Reminiscences of Newell Sill Jenkins
Reminiscences

of

Newell Sill Jenkins

Princeton

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Of this book only forty copies have been printed in December, 1924
MY DEAR CHILDREN: It is with many misgivings that I offer to you this little book, which your father attempted to prepare for you in response to your often expressed wish that he should record for you some of the experiences of his life. No one could be more aware than was he of the incompleteness and imperfections of this work. It was his intention to alter it materially before it should come into your hands. Had time and strength been granted him, much here written would have been discarded, much new material would have been added and the whole subjected to careful revision. He laboured under the disadvantages of failing health and of separation from memoranda which would have greatly aided him in recalling and describing earlier years. Often he mentioned to me that he purposely postponed touching upon many experiences, because he confidently anticipated being in a position to do this more satisfactorily. This explanation will account for the omissions, many of which you will perceive and deeply regret, and for a certain carelessness in writing not characteristic of your father. I do not wish to correct or change his manuscript in any way, but prefer to confide it as it is to the comprehending indulgence of his children, for whom alone it was written, and to whom it will be a precious legacy.

Your devoted mother,

CLARA ELIZABETH JENKINS
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Reminiscences of
Newell Sill Jenkins
LONG ago I promised my dear children to write for them reminiscences of my life. To-day I commence this otherwise pleasant task at a time when a terrible war is convulsing Europe, threatening to destroy much of the precious fruit of our hardly won civilization, together with the lives of unnumbered innocent men, who have been called to arms or in other ways fallen victims to relentless militarism.

It was my intention to begin this work during the coming winter, which we had hoped to spend in Rome, but now, being isolated from the world in our beloved Thorwald, although greatly comforted by the companionship of Leslie and Nora with their sweet baby daughter, Chloe, I feel the necessity of commencing at once, that I may have a constant source of distraction of mind during a time when one is impelled to think only of this great war and the awful sacrifices which it demands.

I was born at Falmouth, Barnstable County, Massachusetts, on December 29, 1840.

This town was settled in 1660 by fourteen English families coming from Barnstable. Some of them, probably all, had been resident for some years at Barn-
stable, but they appear to have been chiefly descendants of men of Kent who had joined the Puritan movement in the previous century and had either come from the English exiles of the Congregational faith in Holland, or directly from England, to found a New England in the New World.

Among them was our direct ancestor, John Jenkins; also Isaac Robinson, the direct ancestor of my grandmother, Elizabeth Robinson. Isaac Robinson was the son of the Pastor of the Pilgrims at Leyden, Holland. His father, the Reverend John Robinson, originated the expedition of the *Mayflower.* He was the most enlightened and most generous Reformer of his time. He wrote for the *Mayflower* Pilgrims a code of rules to govern their conduct in their new settlement. The spirit of these rules survived in the colonial government, triumphed in the constitution of Massachusetts, and finally pervaded the Constitution of the United States, which has been called “the noblest of political documents.”

John Jenkins, from whom I am descended in the seventh generation, seems to have come from a well-known family in Kent. The family coat of arms which used to hang in my father’s library, I had always supposed to have come down from him. This coat of arms was probably burned in a fire which destroyed Uncle

*See Appendix, notes 1 and 2.
James's house, to which it seems various family heirlooms had been sent after our home in Bangor had been broken up. Some years ago I asked the Heralds office in London to look it up and they sent me what seems to be our crest, harking back to the fourteenth century. The motto, *Perge sed Caute*, is applicable to members of our clan now as then. It seems, however, that we must have been originally Welsh, for Jenkins is a Welsh name and the family has always possessed the Welsh temperament and features.

In this connection I am reminded of an incident which occurred at Thorwald some seventeen years ago. We were giving a dance and among the guests was Dr. Giles, an English physician who was very fond of field sports. He did not know that I had a son, and when Leonard, who had arrived that day from America, came somewhat late into the ballroom, he went up and clapped him on the shoulder and called out: "How are you, Bandy Jenkins!" As I then came up and introduced Leonard, he said to him, seeing his mistake: "But you are the living image of a man named Jenkins with whom I rode to hounds all the last season in Wales." We then had a good chat upon the subject of heredity and I found Dr. Giles's friend was a Welshman whose people had always lived in Wales.

I was reminded of a man to whom I was introduced (5)
at the Anglo-American Club one day, who said he didn't need to be told my name was Jenkins, and that he could tell at once that I came from Barnstable County in Massachusetts, because he was the state genealogist and knew the characteristics of nearly all the families of the first settlers. And, since we are upon this subject, I would add that one evening when we were dining at the Stockhausens', the baroness showed us a photograph of the effigy of an ecclesiastic and asked us who it was. We immediately said it perfectly resembled her husband, our host. Then she told us it was the photograph of the recently discovered tomb of an abbot of his family, who died five hundred years ago.

Falmouth was a typical New England town. Its founders were deeply religious people, who had sacrificed property, home and all that ordinarily makes life sweet, to find a place for themselves where they might establish both a free church and a free state. They began by purchasing the land they desired from the Indians, and treated them so justly that they never went upon the warpath nor caused their white friends any serious trouble. Indeed, down to my father’s time, the diminishing descendants of these tribes from whom the lands were bought kept up friendly relations with the whites and occasionally for a short time, until the wild instinct reasserted itself, they would even serve
in my grandmother's family. I remember hearing my mother say that when she came as a bride to my father's house she was at first surprised and alarmed to find Indians upon such familiar terms with the family. She came from Connecticut, where relations with the Indians had been less peaceful than upon Cape Cod, from a locality where indeed there were traditions of awful massacres and savage wars. She had also been more tenderly bred than was the case with the inhabitants of the seacoast of Massachusetts.

