in Holland.

The Editor.]

THE passage was tedious and disagreeable. During many hours the fleet was becalmed off the Goodwin Sands; and it was not till the fifth day that the soundings proved the coast of Holland to be near. The sea fog was so thick that no land could be seen; and it was not thought safe for the ships to proceed farther in the darkness. William, tired out by the voyage, and impatient to be once more in his beloved country, determined to land in an open boat. The noblemen who were in his train tried to dissuade him from risking so valuable a life; but when they found that his mind was made up, they insisted on sharing the danger. That danger proved more serious than they had expected. It had been supposed that in an hour the party would be on shore. But great masses of floating ice impeded the progress of the skiff: the night came on: the fog grew

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thicker: the waves broke over the king and the courtiers. Once the keel struck on a sandbank, and was with difficulty got off. The hardiest mariners showed some signs of uneasiness. But William, through the whole night, was as composed as if he had been in the drawing-room at Kensington. "For shame," he said to one of the dismayed sailors: "are you afraid to die in my company?" A bold Dutch seaman ventured to spring out, and, with great difficulty, swam and scrambled through breakers, ice, and mud, to firm ground. Here he discharged a musket and lighted a fire as a signal that he was safe. None of his fellow passengers, however, thought it prudent to follow his example. They lay tossing in sight of the flame which he had kindled till the first pale light of a January morning showed them that they were close to the island of Goree. The king and his lords, stiff with cold and covered with icicles, gladly landed to warm and rest themselves.

After reposing some hours in the hut of a peasant, William proceeded to The Hague. He was impatiently expected there; for, though the fleet which brought him was not visible from the shore, the royal salutes had been heard through the mist, and had apprised the whole coast of his arrival. Thousands had assembled at Honslaerdyk to welcome him with applause which came from their hearts and which went to his heart. That was one of the few white days of a life, beneficent indeed and glorious, but far from happy. After more than two years passed in a strange land, the exile had again set foot on his native soil; he heard again the language of his nursery; he saw again the scenery and the architecture which were inseparably associated in his mind

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with the recollections of childhood and the sacred feeling of home; the dreary mounds of sand, shells, and weeds, on which the waves of the German Ocean broke; the interminable meadows intersected by trenches; the straight canals; the villas bright with paint and adorned with quaint images and inscriptions. He had lived during many weary months among a people who did not love him, who did not understand him, who could never forget that he was a foreigner. Those Englishmen who served him most faithfully served him without enthusiasm, without personal attachment, and merely from a sense of public duty. In their hearts they were sorry that they had no choice but between an English tyrant and a Dutch deliverer. All was now changed. William was among a population by which he was adored, as Elizabeth had been adored when she rode through her army at Tilbury, as Charles the Second had been adored when he landed at Dover. It is true that the old enemies of the House of Orange had not been inactive during the absence of the Stadtholder. There had been, not indeed clamors, but mutterings against him. He had, it was said, neglected his native land for his new kingdom. Whenever the dignity of the English flag, whenever the prosperity of the English trade was concerned, he forgot that he was a Hollander. But, as soon as his well-remembered face was again seen, all jealousy, all coldness was at an end. There was not a boor, not a fisherman, not an artisan, in the crowds which lined the road from Honslaerdyk to The Hague, whose heart did not swell with pride at the thought that the first minister of Holland had become a great King, had freed the English, and had conquered the Irish. It would have been mad-

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ness in William to travel from Hampton Court to Westminster without a guard; but in his own land he needed no swords or carbines to defend him. "Do not keep the people off," he cried: "let them come close to me: they are all my good friends." He soon learned that sumptuous preparations were making for his entrance into The Hague. At first he murmured and objected. He detested, he said, noise and display. The necessary cost of the war was quite heavy enough. He hoped that his kind fellow townsmen would consider him as a neighbor, born and bred among them, and would not pay him so bad a compliment as to treat him ceremoniously. But all his expostulations were in vain. The Hollanders, simple and parsimonious as their ordinary habits were, had set their hearts on giving their illustrious countryman a reception suited to his dignity and to his merit; and he found it necessary to yield. On the day of his triumph the concourse was immense. All the wheeled carriages and horses of the province were too few for the multitude of those who flocked to the show. Many thousands came sliding or skating along the frozen canals from Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, Haarlem, Delft. At ten in the morning of the twenty-sixth of January, the great bell of the Town House gave the signal. Sixteen hundred substantial burghers, well armed, and clad in the finest dresses which were to be found in the recesses of their wardrobes, kept order in the crowded streets. Balconies and scaffolds embowered in evergreen and hung with tapestry, hid the windows. The royal coach, escorted by an army of halberdiers and running footmen, and followed by a long train of splendid equipages, passed under numerous arches rich in carving and paint-

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ing, amidst shouts of "Long live the King our Stádt-holder." The front of the Town House and the whole circuit of the market-place were in a blaze with brilliant colors. Civic crowns, trophies, emblems of arts, of sciences, of commerce and of agriculture, appeared everywhere. In one place William saw portrayed the glorious actions of his ancestors. There was the silent prince, the founder of the Batavian commonwealth, passing the Meuse with his warriors. There was the more impetuous Maurice leading the charge at Nieuport. A little farther on, the hero might retrace the eventful story of his own life. He was a child at his widowed mother's knee. He was at the altar with Mary's hand in his. He was landing at Torbay. He was swimming through the Boyne. There, too, was a boat amidst the ice and the breakers; and above it was most appropriately inscribed, in the majestic language of Rome, "What dost thou fear? Thou hast Cæsar on board." The task of furnishing the Latin mottoes had been entrusted to two men, who, till Bentley appeared, held the highest place among the classical scholars of that age. Spanheim, whose knowledge of the Roman medals was unrivaled, imitated, not unsuccessfully, the noble consciousness of those ancient legends which he had assiduously studied; and he was assisted by Grævius, who then filled a chair at Utrecht, and whose just reputation had drawn to that university multitudes of students from every part of Protestant Europe.

When the night came, fireworks were exhibited on the great tank which washes the walls of the Palace of the Federation. That tank was now as hard as marble; and the Dutch boasted that nothing had ever been seen

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even on the terrace of Versailles, more brilliant than the effect produced by the innumerable cascades of flame which were reflected in the smooth mirror of ice. The English lords congratulated their master on his immense popularity. "Yes," said he; "but I am not the favorite. The shouting was nothing to what it would have been if Mary had been with me."

A few hours after the triumphal entry, the king attended a sitting of the States-General. His last appearance among them had been on the day on which he embarked for England. He had then, amidst the broken words and loud weeping of those grave senators, thanked them for the kindness with which they had watched over his childhood, trained his young mind, and supported his authority in his riper years; and he had solemnly commended his beloved wife to their care. He now came back among them the king of three kingdoms, the head of the greatest coalition that Europe had seen during a hundred and eighty years; and nothing was heard in the hall but applause and congratulations.

By this time the streets of The Hague were overflowing with the equipages and retinues of princes and ambassadors who came flocking to the great Congress. First appeared the ambitious and ostentatious Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, who, a few years later, took the title of King of Prussia. Then arrived the young Elector of Bavaria, the Regent of Würtemberg, the Landgraves of Hesse Cassel and Hesse Darmstadt, and a long train of sovereign princes, sprung from the illustrious houses of Brunswick, of Saxony, of Holstein, and of Nassau. The Marquess of Gastanaga, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, repaired to the assembly from the vice-

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regal Court of Brussels. Extraordinary ministers had been sent by the Emperor, by the kings of Spain, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden, and by the Duke of Savoy. There was scarcely room in the town and the neighborhood for the English lords and gentlemen and the German counts and barons, whom curiosity of official duty had brought to the place of meeting. The grave capital of the most thrifty and industrious of nations was as gay as Venice in the Carnival. The walks cut among those noble limes and elms in which the villa of the Prince of Orange is embosomed were gay with the plumes, the stars, the flowing wigs, the embroidered coats, and the gold-hilted swords of gallants from London, Berlin, and Vienna. With the nobles were mingled sharpers not less gorgeously attired than they. At night the hazard tables were thronged; and the theater was filled to the roof. Princely banquets followed one another in rapid succession. The meats were served in gold; and, according to that old Teutonic fashion with which Shakespeare had made his countrymen familiar, as often as any of the great princes proposed a health, the kettle-drums and trumpets sounded. Some English lords, particularly Devonshire, gave entertainments which vied with those of sovereigns. It was remarked that the German potentates, though generally disposed to be litigious about etiquette, associated, on this occasion, in an unceremonious manner, and seemed to have forgotten their passion for genealogical and heraldic controversy. The taste for wine, which was then characteristic of their nation, they had not forgotten. At the table of the Elector of Brandenburg much mirth was caused by the gravity of the statesmen of Holland, who, sober them-

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selves, confuted out of Grotius and Puffendorf the nonsense stuttered by the tipsy nobles of the Empire. One of these nobles swallowed so many bumpers that he tumbled into the turf fire, and was not pulled out till his fine velvet suit had been burned.

In the midst of all this revelry, business was not neglected. A formal meeting of the congress was held at which William presided. In a short and dignified speech, which was speedily circulated throughout Europe, he set forth the necessity of firm union and strenuous exertion. The profound respect with which he was heard by that splendid assembly caused bitter mortification to his enemies both in England and in France. The German potentates were bitterly reviled for yielding precedence to an upstart. Indeed, the most illustrious among them paid to him such marks of deference as they would scarcely have deigned to pay to his Imperial Majesty, mingled with the crowd in his antechamber, and at his table behaved as respectfully as any English lord in waiting. In one caricature the allied princes were represented as muzzled bears, some with crowns, some with caps of state. William had them all in a chain, and was teaching them to dance. In another caricature, he appeared taking his ease in an armchair, with his feet on a cushion, and his hat on his head, while the Electors of Brandenburg and Bavaria, uncovered, occupied small stools on the right and left: the crowd of landgraves and sovereign dukes stood at humble distance; and Gastanaga, the unworthy successor of Alva, awaited the orders of the heretic tyrant on bended knee.

IV
LITTLE STORIES OF NETHER-
LAND ARTISTS

HISTORICAL NOTE

IN the Netherlands were two schools of painting, the Flemish in the southern provinces (or what is now Belgium) and the Dutch in the northern. The Flemish school began with Jan van Eyck, who revolutionized the art of oil painting before his death in 1440, and culminated in Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) and his pupil Vandyck.

The golden age of Dutch painters was the seventeenth century. Their art was "bourgeois rather than aristocratic." It centered about the home and aimed at decorating the house. Naturally, then, the smaller panel picture was the favorite. Genre subjects, little scenes from everyday life, were greatly liked, and in these the Dutch painters achieved perfection both in color and in design. The Dutch also inaugurated landscape and animal painting, and in still life their work has never been surpassed.

Among the greatest names in the Dutch school of painting are Rembrandt (1607-1669), Franz Hals (1580-1666), Gerard Terburg (1608-1681), Jan Steen (1626-1679), and Jan van der Meer (1632-1690).

KING PHILIP PRESENTING RUBENS TO
VELASQUEZ

PETER PAUL RUBENS

[1577-1640]

BY THEODORE CHILD

PETER PAUL RUBENS (born 1577; died 1640), the greatest of all the Flemish painters, and a master to be classed with the greatest painters of all time, after having been taught Latin and generally well instructed by the Jesuit Fathers, was placed by his mother as a page in the service of Madame Marguerite de Ligne, widow of the Comte de Lalaing. In those days it was the custom for boys and girls to pass a few years in some noble family, where they waited upon the lord and lady of the house, who, in return, attended to the completion of their education in the usages and refinements of social life. But he did not continue long as a page; he wanted to become a painter, and therefore entered the studio of a master. Indeed he had successively three masters, of whom the chief was Otho van Veen, who is said to have given young Rubens a taste for allegory and erudition, to have taught him to love beautiful stuffs and to have still further schooled him in fine manners. We may look upon this Otho van Veen as a specimen of those widely curious and superior men of the sixteenth century who knew something about everything. He had frequented the courts of many princes, he had read everything that was to be read, he had traveled all over Europe, and his artistic tastes and general erudition doubtless gave him great moral influence over his pupil. We

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may imagine the worthy man directing the attention of young Rubens to the splendor of some rich brocade, or arranging a drapery of velvet or satin in such a manner that the light played amusingly in the folds and creases. Meanwhile he would doubtless expound to his pupil the secret of suave and elegant manners, the principles of graceful bearing, of appropriate gesture, of clear and pleasing enunciation, impressing upon him the fact that "manners makyth man"; and, when those manners are good, contribute not a little to one's own happiness and to the happiness of all those with whom we may come in contact.

In after life Rubens in every respect did honor to his master's teachings, and became not only a great painter and a model gentleman, but generally a very learned man and withal a great collector of antiquities, of costumes, and beautiful objects of all sorts. It is interesting to note that he communicated these tastes to his son Albert, whose open, intelligent and expressive face we see in the portrait at Dresden. Albert Rubens became distinguished as an antiquary and an authority on the coins and moneys of the past, and wrote in Latin a learned and curious treatise on the "Costume of the Ancients."

When Rubens left the studio of Van Veen in the year 1600, he went, as was the custom, to Italy to complete his studies, and his master gave him a letter to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella introducing the young man as his favorite pupil. But as a contemporary Italian writer, Bellori, says, young Rubens himself possessed the strongest of recommendations in "the elegance of his bearing, his noble and affable manners, and

PETER PAUL RUBENS

the abundance and variety of his conversation." Thanks to these remarkable social qualities Rubens in after life was charged by sovereigns with many delicate diplomatic missions. There is a story told that a disdainful ambassador at the court of Charles I, where Rubens had come on a diplomatic errand, seeing him at work at his easel, one day said with a curl of the lips: —

"I see monsieur the ambassador amuses himself by playing the painter."

"On the contrary," replied Rubens, "being a painter I amuse myself sometimes by playing the ambassador."

Nevertheless, this "prince of painters and of gentlemen," as the English diplomatist, Sir Dudley Carleton, called Rubens, was never happier than when he was living calmly in his splendid house at Antwerp with his wife and children. Furthermore, he was never happier in his art than in the figures that he painted with his wife or his children as models, especially his beautiful second wife, H el ene Fourment, whom he often painted with her little son on her knees.

ANTON VANDYCK

[1599-1641]

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT

THE greatest painter among the pupils of Rubens was Anton or Anthony Vandyck (or Van Dyck, as it is also spelled). He was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father was a silk-merchant, and his mother was a lady of artistic tastes; though she had twelve children, she yet found time to do much embroidery and tapestry work. She had a daughter named Susannah, and it may have been on account of this child that her finest work was a large piece on which the story of Susannah was represented. She was occupied with this before the birth of Anthony, who was her seventh child, and during his early years she skillfully plied her needle, and wrought her many-colored silks into landscapes and skies, trees and houses, men and animals, with untiring patience and uncommon excellence.

It is easy to understand that this mother must have rejoiced to find that Anthony had artistic talent, and it is probable that it was through her influence that he became a pupil under the artist Heinrich van Balen when he was but ten years old. He was still a boy, not more than seventeen, when he entered the studio of Rubens, just at the time when the great master was devoting himself to his art with his whole soul, and had a large number of young students under his direction.

Vandyck soon became the favorite pupil of Rubens, and was early allowed to do such work as proved that

ANTON VANDYCK

the great artist even then appreciated the genius of the brilliant and attractive youth, — for such we are told that Vandyck was. Among other things, Rubens entrusted to Vandyck the labor of making drawings from his pictures, to be used by the engravers who made prints after his works, for which there was a great demand at this time. It was necessary that these drawings should be very exact, so that the engravings should be as nearly like the original works as possible; and the fact that Vandyck, when still so young, was chosen for this important task, proves that he must have been unusually skillful and correct in his drawings.

Rubens left his studio but rarely, and when he did so his pupils were in the habit of bribing his old servant to unlock the door of his private room, that they might see what the master had done. The story goes that on one occasion, just at evening, when Rubens was riding, the scholars, as they looked at his work, jostled each other and injured the picture, which was not yet dry. They were filled with alarm, and feared expulsion from the school. After a consultation they begged Vandyck to restore the injured picture. With some hesitation he did so, and to the eyes of the pupils it was so well done that they counted on escaping discovery. The keen eye of the master, however, detected the work of another hand than his own; he summoned all the pupils and demanded an explanation, and when he knew all that had happened, he made no comment. It has even been said that he was so well pleased that he left the picture as Vandyck had restored it. Some writers say that this accident happened to the face of the Virgin and the arm of the Magdelene, in the great picture of the "Descent

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from the Cross," now in the Antwerp Cathedral; but we are not at all certain of the truth of this statement.

When Vandyck was ready to go to Italy, he made a farewell visit to Rubens, and presented him with three of his pictures. One of these, "The Romans seizing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," Rubens hung in the principal room of his house, and was never weary of praising it. The master returned his pupil's generosity by presenting him with one of his finest horses. Vandyck made his first stop at Savelthem, a village near Brussels. Here he fell in love with a girl named Anna van Ophem, and forgot Italy and his art while gazing in her face and wandering by her side through the fair valley in which she dwelt. But Anna regretted his idleness, and was curious to see the pictures that he could paint. Finally, he yielded to her persuasions, and painted two pictures for the parish church of Savelthem.

One of these was a "Holy Family," in which the Virgin was a portrait of Anna, while Saint Joachim and Saint Anna represented her father and mother. This picture he gave to the church. It has long since disappeared, and it is said that it was used to make grain-bags by French foragers. The second picture, for which he was paid, represented St. Martin of Tours, when he divided his cloak with two beggars. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse he rode was painted from that which Rubens had given him. The picture was very dear to the people of Savelthem; and when in 1758 they discovered that the parish priest had agreed to sell it, they armed themselves with pitchforks and other homely weapons, and, surrounding the church, insisted that the picture should not be removed.

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In 1806, however, they were powerless before the French soldiers; and though they loved their saint as dearly as ever, he was borne away to Paris and placed in the gallery of the Louvre, where he remained until 1815, when he was taken again to Savelthem and restored to his original place. It is also said that in 1850 a rich American offered twenty thousand dollars to any one who would bring this picture to him, no matter how it was obtained. Some rogues tried to steal it, but the watchdogs of Savelthem barked so furiously that the men of the village were alarmed, and rushed to the church so quickly that the robbers scarcely escaped. Since then a guard sleeps in the church, and St. Martin is undisturbed, and may always be seen there dividing his cloak and teaching the lesson of that Christian charity for which his own life was remarkable.

On one occasion Vandyck was at Haarlem, the home of Franz Hals, a noted Dutch portrait-painter. Vandyck sent for him, saying that a stranger wished his portrait painted, and had but two hours to stay for it. Hals seized a canvas and finished the picture within the given time. Vandyck praised it warmly, and said, "Painting seems such a simple thing that I should like to try what I can do at it." Hals changed places with him, and the visitor painted the second portrait as quickly as the first had been made. When Hals saw the picture, he embraced the painter and cried, "You are Vandyck! No other could do what you have now done!"

Among Vandyck's most distinguished portraits are those of Charles I and his family. Perhaps the most pleasing of these is the picture of the three children of the king,—a subject which Vandyck several times repeated.

REMBRANDT'S "THE NIGHT WATCH"

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

"THE NIGHT WATCH," the largest work ever painted by Rembrandt, fills almost the whole of one side of a room [in the Museum at Amsterdam] that might be better lighted. To remedy this, the painting is mounted on a bracket that allows the picture to be drawn from the wall until the right line has been obtained.

Before I speak of this marvel, it may not be out of place to tell under what circumstances it was painted and what is the theme the artist has treated.

If there be anything that confirms the theory I have so often put forth and maintained, namely, that to painters of true genius the subject is a matter of utmost indifference, it is assuredly the wondrous painting in the Museum at Amsterdam. Its name, "The Night Watch," might lead people who have not seen it, to imagine that it represents some mysterious and fantastic scene, a nightmare of shadow and terror such as Rembrandt sketched so well; but there is nothing so poetical about it; the picture merely represents the assembling of the National Guard of the day.

If one looks up Wagenaar, the author of a history of Amsterdam, one finds that the militia was ordered, on May 4, 1642, to be ready for a review that was to take place on the evening of the 19th, under penalty of a twenty-five-gulden fine in case of absence. The object was to receive the Prince of Orange, who was to arrive

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REMBRANDT'S "THE NIGHT WATCH"

accompanied by the daughter of Charles I of England, whom he had just taken in marriage. It surely was impossible to give a painter a more insignificant and more prosaic subject. Modern efforts along this line suffice to indicate what such a subject now brings forth. It must be borne in mind also that it was necessary to put the big-wigs of the militia well in front, and to attain resemblance in the case of each and every one, for most of these faces and portraits, and the queer names of their owners have been preserved.

It may be assumed that all these worthies had not received written summonses to turn out, or else that the use of such notices was unknown to the good city of Amsterdam, for the beat of the drum seems to have surprised them in the midst of their occupations: they are hurrying as though a single minute's delay would involve the twenty-five-gulden fine; they rush forth half dressed; one man is buttoning his jacket, and another is drawing on his gloves as he goes. The whole scene is filled with infinite movement, disorder, and rush. The Spartans under Leonidas did not spring to arms to defend the Thermopylæ with greater courage than these worthy and debonair Dutch citizens going to meet the Prince of Orange.

You are aware of the fanciful taste of the Leyden miller's son in the matter of the costumes he puts on his figures; well, he never was more amazingly startling than in this inoffensive meeting of militia-men. It is true that the costumes of the day lent themselves more readily to painting than do those of our times. The jackets of embroidered leather, the points, the wide-topped boots, the helmets, the breastplates, the neck-

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plates, the broad baldrics, the swords with heavy shell guards, all these, even when worn by a militia-man, may furnish opportunities to the brush of a skillful painter. What Rembrandt has made of them is absolutely prodigious; never was the fury of execution carried to such a pitch; there is a temerity in the work of the brush, a craze of impasto of which Decamps' most violent sketches do not give even a faint idea. Some of the gold lace is modelled in full relief; some of the foreshortened fingers have been done at one stroke of the brush, while there are noses that fairly stand out of the canvas. It is at once the strangest thing and one that redounds to the glory of Rembrandt that this execution so incredible in its brutality, is at the same time extremely delicate. It is a finish obtained by fisticuffs and kicks, but such as the most careful painters have never been able to attain. From the chaos of broken touches, from the tumult of shadows and lights, from the masses of color cast on as if at haphazard, there springs supreme harmony.

Rembrandt, who, of all men, assuredly cared least for the Greeks and Romans, and whose mighty triviality accepts unhesitatingly the meanest aspects of nature, does not, on that account, as might easily be believed, lack style and elevation of thought. By means of the peculiar accent he imparts even to the objects he has most faithfully reproduced, by the romantic quaintness of his costumes, and the deep thoughtfulness of even the ugliest faces he paints, he attains a monstrous beauty more easily felt than described. His work has a formidable character that brings it up to the level of all masterpieces. The fantastic and masterly manner in which he handles light and shade, the sublime effects of

REMBRANDT IN HIS STUDIO

REMBRANDT IN HIS STUDIO

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(*French artist. 1824-1904*)

REMBRANDT was at the head of the Dutch school of painting, and was one of the world's greatest artists. He was thoroughly original; his one model was nature, but nature aglow with poetry and reproduced with a strong and virile touch. His portrait-painting was marvelously executed; for here, too, came out the picturesque and also the realistic. In etching he has never been excelled, both because of his artistic excellence and also because of his rare skill in the technicalities of the art and in the use of its tools. The accompanying illustration represents him at this work. Clara Erskine Clement says of him: —

“Rembrandt had a quick eye for all these marvelous effects of light, and he painted just such things as he had seen, and nothing else. In each of his pictures there are particular points upon which to fix the eye; and though the whole is painted with exquisite skill, and the smaller details bear examination just as the blades of grass and the smallest flowers in a landscape do, we have no wish to examine them; the one great interest holds our attention, and we are satisfied with that. The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly and even vulgar pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways; he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we cannot turn away from them carelessly; they attract us and hold us with a powerful spell.”



REMBRANDT'S "THE NIGHT WATCH"

chiaroscuro which he evolves, make of him as poetical an artist as ever lived. All he needs to move you and make you thoughtful for a whole day is an old man rising from his armchair, and a star scintillating against a dark background.

These worthy Dutchmen have been provided by his brush with curled-up mustaches and beards, bristling eye-brows, hands on hips, martial poses and hectoring airs. Never did *condottieri*, *landsknechts*, or *Stradiotes* look more surlily grim; Salvator Rosa's brigands look like peaceful citizens by the side of these worthy militiamen. The drummer, in particular, is beating his drum with relentless fierceness, while he casts glances fit to make the earth quake with terror. On the other hand nothing can be more engaging, more fair, more golden than the little maid dressed in yellow seen through an almost inextricable collection of legs and arms.

This painting, so Wagenaar further tells us, adorned, as late as 1764, the court room of the aforesaid militia. What a pleasure it must have been in those days to fail to report for guard duty! A man was summoned before the court, and while he was being tried could gaze undisturbed upon the wondrous painting hung behind the bench of judges. Times have changed indeed! Where is the militia regiment that would dream of ordering a picture of Delacroix and hanging it up in its courtroom?

V

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RECENT YEARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

IN the days of the American Revolution, the Dutch were the firm friends of the struggling colonists; but they were in difficulties at home. The King of Prussia made an excuse for interfering, and before long Prussia and England were the real rulers of the Dutch Republic. Then came a quarrel with the French, who refused to make any terms with the Netherlands until the Stadtholder, William V, had left the country. He did this, and now was founded the Batavian Republic. In 1807, Napoleon declared the land to be a kingdom and made his brother Louis its sovereign. After the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, and the downfall of Napoleon, the Dutch freed themselves from French rule, formed a constitution, and invited the son of William V to become their monarch. This was done in 1814, and that was when "the Dutch took Holland."

This new ruler bore the title of King William I. He governed both the northern and the southern Netherlands, — that is, Holland and Belgium. It would have needed the wisdom of Solomon to make two such dissimilar countries happy under the same laws. The Hollanders spoke Dutch, were interested in commerce, and were Protestants; the Belgians spoke French, cared little for commerce, but much for manufactures, and were Roman Catholics. The natural result was a separation between the two countries. In 1840, King William resigned in favor of his son, William II, who was succeeded by William III. During the reign of William III, business flourished, Haarlem Lake was drained, new canals and dikes were built, and there was general progress and prosperity. In 1880 his daughter was born, the "little Wilhelmina," who became queen at the age of ten and straightway won the hearts of her people.