Only a hardy and adventurous people could have established a flourishing colony in this inhospitable country, possessed of a reluctant soil and where the early settlements were nearly surrounded by a boisterous ocean. But these ancestors of ours were not only of an intrepid spirit; they were also inspired by a great purpose. Courage and endurance were mere incidents in their character, the foundation of which was laid in faith in God and in love of liberty. For the better part of a century, the home government left them alone, and this gave them time to establish civil and social conditions upon which the whole fabric of American civilization has been erected. As yet neither the two conflicts with the mother country, nor the terrible Civil War, nor the growth of wealth, power and luxury and of much undesirable immigration has been able seriously to change these conditions. It is for you
to do your part in handing them down to your successors unaltered, save for improvement upon the same lines, that this may ever be one great nation, in which civil and religious liberty and equal rights before the law prevail as naturally and healthfully as the shining of the sun.

My earliest recollections of Falmouth are of a community in which a deeply religious spirit prevailed, combined with a great love of adventure. For the first two centuries after the landing of the Pilgrims, the inhabitants of New England not only felled forests and tilled the soil, but they also found scope for their unbounded energies in following the sea, producing a race of hardy sailor men the like of which the world has scarcely seen. Those who were well-to-do built ships as a good investment, and those less blessed with property manned them. They were engaged in foreign trade and in the whale fishery, this latter being the nursery of many daring spirits. My childhood was tinctured with the flavour of the sea. In almost every family prayers were daily said for "those that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters." The town was full of foreign curiosities and the talk of successful or disastrous voyages was upon all lips. It was customary, especially in fitting out a ship for the whale fishery in the Pacific Ocean, to appoint a captain when the keel was laid; he in turn selected his
officers and crew. They all knew each other and were on terms of equality when on land, but once at sea, admirable discipline reigned. The captain was king and was implicitly obeyed. In the whale fishery it was customary not only to pay the officers and men, but to give to every one, from the captain to the cabin boy, an interest in the profits of the voyage, and this gave them an especial inducement to work well together. Those people learned to love and trust the sea.

My father used to tell of a friend and his wife who, before the day of railroads, came driving from Boston to Falmouth to make him a visit. This, upon such roads as then existed, required several days’ time and, after the hospitable custom of the country, the travellers were always welcomed at any house where it suited their convenience to stay, for stranger was then a sacred name. One day they stopped for dinner at a handsome farmhouse, where an elderly dame was living alone with her domestics. They asked her, after a time, if she had no children to abide with her. She replied: “Yes, I have seven sons, but they are all at sea.” “Don’t you feel lonely without them?” “O yes, I used to think that I wanted one of them to stay at home with me, and when my youngest son came back from his last voyage, I asked him to stay. He was a good boy and remained with me, but after a time I began to worry for fear a horse might kick him to death, or
some other accident happen, so I begged him to go to sea again, and now I know he is safe."

Which reminds me that, after I had been a member of the French Automobile Club at Paris for some time, I read one day on the bulletin board that statistics showed that during the past year there had been a greater number of deaths in France from horses than from automobile accidents.

There used to be with us a story of a captain of a whaler who was, even for his time, a very pious man. His ship had been out for a long time without sighting a whale. At last, on a Sunday morning, when the crew was assembled for service, the lookout cried: "There she blows!" Instantly the boats were manned and the crews raced each other for the whale. The boat which first arrived had an experienced old harpooner at the bow, who struck with his usual skill, but, in the excitement, forgot to care for his line sufficiently, and as it swiftly ran out when the great creature dived, the rope caught the harpooner and carried him deep into the bosom of the ocean. The line was quickly cut and the boat cruised about until, at last, the body came to the surface and was taken on board the ship. After long efforts, the man was resuscitated, and afterwards the captain, whose conscience pricked him for permitting work on the Sabbath day, thought he would improve the occasion and solemnly asked:
"John, of what did you think as you were about being whirled into Eternity?" "Well, Cap'n, I—I thought she'd turn out about a hundred barreler."

From the beginning, your forefathers were men of note in their little community. During the Revolutionary War, Falmouth, as might have been expected from its origin, was devotedly patriotic.

Here I quote from some lectures, written and delivered by my father Charles Weston Jenkins in 1843 upon the "Early History of Falmouth":

Following these simple records of our ancestors we have approached to the borders of that time that "tried men's souls." We look upon these almost obliterated records of our fathers, we read of their anxiety, of their frequent meetings, and of their solemn resolves, and all shows that something portentous and fearful is at hand. What means this note of preparation? Why these storehouses of provisions, why is the youth of sixteen and the sire of threescore furnished with the weapons of death? We are on the eve of the Revolution, we are almost at the commencement of that mighty struggle that freed our fathers from the oppressions of the old world and which enabled them to bequeath to us, their descendants, the precious legacy, more precious than all that silver or gold could procure, that of civil freedom and religious liberty.