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BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

WHEN after a few years it seemed that the American colonies were actually going to start a new commonwealth, entirely independent of the mother country, large vistas of new commercial advantages opened themselves to the Dutch merchants.

Up to the beginning of the Revolution the American colonists had been obliged to trade directly with England alone, and England had been careful that the colonists should not enter upon business which would compete with the business of her subjects at home. If they gained their independence, the colonists would then be able to deal with whomever they pleased, and the Republic hoped to get her share of the American trade. During the last thirty years so many old fields of enterprise had been gradually lost to her that a new opening would be extremely welcome.

This practical sentiment was reciprocated in America. Those excellent colonists were at all times infinitely more practical than the European sentimentalist could imagine them to be. They were practical politicians. The theory of their revolution never for a moment allowed them to forget the bread-and-butter side of it. Their hard common sense never allowed them to go off into any extremes which did not stand fundamentally upon a sound basis of "one dollar plus one dollar are two dollars." The French Revolution, with its sublime

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indifference to the material side of life and with its exaggerated sentiment about uplifting the whole of the human race to its own ideals, was conducted upon entirely different principles.

The American revolutionists knew what they wanted better than other rebels, either before or after, have known. They did one thing at a time, and did not waste their energies in senseless dreams of the far distant future. For the moment their most imperative need was guns, and materials of war generally. They had no regular fleet and few merchant ships. On the sea they were at the mercy of the English fleet. The Dutch smugglers were, therefore, of great benefit to them in supplying them with the necessities of war. From the small island of St. Eustatius in the Antilles — a possession of the West India Company — a regular smuggling trade was maintained with American ports. The island had a fine harbor and its storehouses were filled with millions of dollars' worth of goods, ready for transportation to forbidden harbors — either Spanish or American.

This trade was quite as detrimental to the interests of England as the American export of mules for South Africa was detrimental to the interests of the late Transvaal Republic. In August of the year 1775, therefore, the British Government instructed its representative in The Hague to address himself to the Estates-General with the request that this smuggling from a Dutch harbor should forthwith be ended.

The Estates-General expressed their regret at the matter and promised to attend to it at once. They promulgated an edict which forbade the export of guns and all materials of war from Dutch harbors for a period of six

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months. A fine of one thousand guilders was threatened to be levied upon those who should act contrary to this law. After the first six months this edict was prolonged for another half-year.

As for its practical results, they were nil. There was too much profit in the business to stop it with the mere threat of a fine. Furthermore, all the tricks of this particular trade were well known, and how could the Estates-General surmise that barrels of butter directed to a French port in reality contained powder and were bound for an American harbor? They could have discovered this, of course, if they had really wished, but they hesitated to interfere too seriously with a form of business activity, which, however, objectionable, brought so much gain to many of their fellow citizens and to themselves.

When the British Government noticed how ineffectual the Estates-General had been in preventing a continuation of this detrimental smuggling business, it decided to take matters into its own hands, and to defend its own interests as it thought best. The English fleet in the Caribbean Sea was strengthened with a number of new ships, and all Dutch vessels were searched, and if found to contain contraband of war were brought to English ports and there sold. This did not improve the feeling between the two countries. England resented the Republic's indifference. The Republic resented England's interference. France, however, looked on with interest and rejoiced.

[In her need of soldiers, England now asked Holland for the loan of a certain Scottish brigade which had been in the Dutch service since 1577. The Dutch objected. England might possibly forget to send them back; and moreover, by

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waiting a while a larger price might be commanded for their services. Finally the Dutch agreed to grant England's request, *but* on condition that the brigade should not be used outside of Europe! England decided that the troops were not necessary — but she did not forget.]

England had been most unhappy in the choice of her diplomatic representative in The Hague. Sir Joseph Yorke belonged to that class of arrogant British diplomats who at all times and in all countries have by their overbearing behavior done so much to prevent a good understanding between their home country and the land to which they were accredited. He was very honest, and belonged to that order of honest people who always speak the truth when it does most harm and is least called for. He represented a country which was then at the height of its glory, the foremost nation of Europe. But he represented it in a country which was then rapidly going towards the lowest depths it would ever reach. Sir Joseph unfortunately had the bad tact to let the Hollanders continually feel their changed condition, and was very apt to treat the Estates-General as if they existed only by sufferance of His British Majesty.

The tradition of many centuries had established a privileged position for the British minister in The Hague. He was often called upon to be the unofficial adviser of the stadtholders, who were so closely related to the British throne. From the very beginning, however, Sir Joseph could not get along with the friends of the young Stadtholders. The Stadtholder himself, he soon considered a negligible quantity, a man who had to be protected occasionally against his enemies who were also the enemies of England.

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The Stadtholder on his side was afraid of the grouchy old Briton, who would address him without any ceremony, who would ask such pertinent questions that it was next to impossible to tell him a lie or to spar for time in which to get up an appropriate answer. Neither did William like to be reminded at all times of his complete dependence upon England for a secure hold upon his own high office. The princess, who had not yet played any political rôle, being too much occupied with her nursery, disliked the Englishman from the beginning and always kept out of his way.

With the Regents Sir Joseph got along even worse. Their High-and-Mightinesses, each one a little potentate in his own small circle, had to be handled with great care. A mistake in the correct title by which they expected to be addressed might cause no end of annoyance. Sir Joseph, who went right ahead, regardless of other people's feelings, was continually stepping on everybody's sensitive toes. Instead of flattering the Regents and cajoling them into complying with his wishes, he used to tell them abruptly what he wanted and then would expect them to do as he desired. Whenever his requests were not immediately granted, he used to rumble with the British thunder and threaten the Republic with the terrible things that might happen if the just demands of His British Majesty's Government should be disregarded.

The Regents retaliated by most exasperating slowness in all their dealings with Sir Joseph. They never said "No." They never gave him a chance to call forth the storm which was to destroy them. But neither did they ever say "Yes." They let His Excellency know that

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“the matter was under discussion,” and then they gave him a few months in which to cool off his anger — a proceeding which usually had an effect opposite to that intended. In this way the misunderstanding between the two countries was continually increased. On the side of the Republic there was a good deal of insolence and a prejudiced desire to see everything British in as bad a light as possible. On the side of England there was a good deal of just cause for annoyance, but also an insolent disregard of the feelings of its neighbor.

The only person who benefited by all this quarreling was the French minister. D’Affray had been called back and had been succeeded by a young diplomat, the Duke de Vauguyon. Paul François de Guelen, Duke de Vauguyon, son of the former governor of Louis XIV, was only thirty years old when he was sent to The Hague. What he lacked in experience he made up for by a charming personality and by a large personal fortune which he used most liberally for his diplomatic purposes. He never bothered about the Stadtholder. He did not even take the trouble to oppose him, but left him in peace and used all his influence towards establishing a firm friendship with the Regents. To the Regents his palace and his purse were open at all times, and around his excellent dinners he used to collect as many of them as were willing to come.

Van der Capellen and his democratic friends he carefully avoided. It is true that a good many Frenchmen at that moment shared the Republic’s popular enthusiasm for the Americans and for everything American, up to the wearing of hats and coats *à l’Américain*. But such enthusiasm was considered a pastime for fashionable

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people. For those who were not fashionable the system of "by the grace of God" was considered good enough and was rigorously maintained. Even when in 1778 France entered into a treaty with the Americans, this was done not so much out of an abstract love for those principles which the Americans were supposed to defend as in the hope of earning sweet revenge for the loss of Canada.

His Excellency the French ambassador had not been sent to the Republic for sentimental reasons. His duty was to get the Republic away from England and to force her into an alliance with France. For France needed money, and with the impending expedition to America would soon need more, and the Republic possessed those indispensable funds. De Vauguyon, therefore, took great pains to get into the right relationship with the banking interests of the country. In Amsterdam he had a host of friends. Gradually he established for himself the position of unofficial head of all those among the Regents who opposed the Stadtholder. Outwardly, however, he maintained correct relations with William. For the Prince of Orange was an excellent weapon with which to menace the Regents. Should they show themselves unmanageable, de Vauguyon could always threaten to throw France's influence in favor of their enemy, the Stadtholder.

In one word, the French minister did a very clever piece of balancing between the different parties. Wherever Sir Joseph by his boorishness had made new enemies, De Vauguyon was sure to appear and by the charm of his manner turn the insulted parties into his firm and everlasting friends. Wherever the Dutch mer-

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chants were loud in their complaints about the British and denounced their brusque methods of dealing with the smuggling trade, they were informed of the benefits that would result if only they were willing to leave an ally who no longer behaved as such, and throw their fate in with that of magnanimous France.

Circumstances greatly favored the Frenchman. In the West Indies the relations between Dutch and English grew steadily from bad to worse. Not only had England increased her fleet in the Caribbean Sea, but she had also hinted to her merchants at home and abroad that a little privateering at the expense of the Dutch would not be punished with the gallows, and might even be looked upon with favor by the authorities at home. And the patriotic British shipowners from Bristol and Plymouth, and all the many seaports along the English coast, had caught the hint and had started chasing Dutch ships wherever they could find them. The Caribbean Sea was soon full of respectable buccaneers, who stopped and plundered whatever ships fell into their hands in the interest of the mother country. Let us, at least, pay tribute to their impartiality. They took quite as many French, Spanish, and Danish as they did Dutch ships. Whenever they could not find anything on the sea, they were apt to extend their operations to the South American continent. England still refused to recognize the United States as an independent nation, and wherever American ships were found in Dutch harbors the English quietly declared them their prizes.

Upon one occasion an English privateer met an American merchantman going from Surinam to Virginia. The American ship fled and returned to the

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coast, where it was captured under the very nose of a Dutch fortress and a Dutch man-of-war. Loud was the wail which the Dutch press made about this "attack upon Dutch sovereignty" and the insult offered to the captain of the Dutch ship, who, when he tried to demand an explanation of the English captain, was told to "get out or take care that he did not get shot, too."

The matter was immediately carried to the attention of Sir Joseph. But His Excellency had waited for just such an occasion to say what was in his mind. The Estates-General, so he told them, might as well know once and for all that the King of England, his august master, had decided that in the future he would exercise what was merely his good right, everywhere and under all conditions. The king, therefore, intended to attack the rebellious Americans wherever His Majesty's arms or fleet could find them, and would inflict due punishment upon all those who either supported said Americans or who gave them hospitality. Finally, His Majesty thought that it would be of much greater advantage to his country to have open and duly recognized enemies than to have so-called allies who provided His Majesty's rebellious subjects with all the contraband of war they needed.

Sir Joseph did not do things by halves. The hint which he gave was broad enough. The Republic in this period of her history was playing a miserable rôle. She openly encouraged the enemies of her ally in order to make some money. She so neglected her fortifications that her harbors were at the mercy of any English cat-boat that ventured to sail across the ocean. When, in consequence of this dishonest policy, the Republic

finally got into trouble, she knew no way to get redress but by allowing her hired scribes to vilify England and to call the British minister a boor.

Meanwhile, everybody in the Republic was asking everybody else: "Why is not something being done?" "Why does not the Stadtholder send out a fleet to protect our interests?" "Are we always going to be at the mercy of this British insolence?" Just that sort of question was asked in Athens when Sparta destroyed its prosperity and in Rome when the Barbarians swooped down upon the outlying provinces.

"Why is not something being done?" As a matter of fact, the Stadtholder did try to do something. There were plans and discussions about sending a fleet of twenty ships to the Caribbean Sea to defend the Dutch colonies and protect the merchantmen against the English privateers. The first question was where to find twenty ships. The second, where to find the sailors with which to man the twenty ships. Not only was there a lack of funds with which to build ships, but the renewed activity in the smuggling business and the high wages paid to the sailors who engaged in it caused a scarcity of men for the fleet which no promise of a high enlistment premium could remedy.

After many months of delay, however, eight ships were made more or less seaworthy and equipped for the trip across the Atlantic. In the last month of 1777, this small fleet, under command of Count Louis van Bylandt, sailed to South America with strict orders to protect only the legitimate trade. Bylandt had no orders to suppress the "illegitimate trade." Therefore, while he defended the Dutch merchantmen against the

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English privateers, he did nothing to stop the export of contraband goods to the United States. From an English point of view, therefore, the Dutch fleet was only another insult to Great Britain and had no other purpose than to encourage Mr. George Washington to continue in his rebellious conduct. Chance only prevented an open outbreak at that time. From both sides everything was being done to create mutual ill-will.

As we have seen before, one of the governors of St. Eustatius, the big department store of the American Revolution, had been called back upon a number of complaints by the English and had been replaced by a certain De Graeff. This De Graeff, as we also have had a chance to remark, was a very common individual and saw his only duty in making the greatest profit in the shortest time. As he was a man of great commercial industry and no integrity whatsoever, his activities were all the more detrimental to the reputation of the island of which he happened to be governor.

One of his first acts caused no end of irritation in England. On the 16th of November, 1776, a ship flying the American flag entered the harbor of St. Eustatius. The governor, though he knew that the American colonies were not yet recognized as an independent nation, ordered his men to find a gun that could be fired, and to salute the new flag. Since the American Revolution has been successful and everything has come out as well as the most ardent American patriot could hope, this act of De Graeff is lauded as the first honor which the nations of the world paid to the free and enlightened commonwealth of the West. At that moment, however, the act of De Graeff was a decided breach of

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tact committed against a friendly nation, and it is no wonder that England resented it.

When the matter was reported to The Hague, — via London, — Sir Joseph in his usual way made a great ado about it. Even when making the most reasonable complaint he had the unhappy faculty of irritating everybody to the point where they felt that they, and not he, were the persons who had suffered an injustice. In this case, however, the fact could not possibly be denied. The Estates-General followed the only course open to them and ordered De Graeff to be recalled. The investigation of his conduct was dragged along in the customary way. From all sides pressure was being brought to bear upon the authorities not to let such a valuable man be lost. Soon De Graeff complained that his health, after so many years in the tropics, could not stand the strain of the Dutch climate. He was then allowed to return to his old home, and was reinstated as governor of St. Eustatius. Neither England's remonstrance nor Sir Joseph's violence of language had done the slightest good.

Everything remained as before. The Dutch smuggled, the English buccaneered. The Stadtholder grew pale in the face and stammered apologies; Sir Joseph grew red in the face and bellowed revenge. Finally, events took their natural course and war broke out between the Republic and England.

CONTRARY LAND

BY MARY MAPES DODGE

HOLLAND is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land or Contrary-land, for in nearly everything it is different from other parts of the world. In the first place, a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dikes or bulwarks have been erected at a heavy cost of money and labor, to keep the ocean where it belongs. On certain parts of the coast it sometimes leans with all its weight against the land, and it is as much as the poor country can do to stand the pressure. Sometimes the dikes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results ensue. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages. Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings. The stork clattering to her young on the house-peak may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in neighboring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she. Water-bugs dart backward and forward above the heads of the chimney swallows; and willow trees seem drooping with shame, because they cannot reach as high as the reeds near by.

Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers and lakes are everywhere to be seen. High, but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields stretching damply beside

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them. One is tempted to ask, "which is Holland — the shores or the water?" The very verdure that should be confined to the land has made a mistake and settled upon the fish-ponds. In fact the entire country is a kind of saturated sponge or, as the English poet, Butler, called it, —

"A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."

Persons are born, live and die, and even have their gardens on canal-boats. Farmhouses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs with a tucked-up sort of air, as if to say "we intend to keep dry if we can." Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire. In short, the landscape everywhere suggests a paradise for ducks. It is a glorious country in summer for barefooted girls and boys. Such wadings! such mimic ship sailing! Such rowing, fishing and swimming! Only think of a chain of puddles where one can launch chip boats all day long, and never make a return trip! But enough. A full recital would set all young America rushing in a body toward the Zuider Zee.

Dutch cities seem at first sight to be a bewildering jungle of houses, bridges, churches and ships, sprouting into masts, steeples and trees. In some cities vessels are hitched like horses, to their owners' doorposts and receive their freight from the upper windows. Mothers scream to Lodewyk and Kassy not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned! Water-roads are more frequent there than common roads and railways; water-fences, in the form of lazy green ditches, inclose pleasure-ground, polder and garden.

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Sometimes fine green hedges are seen; but wooden fences such as we have in America are rarely met with in Holland. As for stone fences, a Dutchman would lift his hands with astonishment at the very idea. There is no stone there, excepting those great masses of rock, that have been brought from other lands to strengthen and protect the coast. All the small stones or pebbles, if there ever were any, seem to be imprisoned in pavements or quite melted away. Boys with strong, quick arms may grow from pinafores to full beards without ever finding one to start the water-rings or set the rabbits flying. The water-roads are nothing less than canals intersecting the country in every direction. These are of all sizes, from the great North Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap. Water-omnibuses, called *trekschuiten*,¹ constantly ply up and down these roads for the conveyance of passengers; and water drays, called *pak-schuiten*,¹ are used for carrying fuel and merchandise. Instead of green country lanes, green canals stretch from field to barn and from barn to garden; and the farms or *polders*, as they are termed, are merely great lakes pumped dry. Some of the busiest streets are water, while many of the country roads are paved with brick. The city boats with their rounded sterns, gilded

¹ Canal-boats. Some of the first named are over thirty feet long. They look like green houses lodged on barges, and are drawn by horses walking along the bank of the canal. The *trekschuiten* are divided into two compartments, first and second class, and when not too crowded the passengers make themselves quite at home in them; the men smoke, the women knit or sew, while children play upon the small outer deck. Many of the canal-boats have white, yellow, or chocolate-colored sails. This last color is caused by a preparation of tan which is put on to preserve them.

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prows and gayly painted sides, are unlike any others under the sun; and a Dutch wagon with its funny little crooked pole, is a perfect mystery of mysteries.

“One thing is clear,” cries Master Brightside, “the inhabitants need never be thirsty.” But no, Odd-land is true to itself still. Notwithstanding the sea pushing to get in, and the lakes struggling to get out, and the overflowing canals, rivers and ditches, in many districts there is no water fit to swallow; our poor Hollanders must go dry, or drink wine and beer, or send far into the inland to Utrecht, and other favored localities, for that precious fluid older than Adam yet young as the morning dew. Sometimes, indeed, the inhabitants can swallow a shower when they are provided with any means of catching it; but generally they are like the Albatross-haunted sailors in Coleridge’s famous poem of “The Ancient Mariner” — they see

“Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink!”

Great flapping windmills all over the country make it look as if flocks of huge sea-birds were just settling upon it. Everywhere one sees the funniest trees, bobbed into fantastical shapes, with their trunks painted a dazzling white, yellow or red. Horses are often yoked three abreast. Men, women and children go clattering about in wooden shoes with loose heels; peasant girls who cannot get beaux for love, hire them for money to escort them to the Kermis;¹ and husbands and wives lovingly *harness* themselves side by side on the bank of the canal and drag their pakschuyts to market.

¹ Fair.

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Another peculiar feature of Holland is the *dune* or sand-hill. These are numerous along certain portions of the coast. Before they were sown with coarse reed-grass and other plants, to hold them down, they used to send great storms of sand over the inland. So, to add to the oddities, farmers sometimes dig down under the surface to find their soil, and on windy days *dry* showers (of sand) often fall upon fields that have grown wet under a week of sunshine.

In short, almost the only familiar thing we Yankees can meet with in Holland is a harvest-song which is quite popular there, though no linguist could translate it. Even then we must shut our eyes and listen only to the tune, which I leave you to guess.

“Yanker didee dudel down
Didee dudel lawnter;
Yankee viver, voover, vown,
Botermelk und Tawnter!”

On the other hand, many of the oddities of Holland serve only to prove the thrift and perseverance of the people. There is not a richer, or more carefully tilled garden-spot in the whole world than this leaky, springy little country. There is not a braver, more heroic race than its quiet, passive-looking inhabitants. Few nations have equaled it in important discoveries and inventions; none has excelled it in commerce, navigation, learning and science, — or set as noble examples in the promotion of education, and public charities; and none in proportion to its extent has expended more money and labor upon public works.

Holland has its shining annals of noble and illustrious men and women; its grand, historic records of

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patience, resistance and victory; its religious freedom, its enlightened enterprise, its art, its music and its literature. It has truly been called, "the battlefield of Europe," as truly may we consider it the asylum of the world, for the oppressed of every nation have there found shelter and encouragement. If we Americans, who, after all, are homœopathic preparations of Holland stock, can laugh at the Dutch, and call them human beavers, and hint that their country may float off any day at high tide, we can also feel proud, and say they have proved themselves heroes, and that their country will *not* float off while there is a Dutchman left to grapple it.

There are said to be at least ninety-nine hundred large windmills in Holland, with sails ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet long. They are employed in sawing timber, beating hemp, grinding, and many other kinds of work; but their principal use is for pumping water from the lowlands into the canals, and for guarding against the inland freshets that so often deluge the country. Their yearly cost is said to be nearly ten millions of dollars. The large ones are of great power. Their huge, circular tower, rising sometimes from the midst of factory buildings, is surmounted with a smaller one tapering into a cap-like roof. This upper tower is encircled at its base with a balcony, high above which juts the axis turned by its four prodigious, ladder-backed sails.

Many of the windmills are primitive affairs, seeming sadly in need of Yankee "improvements"; but some of the new ones are admirable. They are so constructed that, by some ingenious contrivance, they present their

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fans, or wings, to the wind in precisely the right direction to work with the requisite power. In other words, the miller may take a nap and feel quite sure that his mill will study the wind, and make the most of it, until he wakens. Should there be but a slight current of air, every sail will spread itself to catch the faintest breath; but if a heavy "blow" should come, they will shrink at its touch, like great mimosa leaves, and only give it half a chance to move them.

One of the old prisons of Amsterdam, called the Rasphouse, because the thieves and vagrants who were confined there were employed in rasping log-wood, had a cell for the punishment of lazy prisoners. In one corner of this cell was a pump and, in another, an opening through which a steady stream of water was admitted. The prisoner could take his choice, either to stand still and be drowned, or to work for dear life at the pump and keep the flood down until his jailer chose to relieve him. Now it seems to me that, throughout Holland, Nature has introduced this little diversion on a grand scale. The Dutch have always been forced to pump for their very existence and probably must continue to do so to the end of time.

THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT NICHOLAS

BY MARY MAPES DODGE

WE all know how, before the Christmas tree began to flourish in the home-life of our country, a certain "right jolly old elf," with "eight tiny reindeer," used to drive his sleigh-load of toys up to our house-tops, and then bound down the chimney to fill the stockings so hopefully hung by the fireplace. His friends called him Santa Claus, and those who were most intimate ventured to say "Old Nick." It was said that he originally came from Holland. Doubtless he did; but, if so, he certainly like many other foreigners changed his ways very much after landing upon our shores. In Holland, St. Nicholas is a veritable saint, and often appears in full costume, with his embroidered robes, glittering with gems and gold, his miter, his crozier and his jeweled gloves. *Here* Santa Claus comes rollicking along, on the 25th of December, our holy Christmas morn. But in Holland, St. Nicholas visits earth on the 5th, a time especially appropriated to him. Early on the morning of the 6th, he distributes his candies, toys and treasures, then vanishes for a year.

Christmas Day is devoted by the Hollanders, to church rites and pleasant family visiting. It is on St. Nicholas's Eve that their young people become half wild with joy and expectation. To some of them it is a sorry time, for the saint is very candid, and if any of them have been bad during the past year, he is quite

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sure to tell them so. Sometimes he carries a birch rod under his arm and advises the parents to give them scoldings in place of confections, and floggings instead of toys.

It was well that the boys hastened to their abodes on that bright winter evening, for in less than an hour afterwards, the saint made his appearance in half the homes of Holland. He visited the king's palace and in the selfsame moment appeared in Annie Bouman's comfortable home. Probably one of our silver half dollars would have purchased all that his saintship left at the peasant Bouman's: but a half-dollar's worth will sometimes do for the poor what hundreds of dollars may fail to do for the rich; it makes them happy and grateful, fills them with new peace and love.

Hilda van Gleck's little brothers and sisters were in a high state of excitement that night. They had been admitted into the grand parlor; they were dressed in their best, and had been given two cakes apiece at supper. Hilda was as joyous as any. Why not? St. Nicholas would never cross a girl of fourteen from his list, just because she was tall and looked almost like a woman. On the contrary, he would probably exert himself to do honor to such an august-looking damsel. Who could tell? So she sported and laughed and danced as gayly as the youngest, and was the soul of all their merry games. Father, mother and grandmother looked on approvingly; so did grandfather, before he spread his large red handkerchief over his face, leaving only the top of his scull-cap visible. This kerchief was his ensign of sleep.

Earlier in the evening all had joined in the fun. In the general hilarity, there had seemed to be a difference only in bulk between grandfather and the baby. Indeed

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a shade of solemn expectation now and then flitting across the faces of the younger members, had made them seem rather more thoughtful than their elders.

Now the spirit of fun reigned supreme. The very flames danced and capered in the polished grate. A pair of prim candles that had been staring at the Astral lamp began to wink at other candles far away in the mirrors. There was a long bell-rope suspended from the ceiling in the corner, made of glass beads netted over a cord nearly as thick as your wrist. It generally hung in the shadow and made no sign; but to-night it twinkled from end to end. Its handle of crimson glass sent reckless dashes of red at the papered wall turning its dainty blue stripes into purple. Passers-by halted to catch the merry laughter floating, through curtain and sash, into the street, then skipped on their way with a startled consciousness that the village was wide awake. At last matters grew so uproarious that the grandsire's red kerchief came down from his face with a jerk. What decent old gentleman could sleep in such a racket! Mynheer van Gleck regarded his children with astonishment. The baby even showed symptoms of hysterics. It was high time to attend to business. Madame suggested that if they wished to see the good St. Nicholas, they should sing the same loving invitation that had brought him the year before.

The baby stared and thrust his fist into his mouth as Mynheer put him down upon the floor. Soon he sat erect, and looked with a sweet scowl at the company. With his lace and embroideries, and his crown of blue ribbon and whalebone (for he was not quite past the tumbling age) he looked like the king of the babies.

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The other children, each holding a pretty willow basket, formed at once in a ring, and moved slowly around the little fellow, lifting their eyes, meanwhile, for the saint to whom they were about to address themselves was yet in mysterious quarters.

Madame commenced playing softly upon the piano; soon the voices rose — gentle youthful voices — rendered all the sweeter for their tremor: —

“ Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Bring no rod for us, to-night!
While our voices bid thee, welcome,
Every heart with joy is light!