My great-grandfather, John Jenkins, being too much needed at home to go in person, sent, as I have heard from my father, a substitute into the revolutionary army. I suspect this substitute was his negro
slave. Slavery, but of a rather mild character, existed in colonial times in Massachusetts. I remember a copy of a Boston newspaper of this period, carefully preserved in a tin cylinder in my father’s library. It contained, among much else of interest, an advertisement, illustrated by a rude cut, of a fleeing negro with a pack on his shoulder, and a reward was offered for the capture of a “runaway boy.” Many references have been made by the French officers who came with Lafayette and Rochambeau to the prevalence of an American custom through which a patriot who was, for any reason, unable himself to serve, sent a slave to represent him in the Revolutionary Army. These negroes served in the ranks and were mixed indiscriminately with white men. I cannot remember in any of these passages, which I read long ago, a single unfavourable foreign comment either upon the fidelity or the valour of these black soldiers.

My grandfather, Weston Jenkins, was captain of the Falmouth Artillery Company during the War of 1812 and distinguished himself by capturing a well-armed privateer which wrought much harm to American Commerce. The Retaliation, as she was named, had been an American vessel, the Revenge, which was captured by the British, refitted in Halifax, and cleared as a British privateer from Liverpool, N. S., on September 30, 1814. She was known along the ( 12 )
coasts she harried, as "the Liverpool packet." She had a crew of twenty-seven men, and carried five guns, one long twelve-pounder, one long six-pounder and three carronades.

She left Long Island Sound on October twentieth and was seen coming up Vineyard Sound late in the afternoon of the twenty-eighth and went to Tarpaulin Cove, off Naushon, for the night.

The night was overcast and it was proposed, in Falmouth village, to try to capture or destroy her.

A drum and fife brought volunteers and Captain Weston Jenkins was chosen commander of the expedition. On the sloop Two Friends, they sailed to Naushon and into the cove, two men working the vessel and the rest lying flat on the deck.

They planned to run alongside and board her, but when a quarter of a mile away the wind fell flat and the Retaliation, at the same time, fired across her bows, they sent twelve men in the long boat to take her. As this boat ranged alongside, Captain Jenkins stamped his foot and all his crew appeared with weapons ready.

The British officer drew his pistol on the captain, but was told that if a man of them stirred they should all go to the bottom.

He threw up his hands and came on board with his men.
When they were secured, the *Two Friends* crew got out their sweeps, a light breeze came up and they quickly got alongside the *Retaliation* and rushed her without the loss of a man.

When wind and tide served they worked the *Two Friends* and her prize to the eastward, and about ten o’clock appeared to the anxious watchers off Nobska Point. One gun was fired, a preconcerted arrangement, to announce the capture with no loss.

The men of the *Retaliation* were marched through the town and on to Boston as prisoners.

Years later, the captain of the *Retaliation*, meeting a Falmouth man said,

“That Yankee captain played me a d——d sharp trick, but he treated me like a gentleman.”

My grandfather retained from the privateer as his share only the table service of glass, of which the last remaining claret cup was given by Cousin Edward to my grandson, John Francis Jenkins, upon the occasion of his baptism.

It was this act and the refusal to deliver up the captured vessel and guns which led to the bombardment of Falmouth in 1814. My father was then only seven years old, but he remembered being hurried off into the forest, well out of range, with women and children. My grandfather had asked for a delay of the attack in which the non-combatants could be removed. This ( 14 )
was granted, but my grandmother, Elizabeth Jenkins, descendant of John Robinson, Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers at Leyden, insisted upon staying, with her domestics, and cooking for the men who were lying in the trenches. I believe a cannon-ball touched the old homestead, but did no serious harm and in no wise disturbed the serenity of its inmates.

My dear mother was also descended from one of the early New England families. She and her sister, Eliza Bishop, were left orphans when children. Their grandparents, Dr. Mark Newell, a beloved physician in Connecticut, and Phebe Newell, daughter of Reverend Elijah Sill, cared for and educated them and my mother named me Newell Sill in memory of the two families from which she immediately sprang. She and her sister, who died in her girlhood, were noted beauties and were as lovely in character as in person.

Your own mother, Clara Elizabeth Upton, comes from the well-known British family of that name. To quote from the Upton Memorial:

The earliest Uptons known to us belonged to the ranks of the lesser nobility, a class which, in later days, was popularly styled "the gentry." Nor have their descendants lost their relative importance in the mother country. While cadet branches have undoubtedly sunk to the grade of yeomen, in every generation the heads of several families have ranked socially with the first gentlemen in Europe, and the Uptons have produced their full quota of scholars, public men and soldiers of high
rank. In America, where wealth and birth have had less influence and primogeniture none, their history has not been widely different. During the last seventy-five years, many of them have acquired great wealth in mercantile, manufacturing and financial careers, and others have achieved distinction in the professions, in public life, as scholars and as soldiers, playing a prominent part in every scene of mental or physical activity in the history of their country and leaving a record upon local and national annals of which any family might well be proud.

Your great-grandfather, Elias Upton, was a graduate of Harvard. He was a man of quiet temperament and scholarly tastes and found a congenial occupation as principal of the Academy of Bucksport, Maine. This was then an important institution, in which both boys and girls were fitted for college or could carry on their education further than was practicable in the common schools. His was a life of great usefulness and he was widely respected and beloved. He and his beautiful and accomplished wife, although by no means rich, were very hospitable and had the pleasant custom of having extra places set at table in case some theological students from Bangor might chance to come in or any other of their intimates who knew the habits of the house.

Your maternal great-grandfather, Joseph Robinson Folsom (1788–1854), was a prosperous merchant at Bucksport, which was open to navigation through the entire year; while Bangor, eighteen miles away, was
closed for many months by ice. In the days when there was no comprehensive railroad system this was a matter of consequence, from which Mr. Folsom profited substantially, as he owned and chartered many ships. He was, like your other forebears, of good old English stock, being descended from John Folsom, who came from Hingham, England, to settle Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1658. He married Elizabeth Windship. Her father, your great-great-grandfather, Amos Windship (1745–1811) was educated at Harvard, graduating in 1771. He was a physician, practising in Boston; but when the Revolutionary War broke out, he became surgeon on the United States frigate Alliance of the squadron of Paul Jones and remained in the service until the end of the war, in 1783. Then he went to England and became a member of the London Medical Society and was appointed a corresponding Fellow, after which he resumed his practice in Boston. This indicates that the charitable mantle of medicine was relatively as broad then as now.

The Folsoms, like the Uptons, kept open house, but on a much larger scale, since they received a far wider circle. Sea captains, merchants, clergy and professional men were likely to be touching elbows at their table at any time. Your mother remembers from her early childhood with what a kindly spirit her grandmother Folsom used to care for the numerous Penobscot
Indians, who came often in these days to Bucksport and frequented her kitchen, in full confidence that they would be always welcome.

I have been thus particular in setting down your ancestry, because, in the busy age in which you live and with many million representatives, recently arrived in America, of races with which we have at first little in common, you may perhaps otherwise not concern yourselves as to whence you came, nor sufficiently realize the importance and responsibilities of your birthright.

It is not possible to have more worthy and honourable ancestors. I trust that their virtues, courage, piety, unselfishness, their unfaltering faith in the power of knowledge, wisdom, patience and love to secure at last the welfare of all mankind, may characterize you and your descendants to remotest generations.

My earliest recollections are connected with life in Falmouth. Ours was an hospitable house. There was a large family relationship and, besides these, there were frequent guests.

My father especially enjoyed the society of clergymen, and the Reverend Dr. Hooker, who was then our pastor, and who subsequently became Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, in which position he did the world great ( 18 )
service, was frequently with us. He was a man of
great dignity, and yet the spirit of kindliness was so
evident in his features and speech, that I was never
overawed in his presence, as were often many older
and wiser persons. I loved to imitate his pulpit ges-
tures and speech, but I recollect how my conscience
reproached me when I once told to him my first de-
liberate untruth. He often encouraged me to prattle
with him and, upon this occasion, longing to gain his
admiration, I told him that I had jumped upon a cer-
tain white cow’s back and ridden her from the pasture
to the stable. Then, for the first time, I made ac-
quaintance with sin; for having, even at this tender
age, heard much of the awful wickedness of breaking
the moral law, after the Puritan tone of that time, I
suffered tortures of remorse and feared that mine was
surely a lost soul.

But I must have easily recovered, for later, when a
special dinner was to be given, from which, to my
chagrin, I was to be excluded, I revenged myself by
purloining the soup spoons and plunging them down
the well. My dear mother, who had had sad experi-
ence of my infant depravity, suspected my agency as
soon as she heard that the spoons were missing and at
once asked me where I thought they were. I told her I
had seen the Reverend Dr. Hooker take them and
throw them down the well, and volunteered to show
her just how he did it. I think Peter Schomaker, the negro boy whom my grandfather had brought from Mexico, fished them out, and thus one part of my story was shown to be true. I could not decide, however, whether my escape from punishment was due to the convincing nature of that fact, or to some internal force from which my mother was suffering, but I know that her sweet face expressed a variety of emotions, none of which seemed tragic. I remember surreptitiously hearing her relate, with much enjoyment—for children then as now often heard much which was not intended for them—how Newell Sill would don part of his father's raiment and come stalking into the room where she might be engaged in household cares and say, in his father's voice, "Come Phebe, let's have family prayers," and also many other pranks with which I seem to have shocked and cheered the household.

Fortunately a spirit of humour, as well as of affection, pervaded the family, since otherwise the conditions of life would have been too serious. Thoughts, words and deeds were judged from the standpoint of ecclesiasticism. It is not surprising that the Puritans, having endured such trials for their faith, having left houses and lands and friends and all they knew of an old and precious civilization to find a home in the wilderness, and having made that home secure from foes
without and full of promise of an unlimited growth within, should come to be greatly influenced by the harsh as well as by the gentle aspects of their religion.

For among them religion was the chief concern of life. The pious people of my childhood believed in a just God, who punished iniquity, transgression and sin in this world and in the next. The Bible provided the only infallible rule of faith and conduct, and each sect believed that it alone possessed the true interpretation, especially in minor matters. The whole community engaged in discussion of theological questions, and obscure points were often argued, even by scantily educated people, with much fervour and ingenuity. The great business of life was, first to save one’s own soul through repentance towards an offended God and through faith in the sacrifice for sin made by his divine Son, and then to save the souls of others. The Old Testament had a great influence upon the Puritans, who drew a parallel between their history and that of the Jews. In my childhood the spirit of the Jewish Sabbath rather than of the Christian Sunday prevailed, all amusements and, so far as possible, all domestic occupations being discontinued. I can remember how I inwardly resented a reproof for picking a few flowers on Sunday and of being obliged to attend Sunday morning service when almost an infant and to keep quiet during an hour-long sermon.
In those early years I cultivated a habit of inattention and of wandering thought, the pernicious consequences of which have followed me all my life long. I was an imaginative child and it was after a time easy for me to indulge in day dreams during the whole of a long service; but I was often reproved and I fear as often regarded as a child of sin, because I could so seldom remember the text or anything of the service, except occasionally some peculiarity of the minister or an incident like the entry upon a summer day, when the church doors were left open, of a dog looking for his master; or experiencing a wild delight because of seeing some equally undevout boy adroitly concealing a small pet in his pocket. I believe flying squirrels, which sleep during the day, were favourites for such purposes.