“ Tell us every fault and failing
We will bear thy keenest railing,
So we sing — so we sing —
Thou shalt tell us everything!

“ Welcome, friend! St. Nicholas, welcome!
Welcome to this merry band!
Happy children greet thee, welcome!
Thou art glad'ning all the land!

“ Fill each empty hand and basket,
'T is thy little ones who ask it,
So we sing — so we sing —
Thou wilt bring us everything!”

During the chorus, sundry glances, half in eagerness, half in dread, had been cast towards the polished folding doors. Now a loud knocking was heard. The circle was broken in an instant. Some of the little ones, with a strange mixture of fear and delight, pressed against their mother's knee. Grandfather bent forward, with his chin resting upon his hand; grandmother lifted her spectacles; Mynheer van Gleck, seated by the fireplace,

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slowly drew his meerschaum from his mouth, while Hilda and the other children settled themselves beside him in an expectant group.

The knocking was heard again.

“Come in,” said Madame, softly.

The door slowly opened, and St. Nicholas, in full array, stood before them. You could have heard a pin drop! Soon he spoke. What a mysterious majesty in his voice! what kindness in his tones!

“Karel van Gleck, I am pleased to greet thee, and thy honored vrouw Kathrine, and thy son and his good vrouw Annie!

“Children, I greet ye all! Hendrick, Hilda, Broom, Katy, Huygens, and Lucretia! And thy cousins, Wolfert, Diedrich, Mayken, Voost, and Katrina! Good children ye have been, in the main, since I last accosted ye. Diedrich was rude at the Haarlem fair last Fall, but he has tried to atone for it since. Mayken has failed of late in her lessons, and too many sweets and trifles have gone to her lips, and too few stivers to her charity-box. Diedrich, I trust, will be a polite, manly boy for the future, and Mayken will endeavor to shine as a student. Let her remember, too, that economy and thrift are needed in the foundation of a worthy and generous life. Little Katy has been cruel to the cat more than once. St. Nicholas can hear the cat cry when its tail is pulled. I will forgive her if she will remember from this hour that the smallest dumb creatures have feelings and must not be abused.”

As Katy burst into a frightened cry, the saint graciously remained silent until she was soothed.

“Master Broom,” he resumed, “I warn thee that

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boys who are in the habit of putting snuff upon the footstove of the schoolmistress may one day be discovered and receive a flogging —”

[Master Broom colored and stared in great astonishment.]

“But thou art such an excellent scholar, I shall make thee no further reproof.

“Thou, Hendrick, didst distinguish thyself in the archery match last Spring, and hit the Doel,¹ though the bird was swung before it to unsteady thine eye. I give thee credit for excelling in manly sport and exercise — though I must not unduly countenance thy boat-racing since it leaves thee too little time for thy proper studies.

“Lucretia and Hilda shall have a blessed sleep to-night. The consciousness of kindness to the poor, devotion in their souls, and cheerful, hearty obedience to household rule will render them happy.

“With one and all I avow myself well content. Goodness, industry, benevolence and thrift have prevailed in your midst. Therefore, my blessing upon you — and may the New Year find all treading the paths of obedience, wisdom and love. To-morrow you shall find more substantial proofs that I have been in your midst. Farewell!”

With these words came a great shower of sugar-plums, upon a linen sheet spread out in front of the doors. A general scramble followed. The children fairly tumbled over each other in their eagerness to fill their baskets. Madame cautiously held the baby down in their midst, till the chubby little fists were filled. Then the bravest

¹ Bull's-eye.

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of the youngsters sprang up and burst open the closed doors — in vain they peered into the mysterious apartment — St. Nicholas was nowhere to be seen.

Soon there was a general rush to another room, where stood a table, covered with the finest and whitest of linen damask. Each child, in a flutter of excitement, laid a shoe upon it. The door was then carefully locked, and its key hidden in the mother's bedroom. Next followed good-night kisses, a grand family procession to the upper floor, merry farewells at bedroom doors — and silence, at last, reigned in the Van Gleck mansion.

Early the next morning, the door was solemnly unlocked and opened in the presence of the assembled household, when lo! a sight appeared proving St. Nicholas to be a saint of his word!

Every shoe was filled to overflowing, and beside each stood many a colored pile. The table was heavy with its load of presents — candies, toys, trinkets, books and other articles. Every one had gifts, from grandfather down to the baby.

Little Katy clapped her hands with glee, and vowed, inwardly, that the cat should never know another moment's grief.

Hendrick capered about the room, flourishing a superb bow and arrows over his head. Hilda laughed with delight as she opened a crimson box and drew forth its glittering contents. The rest chuckled and said "Oh!" and "Ah!" over their treasures, very much as we did here in America on last Christmas Day.

With her glittering necklace in her hands, and a pile of books in her arms, Hilda stole towards her parents

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and held up her beaming face for a kiss. There was such an earnest, tender look in her bright eyes that her mother breathed a blessing as she leaned over her.

“I am delighted with this book, thank you, father,” she said, touching the top one with her chin. “I shall read it all day long.”

“Aye, sweetheart,” said Mynheer, “you cannot do better. There is no one like Father Cats. If my daughter learns his ‘Moral Emblems’ by heart, the mother and I may keep silent. The work you have there is the ‘Emblems’ — his best work. You will find it enriched with rare engravings from Van de Venne.”

[Considering that the back of the book was turned away, Mynheer certainly showed a surprising familiarity with an unopened volume, presented by St. Nicholas. It was strange, too, that the saint should have found certain things made by the elder children, and had actually placed them upon the table, labeled with parents, and grandparents’ names. But all were too much absorbed in happiness to notice slight inconsistencies. Hilda saw, on her father’s face, the rapt expression he always wore when he spoke of Jacob Cats, so she put her armful of books upon the table and resigned herself to listen.]

“Old Father Cats, my child, was a great poet, not a writer of plays like the Englishman, Shakespeare, who lived in his time. I have read them in the German and very good they are — very, very good — but not like Father Cats. Cats sees no daggers in the air; he has no white women falling in love with dusky Moors; no young fools sighing to be a lady’s glove; no crazy princes mistaking respectable old gentlemen for rats. No, no. He

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writes only sense. It is great wisdom in little bundles, a bundle for every day of your life. You can guide a state with Cats' poems, and you can put a little baby to sleep with his pretty songs. He was one of the greatest men of Holland. When I take you to The Hague I will show you the Kloosterkerk where he lies buried. *There* was a man for you to study, my sons! he was good through and through. What did he say?

“Oh, Lord, let me obtain this from Thee
To live with patience, and to die with pleasure!”

“Did patience mean folding his hands? No, he was a lawyer, statesman, ambassador, farmer, philosopher, historian and poet. He was keeper of the Great Seal of Holland! He was a — Bah! there is too much noise here, I cannot talk” — and Mynheer, looking with astonishment into the bowl of his meerschaum — for it had “gone out” — nodded to his vrouw and left the apartment in great haste.

The fact is, his discourse had been accompanied throughout with a subdued chorus of barking dogs, squeaking cats and bleating lambs, to say nothing of a noisy ivory cricket, that the baby was whirling with infinite delight. At the last, little Huygens taking advantage of the increasing loudness of Mynheer's tones, had ventured a blast on his new trumpet, and Wolfert had hastily attempted an accompaniment on the drum. This had brought matters to a crisis, and well for the little creatures that it had. The saint had left no ticket for them to attend a lecture on Jacob Cats. It was not an appointed part of the ceremonies. Therefore when the youngsters saw that the mother looked neither fright-

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ened nor offended, they gathered new courage. The grand chorus rose triumphant, and frolic and joy reigned supreme.

Good St. Nicholas! For the sake of the young Hollanders, I, for one, am willing to acknowledge him, and defend his reality against all unbelievers.

IN AND OUT OF A CAB IN AMSTERDAM

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

It is raining this morning in Amsterdam. It is a way it has in Holland. The old settlers do not seem to mind it, but I am only a few days from the land of the orange and the olive, and, although these wet, silvery grays and fresh greens are full of "quality," I long for the deep blue skies and clear-cut meadows of Sunny Spain. On this particular morning I am in a cab and in search of a certain fish-market, and cabby is following the directions given him by a very round porter with a very flat cap and a deep bass voice.

There is nothing so comfortable as a cab to paint in if you only know how to utilize its resources. For me, long practice has brought it to a fine art. First, I have cabby take out the horse. This prevents his shaking me when he changes his tired leg. He is generally a spiral-spring-fed beast, and enjoys the relief. Then I take out the cushions. This keeps them dry. Then I close the back and off-side curtains, so as to concentrate the light, prop my easel up against the front seat, spread my palette and brushes on the bare wooden one, hang my rubber water-bottle up to the arm rest, and begin work. (I have even discovered in the bottom of certain cabs such luxuries as knot or auger holes through which to pour my waste water.) I then pass the umbrella-staff to cabby, calling particular attention to the iron spike, and explain how useful it may become in removing the inquisitive small boy from the hind wheel.

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One lesson and two boys makes a cabby an expert. This is why I am in a cab and am driving down the Keizersgraacht on this very wet morning in Amsterdam.

Before the fat porter's directions could be fully carried out, however, I caught sight of an old bridge spanning a canal which pleased me greatly, and before my friend on the box could realize the consequences I had his horse out and tied to a wharf post, and the interior of his cab transformed into a studio.

In five minutes I discovered that a cableless horse and a horseless cab presided over by a cabby armed with an umbrella-staff was not an everyday sight in Amsterdam. I had camped on the stone quay some distance from the street and out of everybody's way. I congratulated myself on my location, and felt sure I should not be disturbed. On my left was the canal crowded with market-boats laden with garden-truck; on my right, the narrow street choked with the traffic of the city.

Suddenly the business of Amsterdam ceased. Everybody on the large boats scrambled into smaller ones and sculled for shore. Everybody in the street simultaneously jumped from cart, wagon, and doorstep, and in twenty seconds I was overwhelmed by a surging throng, who swarmed about my four-wheeler and blocked up my only window with anxious, inquiring faces.

I had been in a crowd like this before, and knew exactly what to do. Sphinx-like silence and immobility of face are imperative. If you neither speak nor smile, the mob imbibes a kind of respect for you amounting almost to awe. Those nearest you, who can see a little and want to see more, unconsciously become your champions, and expostulate with those who cannot see any-

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thing, cautioning them against shaking the painter and obstructing his view.

This crowd was no exception to the general rule. I noticed, however, one peculiarity. As each Amsterdammer reached my window he would gaze silently at my canvas and then say, "Ah, teekenmeester." Soon the word went around and reached the belated citizens rushing up, who stopped and appeared satisfied, as they all exclaimed, "Ah, teekenmeester."

At last commerce resumed her sway. The street disentangled itself. The market in cabbages again became active, and I was left comparatively alone, always excepting the small boy. The variety here was singularly irritating. They mounted the roof, blocked up the windows, clambered up on the front seat, until cabby became sufficiently conversant with the use of the business end of my umbrella-staff, after which they kept themselves at a respectful distance.

Finally a calm settled down over everything. The rain fell gently and continuously. The spiral-spring beast rested himself on alternate legs, and the boys contemplated me from a distance. Cabby leaned on the off window and became useful as a cup holder, and I was rapidly finishing my first sketch in Holland when the light was shut out, and looking up I saw the head of an officer of police. He surveyed me keenly, — my sketch and my interior arrangements, — and then in a gruff voice gave me an order in Low Dutch. I pointed to my staff-holder, and continued painting. In a moment the officer thrust his head through the off window and repeated his order in High Dutch. I waved him away firmly, and again referred him to cabby.

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Then a war began on the outside in which everybody took a hand, and in half a minute more the population of Amsterdam had blocked up the wharf. I preserved my Egyptian exterior, and proceeded unconcernedly to lay a fresh wash over my sky. While thus occupied, I became conscious that the spiral-spring was being united once more to the cab. This fact became positive when cabby delivered up the umbrella-staff and opened the door.

I got out.

The gentleman in gilt buttons was at a white heat. The mass-meeting were indulging in a running fire of criticism, punctuated by loose cabbage leaves and rejected vegetables, which sailed, bomb-like, through the air, and the upshot of the whole matter was that the officer ordered me away from the quay and into a side street.

But why? The streets of Amsterdam were free. I was out of everybody's way, was breaking no law, and creating no disturbance.

At this instant half of a yesterday's cabbage came sailing through the atmosphere from a spot in the direction of a group of wharf-rats, struck the officer's helmet, and rolled it into the canal. A yell went up from the crowd, cabby went down to the water for the headgear, and the owner drew his short sword and charged on the wharf-rats, who suddenly disappeared.

I reëntered my studio, shut the door, and continued my work. I concluded that it was not my funeral.

I remember distinctly the situation at this moment. I had my water-bottle in my hand re-filling the cups, mouth full of brushes, palette on my lap, and easel steadied by one foot. Suddenly a face surmounted by a

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wet helmet, and livid with rage, was thrust into mine, and a three-cornered variety of dialect that would produce a sore throat in any one except a Dutchman was hurled at me, accompanied by the usual well-known "move on" gesture.

Remembering the soothing influence exerted on the former mob, I touched my hat to His Excellency, and said, "Teekenmeester." The head disappeared like a shot, and in an instant I was flat on my back in the bottom of the cab, bespattered with water, smeared with paint, and half smothered under a débris of cushions, water-cups, wet-paper, and loose sketches, and in that position was unceremoniously jolted over the stones.

The majesty of the law had asserted itself! I was backed up in a side street!

I broke open the door and crawled out in the rain. His Excellency was standing at the head of the spiral-spring, with a sardonic grin on his countenance.

The mob greeted my appearance with a shout of derision. I mounted the driver's seat and harangued them. I asked, in a voice which might have been heard in Rotterdam, if anybody about me understood English. A shabbily dressed, threadbare young fellow elbowed his way towards me and said he did. I helped him up beside me on the box and addressed the multitude, my seedy friend interpreting. I reviewed the history of old Amsterdam and its traditions; its reputation for hospitality; its powerful colonies scattered over the world; its love for art and artists. Then I passed to the greatest of all its possessions, — the New Amsterdam of the New World, my own city, — and asked them as Amsterdammers, or the reverse, whether they considered I had been

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fairly treated in the city of my great-grandfathers — I, a painter and a New Yorker!

I had come three thousand miles to carry home to their children in the New World some sketches of the grand old city they loved so well, and in return I had been insulted, abused, bumped over the stones, and made a laughing-stock.

I would appeal to them as brothers to decide whether these streets of Amsterdam were not always open to her descendants, and whether I was not entitled to use them at all times by virtue of my very birthright. (Another shout went up, but this time a friendly one.) This being the case, I proposed to reoccupy my position and finish my sketch. If I had violated any law it was the duty of the officer to put me under arrest. If not, then I was free to do as I pleased; and if the highly honorable group of influential citizens about me would open their ranks, I would drive the cab back myself to the spot from which I had been so cruelly torn.

Another prolonged shout followed the interpretation, an opening was quickly made, and I had begun to chafe the spiral-spring with my shabby friend's umbrella, when cabby rushed forward, pale and trembling, seizing the bridle, and begged me piteously to desist. My friend then explained that cabby would probably lose his license if I persisted, although I might carry my point and his cab back to the quay.

This argument being unanswerable, a council of war was held, to which a number of citizens who were leaning over the front wheels were invited, and it was decided to drive at once to the nearest police station and submit the whole outrage to the chief.

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In two minutes we halted under the traditional green glass lamp so familiar to all frequenters of such places. We saluted the sergeant, and were shown up a winding iron staircase into a small room and up to a long green table, behind which sat a bald-headed old fellow in undress uniform, smoking a short pipe.

My threadbare friend explained the cause of our visit. The old fellow looked surprised, and touched a bell which brought in another smoker in full dress, whose right ear served as a rack for a quill pen, and who used it (the pen not the ear) to take down our statement. Then the chief turned to me and asked my name. I gave it. This he repeated to the secretary. Occupation? Painter. "Teekenmeester," said he to the secretary.

Magic word! I have you at last. Teekenmeester is Dutch for painter.

The chief read the secretary's notes, signed them, and said I should call again in ten days, and he would submit a report.

"Report! What do I want with a report, Your Imperial Highness? It is now four o'clock, and I have but two hours of daylight to finish this sketch. I don't want a report. I want an order compelling the pirate who presides over the cabbage-market district to respect the rights of a descendant of Amsterdam who is peacefully pursuing his avocation." Certainly, he so intended. I was at liberty to replace my cab and finish my sketch. The officer exceeded his instructions..

But how? I did not want either to provoke a riot or get my cabby into trouble. Ah, he understood. Another bell brought an orderly, who conducted us downstairs, opened a side door, called two officers, placed one outside

IN AND OUT OF A CAB IN AMSTERDAM

with cabby and the other inside with me and Threadbare, and we drove straight back to the quay and were welcomed by a shout from my constituents compared to which all former cheering was a dead silence. I looked around for His Excellency, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Verily, the majesty of the law had asserted itself!

I do not think I made much of an impression as a painter in Amsterdam, but I have always had an idea that I could be elected alderman in the cabbage-market district.

THE BELOVED QUEEN WILHELMINA

[Born in 1880]

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

No sovereign was ever more beloved by her people than the girl queen, Wilhelmina, who, as the nineteenth century drew to a close, was the last scion of the house of Orange; for all other heirs in the direct line had passed away. The close tie of mutual affection between this illustrious family and the Dutch nation is one of the grand things in history. On the eve of the royal inauguration, as Queen Emma announced in dignified and fitting terms her intended abdication in favor of her daughter, so also Wilhelmina wrote what reads like a love letter "to my people," asking for their love and loyalty. The New Church in Amsterdam, as in the case of her three royal ancestors, was the place chosen for her to take her oath of office and to receive the loyal vows of the ministers.

On the morning of inauguration day, September 6, 1898, the festivities were ushered in with music in the air. In most of the large church spires are chimes of bells, numbering from a score to a hundred. The players frequently give concerts up in the air, while every day the bells strike the hours, halves, and quarters, the chimes ringing out a merry tune, a stanza of a hymn, an operatic air, or some patriotic or lullaby song. On the morning of September 5, initiating the "national honeymoon," the carillons in the steeples had begun early.

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Amsterdam looked more like fairyland than an ordinary city. The shops were closed, and crowds from all the country round filled the streets with a million of happy people, good natured, and well behaved.

The mother and daughter, "the king's widow" and the queen, left The Hague and arrived in the capital city on the "Y" early in the afternoon. This was the beginning of the "joyous entry." Wilhelmina sat with her mother in an open carriage, smiling to the people and greeting them with wavings of her little lace handkerchief, while their throats became hoarse with shouts of welcome. Arriving at the great square in front of the palace, she rode round, and entering the building soon reappeared on the veranda. Facing her in welcome were ranged the representatives of every branch of the military and naval service, cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers, marines, and sailors, besides a company of young gentlemen dressed in the uniform of the time of Prince Maurice in the seventeenth century. These looked as gay and bright as a swarm of beetles or butterflies. They were armed with long pikes, and the shotmen had heavy muskets, which, when they fired, they rested on prongs or supports. Their evolutions attracted much attention.

After the queen had greeted her loyal defenders, and saber, rifle, carbine, and pike had been brought to a "present," the military filed out and disappeared. For a few minutes the square was vacant. Then, by the queen's own order and plan, a signal was given and the people flowed in from the seven or eight streets leading into the Dam square, and a mass of perhaps fifty thousand human beings filled the space. Again the queen

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appeared on the balcony, greeting them all, smiling and waving her handkerchief, while the myriads shouted their delight.

The next day was the "coronation." Walking from the palace to the New Church, crowded with the élite of the kingdom, the young queen entered and took her seat in the throne chair, a picture of radiant health and loveliness. She was dressed in white, with train skirt, over which, and hung from her shoulders, were four yards of red velvet embroidered with gold. She had a tiara of diamonds on her head, jewels at her waist, and the military cordon of the order of Orange over her breast. On the left stood a sultan, rajahs, and vassal rulers, her dark-skinned subjects from Insulinde, the East Indies, and deputies from the colonies. On the right were her ministers of state and her princely relatives, and in front the members of the States-General, and chosen guests from the Netherlands and from many nations.

Just as the fair young queen rose to read her speech, the clouds broke and the sunlight streamed in through the lofty Orange memorial window, making radiant her graceful form. Her enunciation was made with wonderful clearness, and she was heard all over the house. She said she would make the words of her royal father her own, "The house of Orange can never, no never, do enough for the Netherlands." At this many eyes, even of stern men and gray-haired statesmen, overflowed. When she closed, with eyes and jeweled right hand uplifted to Heaven, with the prayer, "So help me truly, God Almighty," a thrill of joy and hope spread through all hearts. At the signal of the herald, all rose and shouted, "Live the Queen." Mutual oaths of loyalty

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and of faithfulness to the constitution were exchanged by the queen and her legislators. The four banners — of the Netherlands, of the house of Orange, of North Holland, and of the city of Amsterdam — dipped in salutation to the sovereign, thus inaugurated, and the impressive ceremony was over. Then followed two weeks of royal and popular festivities and rejoicing.

To honor their queen, the poor people of Amsterdam had contributed their money and bought a golden coach, superbly made and decorated, in which they expected her to ride to the ceremony. She, however, preferred to walk under a canopy the few feet between the doors of the palace and the church, but told them that she would reserve the golden coach until her wedding day. Those who kept carrier pigeons had sent from the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets all over the kingdom, their trained birds to Amsterdam. They were released, all at one moment, on the day given up to popular sports, in presence of the young queen, to carry home the news.

In all the cities and towns there were decorations and celebrations, banquets and merrymaking, with parades of the children, but in Amsterdam and at The Hague, the festivities reached the acme of glory. The streets, bridges, houses, and public buildings were adorned with the red, white, and blue of their rulers. The sailors, the soldiers, the mechanics, and all the different kinds of societies, and even the orphans and companies of boys and girls, wished to have some special arch, trophy, or token of loyalty in some form. The Water Feast at night, as became the country under the sea level, was perhaps the most brilliant of all the outdoor spectacles.

On and over the canals were stretched tens of

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thousands of Japanese lanterns and colored lamps. On the bosom of the river, craft of every sort, built on the models of many nations, floated and moved about. Their myriads of lights were reflected in the water, increasing the splendor. In the gardens were thousands more of lamps, set in among the grass and flowers, while in front of the house were varied devices in star and flower, wreath and blazonry, the lion of Holland and the arms of the kingdom, provinces and cities, blossoming in jets of fire.

During the following summer of 1899, the Peace Congress, called by the Czar of Russia and assembling by invitation at The Hague, held its sessions at the House in the Wood, built by Amalia Van Solms, in memory of her husband, Prince Frederick Henry. Principles were discussed and rules laid down which must, in time, mitigate the horrors of war. In the great church at Delft, exercises were held in honor of Grotius, the Dutch scholar whose writings on international law had made the International Court of Arbitration possible. Our ambassador to Germany, Andrew D. White, delivered the oration. In the name of the United States, the Great Pacific Power, a wreath of silver-gilt leaves and palms was laid on the grave of Grotius.

During the war in South Africa between the Britons and the Boers, the Dutch looked on with intense sympathy, but took no part in the strife, they having long ago retired from the active politics of Europe, content to do their part of the world's work in other ways than in war.

At the polls, during the summer of 1900, the Anti-Revolutionary party triumphed over the Liberals, and

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Dr. Abraham Kuyper was made premier. He was active in securing peace in South Africa, and the Dutch gave hearty welcome to the Boer generals who visited Holland in 1902.

On the 16th of October, 1900, Wilhelmina wrote another little love letter "aan mijn volk" ("to my people"), announcing her engagement to Duke Hendrik of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. On the 7th of February, 1901, after riding in her golden coach to the great church in The Hague, they were united in marriage according to the ritual of the Reformed Dutch Church by the court chaplain, Dr. Van der Flier. Again for a fortnight the cities of the Netherlands were in festal array by day and illuminated at night while the royal couple celebrated their honeymoon.

In recent years, especially since the celebrations by the Dutch people of the three hundredth anniversary of many a stirring event of the Eighty Years' War of Independence, through the stimulus given to the study of Dutch history by our own historian, Motley, the endowment of chairs of history in the universities, and the formation of historical societies, there has been a revival of patriotic interest in the past. The fruits of this feeling are seen in the numerous statues, tablets, and other works of art which make a tour in the Netherlands so fascinating to the student who would know in detail the long and glorious story of the Dutch People.

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I

IN EARLIEST TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

IN the days of the Romans, Switzerland was occupied by the Rhætians and the Helvetians. The latter, weary of their narrow boundaries, set out for the fertile fields of Gaul, but in 58 B.C. were forced by Julius Cæsar to return to their abandoned homes. In the same century the Rhætians were subdued by the Romans. After the fall of the Roman Empire, Switzerland was conquered by the Franks. In the seventh century, St. Columban and a band of Irish monks converted the people to Christianity and founded churches and monasteries, many of which endure to this day.

When Charlemagne died, his realms were divided; one portion of Switzerland became part of the German Kingdom, and another portion became part of Burgundy. In the eleventh century, the part that was under the rule of Burgundy passed into the hands of Germany, and was immediately dependent upon the Empire. During the Dark Ages, feudalism flourished in Switzerland even more than in the other countries of Europe, and the land was held by a great number of nobles and ecclesiastics. Prominent among these feudal lords were the Hapsburgs, who steadily increased their territory and influence until, in the thirteenth century, they were the strongest power in the land.

THE SIEGE OF THE LAKE-DWELLERS

BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS

[IN the summer of 1854 the water of the Swiss lakes was unusually low, and remains of piles and implements of stone and bone were discovered in great numbers, together with remains of grain, beans, apples, flax, basket-work, ornaments, spears, lances, and the bones of many animals. It was plain that at some very early age people had lived in houses built upon these piles; and by carefully studying the remains, considerable knowledge of the folk themselves, their houses, and their ways of living, has been obtained. The following extract is from a romance founded upon the supposed life in one of these lake-villages.

The Editor.]

IMMEDIATELY after Realmah's retreat into the town, the causeways were destroyed, the drawbridges pulled up, and every part of the town finally prepared for a state of siege.

Before describing this siege it is necessary to give some notion of the skill of the inhabitants of Abibah in the art of building. This is the more necessary as it is a fond idea of modern people that they are preëminent in that art; overlooking the masses of falseness, pretentiousness, and inappropriateness which deform so large a part of their greatest towns. It would rather astonish them if they could see again ancient Mexico, Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, and Cusco — the last perhaps the grandest city that has ever been built upon this earth.