It was by no means a religion altogether of gloom. But those who preached of righteousness and judgment to come felt deeply their responsibility to God and man, and really believed, as ecclesiastics have professed to believe under all creeds and in all ages, that their offices were of supreme importance and should take precedence of all else. Added to this conviction, was the honoured social position held by the New England clergy. They were usually the best educated people in the community, where learning was esteemed and piety reverenced, and they were natural
leaders in every good word and work. But, because of their office and position, they were invested with a dignity and importance which set them apart and kept them from a near intimacy with common affairs, which did not diminish, but rather increased, their influence.

It was delightful to see such men unbend and show their lovable human qualities, as they did in my father's genial society. Nothing could resist his cheerfulness and good temper and, although he was himself deeply religious, he had a breadth of mind and a range of spiritual and intellectual sympathies, together with a lively sense of humour, which made his companionship very attractive.

There were three brothers in the family, John, Charles and James. My grandfather, Weston Jenkins, died when John, the eldest, had not completed his education, and thus he became at an early age the head of the family in his father's place. An intimate affection and a beautiful spirit of mutual helpfulness prevailed among all the eight children, and especially the three brothers stood by each other and cared for their sisters in all the ways of life with a devotion and cheerful self-sacrifice such as I have never seen equalled. The brothers became excellent men of business, as distinguished for their high sense of honour as for their ability. John was president of the Falmouth bank and
his knowledge of finance was very useful to his brothers, who also profited by obtaining loans from the bank and distributing its notes where they carried on business. In those days there were no national banks, and private banks found it to their advantage to have their notes widely distributed, since they then came back less rapidly for redemption. I believe it was the custom to make payments in Falmouth in notes of a Bangor bank for distribution in Massachusetts and to receive loans from the Falmouth bank in notes to be distributed in Maine.

I remember something of the inconvenience of imperfect postal service before the advent of the postage stamp and of the system of registering letters and packages of value. Letters to and from Falmouth were irregular in delivery and, when they contained money in bank notes, as was often the case when Uncle James and my father were in business in Bangor, there was much anxiety until a letter returned telling of their arrival.

One day father gave me a package of letters to take to the post-office, not telling me that one of them contained a considerable amount of money in bank notes. I thought that I had mailed all the letters, but some time afterward, when I had almost forgotten the circumstance, my father called me into his office and asked me to relate exactly what I did with those
letters. I assured him that I had carefully mailed them all; and then he told me that one of them which contained money had never reached its destination and it was to be supposed that I had lost it on the way to the post. There was no well-organized police in those days at Bangor, although it was greatly needed, for the town was rather a wild place, but a kind of order was kept by a few constables, of whom a shrewd character named Simon Walker was chief. He was called in and at once said if the money had been lost in the streets, he could quickly find it; and sure enough, in a few days he brought it nearly all back with the letter. He called it a very simple case. He knew the whole community and only needed to inquire who among the poor people had been spending money freely at this time. The labouring Irish all were herded together in one part of the town and he quickly found that a poor Irish woman had been very free with sums of money too large for a person in her condition. So at once he taxed her with having the letter and she admitted that her little boy had found it and given it to her. She kept it for a while, not daring to use it immediately, but at last, since the loss was not advertised, she began to spend it and hadn’t got very far with it when the dreaded constable “fixed her with his glittering eye.” He advised my father not to prosecute the poor ignorant woman, to whom the tempta-
tion had been very great and who would not again be likely to go wrong after such a fright as he had given her, nor to demand back the money she had spent and could not possibly repay, and my father gladly consented. In those primitive days constables and private citizens had more liberty of action than is now the case and no one then would have thought of calling such an affair by so dread a name as "compounding a felony" or of regarding the actors as debauching society.
WHEN I was five years of age, my father, taking his family, went to Bangor, to go into business with his brother James. I can remember the parting, when all the members of the family had assembled at the old homestead to say farewell. The Reverend Dr. Hooker solemnly prayed for the welfare of the beloved friends going into what was then a far country, and we took our journey, which then required some days by land and sea, to our destination. I recollect my first glimpse of the Penobscot River from the top of a stagecoach. Its clear waters, seen from a rift in the hills, reflected the brilliant sunshine of an early summer day and, for the first time, I was aware that the world was beautiful. From that moment on, all through my long life, light, form, and above all colour in natural scenery have been to me a deep delight.

We arrived in Bangor to find a temporary home in the family of Uncle James, who was living in a handsome mansion which contained room enough for us all. We were five; my father and mother, my two elder sisters, Emily Hart and Eliza Bishop, and myself; and as there were in Uncle James’s family three children corresponding to our ages, we were all very merry and happy together. Uncle James was in the full tide of
well-deserved prosperity in the lumber business, into whose mysteries my father was to be initiated. He at once bought a large lot of land opposite to Uncle James’s home and built upon it a modest but comfortable and beautifully situated house. It excited comment that my father insisted upon having a bathroom in his house, for Bangor was at that time a sort of frontier town and had little sympathy with personal luxury. As the art of plumbing was little understood and really hot water rarely obtainable, I, being very susceptible to cold, scarcely regarded its use as a mere luxury.

Uncle James was a true hero. He had led a very adventurous life, in which he displayed great courage and resource, and was of so high a spirit that no disaster, of which many occurred, could long depress him. At fourteen years of age, he entreated his father to let him go to sea. His father, Weston Jenkins, who was a man of great energy and strong character and had been himself a sea captain for many years, at last promised to permit him to go if after two years of study he should have prepared himself properly. Accordingly the boy worked hard at his studies and when he could claim his father’s fulfilment of his promise, he refused to go in any ship in which the family was interested, but went to New York to ship for himself and make his own way in the world. At

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twenty years of age, as was the case with his father before him, he became the captain of a ship, and, also like his father, kept himself pure and brave, honourable and generous to the end of his varied and useful career.

Leonard will perhaps remember a voyage to America we made with him in 1873, when Leonard was five years old. Uncle James, hearing I was going home for a visit, wrote me from Italy, where he was spending the winter, asking me to arrange to sail on a ship of the White Star Line sailing in May from Liverpool, upon which he had taken passage. Of course I was delighted to change my plans for the pleasure of crossing with him, and we all met in Liverpool. Nora, being a baby, was carried by her nurse in a basket, but Leonard, who had his first pair of high boots, considered himself already a man and, so soon as he was fit, used to walk the deck between Uncle James and me with a mimic swing to his step which showed him to be a chip of the old block.

Uncle James, like many men who have succeeded in accomplishing results through the exercise of high qualities, had great faith in his good luck. In writing to me to delay my sailing so we could go with him, he said if we sailed with him we should have the finest weather we ever saw at sea. It was indeed a remarkably fine spring voyage, and every morning as we met
upon the sunny deck, he would say: “Didn’t I tell you so, boy, didn’t I tell you so!”

The agent of the White Star Line was very deferential to my uncle and took great pains to explain the principles of the construction of the new ship, which was then the largest and most speedy of its class; but he seemed to think the limit of profitable size had been reached. Uncle asked him one day, how long the voyage would be. He answered: “If the captain does not reach New York on such a day, he had better never show his face in this office again!” at which my uncle showed me by a glance what reckless talk he thought that to be. It made so unpleasant an impression upon me that I never thought of sailing on that line again; and when the awful tragedy of the Titanic occurred, the memory of that morning’s conversation came vividly back to me after all the intervening years.

The recollection of those early years in Bangor is pleasant. Both my own dear mother and the wife of Uncle James were named Phebe—our ancestors used the orthography of the Bible and omitted the classical diphthong in writing this name—and so, among the elder members of the family they were called Phebe-Charles and Phebe-James. A sister of Aunt Phebe was the wife of Mr. Sydney Howard and they lived in the next house to Uncle James.
In those days journeying was adventurous business, and therefore when visitors came they made long and far more intimate visits than in our days, which are so full of variety in both duties and pleasures. In one of the three houses almost always, and sometimes in all of them at once, would be visitors, who often stayed for weeks or even months, and as I remember it, their society never became stale.

People were thoughtful in those days. They laid little stress upon accomplishments in educational plans, but were very solicitous to have children well grounded in serious studies. I was at once sent to a public primary school, which I thought great fun, for there I met a lot of boys with whom elsewhere I was not allowed to associate. The principal instructor was a majestic woman, Mrs. Thayer, who seemed to me a sort of goddess, having an air of command and speaking the sort of language to which I was accustomed but which was almost an unknown tongue to many of the school children. I had been taught my letters only a short time before at home, and when, one morning, I was given a book and told to put the letters into words and for the first time read a sentence by myself, I remember the thrill of delight which ran through all my being. The words were: "The sun is up." The sun was indeed up for me, for in an instant I was ushered into a new and wonderful world, full of light and
beauty and music. I went home in an exalted condition, as if walking on air, but I could tell no one what I felt or of what I was dreaming. Indeed even now, in my old age, I can scarcely confess what books, especially imaginative literature, have meant to me; it seems almost like violating a confidence.

I grew up with two separate natures, one that of the natural, ingenuous child, fond of companionship and sport, with a lively tendency to mischief, and the other solemn, secret, mystic, leading me to forget all other duties and enjoyments in the society of my beloved books. Some of them I hid, for the rare delight of reading them by stealth. Fortunately, the literature of that time was good. It was chiefly English, American literature being scarcely born. The first novel I read was: "The Scottish Chiefs." I was too young to understand it very well, but the sonorous language sounded to me like the surge of the ocean. I remember how, for a long time, I went about the house quoting to myself, "And the ponderous battle-axe, falling with the weight of fate, cleft the uplifted target in twain." I read, as time went on, everything in my father's library, except the theological and religious books, for which I had a deep distaste, aside from "Pilgrim's Progress" and other allegorical works, but I seldom dared to speak of the effect these books had upon me. There was a sympathetic woman who
used to come to sew for my mother at stated times and to her I used privately to repeat passages from some of the tragedies I read and, whatever impression it may have made upon her, it afforded me great delight, for I thought she appreciated their beauty. But one evening my father asked me to declaim something to Uncle James and, instead of choosing any of the ordinary pieces, I began to repeat some absurd verses from Willis which I had just read. They began: “They may talk of love in a cottage, and bowers of trellised vine,” etc. One of my sisters, seeing how ridiculous it was for such a mite of a child to be soberly repeating these silly verses, laughed; upon which I rushed from the room in a passion of weeping that any bit of my beloved poetry should excite ridicule, and determined never, never again to let any one know how precious my private reading was to me. Dear, kindly Uncle James followed me after a time and took me in his arms and comforted me, telling me how he often as a boy declaimed to his father and how it distressed him if any one failed to appreciate his eloquence, until I became normal again and came out of my world of dreams.