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The construction of these lake cities was also most remarkable. In the remains of one of them there are this day to be seen the relics of about twenty thousand piles. Now the art of pile-driving is a most difficult one; and those who are skilled in it move from place to place where their services are wanted. But if we were to say to the inhabitants of any ordinary English town, "Build us, with all the means and appliances that are at your command, but without any aid from specially skilled workmen, a town upon water which shall have for its basis twenty thousand piles," we should find, from their difficulties and their failures, what great mechanical and workmanlike skill would be requisite for such an undertaking, and should have a just respect for the powers, the skill, and the perseverance of the men of Abibah.

Five days after the battle of the Ramassa, the enemy commenced the siege. They naturally commenced it at the southern part of the town, which was the part nearest the shore. They had employed the intervening days in constructing rafts, which they did by tying together the smaller trees which they had hewn down in the great wood.

A low, long building, devoted to barracks, formed the principal defense on the southern side of the town. It was, in fact, a long, semi-inclosed balcony, for the most part open at the back, but having in front only those openings which admitted of missiles being thrown from them.

Realmah's plan of defense for this building was very singular. He meant the enemy to take it, and to perish after they had taken it. The whole of the flooring was

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to fall into the water, and the enemy with it, immediately after they had occupied it. But what showed his skill in its construction and his knowledge of human nature, was, that he had planned that this falling-in of the flooring should take place in separate portions, separately. Between the piles there was generally a portion of the flooring that would enable thirty men to stand upon it and defend it; and each of these compartments was so constructed that, by the cutting of a single cord, it would descend into the water.

Realmah knew well that if all the men who were to defend this position knew that the flooring was suddenly, and perhaps without their knowledge, to descend into the water, they would be apprehensive of being left with the enemy and perishing with them. He also knew that if it depended upon the occupants of any particular compartment, or rather upon their captain, at what moment the flooring of that compartment should fall in, the men defending it would fight bravely to the last. To insure and reward this bravery, he offered a reward of iron swords with amber handles, to the survivors of that band of thirty men who should make the stoutest resistance.

The enemy advanced upon their rafts to the attack with great determination, and with great confidence of success. Their advance was covered by three thousand archers, who occupied a small eminence just above the shore, and whose missiles dealt death to many a brave defender who but for a moment exposed himself to their deadly shafts. The besieged on their part were not inactive. Many of the attacking party fell by their iron-pointed javelins; many more were dis-

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abled by the boiling pitch poured down upon them as they neared the fortress. Still they pressed on, and swarming up the low building, found entrance here and there. For fully an hour the attack and the defense were vigorously maintained. The time would have been much shorter, but that the archers, who formed the covering party on the hill, were no longer able to give assistance to their friends, when besiegers and besieged were commingled in the fight. At length the enemy gained entrance at all points, and then the stratagem of Realmah had its full effect. The floorings everywhere descended almost simultaneously, and nothing was to be heard but the cries of drowning men shouting helplessly for succor from their friends, who were cut off from them. Thus ended the first day's siege, with a signal failure on the part of the besiegers.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HELVETIANS

[58 B.C.]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

ONCE upon a time the Helvetians, as the people of Switzerland were then called, began to be restless. On one side of their country was the Rhine; on another the lofty Jura Mountains; and on the third, Lake Geneva and the Rhone River. They were crowded; they needed more land; and as they were brave and successful warriors, they saw no reason why they should not, in the simple and direct fashion of those days, march out to some fertile district and take possession of it.

So they began to make ready. They bought wagons and oxen, and they cultivated as much grain as possible, and when the third year had come, they were ready to set out on their march. They "burned their bridges," for they set fire to their villages and strongholds, and even to the provisions that they could not carry with them; so that, even if any of the people became discouraged, they would have to fight their way onward, for there would be only a desolated country behind them.

A most important question was which way they should march. They could go between the Jura Mountains and the Rhone; but the pass was hardly wide enough for even a cart track. Moreover, a high mountain overhung it, and it would be an easy matter for a little group of the Sequanians, who dwelt in that region,

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to stop them. The other way was through the Roman province. This was much easier, for the Allobroges lived in the province, and even if the Allobroges should refuse to let them pass, the Helvetians were confident that they could force their way through.

But in Rome was the wise general, Julius Cæsar. Gaul was under his control, and he felt sure that no body of restless warriors would pass through the province without doing damage. He did not refuse at once, however, but told the Helvetians that he would consider the matter and in about a fortnight they might come for his answer.

Then this wary young commander set to work to make ramparts and trenches and redoubts as fast as possible; and by the time that the Helvetians returned he was ready for them. He told them that it was not the custom of the Romans to allow people to march through their provinces, and that if they tried to go through without permission, he would see to it that they were prevented.

The Helvetians did not give up their plan. Cæsar had torn down the bridge over the Rhone at Geneva, but some of them forded the river, and others crossed it by lashing boats together and making rafts. This was not of much use, for the Romans were on the opposite shore, well prepared to meet them.

There was nothing to do but to try the narrow pass. Here they were fortunate, for the Sequani agreed that if the Helvetians would promise to do no mischief, they might march through their country. So through the pass the Helvetians went, and soon they were in the country of the Æduans. They were no longer

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bound by promises of good behavior, and they captured the towns, ravaged the lands, and carried off the children as slaves to their hearts' content.

The Æduans, however, were good friends of Cæsar and had been honored by the title of "Allies of the Roman People," and Cæsar made no delay in coming to help them. The Helvetians were crossing the river Saone in the same fashion that they had crossed the Rhone. They had been at work for twenty days, and only three fourths of them had passed over. Cæsar came upon those who had not yet crossed and attacked them. Then he made a bridge, and in one day he and his men were on the other side of the river. In just one day he had accomplished what the Helvetians had been struggling for twenty days to do. It is no wonder that they were alarmed.

Nevertheless, they had no idea of giving up. They sent a messenger to Cæsar to say that they wished to be friends with the Romans, and if he cared to make peace with them, they were perfectly willing to make their homes wherever he wished. "But if you persist in opposing us," the envoy said in a lordly fashion, "remember that in the days when Lucius Cassius was consul the Helvetians slew him and forced his army to pass under the yoke. Even if you did rout one division of our troops when they were separated from the others, you need not despise us or exalt your own prowess. You would do better to consider the possibility that the place where you may make your stand against us will perhaps receive a name because of a defeat of the Romans."

Cæsar replied haughtily that when the gods intended

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to punish a man for his offenses, they often granted him a period of prosperity, so that he might feel a reverse of fortune the more keenly. He realized fully the damage that they had done to the Romans; there was no need of calling that to mind. Nevertheless, if they would make up to the Æduans and the Allobroges for the harm that they had done, and would bring hostages to himself for their good behavior, he would agree to make peace.

“The Helvetians are in the habit of receiving hostages, not of giving them,” retorted the proud warrior; and then he turned about and left the Roman camp.

Of course a battle ensued. The Helvetians were successful. They marched jubilantly up the valley of the Saone, and Cæsar followed. He tried to surprise them, but his spies had brought him mistaken reports, and he did not succeed. Finally they attacked him, and then there was a battle indeed. Far into the night they fought, and so many Romans were slain that Cæsar remained on the field for three days to care for the wounded and bury the dead. The Helvetians fled; but they might as well have stood still, for Cæsar sent messengers to the people from whom they expected to get food, forbidding them to supply it unless they wished him to look upon them as having become allies of his enemies.

The Helvetians were, then, without food and in an enemy's country. They could do nothing but surrender. Their envoys wept and lamented and fell at Cæsar's feet and besought him to make peace with them. Cæsar bade them all to remain where they were and await his arrival. They waited, but in great fear of how he might punish them to avenge the wrong done

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to his allies. When Cæsar came up with them, he ordered them to surrender their arms and all the slaves that had deserted to them and to give hostages for their obedience. They agreed of course, for they could do nothing else; but that night they talked the matter over, and one of their four clans or divisions, consisting of about six thousand men, became so alarmed at the thought of their own helplessness without their arms that they slipped away in the darkness, hoping to escape to the territory of the Germans. Cæsar soon found out what had happened. He sent word to the tribes through whose lands they would pass to bring them back to him. Just how he punished them is not known, for all that he said about it was that he "treated them like enemies." The others he sent back to Switzerland. And so ended the flight of the Helvetians.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE OVER THE REUSS

BY H. A. GUERBER

THE old-fashioned stage-road which winds its way over the St. Gothard passes through Schoellenen, Goeschenen (the entrance to the St. Gothard tunnel), and over the new Devil's Bridge. This is built across the Reuss at a point where steep rocks tower above and below it on all sides, and where the scenery is extremely wild and impressive.

From the new bridge one can see the remains of a more ancient structure, of which the following legend is told, as well as of all old bridges built in dangerous or difficult places, such as that of Pont-la-Ville over the Sarine in Fribourg, and the one in the ravine of the Morge in the Valais.

Already in very olden times the people of Uri had discovered that if they could only establish a safe road over the St. Gothard mountain they would be able to earn many a penny by trading with Italy. They therefore spared neither pains nor expense, and built one foot after another of the road, even piercing the hard rock in one spot to make what is still known as the Urner Loch, or Hole of Uri. Countless apparently insurmountable obstacles were gradually overcome, and the road, which had been begun on both sides of the mountain, was rapidly drawing close together near the banks of the Reuss. There, however, the builders

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paused appalled on either bank, for it seemed quite impossible to bridge the awful chasm near the falls.

A meeting was therefore called at Goeschenen, where, although there was no lack of talking, smoking, and drinking, no satisfactory decision could be reached. A stranger, clad in black, with broad-brimmed hat and bold heron feather, sat at a neighboring table and listened attentively to this discussion. Finally, seeing the meeting about to break up, he drew near the talkers, and taking a seat beside the principal magistrate in front of the fire, announced that he was a famous bridge builder, and could span the stream before morning. He even offered to show them a fine bridge there at dawn, on the next day, provided they were willing to pay his price.

One and all now exclaimed that nothing he could ask would seem too much, so the stranger in black quickly responded, —

“Very well, then, it is a bargain! To-morrow you shall have your bridge, but in payment I shall claim the first living thing which passes over it. Here is my hand upon it!”

Saying these words, he seized the hand of the astonished magistrate beside him, and before any one could add another word, disappeared. The people gazed at one another in silence for a moment, then made furtive signs of the cross. As soon as the chief magistrate could speak, he loudly declared the stranger must be His Satanic Majesty in person! In support of this assertion, he declared that the stranger, while sitting in front of the fire, had boldly thrust his feet right into the red-hot coals, where he kept them while

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talking, as if the heat were agreeable to him; and added that he had distinctly felt sharp claws when the man in black shook hands with him to close the bargain.

All now shuddered with fear, and a general wail of terror arose. But a tailor who was present at the meeting, promptly bade his fellow citizens fear naught, for he would settle the bill with their architect on the morrow. This offer was gladly accepted, the meeting was speedily dissolved, and all hastened home, because none of them cared to be out after dark while still under the spell of their recent encounter with the Spirit of Evil. That night no one slept in the neighborhood, for although the sky had been clear when they went to bed, a sudden storm arose and raged with fury until morning.

Amid the roll of thunder, incessant flashes of vivid lightning, and violent gusts of wind, they heard the splitting and falling of rocks, which seemed to roll all the way down the steep mountain side and crash into the valley. But when morning came, no signs of storm were left, and as soon as the sun had risen and they again dared venture out, all rushed forth in a body to see what had happened. When they drew near the Reuss, they could not sufficiently express their wonder and admiration, for a fine stone bridge arched boldly over the swift stream.

On the opposite side stood the black-garbed stranger, grinning fiendishly and encouraging the people by word and gesture to test his bridge by walking across it. Just then the tailor appeared, carrying a large bag. He advanced as if to cross first, but instead of setting foot upon the structure, deftly opened his bag, from which escaped rats and mice, closely followed by a few cats.

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The Devil, for it was he, gave a yell of rage when he saw himself thus outwitted, and, forgetting the part he had played until then, cast off his disguise and ran down Goeschenen for a huge rock, which he intended to hurl at the bridge so as to wreck it entirely before any other living creature could cross.

On his way back, however, Satan met a little old woman, who, frightened by his black looks, made a sign of the cross which caused him to drop his burden and beat a hasty retreat into his own realm. To this day, however, the people still point out the huge boulder in which the marks of Satan's claws are still visible, and which is known as the Devil's Stone.

According to another version, the Devil no sooner saw himself outwitted than he seized handfuls of rock which he hurled at the bridge. But these missiles were all deflected by a cross which the tailor planted in the middle of the structure as soon as the animals reached the other side. These big stones now lie scattered in the bed of the Reuss, and around the pillars of the bridge, where, to the Devil's constant chagrin, they only serve to strengthen his construction.

To avenge himself in a slight measure, however, the Evil One posted one of his own imps in this valley. When travelers pass, this demon pounces down upon them unseen, and with a slight mocking whistle tosses them into the middle of the stream. This imp, known as the Hat Fiend, or Hut Schelm, still haunts the valley, although centuries have passed since the Devil played the part of engineer for the people of Uri.

II
HOW THE SWISS GAINED
THEIR FREEDOM

HISTORICAL NOTE .

IN the early part of the thirteenth century the three forest cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden were governed by the Counts of Hapsburg, who in the previous century had risen from obscurity to the position of powerful landed proprietors. Legally the inhabitants of the greater part of these districts were subject only to the German Emperor, for whom the Hapsburgs acted as stewards, and all attempts of the latter to exercise absolute authority over the cantons met with sturdy resistance. In 1273, Rudolph, the head of this family, was elected Emperor, and a few years later became Archduke of Austria. The Swiss felt that their ancient liberties were endangered by the steadily increasing power of the Hapsburgs, and a few days after the death of Rudolph, in 1291, the men of three cantons met together and formed an Everlasting League for mutual protection. This league was the foundation of the Swiss Republic.

For several years the Hapsburgs forbore to assert their authority in the cantons, and it was not until 1315 that Leopold of Hapsburg, with the flower of Austrian chivalry, attempted to subdue the liberty-loving mountaineers. At Morgarten the Austrian army was completely defeated by a small band of Swiss, and to this day a service is held each year on November 15, in memory of the victory.

After the battle of Morgarten the Swiss cantons renewed their union, and were gradually joined by one after another of the remaining districts. All attempts of Austria to reassert her authority were in vain, and by the close of the fifteenth century, Switzerland had entirely freed itself from Hapsburg control.

THE MEETING AT THE RÜTLI

[1307]

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

[THIS and the two following selections, dealing with the oppressions of the Hapsburgs, come originally from chronicles written two or three centuries later, and must be regarded as legends rather than as history.

The Editor.]

THEY [Gessler and Landenberg] did as imperial bailiffs had never done before, and took up their abode in the land. Landenberg went to the king's castle, near Sarnen in Obwalden, and Gessler built for himself a tower in the country of Uri. The taxes were increased, the smallest offenses punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, the country people treated with haughtiness and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before Stauffacher's new house, in the village of Steinen, cried out insultingly, "Shall peasants be allowed to build so finely?" And when Arnold Anderhalden, of Melchthal in Unterwalden, was condemned for some slight offense to lose a yoke of fine oxen, Landenberg's servants took the oxen from the plough, and said, "Peasants may draw the plough themselves." But young Arnold, irritated by this insult, struck the servant and broke two of his fingers. Then he fled into the mountains. In revenge, Landenberg put out both the eyes of Arnold's old father.

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Whoever, on the contrary, adhered to the bailiff and did his will, was treated with indulgence and was always in the right. But all did not escape, who, trusting in the protection of the bailiff, thought themselves entitled to do evil; and, as there was no longer any justice to be had in the land, each man helped himself, and this occasioned many disorders. But the bailiffs laughed and persisted in their tyranny; they not only trod under foot the chartered franchises of the people, sanctioned by emperors and kings, but disregarded the everlasting right to life which God has given to every man.

While the oppressors laughed and the oppressed groaned in the valley of the Waldstatten, the wife of Werner Stauffacher, in the village of Steinen, said to her husband: "How long shall the oppressors laugh and the oppressed groan? Shall foreigners be masters of this soil, and heirs of our property? What are the men of the mountains good for? Must we mothers nurse beggars at our bosoms, and bring up maid-servants for foreigners? Let there be an end to this!"

Thereupon Werner Stauffacher, without a word, went down to Brunnen on the lake, and over the water to Uri, to Walter Furst, in Attinghausen. With him he found concealed Arnold of Melchthal, who had fled across the mountain from the wrath of Landenberg.

They talked of the misery of their country, and of the cruelty of the foreign bailiffs whom the king had sent to them, in contempt of their hereditary franchises and liberties. They also called to mind that they had in vain appealed against the tyranny of the bailiffs before the king, and that the latter had threatened to compel them, in spite of the seals and charters of former emperors and

THE MEETING AT THE RÜTLI

kings, to separate from the empire and submit to Austria; that God had given to no king the right to commit injustice; that they had no hope but in God and their own courage, and that death was much more desirable than so shameful a yoke. They therefore resolved that each should talk with trustworthy and courageous men in his own district, to ascertain the disposition of the people, and what they would undertake for security and liberty.

Subsequently, as they had agreed, they met frequently by night, at a secret place on the lake. It lay about midway between Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, in a small bushy meadow at the foot of the rocks of Seelisberg, opposite the little village of Brunnen. It is called Rütli, from the clearing of bushes; there they were far from all human habitations. Soon each brought the joyful news that death was more desirable to all the people than so shameful a yoke.

When, on the night of the 17th of November, 1307, they came together, and each of the Three had brought with him to the meadow of the Rütli ten true and honorable men, determined to hold the ancient liberty of their fatherland before all, and life as nothing, the pious Three raised their hands to the starry heavens, and swore to God the Lord, before whom kings and peasants are equal, faithfully to live and to die for the rights of the innocent people; to undertake and carry through everything in unison and not separately; to permit no injustice, but also to commit no injustice; to respect the rights and property of the counts of Hapsburg, and do no harm to the imperial bailiffs, but also to prevent the bailiffs from ruining the country. And the thirty others

SWITZERLAND

raised their hands and took the oath, like the Three, to God and all the saints, manfully to assert liberty; and they appointed New Year's night for the work. Then they separated; each returned to his valley and to his cabin, and tended his cattle.

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

[1307]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[THE bailiff Gessler, whom Albert of Hapsburg had sent to oppress the Swiss, seemed to try to humiliate them in every possible way. One thing that he did was to put the ducal hat of Austria on a pole in Uri with the command that whoever went by should bow down before it as a proof of his loyalty.

The following scene opens with William Tell, one of the men who had met at Rütli, walking with his little son Walter. They are talking together and pass the hat without noticing it.

The Editor.]

WALTER (*pointing to the Bannberg*).

Father, is't true that on the mountain there
The trees, if wounded with a hatchet, bleed?

TELL.

Who says so, boy?

WALTER.

The master herdsman, father!
He tells us there's a charm upon the trees,
And if a man shall injure them, the hand
That struck the blow will grow from out the grave.

TELL.

There is a charm about them — that's the truth.
Dost see those glaciers yonder — those white horns —
That seem to melt away into the sky?

SWITZERLAND

WALTER.

They are the peaks that thunder so at night,
And send the avalanches down upon us.

TELL.

They are; and Altdorf long ago had been
Submerged beneath these avalanches' weight
Did not the forest there above the town
Stand like a bulwark to arrest their fall.

WALTER (*after musing a little*).

And are there countries with no mountains, father?

TELL.

Yes; if we travel downwards from our heights,
And keep descending in the river's courses,
We reach a wide and level country, where
Our mountain torrents brawl and foam no more,
And fair large rivers glide serenely on.
All quarters of the heaven may there be scann'd
Without impediment. The corn grows there
In broad and lovely fields, and all the land
Is fair as any garden to the view.

WALTER.

But, father, tell me, wherefore haste we not
Away to this delightful land, instead
Of toiling here, and struggling as we do?

TELL.

The land is fair and bountiful as heaven;
But they who till it never may enjoy
The fruits of what they sow.

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

WALTER.

Live they not free,
As you do, on the land their fathers left them?

TELL.

The fields are all the bishop's or the king's.

WALTER.

But they may freely hunt among the woods?

TELL.

The game is all the monarch's — bird and beast.

WALTER.

But they, at least, may surely fish the streams?

TELL.

Stream, lake, and sea, all to the king belong.

WALTER.

Who is this king, of whom they're so afraid?

TELL.

He is the man who fosters and protects them.

WALTER.

Have they not courage to protect themselves?

TELL.

The neighbor there dare not his neighbor trust.

WALTER.

I should want breathing room in such a land.
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanches.

SWITZERLAND

TELL.

'T is better, child, to have these glacier peaks
Behind one's back, than evil-minded men!

[They are about to pass on.]

WALTER.

See, father, see the cap on yonder pole!

TELL.

What is the cap to us? Come, let's begone.

[As he is going, FRIESSHARDT, presenting his pike, stops him.]

FRIESSHARDT.

Stand, I command you, in the Emperor's name!

TELL *(seizing the pike)*.

What would ye? Wherefore do you stop my path?

FRIESSHARDT.

You've broke the mandate, and must go with us.

LEUTH.

You have not done obeisance to the cap.

TELL.

Friend, let me go.

FRIESSHARDT.

Away, away to prison!

WALTER.

Father to prison? Help! *[Calling to the side scene.]*

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

This way, you men!
Good people, help! They're dragging him to prison!
[ROSSELMANN *the Priest, and the SACRISTAN,*
with three other men, enter.

SACRISTAN.

What's here amiss?

ROSSELMANN.

Why do you seize this man?

FRIESSHARDT.

He is an enemy of the King — a traitor.

TELL (*seizing him with violence*).
A traitor, I!

ROSSELMANN.

Friend, thou art wrong. 'T is Tell,
An honest man and worthy citizen.

WALTER (*descries FURST and runs up to him*).
Grandfather, help, they want to seize my father!

FRIESSHARDT.

Away to prison!

FURST (*running in*).

Stay, I offer bail.
For God's sake, Tell, what is the matter here?
[MELCHTHAL *and STAUFFACHER enter.*

LEUTH.

He has contemn'd the Viceroy's sovereign power,
Refusing flatly to acknowledge it.

SWITZERLAND

STAUFFACHER.

Has Tell done this?

MELCHTHAL.

Villain, thou knowest 't is false!

LEUTH.

He has not made obeisance to the cap.

FURST.

And shall for this to prison? Come, my friend,
Take my security and let him go.

FRIESSHARDT.

Keep your security for yourself — you'll need it.
We only do our duty. Hence with him.

MELCHTHAL (*to the country people*).

This is too bad — shall we stand by and see them
Drag him away before our very eyes?

SACRISTAN.

We are the strongest. Don't endure it, friends.
Our countrymen will back us to a man.

FRIESSHARDT.

Who dares resist the governor's commands?

OTHER THREE PEASANTS (*running in*).

We'll help you. What's the matter? Down with them!
[HILDEGARD, MECHTHILD and ELSBETH *return*.

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

TELL.

Go, go, good people, I can help myself.
Think you, had I a mind to use my strength,
These pikes of theirs should daunt me?

MELCHTHAL (*to FRIESSHARDT*).

Only try —
Try, if you dare, to force him from amongst us.

FURST *and* STAUFFACHER.

Peace, peace, friends!

FRIESSHARDT (*loudly*).

Riot! Insurrection, ho!
[*Hunting-horns without.*]

WOMEN.

The Governor!

FRIESSHARDT (*raising his voice*).

Rebellion! Mutiny!

STAUFFACHER.

Roar, till you burst, knave!

ROSSELMANN *and* MELCHTHAL.

Will you hold your tongue?

FRIESSHARDT (*calling still louder*).

Help, help, I say, the servants of the law!

FURST.

The Viceroy here! Then we shall smart for this!

SWITZERLAND

[Enter GESSLER on horseback, with a falcon on his wrist; RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, BERTHA, and RUDENZ, and a numerous train of armed attendants, who form a circle of lances round the whole stage.]

HARRAS.

Room for the Viceroy!

GESSLER.

Drive the clowns apart.

Why throng the people thus? Who calls for help?

[General silence.]

Who was it? I will know.

[FRIESSHARDT steps forward.]

And who art thou?

And why hast thou this man in custody?

[Gives his falcon to an attendant.]

FRIESSHARDT.

Dread sir, I am a soldier of your guard,
And station'd sentinel beside the cap;
This man I apprehended in the act
Of passing it without obeisance due,
So I arrested him, as you gave order,
Whereon the people tried to rescue him.

GESSLER (*after a pause*).

And do you, Tell, so lightly hold your king,
And me, who act as his vicegerent here,
That you refuse the greeting to the cap
I hung aloft to test your loyalty?
I read in this a disaffected spirit.

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

TELL.

Pardon me, good my lord! The action sprung
From inadvertence, — not from disrespect.
Were I discreet, I were not William Tell:
Forgive me now — I 'll not offend again.

GESSLER (*after a pause*).

I hear, Tell, you're a master with the bow, —
And bear the palm away from every rival.

WALTER.

That must be true, sir! At a hundred yards
He 'll shoot an apple for you off the tree.

GESSLER.

Is that boy thine, Tell?

TELL.

Yes, my gracious lord.

GESSLER.

Hast any more of them?

TELL.

Two boys, my lord.

GESSLER.

And, of the two, which dost thou love the most?

TELL.

Sir, both the boys are dear to me alike.

SWITZERLAND

GESSLER.

Then, Tell, since at a hundred yards thou canst
Bring down the apple from the tree, thou shalt
Approve thy skill before me. Take thy bow —
Thou hast it there at hand — and make thee ready
To shoot an apple from the stripling's head!
But take this counsel, — look well to thine aim,
See that thou hitt'st the apple at the first,
For, shouldst thou miss, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
[All give signs of horror.]

TELL.

What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask?
That I, from the head of mine own child! — No, no!
It cannot be, kind sir, you meant not that —
God, in his Grace, forbid! You could not ask
A father seriously to do that thing!

GESSLER.

Thou art to shoot an apple from his head!
I do desire — command it so.

TELL.

What! I
Level my cross-bow at the darling head
Of mine own child? No — rather let me die!

GESSLER.

Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy.

TELL.

Shall I become the murd'rer of my child!