Uncle James, like my dear father, was very fond of children, and they all understood and loved him. How often have I sat on his knee or lain on the carpet at his feet, listening to his unfailing store of tales of his
adventures and wondering if there had ever been another man so brave and fortunate. Good fortune he had indeed a way of compelling and, when bad luck came, he laughed at the jade and began to conquer her afresh. I remember witnessing, when I must have been about eight years old, the dramatic loss of one of his fortunes, of which he made three in his lifetime.

He had a great quantity of lumber and logs on the Penobscot River, the product of his extensive timber lands, when a fearful jam of ice occurred in the spring at the narrows below Bangor. The water was held back by this obstruction and the ice was packed in enormous blocks between Bangor and Brewer, especially about the great covered bridge. One evening we were all looking from the windows of my father’s house upon this wild scene, when suddenly the jam below broke and the bridge, lifted bodily from its piers, seemed to hover for an instant unsupported in the air and then fell with a great crash into the rushing waters and the crushing ice below. In that wild outpouring of the pent-up waters and ice, every stick of timber in the booms was carried away. My Uncle James saw one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of his property, a large sum for that time, irredeemably swept away towards the sea. The next morning we visited the scene of the disaster. There appeared to be nothing left of the bridge, except the sign “Five dol-
lars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk.” But in the boiling cauldron below, in which stray logs and great masses of ice were floating, some Indians were unconcernedly paddling about in their frail birch bark canoes, some of them having their squaws and children with them, on the lookout for such flotsam and jetsam as it might be their lot to catch.

Some idea of the thickness which the ice might sometimes obtain in that climate where occasionally the mercury froze in the thermometer, I gained by observation one spring day when, as an especial favour, I was allowed to go with dear old Tim Loony, ex-sailor, promoted to be coachman and man of all work, to fish for smelts. We came where a good-sized man was cutting a hole through the ice for his lines, and we could scarcely see more than his head until we came to the brink of the hole, at the bottom of which he was lustily chopping with his axe.

Tim Loony was one of our heroes. My cousin Howard and I loved him dearly. His tattooed arms were beautiful to us. His Irish brogue was sweeter to our ears than music. His loyalty to the family was a romance. Our fathers had nothing so splendid, with the possible exception of a Mexican punch bowl, as his silk handkerchief wrought with the flags of all nations, and no one else had such extensive knowledge of horses or such fellowship with all domestic animals as
he. The choicest horse in the stable was Ploughboy, a vicious beauty, whose high spirits only an Irishman could understand, but whom my uncle preferred to drive himself. When, in a great emergency, it was necessary to press through to a distant winter camp, it was Ploughboy who drew the light sleigh over long stretches of river ice and occasional half-blocked roads, a hundred miles in a single day, and who came in with the same high crest and fine disdain of distance and fatigue in the evening that he had shown when starting in the morning.

Those were fine slashing days for boys like Howard and myself, when Bangor was a prosperous frontier town. There were delightful, fearsome rumours of gentlemen gambling for high stakes the night through, natural enough for a time and place where business itself, even when carried on by such men as our fathers, was very much of a gamble on account of forest fires, dry seasons when logs could not be brought to market, or freshets which carried them where they should not go, and other unforeseen caprices of nature, as well as fantastic conditions of credit and currency.

There were great days in the early winter, when the lumbermen were sent off to the camps, where they were to remain, felling timber, until they could bring the logs down with the spring high water to the shrieking mills, where they were relentlessly sawn ( 36 )
asunder and lengthwise into all shapes and sizes with what, as I now look back upon it, was prodigious wastefulness of material, such as would, in these later days, ruin any business enterprise.

Uncle James at one time bought some twenty thousand acres of forest land in which a curious character, Colonel John Goddard, had an interest. Goddard was an excellent woodsman and my uncle put him in charge of the practical lumbering, but his habits made a continued connection with him impossible. He was fearfully profane of speech and seemed to have no respect for God or man, but his very vices apparently endeared him to the rough men whom he employed. He used to delight in starting off with his men and horses and oxen for the winter camp on a Sunday morning just at church time, and when once remonstrated with upon such an occasion for thus shocking the sentiments of the community, he replied: "You see, Mr. Jenkins is a very pious man and he attends to the religion of the firm; I have to look after the lumbermen."

The lumbermen were indeed often a rough lot and, when they were paid off in the spring, they spent their money with great freedom and not always blamelessly. Many a free fight we saw down on my father's wharf, where conditions were favourable for a friendly encounter. How we loved to steal down to that wharf
and watch for adventures! Ships came to it to be laden with lumber and all sorts of queer characters abounded. One day during a terrific epidemic of cholera, my father found one of his Indians sitting on a cask and eagerly devouring an enormous lobster. Such an indulgence was regarded then as equivalent to a death warrant, and my father forcibly remonstrated with the Indian; but he would only pause long enough to grunt and say: "Me loves lobster," and go on with his repast.

Yes, those were great days for boys who knew that there were real bears and wolves in the forest and real professional gamblers and highway robbers in the town and Indians everywhere.