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

You have no children, sir — you do not know
The tender throbbings of a father's heart.

GESSLER.

How now, Tell, so discreet upon a sudden?
I had been told thou wert a visionary, —
A wanderer from the paths of common men.
Thou lov'st the marvelous. So have I now
Cull'd out for thee a task of special daring.
Another man might pause and hesitate; —
Thou dashest at it, heart and soul, at once.

BERTHA.

Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See, how they tremble, and how pale they look,
So little used are they to hear thee jest.

GESSLER.

Who tells thee that I jest?

[Grasping a branch above his head.

Here is the apple.

Room there, I say! And let him take his distance —
Just eighty paces, — as the custom is, —
Not an inch more or less! It was his boast
That at a hundred he could hit his man.
Now, archer, to your task, and look you miss not!

HARRAS.

Heavens! this grows serious — down, boy, on your knees,
And beg the governor to spare your life.

SWITZERLAND

FURST (*aside to MELCHTHAL, who can scarcely restrain his impatience*).

Command yourself, — be calm, I beg of you!

BERTHA (*to the governor*).

Let this suffice you, sir! It is inhuman
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
Although this wretched man had forfeited
Both life and limb for such a slight offence,
Already has he suffer'd tenfold death.
Send him away uninjured to his home;
He'll know thee well in future; and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.

GESSLER.

Open a way there — quick! Why this delay?
Thy life is forfeited; I might dispatch thee,
And see I graciously repose thy fate
Upon the skill of thine own practis'd hand.
No cause has he to say his doom is harsh
Who's made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest of thy steady eye. 'T is well!
Now is a fitting time to show thy skill.
The mark is worthy, and the prize is great.
To hit the bull's eye in the target — that
Can many another do as well as thou;
But he, methinks, is master of his craft
Who can at all times on his skill rely,
Nor lets his heart disturb or eye or hand.

FURST.

My lord, we bow to your authority;

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

But oh, let justice yield to mercy here.
Take half my property, nay, take it all,
But spare a father this unnatural doom!

WALTER.

Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man!
Say, where am I to stand? I do not fear;
My father strikes the bird upon the wing,
And will not miss now when 't would harm his boy!

STAUFFACHER.

Does the child's innocence not touch your heart?

ROSSELMANN.

Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

GESSLER (*pointing to the boy*).

Bind him to yonder lime tree straight!

WALTER.

Bind me?

No, I will not be bound! I will be still,
Still as a lamb — nor even draw my breath!
But if you bind me, I can not be still.
Then I shall writhe and struggle with my bonds.

HARRAS.

But let your eyes at least be bandaged, boy!

WALTER.

And why my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's hand? Not I!

SWITZERLAND

I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink!
Quick, father, show them that thou art an archer!
He doubts thy skill — he thinks to ruin us.
Shoot, then, and hit, though but to spite the tyrant!
 *[He goes to the lime tree, and an apple is placed
 on his head.]*

MELCHTHAL (*to the country people*).

What! Is this outrage to be perpetrated
Before our very eyes? Where is our oath?

STAUFFACHER.

'T is all in vain. We have no weapons here;
And see the wood of lances that surrounds us!

MELCHTHAL.

Oh! would to Heaven that we had struck at once!
God pardon those who counsel'd the delay!

GESSLER (*to TELL*).

Now, to thy task! Men bear not arms for nought.
'T is dangerous to carry deadly weapons,
And on the archer oft his shaft recoils.
This right, these haughty peasant churls assume,
Trenches upon their master's privileges.
None should be armed but those who bear command.
It pleases you to wear the bow and bolt; —
Well, — be it so. I will provide the mark.

TELL (*bends the bow and fixes the arrow*).

A lane there! Room!

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

STAUFFACHER.

What, Tell? You would — no, no!
You shake — your hand's unsteady — your knees
tremble.

TELL (*letting the bow sink down*).

There's something swims before mine eyes!

WOMEN.

Great Heaven!

TELL.

Release me from this shot! Here is my heart!

[*Tears open his breast.*]

Summon your troopers — let them strike me down!

GESSLER.

I do not want thy life, Tell, but the shot,
Thy talent's universal! Nothing daunts thee!
Thou canst direct the rudder like the bow!
Storms fright not thee, when there's a life at stake.
Now, savior, help thyself, — thou savest all!

[*TELL stands fearfully agitated by contending emotions, his hands moving convulsively, and his eyes turning alternately to the governor and heaven. Suddenly he takes a second arrow from his quiver and sticks it in his belt. The governor watches all these motions.*]

WALTER (*beneath the lime tree*).

Come, father, shoot! I'm not afraid!

SWITZERLAND

TELL.

It must be!

[Collects himself and levels the bow.]

RUDENZ (*who all the while has been standing in a state of violent excitement, and has with difficulty restrained himself, advances*).

My lord, you will not urge this matter further.
You will not. It was surely but a test.
You've gained your object. Rigor push'd too far
Is sure to miss its aim, however good,
As snaps the bow that's all too straitly bent.

GESSLER.

Peace, till your counsel's ask'd for!

RUDENZ.

I will speak!

Aye, and I dare! I reverence my king;
But acts like these must make his name abhorr'd.
He sanctions not this cruelty. I dare
Avouch the fact. And you outstep your powers
In handling thus an unoffending people.

GESSLER.

Ha! thou grow'st bold, methinks!

RUDENZ.

I have been dumb

To all the oppressions I was doom'd to see.
I've closed mine eyes, that they might not behold them,
Bade my rebellious, swelling heart be still,

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

And pent its struggles down within my breast.
But to be silent longer were to be
A traitor to my king and country both.

BERTHA (*casting herself between him and the governor*).

Oh, Heaven! you but exasperate his rage!

RUDENZ.

My people I forsook — renounced my kindred —
Broke all the ties of nature, that I might
Attach myself to you. I madly thought
That I should best advance the general weal
By adding sinews to the Emperor's power.
The scales have fallen from mine eyes — I see
The fearful precipice on which I stand.
You've led my youthful judgment far astray, —
Deceived my honest heart. With best intent,
I had well nigh achiev'd my country's ruin.

GESSLER.

Audacious boy, this language to thy lord?

RUDENZ.

The Emperor is my lord, not you! I'm free
As you by birth, and I can cope with you
In every virtue that beseems a knight.
And if you stood not here in that King's name
Which I respect e'en where 't is most abused,
I'd throw my gauntlet down, and you should give
An answer to my gage in knightly fashion.

SWITZERLAND

Aye, beckon to your troopers! Here I stand;
But not like these *[Pointing to the people.*
— unarmed. I have a sword,
And he that stirs one step —

STAUFFACHER (*exclaims*).

The apple's down!
[While the attention of the crowd has been directed to the spot where BERTHA had cast herself between RUDENZ and GESSLER, TELL has shot.

ROSSELMANN.

The boy's alive!

MANY VOICES.

The apple has been struck!
[WALTER FURST staggers and is about to fall. BERTHA supports him.

GESSLER (*astonished*).

How? Has he shot? The madman!

BERTHA.

Worthy father!

Pray you, compose yourself. The boy's alive.

WALTER (*runs in with the apple*).

Here is the apple, father! Well I knew
You would not harm your boy.

[TELL stands with his body bent forward, as though he would follow the arrow. His bow drops from his hand. When he sees the boy

THE SHOT OF WILLIAM TELL

advancing he hastens to meet him with open arms, and embracing him passionately, sinks down with him quite exhausted. All crowd round them, deeply affected.

BERTHA.

Oh, ye kind Heaven!

FURST (*to father and son*).

My children, my dear children!

STAUFFACHER.

God be praised!

LEUTH.

Almighty powers! That was a shot indeed!

It will be talked of to the end of time.

HARRAS.

This feat of Tell, the archer, will be told
While yonder mountains stand upon their base.

[*Hands the apple to* GESSLER.

GESSLER.

By Heaven! the apple's cleft right through the core.
It was a master shot, I must allow.

ROSSELMANN.

The shot was good. But woe to him who drove
The man to tempt his God by such a feat!

STAUFFACHER.

Cheer up, Tell, rise! You've nobly freed yourself,
And now may go in quiet to your home.

SWITZERLAND

ROSSELMANN.

Come, to the mother let us bear her son!

[They are about to lead him off.]

GESSLER.

A word, Tell.

TELL.

Sir, your pleasure?

GESSLER.

Thou didst place

A second arrow in thy belt — nay, nay!

I saw it well — what was thy purpose with it?

TELL (*confused*).

It is a custom with all archers, sir.

GESSLER.

No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.

There was some other motive, well I know.

Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth; —

Whate'er it be, I promise thee thy life.

Wherefore the second arrow?

TELL.

Well, my lord,

Since you have promised not to take my life,

I will, without reserve, declare the truth.

[He draws the arrow from his belt and fixes his eyes sternly upon the governor.]

If that my hand had struck my darling child,

This second arrow I had aimed at you,

And, be assured, I should not then have miss'd.

TELL'S ESCAPE

[1307]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[GESSLER promised Tell his life; but when he learned that Tell's second arrow was meant for him in case the apple had been missed, he declared that the bowman should be put where neither sun nor moon should reach his eyes. He was thrown into the boat in which Gessler set out on Lake Lucerne for Brunnen; and from that place he was to be carried to the dungeon of the tyrant. The following is Tell's story of his escape.

The Editor.]

TELL.

I LAY on deck, fast bound with cords, disarm'd,
In utter hopelessness. I did not think
Again to see the gladsome light of day,
Nor the dear faces of my wife and children,
And eyed disconsolate the waste of waters. —

FISHERMAN.

Oh, wretched man!

TELL.

Then we put forth; the Viceroy,
Rudolph de Harras, and their suite. My bow
And quiver lay astern beside the helm;
And just as we had reached the corner, near,

SWITZERLAND

The Little Axen, Heaven ordain'd it so,
That from the Gotthardt's gorge a hurricane
Swept down upon us with such headlong force
That ev'ry rower's heart within him sank,
And all on board look'd for a watery grave.
Then heard I one of the attendant train,
Turning to Gessler, in this strain accost him:
"You see our danger, and your own, my lord,
And that we hover on the verge of death.
The boatmen there are powerless from fear,
Nor are they confident what course to take; —
Now, here is Tell, a stout and fearless man,
And knows to steer with more than common skill.
How if we should avail ourselves of him
In this emergency?" The Viceroy then
Address'd me thus: "If thou wilt undertake
To bring us through this tempest safely, Tell,
I might consent to free thee from thy bonds."
I answer'd, "Yes, my lord, with God's assistance
I'll see what can be done, and help us Heaven!"
On this they loosed me from my bonds, and I
Stood by the helm and fairly steered along,
Yet ever eyed my shooting-gear askance,
And kept a watchful eye upon the shore,
To find some point where I might leap to land;
And when I had descried a shelving crag,
That jutt'd, smooth atop, into the lake —

FISHERMAN.

I know it. 'T is at foot of the Great Axen;
But looks so steep, I never could have dreamt
'T were possible to leap it from the boat.

TELL'S ESCAPE

TELL.

I bade the men put forth their utmost might,
Until we came before the shelving crag.
For there, I said, the danger will be past!
Stoutly they pull'd, and soon we near'd the point,
One prayer to God for his assisting grace;
And straining every muscle, I brought round
The vessel's stern close to the rocky wall;
Then snatching up my weapons, with a bound
I swung myself upon the flattened shelf,
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the hell of waters.
There let it drift about, as Heaven ordains!
Thus am I here, deliver'd from the might
Of the dread storm, and man, more dreadful still.

FISHERMAN.

Tell, Tell, the Lord has manifestly wrought
A miracle in thy behalf! I scarce
Can credit my own eyes. But tell me, now,
Whither you purpose to betake yourself?
For you will be in peril, should the Viceroy
Chance to escape this tempest with his life.

TELL.

I heard him say, as I lay bound on board,
His purpose was to disembark at Brunnen,
And crossing Schwytz, convey me to his castle.

FISHERMAN.

Means he to go by land?

SWITZERLAND

TELL.

So he intends.

FISHERMAN.

Oh, then, conceal yourself without delay!
Not twice will Heaven release you from his grasp.

TELL.

Which is the nearest way to Arth and Küssnacht?

FISHERMAN.

The public road leads by the way of Steinen,
But there 's a nearer road, and more retired,
That goes by Lowerz, which my boy can show you.

TELL (*gives him his hand*).

May Heaven reward your kindness! Fare ye well.

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

[1315]

BY FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

THE wine-month shone in its golden prime,
And the red grapes clustering hung,
But a deeper sound through the Switzer's clime,
Than the vintage music, rung, —
A sound through vaulted cave,
A sound through echoing glen,
Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave;
'T was the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
With a thousand of their own.
And through the forest glooms
Flashed helmets to the day,
And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
As the host of the Austrians passed;
And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
Up amidst the Righi snows
The stormy march was heard,
With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks rose,
And the leader's gathering word.

SWITZERLAND

But a band, the noblest band of all,
Through the rude Morgarten strait,
With blazoned streamers and lances tall,
Moved onwards, in princely state.
They came with heavy chains
For the race despised so long, —
But amidst his Alp-domains
The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
When they entered the rock-defile,
And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
Their bugles rung the while.
But on the misty height,
Where the mountain-people stood,
There was stillness as of night,
When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
And a pause, — but not of fear,
While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
Of the hostile shield and spear.
On wound those columns bright
Between the lake and wood,
But they looked not to the misty height
Where the mountain people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
All helmed and mail-arrayed,
And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
In the rustling forest-shade.

SONG OF THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN

There were prince and crested knight,
Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
When a shout arose from the misty height
Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
Their startled foes among,
With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown, —
Oh, the herdsman's arm is strong!
They came, like lauwine hurled
From Alp to Alp in play,
When the echoes shout through the snowy world,
And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,
And the Switzers rushed from high,
With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
Of the Austrian chivalry:
Like hunters of the deer,
They stormed the narrow dell,
And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
And a cry of wild dismay,
And many a warrior met his fate
From a peasant's hand that day!
And the empire's banner then,
From its place of waving free,
Went down before the shepherd-men,
The men of the forest-sea.

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With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
The cuirass and the shield,
And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake,
From the reapers of the field!
The field, — but not of sheaves, —
Proud crests and pennons lay
Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood's leaves
In the autumn-tempest's way.

Oh, the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
When the Austrians turned to fly,
And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
Had a fearful death to die!
And the leader of the war
At eve unhelmed was seen,
With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills
Went back from the battle-toil
To their cabin-homes midst the deep green hills,
All burdened with royal spoil.
There were songs and festal fires
On the soaring Alps that night,
When children sprung to greet their sires,
From the wild Morgarten fight.

THE DEATH OF WINKELRIED

[1386]

BY WALTER THORNBURY

[THE three cantons had shown themselves so well able to protect their liberties that the neighboring cantons soon begged to join them. The power of the league grew rapidly; and the determination of Austria to crush these rebellious peasants increased no less rapidly. In 1386 came the battle of Sempach. The Swiss with their wooden bucklers were at first helpless to make any break in the Austrian wall of bristling spears; but in the end they triumphed and drove the Austrians from the field. According to tradition, it was the devotion of Arnold von Winkelried that opened the way to victory.

The Editor.]

IN July, when the bees swarmed thick upon the linden
tops,
And farmers gazed with pride and joy upon their ripening
crops,
The watchmen on our tall church towers, looking to-
wards Willisow,
Saw the stacked barley in a flame and the wheat-fields
in a glow.

For Archduke Leopold had come from Zurich by the
lake,
With lance, and bow, and banner spread, a dire revenge
to take.

SWITZERLAND

On Monday morning, when the dew lay bright upon the
 corn,
Each man of Sempach blew alarm upon his mountain
 horn.

The young and old from fair Lucerne gathered to bar
 the way,
The reapers threw their sickles down, and ran to join
 the fray:
We knelt and prayed to heaven for strength, crying to
 God aloud;
And lo! a rainbow rising shone against a thunder-cloud.

Burghers of Berne, the lads of Schweitz, and Unter-
 walden's best,
Warriors of Uri, strong as bulls, were there among the
 rest;
The oldest of our mountain priests had come to fight,—
 not pray,
Our women only kept at home upon that battle-day.

The shepherds, sturdy wrestlers with the grim moun-
 tain bear,
The chamois hunters, lithe and swift, mingle together
 there;
Rough boatmen from the mountain lakes, and fisher-
 men by scores;
The children only had been left to guard the nets and oars.

The herdsmen joined us from their huts on the far
 mountain-side,
Where cow-bells chimed among the pines, and far above
 in pride

THE DEATH OF WINKELRIED

The granite peaks rose soaring up in snowy pinnacles,
Past glaciers' ever-gaping jaws and vultures' citadels.

The citizens of Zürich town under their banners stood,
Their burly lances bleak and bare as any winter wood;
Geneva sent her archers stout, and swordsmen not a
 few,
And over the brave men of Berne their great town ban-
 ner blew.

How fierce we ran with partisan and axe and spear and
 sword,
With flail and club and shrieking horns, upon that
 Austrian horde!
But they stood silent in the sun, mocking the Switzer
 bear,
Their helmets crested, beaked, and fanged, like the
 wild beasts they were.

Like miners digging iron ore from some great mountain
 heart,
We strove to hew and rend and cleave that hill of steel
 apart;
But clamped like statues stood the knights in their
 spiked phalanx strong,
Though our Swiss halberds and our swords hewed
 fiercely at the throng.

Hot, sharp, and thick our arrows fell upon their helmet
 crests,
Keen on their visors' glaring bars, and sharp upon their
 breasts;

SWITZERLAND

Fierce plied our halberds at the spears, that thicker
seemed to grow:

The more we struck, more boastfully the banners
seemed to blow.

The Austrians, square and close locked up, stood firm
with threatening spears,

Only the sterner when our bolts flew thick about their
ears;

Our drifts of arrows blinding fell, and nailed the mail
to breast,

But e'en the dead men as they dropped were ramparts
to the rest.

With furnace heat the red sun shone upon that wall of
steel,

And crimsoned every Austrian knight from helmet unto
heel.

They slew their horses where they stood, and shortened
all their spears,

Then back to back, like boars at bay, they mocked our
angry cheers.

Till Winkelried stepped forth, and said, knitting his
rugged brow,

“Out on ye, men of Zürich town! go back and tend your
plough;

Sluggards of Berne, go hunt and fish, when danger is
not nigh;

See now how Unterwalden taught her hardy sons to
die!”

THE DEATH OF WINKELRIED

Then out he rushed with head bent low; his body,
breast, and hands

Bore down a sheaf of spears, and made a pathway for
our bands.

Four lances splintered on his brow, six shivered in his
side,

But still he struggled fiercely on, and, shouting "Vic-
tory!" died.

Then on that broken, flying rout, we Swiss, rejoicing,
rushed,

With sword and mace and partisan that struck and
stabbed and crushed;

Their banners beaten to the earth, and all their best
men slain,

The Austrians threw away their shields and fled across
the plain.

And thus our Switzerland was saved, upon that sum-
mer's day,

And Sempach saw rejoicing men returning from the
fray.

As we bore home brave Winkelried a rainbow spanned
our track,

But where the Austrian rabble fled a thunder-storm
rolled black.

III
STORIES FROM SWISS HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE power of Austria in Switzerland had been broken by the battles of Sempach and Näfels, and in the fifteenth century the folk of the cantons even ventured to seize Aargau and Thurgau. Toward the end of the fifteenth century, Charles the Bold determined to win back all the land that had formerly belonged to Burgundy. This included a part of Switzerland. War followed, and he was completely routed at Grandson. He lost a thousand men, his million-dollar camp equipage, and even his ducal robes, magnificently ornamented with pearls and diamonds and rubies. He was not daunted, however, and soon returned with fresh troops; but he was beaten at Morat; and Switzerland had kept its freedom in spite of Charles the Bold.

In the times of the Reformation, the Swiss Confederates were divided, some standing for the Roman Catholics, some for the Protestants.

The country was counted as a part of the German Empire, but by the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, it was declared to be independent.

In 1798 the Helvetic Republic was established, but it continued only five years. Then the system of cantons, which had been broken up, was revived, and peace and prosperity reigned. Before long, however, the peace was broken, for the old struggle between aristocrats and democrats, and also between Roman Catholics and Protestants, was renewed. The Central Government had not sufficient power to quiet the strife at once, but little by little democracy prevailed. The need of a new constitution was realized, and in 1848 one was formed which was in most respects patterned after that of the United States; but instead of a president, Switzerland puts the executive power into the hands of a board of seven men. They are elected by the legislature, and hold office for three years.

In the recent history of Switzerland, there have been no striking events, but there has been in all lines a steady and quiet progress.

THE BARON OF RARON AND THE "MAZZE"

[Fifteenth century]

BY J. WILSON

[A HUNDRED years after the times of William Tell, the cantons that had united in a confederacy had become both strong and proud, and not at all willing to accept insults tamely. They were in possession of the valley of Ossola; but their enemies came upon the weak garrison and took it from them. These enemies had been shown the way over the mountains by a certain Baron of Raron. Moreover, he had said sneeringly, "If I had been there, not a Swiss should have been left alive." Many were determined to avenge the wrong, but no one cared to be a leader in the matter. Then they had recourse to the ancient custom of the "Mazze," which is here described.

The Editor.]

A YOUNG birch was pulled up by the roots, on which was fixed a human countenance rudely carved in wood, and wearing the expression of grief. Below this, in the stem of the tree, a nail was driven by each of the plotters, which symbolized a solemn engagement to persevere in their enterprise. In the night, this figure, commonly called a "Mazze," was bound to a tree on a well-frequented thoroughfare. On the following morning, crowds of passing wayfarers gathered round the tree; the agitators mixed with them, and thus ascertained the popular temper. As soon as they found it favorable (i.e. disposed for plunder and violence), a bold and well-spoken man stepped forth as *master of the Mazze*,

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unbound it from the tree, and set it up on an open space beside him. Questions were then addressed to the figure; as, "Mazze, what is your pleasure?" and its patron was requested to reply for it. At first he refused with well-assumed embarrassment; but at last, affecting merely to comply with the will of the people, he turned to the Mazze; "Mazze, these good people are willing to help you; — speak, — name the man whom you are afraid of. Is it the Sillinen — the Asperling — the Henggarten?" (names of powerful families in the Valais). The Mazze stood immovable. "Is it the Baron of Raron?" The Mazze bowed its head, and the Master stood beside it in a supplicating attitude. He then addressed the multitude: "Brave men, you have heard what the Mazze complains of; whoever will fight for the Mazze, let him hold up his hand!" A majority instantly showed itself in favor of the Mazze, and all law and order were suspended. The summons went through the whole land to the rescue of the Mazze: the obnoxious baron's castles and estates, as well as those of his relatives, friends, and dependents, were sacked by a furious multitude; and nothing but a rapid flight could have saved the lives of those who were thus solemnly devoted to the vengeance of the people.

PEACE OR WAR ?

[1474]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

[CHARLES THE BOLD, last Duke of Burgundy, was ambitious to become master of all the lands formerly belonging to Burgundy, that is, of Lorraine, Provence, Dauphin, and part of Switzerland. As his domain increased, he sent Peter von Hagenbach to Alsace as governor. Hagenbach was so tyrannical that the Suabian and Swiss neighbors of Alsace protested. At length, in a revolt at Breisach, Hagenbach was seized and tried for many offenses. Among his judges were some of Swiss birth.

This was just the excuse that Charles wanted to make war against Switzerland. The Swiss were not afraid of fighting, but just at this time their allies, the Emperor and the King of France, made peace with the duke. The Swiss then sent messengers to the duke to solicit peace. The following is Scott's picture of the interview.

The Editor.]

THE doors of the hall were now opened to the Swiss deputies, who for the preceding hour had been kept in attendance on the outside of the building, without receiving the slightest of those attentions which among civilized nations are universally paid to the representatives of a foreign state. Indeed, their very appearance, dressed in coarse gray frocks, like mountain hunters or shepherds, in the midst of an assembly blazing with divers-colored garments, gold and silver lace, embroidery, and precious stones, served to confirm the

idea that they could only have come hither in the capacity of most humble petitioners.

Oxford, however, who watched closely the deportment of his late fellow travelers, failed not to observe that they retained each in his own person the character of firmness and indifference which formerly distinguished them. Rudolph Donnerhugel preserved his bold and haughty look; the banneret, the military indifference which made him look with apparent apathy on all around him; the burgher of Soleure was as formal and important as ever; nor did any of the three show themselves affected in the slightest degree by the splendor of the scene around them, or embarrassed by the consideration of their own comparative inferiority of appointments. But the noble Landamman, on whom Oxford chiefly bent his attention, seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the precarious state in which his country was placed, fearing, from the rude and unhonored manner in which they were received, that war was unavoidable, while, at the same time, like a good patriot, he mourned over the consequences of ruin to the freedom of his country by defeat, or injury to her simplicity and virtuous indifference of wealth by the introduction of foreign luxuries and the evils attending on conquest.

Well acquainted with the opinions of Arnold Biederman, Oxford could easily explain his sadness, while his comrade Bonstetten, less capable of comprehending his friend's feelings, looked at him with the expression which may be seen in the countenance of a faithful dog, when the creature indicates sympathy with his master's melancholy, though unable to ascertain or

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appreciate its cause. A look of wonder now and then glided around the splendid assembly on the part of all the forlorn group, excepting Donnerhugel and the Landamman; for the indomitable pride of the one and the steady patriotism of the other could not for even an instant be diverted by external objects from their own deep and stern reflections.

After a silence of nearly five minutes, the Duke spoke, with the haughty and harsh manner which he might imagine belonged to his place, and which certainly expressed his character.

“Men of Berne, of Schwytz, or of whatever hamlet and wilderness you may represent, know that we had not honored you, rebels as you are to the dominion of your lawful superiors, with an audience in our own presence, but for the intercession of a well-esteemed friend, who has sojourned among your mountains, and whom you may know by the name of Philipson, an Englishman, following the trade of a merchant, and charged with certain valuable matters of traffic to our court. To his intercession we have so far given way that, instead of commanding you, according to your demerits, to the gibbet and the wheel in the Place de Morimont, we have condescended to receive you into our own presence, sitting in our *cour plénière*,¹ to hear from you such submission as you can offer for your outrageous storm of our town of La Ferette, the slaughter of many of our liegemen, and the deliberate murder of our noble knight, Archibald of Hagenbach, executed in your presence, and by your countenance and device. Speak, if you can say aught in defense of

¹ Plenary court; i.e., fully attended by all the members.

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your felony and treason, either to deprecate your punishment or crave undeserved mercy."

The Landamman seemed about to answer; but Rudolph Donnerhugel, with his characteristic boldness and hardihood, took the task of reply upon himself. He confronted the proud duke with an eye unappalled, and a countenance as stern as his own.

"We came not here," he said, "to compromise our own honor, or the dignity of the free people whom we represent, by pleading guilty in their name or our own to crimes of which we are innocent. And when you term us rebels, you must remember that a long train of victories, whose history is written in the noblest blood of Austria, has restored to the confederacy of our communities the freedom of which an unjust tyranny in vain attempted to deprive us. While Austria was a just and beneficent mistress, we served her with our lives; when she became oppressive and tyrannical, we assumed independence. If she has aught yet to claim from us, the descendants of Tell, Furst, and Stauffacher will be as ready to assert their liberties as their fathers were to gain them. Your Grace — if such be your title — has no concern with any dispute betwixt us and Austria. For your threats of gibbet and wheel, we are here defenseless men, on whom you may work your pleasure; but we know how to die, and our countrymen know how to avenge us."

The fiery duke would have replied by commanding the instant arrest and probably the immediate execution, of the whole deputation. But his chancellor, availing himself of the privilege of his office, rose, and doffing his cap with a deep reverence to the duke,

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requested leave to reply to the misproud young man, who had, he said, so greatly mistaken the purpose of His Highness's speech.

Charles, feeling perhaps at the moment too much irritated to form a calm decision, threw himself back in his chair of state, and with an impatient and angry nod gave his chancellor permission to speak.

"Young man," said that high officer, "you have mistaken the meaning of the high and mighty sovereign in whose presence you stand. Whatever be the lawful rights of Austria over the revolted villages which have flung off their allegiance to their native superior, we have no call to enter on that argument. But that for which Burgundy demands your answer is wherefore, coming here in the guise and with the character of peaceful envoys, on affairs touching your own communities and the rights of the duke's subjects, you have raised war in our peaceful dominions, stormed a fortress, massacred its garrison, and put to death a noble knight, its commander? — all of them actions contrary to the law of nations, and highly deserving of the punishment with which you have been justly threatened, but with which I hope our gracious sovereign will dispense, if you express some sufficient reason for such outrageous insolence, with an offer of due submission to His Highness's pleasure, and satisfactory reparation for such a high injury."

"You are a priest, grave sir?" answered Rudolph Donnerhugel, addressing the Chancellor of Burgundy. "If there be a soldier in this assembly who will avouch your charge, I challenge him to the combat, man to man. We did not storm the garrison of La Ferette:

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we were admitted into the gates in a peaceful manner, and were there instantly surrounded by the soldiers of the late Archibald de Hagenbach, with the obvious purpose of assaulting and murdering us on our peaceful mission. I promise you there had been news of more men dying than us. But an uproar broke out among the inhabitants of the town, assisted, I believe, by many neighbors, to whom the insolence and oppression of Archibald de Hagenbach had become odious, as to all who were within his reach. We rendered them no assistance; and, I trust, it was not expected that we should interfere in the favor of men who had stood prepared to do the worst against us. But not a pike or sword belonging to us or our attendants was dipped in Burgundian blood. Archibald de Hagenbach perished, it is true, on a scaffold, and I saw him die with pleasure, under a sentence pronounced by a competent court, such as is recognized in Westphalia and its dependencies on this side of the Rhine. I am not obliged to vindicate their proceedings; but I aver, that the duke has received full proof of his regular sentence; and, in fine, that it was amply deserved by oppression, tyranny, and foul abuse of his authority, I will uphold against all gainsayers, with the body of a man. There lies my glove."

And, with an action suited to the language he used, the stern Swiss flung his right-hand glove on the floor of the hall. In the spirit of the age, with the love of distinction in arms which it nourished, and perhaps with the desire of gaining the duke's favor, there was a general motion among the young Burgundians to accept the challenge, and more than six or eight gloves

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were hastily doffed by the young knights present, those who were more remote flinging them over the heads of the nearest, and each proclaiming his name and title as he proffered the gage of combat.

“I set at all,” said the daring young Swiss, gathering the gauntlets as they fell clashing around him. “More, gentlemen — more! a glove for every finger! come on, one at once — fair lists, equal judges of the field, the combat on foot, and the weapons two-handed swords, and I will not budge for a score of you.”

“Hold, gentlemen — on your allegiance, hold!” said the duke, gratified at the same time and somewhat appeased by the zeal which was displayed in his cause; moved by the strain of reckless bravery evinced by the challenger, with a hardihood akin to his own; perhaps also not unwilling to display, in the view of his *cour plénière*, more temperance than he had been at first capable of. “Hold, I command you all. Toison d’Or, gather up these gauntlets, and return them each to his owner. God and St. George forbid that we should hazard the life of even the least of our noble Burgundian gentry against such a churl as this Swiss peasant, who never so much as mounted a horse, and knows not a jot of knightly courtesy or the grace of chivalry. Carry your vulgar brawls elsewhere, young man, and know that, on the present occasion, the Place Morimont were your only fitting lists, and the hangman your meet antagonist. And you, sirs, his companions whose behavior in suffering this swaggerer to take the lead amongst you seems to show that the laws of nature, as well as of society, are inverted, and that youth is preferred to age, as peasants to gentry—you white-

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bearded men, I say, is there none of you who can speak your errand in such language as it becomes a sovereign prince to listen to?"

"God forbid else," said the Landamman, stepping forward and silencing Rudolph Donnerhugel, who was commencing an answer of defiance — "God forbid," he said, "noble Duke, that we should not be able to speak so as to be understood before Your Highness, since, I trust, we shall speak the language of truth, peace, and justice. Nay, should it incline Your Highness to listen to us the more favorably for our humility, I am willing to humble myself rather than you should shun to hear us. For my own part, I can truly say that, though I have lived, and by free choice have resolved to die, a husbandman and a hunter on the Alps of the Unterwald, I may claim by birth the hereditary right to speak before dukes and kings, and the Emperor himself. There is no one, my Lord Duke, in this proud assembly who derives his descent from a nobler source than Geierstein."

"We have heard of you," said the duke. "Men call you the peasant count. Your birth is your shame — or perhaps your mother's, if your father had happened to have a handsome ploughman, the fitting father of one who has become a willing serf."

"No serf, my lord," answered the Landamman, "but a freeman, who will neither oppress others nor be himself tyrannized over. My father was a noble lord, my mother a most virtuous lady. But I will not be provoked by taunt or scornful jest to refrain from stating with calmness what my country has given me in charge to say. The inhabitants of the bleak and

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inhospitable regions of the Alps desire, mighty sir, to remain at peace with all their neighbors, and to enjoy the government they have chosen, as best fitted to their condition and habits, leaving all other states and countries to their free-will in the same respects. Especially, they desire to remain at peace and in unity with the princely house of Burgundy, whose dominions approach their possessions on so many points. My lord, they desire it, they entreat it, they even consent to pray for it. We have been termed stubborn, intractable, and insolent contemners of authority, and headers of sedition and rebellion. In evidence of the contrary, my Lord Duke, I, who never bent a knee but to Heaven, feel no dishonor in kneeling before Your Highness, as before a sovereign prince in the *cour plénière* of his dominions, where he has a right to exact homage from his subjects out of duty, and from strangers out of courtesy. No vain pride of mine," said the noble old man, his eyes swelling with tears, as he knelt on one knee, "shall prevent me from personal humiliation, when peace — that blessed peace, so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man — is in danger of being broken off."

The whole assembly, even the duke himself, were affected by the noble and stately manner in which the brave old man made a genuflection, which was obviously dictated by neither meanness nor timidity. "Arise, sir," said Charles, "if we have said aught which can wound your private feelings, we retract it as publicly as the reproach was spoken, and sit prepared to hear you, as a fair-meaning envoy."

"For that, my noble lord, thanks; and I shall hold

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it a blessed day if I can find words worthy of the cause I have to plead. My lord, a schedule in Your Highness's hands has stated the sense of many injuries received at the hand of Your Highness's officers, and those of Romont, Count of Savoy, your strict ally and adviser, we have a right to suppose, under Your Highness's countenance. For Count Romont, he has already felt with whom he has to contend; but we have as yet taken no measures to avenge injuries, affronts, interruptions to our commerce, from those who have availed themselves of Your Highness's authority to intercept our countrymen, spoil our goods, impress their persons, and even, in some instances, take their lives. The affray at La Ferette — I can vouch for what I saw — had no origin or abettance from us; nevertheless, it is impossible an independent nation can suffer the repetition of such injuries, and free and independent we are determined to remain, or to die in defense of our rights. What, then, must follow, unless Your Highness listens to the terms which I am commissioned to offer? War — a war to extermination; for so long as one of our confederacy can wield a halberd, so long, if this fatal strife once commences, there will be war betwixt your powerful realms and our poor and barren states. And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife? Is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of Your Highness's household troops than can be found in the public treasures or private hoards of our whole confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honor to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands, by men clad in mail over half-armed

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husbandmen and shepherds — of such conquest small were the glory. But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers — if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse-armed party, I leave it with Your Highness to judge what would, in that event, be the diminution of worship and fame. Is it extent of vassalage and dominion Your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbors? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Aye, men, women, and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master."

The speech of the Landamman made an obvious impression on the assembly. The duke observed it, and his hereditary obstinacy was irritated by the general disposition which he saw entertained in favor of the ambassador. This evil principle overcame some impression which the address of the noble Biederman had not failed to make upon him. He answered with a lowering brow, interrupting the old man as he was about to continue his speech — "You argue falsely, Sir Count, or Sir Landamman, or by whatever name you call yourself, if you think we war on you from any hope of spoil or any desire of glory. We know as well as you can tell us that there is neither profit nor fame to be achieved by conquering you. But sovereigns to whom Heaven has given the power, must root out a

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band of robbers, though there is dishonor in measuring swords with them; and we hunt to death a herd of wolves, though their flesh is carrion and their skins are nought.”

The Landamman shook his gray head, and replied, without testifying emotion, and even with something approaching to a smile — “I am an older woodsman than you, my Lord Duke, and, it may be, a more experienced one. The boldest, the hardiest hunter, will not safely drive the wolf to his den. I have shown Your Highness the poor chance of gain and the great risk of loss, which even you, powerful as you are, must incur by risking a war with determined and desperate men. Let me now tell what we are willing to do to secure a sincere and lasting peace with our powerful neighbor of Burgundy. Your Grace is in the act of engrossing Lorraine, and it seems probable, under so vigorous and enterprising a prince, your authority may be extended to the shores of the Mediterranean; be our noble friend, and sincere ally, and our mountains, defended by warriors familiar with victory, will be your barriers against Germany and Italy. For your sake we will admit the Count of Savoy to terms, and restore to him our conquests, on such conditions as Your Highness shall yourself judge reasonable. Of past subjects of offense on the part of your lieutenants and governors upon the frontier we will be silent, so we have assurance of no such aggressions in future. Nay, more, and it is my last and proudest offer, we will send three thousand of our youth to assist Your Highness in any war which you may engage in, whether against Louis of France or the Emperor of Germany. They are a

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different set of men — proudly and truly may I state it — from the scum of Germany and Italy, who form themselves into mercenary bands of soldiers. And, if Heaven should decide Your Highness to accept our offer, there will be one corps in your army which will leave their carcasses on the field ere a man of them break their plighted troth.”

A swarthy but tall and handsome man, wearing a corselet richly engraved with arabesque work, started from his seat with the air of one provoked beyond the bounds of restraint. This was the Count de Campobasso, commander of Charles’s Italian mercenaries, who possessed, as has been alluded to, much influence over the duke’s mind, chiefly obtained by accommodating himself to his master’s opinions and prejudices, and placing before the duke specious arguments to justify him for following his own way.

“This lofty presence must excuse me,” he said, “if I speak in defense of my honor, and those of my bold lances, who have followed my fortunes from Italy to serve the bravest prince in Christendom. I might, indeed, pass over without resentment the outrageous language of this gray-haired churl, whose words cannot affect a knight and a nobleman more than the yelling of a peasant’s mastiff. But when I hear him propose to associate his bands of mutinous, misgoverned ruffians with Your Highness’s troops, I must let him know that there is not a horse-boy in my ranks who would fight in such fellowship. No, even I myself, bound by a thousand ties of gratitude, could not submit to strive abreast with such comrades. I would fold up my banners, and lead five thousand men to seek — not a nobler master,

for the world has none such — but wars in which we might not be obliged to blush for our assistants.”

“Silence, Campo-Basso,” said the duke, “and be assured you serve a prince who knows your worth too well to exchange it for the untried and untrustful services of those whom we have only known as vexatious and malignant neighbors.”

Then addressing himself to Arnold Biederman, he said coldly and sternly, “Sir Landamman, we have heard you fairly. We have heard you, although you come before us with hands dyed deep in the blood of our servant, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach; for, supposing he was murdered by a villainous association — which, by St. George! shall never, while we live and reign, raise its pestilential head on this side of the Rhine — yet it is not the less undeniable and undenied, that you stood by in arms, and encouraged the deed the assassins performed under your countenance. Return to your mountains, and be thankful that you return in life. Tell those who sent you that I will be presently on their frontiers. A deputation of your most notable persons, who meet me with halters round their necks, torches in their left hands, in their right their swords held by the point, may learn on what conditions we will grant you peace.”

“Then farewell peace, and welcome war,” said the Landamman; “and be its plagues and curses on the heads of those who choose blood and strife rather than peace and union! We will meet you on our frontier with our naked swords, but the hilts, not their points, shall be in our grasp. Charles of Burgundy, Flanders, and Lorraine, Duke of seven dukedoms, Count of seventeen earldoms, I bid you defiance; and declare war against you in the

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name of the Confederated Cantons, and such others as shall adhere to them. There," he said, "are my letters of defiance."

The herald took from Arnold Biederman the fatal denunciation.

"Read it not, Toison d'Or!" said the haughty duke. "Let the executioner drag it through the streets at his horse's tail, and nail it to the gibbet, to show in what account we hold the paltry scroll, and those who sent it. Away, sirs," speaking to the Swiss, "trudge back to your wildernesses with such haste as your feet can use. When we next meet, you shall better know whom you have offended. Get our horse ready; the council is broken up."

HOW THE SWISS MET CHARLES THE BOLD OF BURGUNDY

[1476]

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

WHEN Duke Charles of Burgundy had passed the Jura, he found the city of Yverdon already in possession of his people, by the aid of treacherous citizens; in the castle alone a weak troop of Bernese still resisted his whole force. And when he appeared before Grandson, the little garrison intrepidly withstood his rage, and was not intimidated; although the castle was assaulted day and night. Irritated at having been uselessly detained for ten days before this miserable place, he ordered a general attack, and threatened to hang all the Swiss if they resisted any longer. This shook the courage of many, especially of the cowardly captain, John Wyler. Thereupon came to them, from the enemy's camp, a Burgundian noble who spoke German, praised their courage, said that the duke respected it, and, in the name of the prince promised them a free retreat if they would desist from their fruitless resistance. They allowed themselves to be persuaded, and after having presented a hundred guilders to the Burgundian, in gratitude for his mediation, left the castle without mistrust. But the duke caused them to be seized and hung naked on the trees, by hundreds; others were cruelly dragged about in the water with ropes, until they were drowned.

In the mean while, the Confederates, twenty thou-

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sand strong, hurried towards Grandson, without fear of the duke's army, thrice their numbers. In the dawn of the third of March, 1476, the soldiers of Lucerne, Schwyz, and Burnese Oberland, the vanguard, showed themselves among the vineyards between the lake of Neuchâtel and the Jura Mountains. After having made their prayer, they commenced the attack. With firm step, Freiburg and Berne, also, pressed forward, led by the experienced warrior, John of Hallwyl, and the Bernese avoyer, Nicholas of Scharnachtal. And when this vanguard had already, for several hours, maintained a severe combat on the bloody field, then, first, the main body of the advancing Confederates appeared upon the heights, in the bright rays of the noonday sun. From the tops of the hills resounded the spirit-stirring notes of the horn of Unterwalden, and the gloomy bellowing of the bull of Uri.¹ There, also waved the banners of Zürich and Schaffhausen. "What people are those?" cried the duke. "Those are the men before whom Austria fled!" replied the Lord of Stein. "Alas!" said the duke, "a handful of these men have harassed us the whole day; what will become of us when they come in such numbers!" And terror seized upon his troops, when the bloody work commenced anew. In vain did the duke throw himself before the flyers. He could not stop them; they carried him away with them. The eager Swiss pursued even into the dark night. But when the men of Berne and Freiburg saw the bodies hanging on the trees before Grandson, furiously they stormed the castle. The Burgundian soldiers tremblingly

¹ A bull is on the flag of Uri, and a horn which imitates the bellowing of that animal is the battle-call of the canton.

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surrendered. But they were all hung without pity in the place of the dead Swiss whose bodies their friends carried away.

Bold Charles had lost a thousand men and his magnificent camp equipage, valued at more than a million of guilders. Even his ducal robes, ornamented with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, fell into the hands of the Confederates. A Swiss found upon the highway a diamond, large as half a nut. He sold this brilliant stone, the value of which he did not know, and which he was about to throw away, to a priest for three francs. Afterwards, it passed through many hands, until it finally reached the triple crown of the Pope at the price of twenty thousand ducats.¹ Another diamond, also found in the camp, through successive purchases and sales, went to ornament the royal crown of France. So valuable was the booty.

Soon, unexpectedly, Charles returned with fresh forces, by Lausanne, into Switzerland. He mustered his large army near Lausanne in April; then he marched to the shores of the lake of Neuchatel, and thence against Morat (Murten). Here Adrian of Bubenberg, with six hundred braves and the men of the city, maintained a better defense than had formerly been made at Grandson. While the duke was detained here, the Confederates and their friends assembled their troops. Morat was already in danger; the ramparts and tower were breached. The wall was shaken, but not the courage of Adrian of Bubenberg and his Swiss.

He remained firm until the Confederates arrived from all sides, with their allies of Bienne, the Alsace cities,

¹ About forty-six thousand dollars.

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Bâle, St. Gallen, and Schaffhausen. These came first. After them, in the bad weather, over the bad roads, hurried the men of Zürich, Thurgau, Aargau, and Sargans. John Waldmann, the leader of the Zürichers, allowed his tired people only a few hours' rest at Berne, on the evening before the battle; then gave the signal for marching at ten o'clock at night. The whole city was illuminated; before every house stood tables with refreshments for the soldiers. In the darkness, through storm and rain, the main body of the troops marched towards Morat.

The day of battle dawned. The sky was covered with clouds. Rain fell in streams. Then the Burgundians deployed their immense array before the eyes of the Confederates. But the Confederates were barely thirty-four thousand men. John of Hallwyl, before he gave the signal for attack, knelt down with his army. And, while they prayed, the sun broke brightly through the clouds. At once, John of Hallwyl waved his sword and cried: "Up! up! Confederates! See! God will shine upon our victory!" It was the 22d of June. Then thundered the shock of arms; then the smiting and fighting spread from the lake to the heights. On the left fought Hallwyl; on the right, by the lake, the strength of the Swiss army, under John Waldmann; among the trees along the shore, Bubenberg. Hallwyl had a hard fight; but he maintained it until Casper of Hertenstein, the white-haired general of Lucerne, appeared on the heights behind the enemy. Hallwyl had sent him thither through by-paths. Now death penetrated the ranks of the Burgundians, in front and rear. Thousands fought, thousands fell, thousands fled. The

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duke saw that all was lost; leaped upon his fleet horse, and, pale and gloomy, with barely thirty knights, escaped to the lake of Geneva. Fifteen thousand of his people lay slain between the lake of Morat and Avenches. Many, seeking for safety, perished in the water and in the swamps of the lake-shore. The rest were dispersed; all the enemy's tents, provisions and treasures became the booty of the victors. The dead bodies were buried in trenches with quicklime and covered with earth. Some years afterwards the people of Morat built an ossuary which they filled with Burgundian bones and skulls, to show foreigners how formidable the Confederates are when united.

THE MILK PORRIDGE INCIDENT: A STORY OF THE REFORMATION

BY CLARENCE ROOK

THE eastern and northern cantons had gradually accepted the reformed faith, and Bern was in sympathy with it by 1528. A year later Basil and Schaffhausen followed, and then, somewhat less whole-heartedly, St. Gall, Appenzell, Graubunden, and Solothurn. These, you will reflect, represented mainly the men of the towns, the men who were in the stream of contemporary thought. But over against them were the men of the mountains, the men of the Forest Cantons that had formed the nucleus of the Swiss Confederation. They remained loyally Catholic. It has been suggested that their simple lives were mirrored in the lives of their village priests, who showed none of the degeneracy that set the men of towns against their own priesthood. Whether this be so or not, the Forest Cantons stood firm as the stronghold of Catholicism in Switzerland; and it is possible that their latest reinforcement and their one city, Lucerne, had more worldly motives for resisting the march of the Reformation; for Lucerne was in the pay of France, and was the leading exporter of mercenary troops. Measures were demanded for the suppression of heresy at Zürich (and Lucerne found in Zürich her chief rival for supremacy). It was even proposed to expel Zürich from the Confederation, and

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the Forest Cantons gave orders for Zwingli's arrest if he should be found within their territories.

Then came one of those picturesque incidents, that even in historical times, and free from the riddling criticism of the investigator, have brightened the story of the Swiss Republic.

Between the religious parties the gulf widened, until the split became political as well as religious. The "Christian League" was formed — for Zwingli at Zürich and Calvin at Geneva were organizing the revolt against Rome. This was a Protestant League between the Swiss Reformers, headed by Zürich and Bern, and it was joined by some of the German cities as well as the Elector of Hesse. The Catholics, on the other hand, formed an alliance with Ferdinand of Austria, a strenuous ally of the Vatican. And war was declared by Zürich upon the Forest Cantons. It seemed that the Confederation was to be rent asunder; for even Zwingli, who took the field with the city's troops, was against the temporizing measures which were adopted, averring that one day the Catholics would be in the ascendant, and would not show so much consideration. A sense of humor saved the situation for a moment, and brought about the famous "Kappeler Milchsuppe." It was one of those incidents that brighten every war; even as the Japanese exchanged cigarettes with the Russians in the Manchurian trenches, and Boers and British bombarded each other on Christmas Day at Mafeking with — puddings. At Kappel the two armies met, Catholics and Protestants, and lay facing one another. And for the moment the religious fury subsided under the influence of good-fellowship. "A band of jolly Catho-

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lics had got hold of a large bowl of milk, but, lacking bread, they placed it on the boundary line between Zug and Zürich. At once a group of Zürich men turned up with some loaves and presently the whole party fell to eating the 'Milchsuppe' right merrily." On June 29, 1529, a peace was concluded by which the Austrian League was dissolved and freedom of worship granted to all.

THE PRISON OF CHILLON

BY JACOB ABBOTT

[EARLY in the sixteenth century, the Reformation aroused disagreement among the cantons. There was also trouble with the Duke of Savoy because he had seized the Pays de Vaud. Bern, however, succeeded in regaining the district. François de Bonnivard was one of the most determined opponents of the duke in his efforts to conquer Geneva. In 1570, he was arrested by followers of the duke and for six years was a prisoner in the dungeon of the Castle of Chillon on Lake Geneva. It was of him that Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," was written.

The Editor.]

THEY walked on, following their teacher, to the end of the bridge room, where they came to the great castle gates. These were open, too, and they went in. They found themselves in a paved courtyard, with towers, and battlements, and lofty walls all around them. There was a man there, waiting to receive them in charge, and show them into the dungeons.

He led the way through a door, and thence down a flight of stone steps to a series of subterranean chambers, which were very dimly lighted by little windows opening towards the lake. The back sides of the rooms consisted of the living rock; the front sides were formed of the castle wall that bordered the lake.

"Here is the room," said the guide, "where the prisoners who were condemned to death in the castle in former times spent the last night before their execution. That stone was the bed where they had to lie."

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So saying, the guide pointed to a broad, smooth, and sloping surface of rock, which was formed by the ledge on the back side of the dungeon. The stone was part of the solid ledge, and was surrounded with ragged crags, just as they had been left by the excavators in making the dungeon; but whether the smooth and sloping surface of this particular portion of the rock was natural or artificial, that is, whether it had been expressly made so to form a bed for the poor condemned criminal, or whether the rock had accidentally broken into that form by means of some natural fissure, and so had been appropriated by the governor of the castle to that use, the boys could not determine.

The guide led the boys a little farther on, to a place where there was a dark recess, and pointing up towards the ceiling, he said, —

“There is where the criminals were hung. Up where I point there is a beam built into the rock; and from that the rope was suspended.”

They next came to a very large apartment. The front side and the back side of it were both curved. The back side consisted of the living rock. The front side was formed of the outer castle wall, which was built on the rock at the very margin of the water. In the center was a range of seven massive stone columns, placed there to support the arches on which rested the floor of the principal story of the castle above. The roof of this dungeon of course was vaulted, the arches and groins being carried over from this range of central pillars towards the wall in front, and towards the solid rock behind.

This great dungeon was lighted by means of very small loopholes cut in the wall, high up from the floor. The

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light from these windows, instead of coming *down*, and shining upon the floor, seemed to go *up*, and to lose itself in a faint attempt to illuminate the vaulted roof above. The reason was, that at the particular hour when the boys made their visit, the beams of the sun which shone directly from it in the sky were excluded and only those that were reflected upward from the waters of the lake could come in.

The guide led the boys to one of the central pillars, and pointed to an iron ring which was built into the stone. He told them that there was the place where one prisoner was confined in the dungeon for six years. He was chained to that ring by a short chain, which enabled him only to walk to and fro a few steps each way about the pillar. These steps had worn a place in the rock.

After the boys had looked at this pillar, and at the iron ring, and at the place worn in the floor by the footsteps of the prisoner, as long as they wished, they followed the guide on to the end of the dungeon, where they were stopped by the solid rock. Here the guide brought them to a dark and gloomy place in a corner, where, by standing a little back, they could see all the pillars in a row; and he said that if they would count them they would find that there were exactly seven. The boys did so, and they found that there were seven; but they did not understand why the number was of any importance. But the teacher explained it to them. He said that Byron had mentioned seven as the number of the pillars in his poem, and that most people who had read the poem were pleased to observe the correspondence between his description and the reality.

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The teacher quoted the lines. They were these: —

“In Chillon’s dungeons, deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray —
A sunbeam that hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left
Creeping o’er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh’s meteor lamp.”

When the party came out of the dungeons, a young woman took them in charge, to show them the apartments above. She conducted them up a broad flight of stone stairs to a massive doorway, which led to the principal story of the castle. Here the boys passed through one after another of several large halls, which were formerly used for various purposes when the castle was inhabited, but are employed now for the storage of brass cannon, and of ammunition belonging to the Swiss Government. When the castle was built, the country in which it stands belonged to a neighboring state, called Savoy; and it was the Duke of Savoy, who was a sort of king, that built it, and it was he that confined the prisoners in it so cruelly. Many of them were confined there on account of being accused of conspiring against his Government. At length, however, the war broke out between Switzerland and Savoy, and the Swiss were victorious. They besieged this castle by an army on the land and by a fleet of galleys on the lake, and in due time they took it. They let all the prisoners whom they found there go free, and since then they have used the castle as a place of storage for arms and ammunition.

One of the halls which the boys went into, the guide

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said, used to be a Senate house, and another was the court room where the prisoners were tried. There was a staircase which led from the court room down to the dungeon below, where the great black beam was, from which they were to be hung.

The boys, however, did not pay a great deal of attention to what the guide said about the former uses of these rooms. They seemed to be much more interested in the purposes that they were now serving, and so went about examining very eagerly the great brass cannon and the ammunition wagons that stood in them.

At length, however, they came to something which specially attracted their attention. It was a small room, which the guide said was an ancient torturing room. There was a large wooden post in the center of the room, extending from the floor to the vault above. The post was worn and blackened by time and decay, and there were various hooks, and staples and pulleys attached to it at different heights, which the guide said were used for securing the prisoners to the post, where they were to be tortured. The post itself was burned in many places, as if by hot irons.

The boys saw another place in a room beyond, which was in some respects still more dreadful than this. It was a place where there was an opening in the floor, near the wall of the room, that looked like a trap door. There was the beginning of a stone stair leading down. A small railing was built round the opening, as if to keep people from falling in. The boys all crowded round the railing, and looked down.

They saw that the stair only went down three steps, and then it came to a sudden end, and all below was a

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dark and dismal pit, which seemed bottomless. On looking more intently, however, they could at length see a glimmer of light, and hear the rippling of the waves of the lake, at a great depth below. The guide said that this was one of the *oubliettes*, that is, a place where men could be destroyed secretly, and in such a manner that no one should ever know what became of them. They were conducted to this door, and directed to go down. It was dark, so that they could only see the first steps of the stair. They would suppose, however, that the stair was continued, and that it would lead them down to some room, where they were to go. So they would walk on carefully, feeling for the steps of the stair; but after the third there would be no more, and they would fall down to a great depth on ragged rocks, and be killed. To make it certain that they would be killed by the fall, there were sharp blades, like the ends of scythes, fixed in the rock, far below, to cut them in pieces as they fell.

When they came out, and were getting into the carriage, Mr. Holiday said that it was a very interesting place.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Holiday; “and we have seen all that Byron speaks of in his poem except the little island. Where is the little island?”

Mr. Holiday pointed out over the water of the lake, where a group of three tall trees seemed to be growing directly out of the water, only that there was a little wall around them below. They looked like three flowers growing in a flower pot set in the water.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Holiday, “that must certainly be it. It corresponds exactly.” So she repeated the following

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lines from Byron's poem, which describes the island in the language of one of the prisoners, who saw it from his dungeon window.

“And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile —
 The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue.”

THE LION AT LUZERN

BY BOYD WINCHESTER

THEY [the Swiss] made a trade of war, letting themselves out as mercenaries. The Holy Father himself entered the list of bargainers, and in 1503, Pope Julius III engaged the first of those Swiss lifeguards whose names became famous in Europe. From Louis XI to Louis XV, the Swiss are said to have furnished for the French service over half a million men. In the wars between the French king and the Emperor Maximilian, in 1516, the Swiss fought on both sides. In its last extremity, it was neither in its titled nobility nor its native armies that the French throne found fidelity, but in the free-born peasant soldiers of Luzern. Of the undaunted ranks of the Swiss guard, defending the French royal family at the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792, seven hundred and eighty-six officers and soldiers fell in the place where they stood, unconquered even in death; and for two days their bodies lay in the gardens of the palace and the streets near by, exposed to the derision and insults of the frantic populace.

“Go, stranger; and at Lacedæmon tell
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.”

To their memory, a colossal lion, twenty-eight feet long by eighteen feet high, carved by Thorwaldsen out of the face of a solid sandstone rock, in high relief, was dedicated in 1821 at Luzern. The lion is holding the *fleur-de-lis* in his paws, which he is endeavoring to protect,

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though mortally wounded by a spear which still remains in his side. Above the figure is the inscription: "*Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti.*"¹ When the afternoon sun falls upon this effigy, it is reflected beautifully in the dark pool close below; the gray rock rises perpendicularly some little height above and ends in a crown of acacias and drooping bushes and creepers.

The fame of the Swiss, in every war which desolated Europe from the fifteenth century down, rose to an extraordinary pitch; but this influence, which, as the hired soldiers of belligerent powers, they exercised in the affairs of Europe was neither conducive to the weal of the state nor worthy of the Swiss people. Addison wrote in 1709 of them: "The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself; they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musket-proof till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains." He also relates that "one of the gentlemen of the place told me, by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave."

From their being so frequently in the personal service of the foreign potentates, the name of Switzer with some writers became synonymous with guards or attendants on a king. The king in "Hamlet" says: "Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door." In 1594, Nashe, in his "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem," states that "Law, Logicke, and the Switzers may be hired to fight

¹ To the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss.

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for anybody." Even the French were so ungrateful as to chide the Swiss by saying, "We fight for honor, but you fight for money"; to which the Switzer rejoined, "It is only natural that each of us, like the rest of the world, should fight for what he has not got."

IV
STORIES OF ALPINE
ADVENTURE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE earliest recorded ascent of an Alpine peak was undertaken in 1358 in fulfillment of a vow, but systematic exploration of the high altitudes did not begin until the latter part of the eighteenth century. In the middle of the nineteenth century mountaineering suddenly became popular. Alpine clubs were formed, hotels sprang up, and the Alps became a magnet for the tourists of Europe and America.

There have been two especially famous crossings of the Alps; one by Hannibal,¹ the other by Napoleon.² Hannibal, with men and elephants, made the passage in the autumn of 218 B.C. He was misled by treacherous guides, masses of rock were rolled down upon his army by enemies on the cliffs above, the ground was covered with snow, and it was bitterly cold. The descent was over bare ice wet with the slush of melting snow. Roads had to be built — no small undertaking, for they must be wide enough and strong enough to support the elephants. Not half of his men had survived the fearful journey when the lines were drawn up on the plains of the Po.

In 1800, Napoleon crossed the Alps in order to fall upon the Austrians. The climb was hardly less laborious than in the times of Hannibal; but Napoleon's marvelous planning of details made the feat a different matter. He collected vast quantities of food in various places, sent ahead money to hire mules and peasants, set up skillful mechanics at intervals along the road to make all needful repairs and take the gun-carriages and baggage-wagons apart for carrying, established two hospitals for the sick and wounded, and even sent bread and cheese and wine to the summit, enough for his forty thousand men. But the engineers who had been sent to explore the path reported it almost insurmountable. "Is it *possible* to cross?" asked Napoleon. "Perhaps it is within the limits of possibility," was the reply. "Forward, then," was Napoleon's order; and the army crossed the Alps.

¹ See volume iv, "How Hannibal made his Way to Italy."

² See volume v, "When Napoleon crossed the Alps."

SWEPT DOWN BY AN AVALANCHE

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE

[WHEN Napoleon organized what he called the Helvetic Republic, Grisons, a bit of territory among the loftiest Alps, was permitted to remain outside, but was "invited" to join the union. It was plain that the invitation would mean compulsion, — as it did later. The democratic party thought it best to join the Republic; the aristocrats refused, and thought it far better to take shelter under the wing of Austria. Austrian troops poured into the land from the west, French troops from the north and the south. The hero of the following exploit is pictured as having just taken part in a fight between the French and the peasants.

The Editor.]

THE firing behind him became livelier. The mist rose. A few soldiers were forming ranks to oppose the advancing peasantry. They were close at hand. The captain of sharpshooters wanted to gain them, the more so as he found a discarded musket on the ground. He stooped to pick it up. The shots rattled round his ears. He felt the shock and rush of men dashing past him, and fell backwards down one of the precipitous slopes of the mountain-side.

He happened, fortunately, to fall upon a dazzling, but moderately sloping field of snow, and his descent was not at first very rapid; the position of his body was, however, one to cause alarm. He had fallen on his back, with his head downwards, and was threatened with death on the first projecting fragment of rock his skull chanced to

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meet. With great presence of mind, Prevost attempted, by a powerful side swing, to bring his feet foremost in his descent. He only partially succeeded in his endeavor. For no sooner had he brought his body into a kind of equilibrium than he rolled downwards like a cylinder over the smooth snow-slope. With the strength begotten of despair, he struck out with his arms and legs, to their great danger, and checked the rapidity of his descent, which was bringing on vertigo.

He finally succeeded, by digging his hands into the snow and using the crampons on his feet, in bringing himself up for a moment on his perilous downward path.

Breathless, he remained a moment in the most dangerous uncertainty. The ground beneath him, the mountains above him, seemed to be whirling round. In the distance above, he heard the sharp whip-crack of the rifles; beneath him, a dull roar as of a furious torrent.

When his giddiness had, for a moment, subsided, he ventured to half raise his body and look around for some chance of escape. He had not the courage to look up at the height from which he had fallen; the least movement more might carry him down into the abyss which yawned below him. The broad expanse of the sloping mountain-side swept down to a depth that could not be measured. Around him was nothing but a white, a dazzling white, precipitous snow-slope, without a bush or a projecting rock to which he could cling. He could certainly not remain where he at present clung: neither could he hope for human aid. He gazed disconsolately at the heavens; sighed quietly, "Good-bye, Laura!" and commending himself to God, suddenly determined

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to put an end to the vain torture of life. But life struggled hard against death, and the yearning for escape asserted itself with might. The hope was still strong in him that perhaps he might reach the bottom of the mountain with his life, if he could manage the descent quietly foot by foot. He cautiously began the attempt. But he immediately discovered that the whole mass of snow, with and under his body, had broken away from its bed of ice and was moving downwards with him.

Enormous masses of snow were soon rushing past him. He was surrounded by clouds of silvery dust. More rapid and wild became the descent. Finally the whole mass which was carrying him along shot away with him swift as an arrow. There was no stopping. Darkness settled upon his senses. Consciousness died out.

Now and then, a kind of inchoate idea would, like a feebly flickering flame, play to the surface of the mind, but immediately died away. His state was that of oscillation between waking and sleeping, life and death, but was neither the one nor the other. Consciousness seemed smitten with the dull feeling of annihilation; its feeble and transient recovery was like the slumber of the grave. Still sensibility began to assert itself in the feeling of corpse-like coldness in the face. He heard a muffled rumbling and roaring. He still breathed, and had command of his mind, but without any recollection. He instinctively moved his hands from time to time in the icy wetness, opened and shut his eyes; opened them with difficulty, and then perceived neither light nor darkness. He soon remembered his fall, without being able to tell whether it was still continuing, or whether

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he was a mangled wreck in the depths of one of the glacier crevasses. The past broke in more clearly upon his confused perceptions. The present contained nothing. His body made an involuntary effort at standing up, but in vain. His limbs lay either broken, or paralyzed, or bound. A heavy weight was pressing down upon the body. Terror seized his soul, as he thought he was still living, but buried alive.

In horrible agony he worked with his forehead and hands against the mass which was lying upon him. It constantly fell in again. It became clearer to him that he had been swept away by an avalanche.

Life, in desperation, now struggled with the strength of a giant. He drew his hands together like an earthworm boring, and drove them out with all his might; he fought through with head and arms, dragging his body after him, until finally, a steady brilliancy in the snow betokened the near neighborhood of daylight. His movements immediately became more rapid, vigorous, and easy. He finally broke through, stepped out of his grave, and, exhausted even to faintness by his tremendous exertions, sank down at the edge of the avalanche.

He found himself in a narrow cleft, between the rugged mountains whose feet met. Up the precipitous snow-slope of the one mountain he recognized the broad track of the avalanche, which he had doubtless caused by his own fall. The other mountain rose almost perpendicularly, with gigantic slabs of rock overlapping one another, or with enormous hollows washed out by the waters of the primeval world.

It was crested by a dark pine wood, the greater

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portion of which, broken and laid low by stones and avalanches, looked like enormous cornstalks after a heavy rainstorm.

The captain of rifles thought with a shudder of the horrible death from which he had escaped with life and limb, and, as though still doubtful of the reality of his deliverance, from time to time felt and rubbed his thighs and arms. Even the flask at his side was still unbroken. He folded his hands, sent a look of gratitude accompanied by a sigh to heaven. His next thought was to seek an outlet from the rocky gorge into which his good angel had directed his lightning-like flight in safety. A little mountain torrent did duty as a signpost. This stream, springing in diminutive waterfalls from one ledge to another, continued its course between steep ridges of snow and precipitous clefts in the rock to unknown parts.

His way through the wild and narrow gorge was not made without difficulty. At one time the passage between the rocks was so narrow that the torrent could hardly find a way for its foaming waters. At another it was almost cut off by enormous blocks of fallen rock. Night had already closed in before Flavian finally became aware, by the light of the stars and the weird sheen of the snow, that he had got into the open.

He stepped forward without knowing whither, perhaps to encounter fresh dangers. Although, from his boyhood upwards, he had not unfrequently found himself in a similar position, on his chamois-hunting excursions on his native mountains, still, his courage at times failed him when he remembered that he now had to ask food and shelter from a peasantry maddened by the

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excitement of victory and the total discomfiture of their enemies.

He might have walked forward about a league when he discovered in the snow great numbers of human footprints. He resolutely followed the tracks, which he knew must lead to some inhabited neighborhood.

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH

BY L. A. GILBERT

[OWING to political changes, the demand for the timber of Mount Pilatus ceased; and hardly a trace of the famous slide can now be found.

The Editor.]

FOR many centuries, the rugged flanks and the deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofty precipices encircled them on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them; and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore permitted to grow and to perish, without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber. The most intelligent and skillful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores. It was not till November, 1816, that M. Rupp and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the commune of Alp-nach, for 6000 crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818.

The Slide of Alp-nach is formed entirely of about

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5,000 large pine trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about 160 workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly 100,000 francs, or £4,250. It is about three leagues, or 44,000 English feet long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about 2,000 supports; and in many places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight, and sometimes zigzag, with an inclination of from 10° to 18° . It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes under ground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffoldings 120 feet in height.

The boldness which characterizes this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut several thousand trees to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and, as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances to point out the road for their return, and to discover in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established. M. Rupp

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was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and in the first months of the undertaking he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labors of the workmen, which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all; the rest having been hired by accident, without any of the knowledge which such an undertaking required. M. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry. He was supposed to have communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise which they regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of observing the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of *three leagues*, or nearly *nine miles*, in *two minutes and a half*, and during their descent they appeared to be only a few feet in length. The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and as soon as everything was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, "*Lachez*" (Let go). The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top of the slide in *three*

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minutes. The workman at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, "*Il vient*" (It comes), and the tree was immediately launched down the slide, preceded by the cry, which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom, and plunged into the lake, the cry of *Lachez* was repeated as before, and a new tree was launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, M. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated, by their thickest extremities, no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and one of the trees having by accident struck against another, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning.

After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the Aar to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea, when it was necessary.

In order that none of the small wood might be lost, M. Rupp established in the forest large manufactories of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter, when the slide was covered

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with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized was heaped up and burnt, and the ashes packed up and carried away during the winter.

A few days before the author of the preceding account visited the slide, an inspector of the navy had come for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber. He declared that he had never seen any timber that was so strong, so fine, and of such a size; and he concluded an advantageous bargain for one thousand trees.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN

BY EDWARD WHYMPER

[THE following description of the Matterhorn and the account of its first ascent were written by the first person who ever reached its summit. Year after year he tried to climb the mountain. Seven times he failed; on the eighth trial he succeeded.

The Editor.]

My readers will know that that peak is nearly fifteen thousand feet high, and that it rises abruptly, by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear five thousand feet above the glaciers which surround its base. They will know, too, that it was the last great Alpine peak which remained unscaled — less on account of the difficulty of doing so than from the terror inspired by its invincible appearance. There seemed to be a cordon drawn around it, up to which one might go, but no farther. Within that invisible line jinns and affreets were supposed to exist — the Wandering Jew and the spirits of the damned. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys (many of whom still firmly believe it to be not only the highest mountain in the Alps, but in the world) spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed they gravely shook their heads, told you to look yourself to see the castles and the walls, and warned one against a rash approach, lest the

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infuriate demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's derision. Such were the traditions of the natives. Stronger minds felt the influence of the wonderful form, and men who ordinarily spoke or wrote like rational beings, when they came under its power seemed to quit their senses and ranted and rhapsodized, losing for a time all common forms of speech. . . .

The Matterhorn looks equally impossible from whatever side it is seen: it never seems commonplace, and in this respect, and in regard to the impression it makes upon spectators, it stands almost alone amongst mountains. It has no rival in the Alps, and but few in the world.

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We started from Zermatt on the 13th of July at half-past five, on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number — Croz, old Peter and his two sons, Lord Francis Douglas, Hadow, Hudson, and I. To insure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together. The youngest Taugwalder fell to my share, and the lad marched well, proud to be on the expedition and happy to show his powers. The winebags also fell to my lot to carry, and throughout the day, after each drink, I replenished them secretly with water, so that at the next halt they were found fuller than before! This was considered a good omen, and little short of miraculous.

On the first day we did not intend to ascend to any great height, and we mounted, accordingly, very leisurely, picked up the things which were left in the chapel at the Schwarzsee at 8.20, and proceeded thence

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along the ridge connecting the Hörnli with the Matterhorn. At half-past eleven we arrived at the base of the actual peak, then quitted the ridge and clambered round some ledges on to the eastern face. We were now fairly upon the mountain, and were astonished to find that places which from the Riffel, or even from the Furggengletscher, looked entirely impracticable, were so easy that we could *run about*.

Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of eleven thousand feet. Croz and young Peter went on to see what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. They cut across the heads of the snow-slopes which descended toward the Furggengletscher, and disappeared round a corner, but shortly afterward we saw them high up on the face, moving quickly. We others made a solid platform for the tent in a well-protected spot, and then watched eagerly for the return of the men. The stones which they upset told that they were very high, and we supposed that the way must be easy. At length, just before 3 P.M., we saw them coming down, evidently much excited. "What are they saying, Peter?" "Gentlemen, they say it is no good." But when they came near we heard a different story: "Nothing but what was good — not a difficulty, not a single difficulty! We could have gone to the summit and returned to-day easily!"

We passed the remaining hours of daylight — some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting — and when the sun went down, giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, I

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coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket-bag, — the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas, and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides, for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil.

We assembled together outside the tent before dawn on the morning of the 14th, and started as soon as it was light enough to move. Young Peter came on with us as a guide, and his brother returned to Zermatt. We followed the route which had been taken on the previous day, and in a few minutes turned the rib which had intercepted the view of the eastern face from our tent platform. The whole of this great slope was now revealed, rising for three thousand feet like a huge natural staircase. Some parts were more and others were less easy, but we were not once brought to a halt by any serious impediment, for when an obstruction was met in front it could always be turned to the right or to the left. For the greater part of the way there was indeed no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. At 6.20 we had attained a height of twelve thousand eight hundred feet, and halted for half an hour: we then continued the ascent without a break until 9.55, when we stopped for fifty minutes at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Twice we struck the northeastern ridge, and followed it for some little distance — to no advantage, for it was usually more rotten and steep, and always more difficult, than the face. Still, we kept near to it, lest stones perchance should fall.

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We had now arrived at the foot of that part which, from the Riffelberg or from Zermatt, seems perpendicular or overhanging, and could no longer continue upon the eastern side. For a little distance we ascended by snow upon the arête — that is, the ridge — descending toward Zermatt, and then by common consent turned over to the right, or to the northern side. Before doing so we made a change in the order of ascent. Croz went first, I followed, Hudson came third: Hadow and old Peter were last. “Now,” said Croz as he led off — “now for something altogether different.” The work became difficult, and required caution. In some places there was little to hold, and it was desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was less than forty degrees, and snow had accumulated in, and had filled up, the interstices of the rock-face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times covered with a thin film of ice, produced from the melting and refreezing of the snow. . . .

This solitary difficult part was of no great extent. We bore away over it at first nearly horizontally, for a distance of about four hundred feet, then ascended directly toward the summit for about sixty feet, and then doubled back to the ridge which descends toward Zermatt. A long stride round a rather awkward corner brought us to snow once more. The last doubt vanished! The Matterhorn was ours! Nothing but two hundred feet of easy snow remained to be surmounted!

You must now carry your thoughts back to the seven Italians who started from Breuil on the 11th of July.

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Four days had passed since their departure, and we were tormented with anxiety lest they should arrive on the top before us. All the way up we had talked of them, and many false alarms of "men on the summit" had been raised. The higher we rose the more intense became the excitement. What if we should be beaten at the last moment? The slope eased off, at length we could be detached, and Croz and I, dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race which ended in a dead heat. At 1.40 P.M., the world was at our feet and the Matterhorn was conquered! Hurrah! Not a footstep could be seen.

It was not yet certain that we had not been beaten. The summit of the Matterhorn was formed of a rudely level ridge, about three hundred and fifty feet long, and the Italians might have been at its farther extremity. I hastened to the southern end, scanning the snow right and left eagerly. Hurrah again! it was untrodden. "Where were the men?" I peered over the cliff, half doubting, half expectant. I saw them immediately, mere dots on the ridge, at an immense distance below. Up went my arms and my hat. "Croz! Croz! come here!" "Where are they, monsieur?" "There — don't you see them down there?" "Ah! the *coquins!* they are low down." "Croz, we must make those fellows hear us." We yelled until we were hoarse. The Italians seemed to regard us — we could not be certain. "Croz, we *must* make them hear us — they *shall* hear us!" I seized a block of rock and hurled it down, and called upon my companions, in the name of friendship, to do the same. We drove our sticks in and pried away the crags, and soon a torrent of stones poured down the cliffs. There

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was no mistake about it this time. The Italians turned and fled. . . .

The others had arrived, so we went back to the northern end of the ridge. Croz now took the tent-pole and planted it in the highest snow. "Yes," we said, "there is the flag-staff, but where is the flag?" "Here it is," he answered, pulling off his blouse and fixing it to the stick. It made a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out, yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Riffel, in the Val Tournanche. At Breuil the watchers cried, "Victory is ours!" They raised "bravos" for Carrel and "vivas" for Italy, and hastened to put themselves *en fête*. On the morrow they were undeceived. All was changed: the explorers returned sad — cast down — disheartened — confounded — gloomy. "It is true," said the men. "We saw them ourselves — they hurled stones at us! The old traditions are true — there are spirits on the top of the Matterhorn!"

TOBOGGANING ON A GLACIER

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

At half-past two we started upon our walk, and ascended the steep track, which wound through rocks, scarce tufts of grass, and withering bilberry bushes, into the barren domains of ice and stone above. Our march was a very slow and laborious one, for this reason: Herr Guler, who knows these parts well, being a native of them, and a guide and hunter over them, had for a long time past entertained the brilliant and adventurous plan of tobogganing down over a large portion of the Silvretta glacier. As the autumn advanced, the surface grew ever smoother and more fit, and he urgently entreated me to join his expedition. I willingly went, rejoicing at the thought of such a novel experience in my favorite sport. Four toboggans had, therefore, to be carried up the four thousand feet. Christian Guler, being a taciturn youth of great determination, shouldered three and started on in front, producing, as he ascended through the alder-bushes, a very uncouth effect. His father carried a fourth, and as few provisions as four strong people could subsist upon for twenty-four hours. The day was hot, and the earth extremely dry after a period of three weeks' brilliant weather. We only halted once; and, for a small diversion, set the hillside on fire. Innumerable little flames ran swiftly over the ground, leaving black tracks behind them. At 4.30 we reached the club-hut. It is a tiny stone edifice —

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square, with two little rooms, a table, some hay to sleep on, and a most superior iron stove. On this stove we cooked some coffee. We had no milk. The weight of the toboggans had forbidden any needless luxuries. After our coffee we hurried out with a rope and an ice-axe to make a hasty survey of the ice-fall which breaks over the cliffs above Sardasca. The glacier was already in shadow then, and a faint reflected glow from the sunset cast strange gray-green lights down through the deep crevasses, where the unseen water gurgled on mysteriously. All the upper peaks, however, glowed still for many minutes with an intense crimson hue. Darkness fell very suddenly, and we were forced to turn in early to the huts. An old white hare bustled likewise home among the boulders. A tin of mock turtle soup, added to the guide's *mehlsuppe*, formed our evening meal. An ancient pack of cards was then produced, and the evening was spent in the thrilling pursuit of "Schwarzer Peter." A shrill wind whistled down over the glacier against the outside walls, but we were warm within, and the light of a single candle cast our shadows round the room. It was a wonderful world of snow and stars upon which we gazed before we went to sleep.

At 3 A.M. we were aroused. The aspect of the sky had greatly changed. The Great Bear had disappeared, but the brilliant belt of Orion stood directly opposite, and very near the Pleiades. The whole sky shimmered with innumerable lights, and the thin wind blew through the unclouded air, down over the snow, as it had blown all night. Weak black coffee and butterless bread is not an appetizing meal whereof to partake at 3.30 A.M. At least, those who have not won their night's rest on a

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truss of hay might quarrel with it. I know that I was willing enough to devour the meager meal. At 4.30 we left the huts, and, by the light of a single lantern, we commenced our march. We were preceded by the lounging form of the imperturbable Christian, who, with his back bowed beneath the weight of three toboggans, and carrying a bundle of sticks under his arm, might, as he walked against the stars, have laid the foundation for many mountain myths. We soon reached the glacier, and there welcomed the faint light of dawn, which now became visible above the sharp black ridge of the Rothflüh. One by one the stars vanished, but the bitter night wind still struggled with the smile of morn and cut against our faces. About half an hour up the glacier we left our lantern and put down the toboggans, for it was now easier to draw them over the snow than to carry them. We then continued our steady march for fully an hour and a half up over the snow-fields, stopping about every forty yards to place a stick in the snow, which should guide us on our downward tobogganing course. There was a sprinkling of freshly fallen snow, from two to six inches deep in places, and we trod through this rather sorrowfully, fearing lest it should interfere with our tobogganing projects.

One by one the great peaks rose behind us — one by one the crimson rays of the rising sun caressed their glittering summits. First Tödi shone, then Eiger, Mönch, Verstanklahorn, Ortler, and Palü. We were walking towards the dawn, and the dawn was chasing back the earth-shadow — which produced a line of purple lights, fringed with tawny orange, in the pallid western sky.

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At 7.30 we reached the top of the glacier, and there we left our toboggans, intending to ascend the Pitz Buin. But an unfortunate incident occurred which greatly frightened and delayed us. My friend, unused to such high altitudes and early rising, complained of feeling faint from cold, and, upon examination, Herr Guler found that her right hand was badly frost-bitten.

This entailed fully an hour and a half of continuous rubbing; but, thanks to the sustained exertions of Guler, life was restored to the frozen fingers, and we were able to return to the glacier and to our toboggans. Christian and I took our seats at once, and started slowly forward over the first gentle incline. Guler followed in the rear, towing my scarcely recovered friend at a pace which he made as moderate as the steepness of the descent allowed. It was my privilege to ride a very superior race-horse; but I soon saw to my sorrow that Christian's progress was much faster than my own, owing to the fact that he carried two alpen-stocks, with the help of which he propelled himself successfully forward. So I hastened back to the starting-point, picked up two of our remaining markers, and with these sticks to push me on I rode in pursuit of the fast-disappearing Christian upon that immense expanse of virgin snow.

I can now only relate my own experiences of that memorable ride. Smooth and very slowly at first; then, on a sudden, the runners of my toboggan glided easier—then bounded forward. I realized that I was on the verge of the great Kegel, or rounded summit, of the Silvretta pass. Below me lay the billowy sea of unending white; beyond that again broken bits of moraine; then

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glimpses of the verdurous Prättigau, surmounted by innumerable ranges ending in Tödi and the whole Bernese Oberland. I could not fully realize the superb immensity of that Alpine view; I merely tore off my hat, leaned back, lifted my feet, and felt my toboggan springing forward into space. Then followed the most breathless flight I have ever known. Up dashed the fresh snow into my face, filling my ears, my eyelids, my mouth and nostrils, and plastering itself in upon my chest. All power of controlling my headlong course had vanished. I believed I invoked the Deity and myself to stop at once this mad career. Then for a second all consciousness of danger forsook me. I was seized with the intoxication of movement, and hurled forward with closed eyes and lungs choked by the driving snow, which rose in a cloud before me. When I recovered my senses, it was to find myself launched forth upon a gentler slope, and many meters to the left of the assigned course. A few feet in front of me I became aware of an old scar of a crevasse. It was neck or nothing, and I had no energy to stop. I shot across it, and steered out upon the even plain of glacier. I had descended, through the sunlight, in the space of five minutes, a tract of snow-field which it had taken us over an hour to climb at dawn. Thus ended my ride. Gladly would I repeat it.

V

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE population of Switzerland is less than four millions, and more than one fourth of its area is unproductive. It has neither coal nor iron, but its waterfalls provide power in abundance, and manufactures flourish. Cotton weaving is carried on in large degree. Eastern Switzerland almost specializes in embroidery. Many thousand watchmakers find employment in supplying the demand for Swiss watches. Cheese and condensed milk are made in large quantities. Wood-carving is one of the best-known of the arts of Switzerland. The Swiss manufacturers aim at establishing a reputation for excellence rather than at increasing the mass of their imports.

Switzerland is justly proud of the education that she gives to her citizens. Comparing the recruits drafted into the armies of different nations, we find that of the Russian recruits, 800 men in a thousand cannot read and write; of the Italians, 384; of the French, 64; of the Germans, 2; but of the Swiss, only 1. The army is kept in good repair, for every citizen is given military training. The Swiss are by no means rich, but they are an honest, hardworking, and exceedingly intelligent people.

OUR BORROWED SCIENTISTS

BY W. D. McCrackan

LITTLE Neuchâtel once placed America under great obligation by lending it two very exceptional men of science, — Louis Jean Rodolphe Agassiz (1807–1873) and Arnold Henri Guyot (1807–1884). They were colleagues in the Academy at Neuchâtel, coöperated in exploring and studying the glaciers, went to America at about the same time, and eventually took professorships in two of the foremost universities of the United States, — Agassiz at Harvard University, and Guyot at Princeton. By quickening and ennobling scientific studies, they earned the imperishable gratitude of their adopted land.

The great originator of the “Glacial Theory” was born at Motiers-en-Vully, on the lake of Morat. His father was pastor of the place. At an early age, he showed his bent for original research in natural history by turning the stone basin, under the fountain of the parsonage, into an aquarium. His student days were spent at Bienne, Lausanne, Zürich, Heidelberg, and Munich. At this last place, he became a warm friend of Döllinger, Professor of Comparative Anatomy, who was the father of that famous Döllinger who acquired celebrity as an opponent of Papal Infallibility. Agassiz used to assemble enthusiastic fellow students for lectures on original work, so that his study was nicknamed “The Little Academy.”

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In Paris the young scientist made the acquaintance of Von Humboldt, who from that time on was able to render him many services. Agassiz first made his mark as an ichthyologist. At twenty-two, he brought out his "Brazilian Fishes"; in 1832, was made Professor at the Lyceum of Neuchâtel, where he aroused the keenest interest, teaching his pupils as much as possible out-of-doors, and in 1837, read his famous treatise before the Helvetic Society of Natural Sciences, assembled at Neuchâtel, in which he expounded for the first time his now very generally accepted glacial theory. Venetz and Charpentier had to some extent paved the way for this announcement; nevertheless, it met with a good deal of opposition. Agassiz determined to place his theory upon indisputable ground by collecting all the necessary facts himself. This was the origin of periodic excursions to the glaciers at Chamonix, Zermatt, and especially to the Aar Gletscher, near the Grimsel Pass. Agassiz was accompanied by Karl Vogt, F. de Pourtalès, and Édouard Desor, while Guyot, Forbes, and others made temporary visits. Desor constituted himself chronicler of their excursions. He has told the story of their hardships and adventures in two books, now somewhat rare, — "Excursions et Séjours dans les Glaciers et les Hautes Régions des Alpes," and "Nouvelles Excursions."

Taking the Grimsel Hospice as a base of supplies, this band of climbing scientists built a hut on the great moraine of the Aar Gletscher, under the shelter of an enormous block of stone. Their temporary home soon became known as the "Hôtel des Neuchâtelois." Thence they could explore the surrounding regions of

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ice and snow at their leisure. The task of measuring the march of the glaciers, and of taking all manner of observations, was divided among them, so that an enormous amount of work was accomplished. The result was Agassiz's "Études sur les Glaciers."

These glacial investigations lasted some eight or nine years, until 1845. Then Agassiz sailed for the United States, and finally made his home permanently at Cambridge, Mass. As early as 1835, he had corresponded with Professor Silliman of Yale College, and in fact had long desired to visit and explore the New World.

His career in America was exceedingly brilliant, and his name stands for everything that is worthiest in the scientific development of that country. From first to last, however, he resolutely rejected the theory of evolution, and clung to the old-fashioned idea of independent creations. When Agassiz died, a block was selected from the many lying on the moraine of the Aar Gletscher to place upon his tomb. It was so monumental in form that not a touch of the hammer was needed to fit it for its purpose.

Arnold Guyot was not the author of any startling, comprehensive theory, nor did his reputation ever attain the splendor of Agassiz's. He was rather an adapter, a generalizer and popularizer of ideas. His name is especially identified with the work of reconciling science with religion, — of establishing friendly relations between the discoveries of modern science and the Bible. This is the task he set himself in his work on "The Earth and Man." As a textbook, his "Physical Geography" is widely known and highly prized. The original work

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that he did in the observation of glaciers went into the "Système Glaciale," in which he collaborated with Agassiz and Desor; so that, on the whole, he is likely to be best known to future generations as a geographer who was able to treat his subject at once accurately and in a popular manner.

THE TINY FARMS OF SWITZERLAND

BY BOYD WINCHESTER

EVERY little scrap of ground is turned to the best account. If a few square yards can anywhere be made or reclaimed, the requisite labor is not grudged. Many of these sturdy people compel an incredibly little spot of ground to yield them enough, and some to spare. This surprising product from a soil, much of it very poor, is due to the perfection of spade-work; each field, or rather patch, has the perfection of shape given to it to facilitate cultivation and drainage. This small cultivator, with only spade in hand, can fertilize the waste and perform prodigies which nothing but love of the land could enable him to accomplish. These peasants have a proverb that "if the plough has a ploughshare of iron, the spade has a point of gold." In the mountainous districts the land is reclaimed by this *petite culture*. In fact, the man makes the very soil. He builds terraces along steep inclines, lining them with blocks of stone, and then packs the earth to them, transforming the mountain and the rock into a little patch where he plants a vine or raises a little oats or maize. Up the heights of rocks which even goats cannot climb, on the very brow of the abyss, the peasant goes, clinging to the precipice with iron crampers on his feet in search of grass. He hangs on the sides of the rocks which imprison the valley and mows down a few tufts of grass from craggy shelves. The hay thus gathered is called *wildheu*, and the reaper *wildheuer*. This

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peasant mountain-mower is essentially *sui generis*. He is accustomed to all the perils of the mountain, and the day before the mowing season begins — a day fixed by communal decree — he bids farewell, perhaps for the last time, to his wife and children. His scythe on his shoulder, armed with his iron-shod stick, provided with his clamp-irons, a cloth or a net rolled up in his bag, he sets out at midnight, in order that the dawn may find him at his work. During the two months of hay-harvest he only goes down to the village three or four times to renew his supply of food or linen. By this hard and perilous occupation an Alpine mower makes from three to five francs a day, his food not included; and many times under some projecting rock he must seek a bed and pass the night. Once dried, this wild hay is carefully gathered into a cloth or net and carried down to the first little plain, where it can be made into a stack, which is loaded with large stones to prevent it being blown away. In winter, when everything is covered with snow, the mower climbs again the perpendicular sides of the mountain, carrying his little wooden sledge on his shoulders. He loads it with hay, seats himself on the front, and shoots down with the swiftness of an arrow. At times, the snow softened by the warm wind which blows upon the heights is detached in an avalanche behind him, and swallows him up before he reaches the valley. This aromatic hay, composed of the nourishing flora of the high Alps, of delicate and succulent plants, of the wild chrysanthemum, the dwarf carline thistle, the red-flowered veronica, the Alpine milfoil with its black calyx, the clover with its great tufts, and the meum, an umbelliferous plant, gives a delicious milk, and is greatly

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sought after for the fattening of cattle. In these steep solitudes where the grass is found, the life of man is so exposed and accidents are so frequent that the law forbids there should be more than one mower in a family. With him it is a fight for life, not infrequently conducted to the death. At all times great charges of wrath hang over him, — a beetling crag, a stream of stones, a cataract of ice, a moving field of snow, the flash that rends his roof, the wind that strips his trees, the flood that drowns his land, against each of these messengers of ill he must hold a separate watch, and must learn to brave each danger when it comes, alike by flush of noon and in the dead of night. The little valley below lies at the mercy of these ice- and storm-engendering heights. Year by year the peasants fight against its being extorted from their dominion. Yet this feeble community in the valley, by their stout hearts and virtuous lives, continue to make it smile on the frowning mountains: —

“Durum! sed levius patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.”

It is a strange and savage reverence which the peasants feel for the mountains. They seem to grow like each other in spirits, even as a man and wife who live in peace grow like each other year by year. With no people is the love of home and the native soil so strongly developed. To return to his village in the midst of his beloved mountains is the constant dream of his life, and to realize it he will endure every privation and bind himself to the hardest and most painful toil. One hope possesses him, — to see again the snows, the glaciers, the lakes, the great oaks, and the familiar pines of his country.

HOW SWITZERLAND DEFENDS HERSELF

BY CLARENCE ROOK

To the Swiss man soldiering is a second nature, for he is caught young and the tradition gets into his blood. At the age of ten he is roped into the gymnastic class at school, and in most of the cantons is taught the elements of drill in the playground. So insistent became the military spirit a few years ago that the boys who strutted about in uniform and pretended to be grown-up soldiers had to be suppressed by special legislation.

But when the boy is seventeen he is liable to service in defense of his country, and the liability is upon him until he is fifty years of age; nor even then does it cease if he be still capable of doing his military duty in any capacity — as baker, veterinary surgeon, or otherwise.

The Federal forces consist of three divisions, corresponding to the divisions of the German army and its reserves. First comes the "Auszug" or "Élite"; next the "Landwehr," or "First Reserve"; then the "Landsturm," or "Second Reserve."

At the age of twenty every able-bodied Swiss youth becomes a member of the Auszug, having passed through his gymnastic course. There are of course exemptions, but the *onus probandi* is on the side of the young man who can do nothing in coöperation with the other young defenders of his country. He may prove that he is under five feet, one and one half inches in height, but he must prove also that he has no special qualifications for

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particular branches of work. If he has the privilege of being born and bred of able body and proper stature in a free country, it is his duty to render himself capable of fighting in defense of that free country should necessity arise. Therefore the Swiss young man accepts the situation. It is no very onerous task after all. The young man must serve for forty-five days during his first year of liability, and that, with all allowances for preparation and return, means but a couple of months, the half of the ordinary Oxford undergraduate's Long Vacation.

When we in England talk of the horrors of universal service and drag in the arguments that are drawn from the compulsory system of France and Germany, we forget the possibility of that citizen army which Switzerland has organized at small sacrifice of money and time. For myself, having seen something of the universal service of France and Germany, I discount the horrors of the system, and welcome the discipline it imposes at the turn of the nation's manhood. Switzerland, however, had made it her endeavor to safeguard her security at the smallest possible expenditure of money and time. The young Swiss of twenty must serve his five-and-forty days in the *Auszug*. After that he remains until he is two-and-thirty years of age in the same category; and it is his duty every other year to put in sixteen days of training. And the young workman, the student, the teacher, the artisan, the waiter who has his brief holiday from the foreign hotel — all of them regard that eight days a year as due tribute to the country of their birth.

I remember the young Swiss waiter in a London restaurant who had attended me many times, and confided to me one evening that he was going for his holiday.

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I inquired as to how he proposed to spend his holiday. "First," he said, "I do my duty."

He meant that his eight days' tribute was due; it was to be duly paid. And you would not recognize that young man as he stands at attention, goes through his drill, which he remembers as a swimmer long out of water remembers how to swim, and lies on his belly behind his native rocks with a rifle in his hands.

Have you ever reflected that the Swiss waiter who serves you in a London restaurant is equally capable of serving you with a bullet if you invade his native land? He is as handy with the rifle as with the napkin.

Until he reaches the age of thirty-two this service is the duty of the young Swiss man. At this stage there are no exemptions but such as are imposed by absolute physical disability or lack of the statutory five feet, one and one half inches in height, and even then the possession of special qualification for special service renders the young man liable for service. It is no excuse that a young man has brothers already in the army, or that he has a widowed mother dependent upon him. The burden, spread over a nation, becomes light enough, and the few days' hard work in camp, on the drill-ground, or upon the hillside are cheerfully borne as part of the day's work of the citizen who has a country worth defending. The Swiss are a nation of soldiers in a sense that applies to none of the European nations, with the possible exception of the hill-men of Montenegro. But the facing of the prospect of personal share in war has become a tradition, and the preparation for warfare is to the Swiss man as natural as the preparation for the cricket-pitch is to the English public-school boy.

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The "Auszug" or the "Élite" of the nation's youth comprises not the whole of the young manhood, as one may imagine. There are the *crétins*, the undersized, the invalids. But something over sixty per cent of the nation's youth pass muster, and become members of the "Auszug," and the levy recently produced 117,179 young men capable of national defense. At the same time the second line, the "Landwehr," produced 84,046. And a couple of hundred thousand from a population of three millions is no bad result.

At the age of thirty-two the Swiss man is by no means quit of his military duty. It lies lightly upon him in times of peace, but he is at call "when the guns begin to shoot." And he must keep his hand in with occasional practice. For at the age of thirty-two he passes into the Landwehr, or First Reserve, and there, until he has completed his forty-fourth year, he remains, still with his duty to the State, but a duty proportioned to his age and personal interests, for a dozen years more. Those who have passed into the Landwehr have to give in every four years nine days of service. And even when he has passed his forty-fourth year the Swiss man does not cease from being a possible soldier.

There is the Landsturm, or Second Reserve, and even the man of fifty knows that in time of need his name is on record, his service can be demanded. Every man indeed from seventeen to fifty is at call of the State, nor indeed is the man of more than fifty exempt if his services are not elsewhere required, or if he is not physically incapable of military service.

At the various stages of life the proper exemptions are allowed; for the civil and religious business of the State

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must go on, even amid the clash of arms. Thus those in the employment of the State, such as railway and steamboat men, hospital officials, and so forth, reach their exemption early. Pastors, doctors, prison, postal, telegraphic officials must obviously carry on their functions undisturbed, and in time of war they would be doing their duty equally with the men in the field. Members of the Federal Council are exempt, but not all the members of the Federal Tribunal. The principle of the Swiss Confederation is that every man shall do his duty towards the defense of the State. And there is one little touch of universality which is a stroke of genius. The man who cannot, for physical reasons, shoulder a rifle or take his part in the field, must pay his scot according to his means. All those who for physical or other reasons are not admitted into the "Auszug" and "Landwehr" must pay, from twenty to thirty-two years of age, a special tax of six francs a head. And if the physically incapable has a private income, he must pay anything up to three thousand francs yearly towards the defense of his country.

It is a cheap army that the Swiss have organized, for it costs much less than two million sterling a year to keep up a fighting force of more than half a million.

Rich and poor serve in the army side by side, and the Swiss system is against any sharp division between the "crack" regiment and another. The placing of the laborer and the professional man side by side makes for the welding of the nation together, and prevents those class-distinctions which in Switzerland are always avoided. There is no picking and choosing in the service, as, for instance, selecting this or that arm as the more fashion-

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able. Each man is placed where he will tell to the best advantage.

The system, too, is territorial. There are eight territorial divisions. Thus the man who is called out for his temporary service finds himself shoulder to shoulder with an old schoolfellow, with a man who may be far wealthier or far poorer than himself, but a man who has to face the same drill sergeant, the same possibilities. . . . There is the making of the citizen army.

Nothing that quite corresponds to Woolwich or Sandhurst or West Point exists in Switzerland, nor is there any such thing as an army "set." Yet there are centers for military instruction, which every one who wishes to become an officer must attend for a definite period of study and practice. Thus at Thun there is a central military college for the instruction of officers of the general grade, and another for regimental officers. At various points there are these schools for departmental work, such as ambulance, artillery, rifle-shooting. But they have this difference from the military colleges of the larger nations, that they are not open continuously, but only at certain periods of the year. . . .

In the time of war or during maneuvers every citizen is expected to provide food and lodging for such a number of soldiers as his dwelling and means allow. Should he prefer not to have soldiers billeted at his house, he is obliged to pay into the army-chest a sum sufficient to provide lodging for them elsewhere. Every householder in Switzerland is informed of the number of men and horses he is expected to receive, and when the annual maneuvers are held in his district, he makes preparation accordingly. By this system the army train is made

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comparatively light, and the mobility of a force greatly increased as the result, for it is only on rare occasions that the troops go under canvas, being billeted, whenever possible, on the inhabitants of near-by towns.

So we have a citizen army, intrenched behind its native rocks, an army which contains every element of the nation, the man of wealth and the peasant standing shoulder to shoulder. In the world there is no such nation in arms; for even in the countries such as Montenegro, where every man is a soldier by birth, not every man has another profession as well. In Switzerland there is scarcely such a being as a soldier by profession. But all men are soldiers whether with muscle and brain or with the contribution that the unfit must provide. In his work, *La Confédération Helvétique*, M. Marsauche says that the Swiss in effect possess the strongest and perhaps the best drilled army among nations of the second rank. At any rate the Swiss army is a cheap investment, in which every Swiss man has his little risk. No man is compelled to spend the crucial years of his life in garrison, with the futile intervals that turn the British soldier when he becomes a reservist into an unskilled laborer, and all that this implies in dirt, discomfort, and dishonor. The Swiss army is absolutely democratic, national; and of all the armies in the world it is surely not only the most efficient of the second rank, but it is the cheapest, in the cost it entails in money or in drain upon national life.

HOW THE SWISS BUILT THE GREATEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

BY FRANCIS FOX

[THERE was no question that a tunnel through the Simplon would be a great advantage; but could it be made? It would have to go through the heart of a mountain from five to seven thousand feet in height; and this would involve difficult questions of ventilation, to say nothing of the heat in which the men would have to work. Some of the rocks were hard, and some were soft. And this tunnel must be twelve and one half miles in length. The Swiss are a careful people. They wanted the tunnel, but they did not want to undertake a plan that could not be carried out. Therefore they consulted three tunnel experts, from Italy, Austria, and England respectively. It was decided that the thing could be done, though with many difficulties to be surmounted. The following account of the making of this tunnel was written by Francis Fox, the tunnel expert named by England.

The Editor.]

THE work went on steadily from both entrances, and consisted of one single line tunnel, with a parallel gallery for the second tunnel running alongside at a distance of about fifty-five feet; cross passages every two hundred and seventeen yards were provided both for purposes of ventilation and for taking in and out the various materials. Most praiseworthy arrangements were made for the care of the men with the view to their suffering no harm from the exposure to Alpine air after working in the heat of the galleries. A large building was fitted up near each entrance, provided with cubicles for dressing, and with

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hot and cold douche baths. At the top of the building steampipes were fixed, and each man was entitled to his own private rope and padlock; this rope passes over a pulley in the roof, and has a hook at the end to which he can attach his day clothes, with his watch, purse, and pipe, and pulling them up by the cord and padlocking it he secures the safety of his belongings. On returning from his work he at once enters this warmed building, has his bath, lowers his clothes, and, hanging his wet mining dress on the hook, raises it to the roof. Here it hangs until he again returns to work, when he finds his clothes dry and warm.

The adoption of the Brandt hydraulic drill not only enables the gallery to be driven at least three times the usual speed, but it avoids the creation of dust, which in mining is so productive of miner's phthisis. Not a single instance of this fell disease has occurred during the work, and although a well-appointed hospital was provided at each end of the tunnel, the beds were generally empty.

At a distance of two and one half miles from Iselle a great subterranean river was met with in September, 1901, which caused serious delay, and for a period of six months the total advance was only forty-six meters.¹ The difficulties at this point were such as in the hands of men of less determination might have resulted in the abandonment of the undertaking. Not only was it necessary to close-timber the gallery on both sides, and also at the top and floor, with the heaviest baulks of square pitch pine twenty inches thick, but when these were crushed into splinters and the gallery completely blocked with their wreckage, steel girders were adopted,

¹ A meter is equivalent to 39.37 inches.

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only in their turn to be distorted and bent out of shape. It seemed as if no available material could be found which would stand the enormous pressure of the rocks, until steel girders, forming a square placed side by side (the interstices being filled with cement concrete) resisted the load. Fortunately the "bad ground" only extended for a distance of about fifty yards, but it cost nearly £1000 per yard to overcome this difficulty, and required the encasement of the tunnel at this point on sides, floor, and arch with granite masonry, eight feet six inches in thickness.

Meanwhile the progress at the Brigue side was good, and the miners reached the half-way boundary and then began to encounter great heat from both rock and springs. It was a curious experience to insert one's arm into a bore-hole in the rock and to find it so hot as to be unbearable; the maximum heat then encountered was 131° F. But now a fresh difficulty presented itself, as in order to save time it was desirable to commence driving *down*-hill to meet the miners coming *up*-hill from Italy, and thus the very problem which the ascending gradients had been provided to avoid had to be faced. As the gallery descended the hot springs followed, and the boring machines and the miners were standing in a sea of hot water; this for a time was pumped out by centrifugal pumps over the apex of the tunnel, but at last, and while there yet remained some three or four hundred yards to be penetrated, it was found impossible to continue going downhill.

Nevertheless time had to be saved, and as the height of the heading was only some seven feet while that of the finished tunnel was twenty-one feet, it was decided to

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continue to drive the gallery forward, on a slightly rising gradient, until it reached the top of the future tunnel. After seven hundred and two feet had thus been driven, the hot springs proved so copious that work had to cease, and an iron door, which had been fixed in the heading some two or three hundred yards back, was finally closed, and the gallery *filled* with hot water. Advance now could only be made from the Italian "face," but even there the difficulties from hot water were very great, so much so that for a time one of the galleries had to be abandoned and access obtained to it by driving the parallel gallery ahead and then returning and taking the hot springs in the rear. The only way in which these hot springs, sometimes as high as 125° F., could be grappled with was by throwing jets of cold water under high pressure into the fissures, and thus diluting them down to a temperature which the miners could stand.

At the right moment, at 7 A.M. on February 24, 1905, a heavy charge was exploded in the *roof* of the Italian heading, which blew a hole into the *floor* of the Swiss gallery and released the impounded hot water. It was here that a truly sad incident occurred; two visitors to the tunnel, who, it appears, had entered the gallery with a desire to witness the actual junction, were overcome by the heat and probably the carbonic-acid gas from the pent-up hot water, and died.

By means of jets and spray of high-pressure cold water the air of the tunnel is reduced many degrees in temperature, and it is very noticeable how rapidly the heat of the rocks cools off when the gallery has been driven past them.

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On April 2, 1905, the visitors and officials from the Italian side, traveling in a miner's train, arrived within two hundred and fifty yards of the "Porte de fer," in the middle of the mountain, six miles or more from either entrance, and completed their journey on foot up to that point. Meanwhile the officials and visitors from the Swiss entrance had traveled up to the other side of the door. At the right moment this was opened by Colonel Locher-Freuler, and the two parties met and fraternized, embracing one another. A religious dedication service, conducted by the Bishop of Sion, was then held on the spot, and the Divine blessing was invoked on the tunnel, the officials, the workmen, and the trains, and touching reference was made to those who had lost their lives in the execution of this great work — some forty or fifty in number. Thus was the "Fête de Percement" of the greatest tunnel in the world celebrated.

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