Bangor retained its reputation for "toughness" during all the years I knew it. When I was a young man, there was much excitement at one time about a set of robbers who, singly or in couples, practised the gentle art of coming softly from behind upon the unwary wayfarer and tapping him on the neck or back of the head with a billy so adroitly that he would be either stunned or killed. As I was often out of an evening in those days, for I was paying my addresses to your mother, I took to carrying a revolver in my overcoat pocket. But I quite determined, being a good shot and having a great horror of killing even a footpad, that I would shoot a man who might attack me (38)
in the shoulder and so simply disable him. I thought it out quite exactly, so I might be prepared to act in such an event without hesitation. One memorable evening, however, I was returning to my hotel later than usual. I was going the next morning to Portland to visit my dear mother and sister for the first time since my happy betrothal, and, as I came to the corner of the street leading to the "Penobscot Exchange," as the hotel kept by Abraham Woodard, a rarely good and honourable man and a noted character in Bangor, was called, I saw that a barber's shop up a long flight of steps was still open. Up I ran to get shaved, since I was to start early the next morning. Upon coming out to descend the long and well-lighted staircase, I saw a tall young fellow slip in from the street and hide in the shadow of the doorway. At first I thought he mistook me for a comrade and that he meant to chaff me in passing, but, on approaching him, I perceived he had a billy in his upraised right hand. I took out my revolver, from the polished barrel of which I noticed a gleam of light was reflected, upon which he drew closer back into his corner. In passing, I kept my eye upon him, thinking if he moved I could shoot him before he could hit me; but, in coming onto the icy street I slipped. In the twinkling of an eye he was after me but, recovering myself as quickly, I turned upon him and he stood motionless as a statue. Then I

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went slowly on my way, he following at something beyond jumping distance, when at last two policemen were seen coming toward us, upon which he turned and ran rapidly away. As we had no confidence in the political Irish police of that time, men generally being prepared and expected to defend themselves, I passed them without telling them of my adventure; but, shortly after reaching my room, I suddenly thought of the futility of my good resolution, which I had quite forgotten in the time of danger. For all I could remember was a pleasing elation at the certainty of being able to kill him before he could touch me. Ever since, however, I have somewhat distrusted my good resolutions.

Aunt Phebe died in 1848, and the next year Uncle James sold out his interests in Bangor and went to carry on a new enterprise, which obliged him to live in the vicinity of Boston, and from that time on I only saw him fitfully, but all his life long I felt the influence of his life and character and loved and admired him greatly.

My father wound up the odds and ends of Uncle James’s business, and it was no sinecure. Child as I was, I felt the inspiration of the unselfishness with which the two brothers, my father and Uncle John, combined to help him out of his business perplexities, and I took to heart the lesson, as you children can tes-
tify when you recall my frequent admonition to you to stand by each other in all times of adversity and trouble. There was never a relationship more beautiful than that of those three brothers, who frequently had occasion to aid each other with advice and fortune in the various hazards of business in their time, when all forms of business were subjected to great vicissitudes.

My father remained in Bangor. He had taken into business with him Mr. William Wentworth Brown, a young man of high character and rare business ability, and they worked perfectly together. My father was the financier and his partner managed the out-of-door business, both of which branches required especial fitness. My father's greater years and wider experience enabled him to manage his department in ways which the younger man found full of wisdom, and this partner was himself, by reason of his quick intelligence, untiring industry and superb physical fitness, ideal for the strenuous work. The lumber business of that day could not be so highly organized as it now is. There were no numbers of well-trained men who could be employed for subordinate positions and be kept working harmoniously together. A good man of business had to be intimately acquainted with all the details of his enterprise and always ready to turn his hand to any section which needed attention. But
this firm from the beginning possessed both prudence and enterprise and for some years steadily improved its position.

Those were happy years for the family, especially for my father, who was surrounded by a group of attached friends, among whom the clerical element was numerous, as had always been the case. To me this began to be distressing, as the more serious direction of my education had begun and I was haunted by a suspicion that my parents designed me for the ministry. In my father’s hospitable house there were always among the visitors a number of theological students, many of whom I cordially detested. They seemed to me scarcely human and it was a great solace to escape from their society to that of some forbidden acquaintance with whom I could discuss the relative advantages of the life of a highwayman or a pirate.

My reading had become far more diversified than my parents imagined. Books which I thought might be forbidden, I concealed and carried under my jacket to school, reading them there instead of studying my lessons, in mastering which I had a superficial facility enabling me to pass muster when my real thoughts were far away and my knowledge of the subject most imperfect. In the long list of instructors under whom I was placed, I cannot recall one who gave himself any trouble to find out what was the matter with me or to
convince me of the value of regular mental training. I felt myself the object of a conspiracy to make a parson of a boy who intensely desired a life of action, and became suspicious, wilful, irritable, and absorbed in a world of the imagination, into which I could admit no one. I was sent to various private schools, in one of which, kept by a member of the scholarly Abbot family at Farmington, I might have accomplished much more had I been a little older. I was, however, almost the youngest among some thirty pupils, and suffered incredibly from the brutality of some of the larger boys. Among my schoolmates there were a few who had come from families where good breeding was a tradition, but, for the greater part, the boys were a rough lot, delighting in bullying those who were unable to defend themselves. One of the tricks played upon me nearly cost me my life. We had all been allowed, one winter day, to skate on the overflowed meadow land of the Sandy River, but were warned not to go onto the river itself. Naturally we disobeyed, for there the ice was far better; but there was one place in the middle where the swift current had kept an open space for some distance and, when I was not looking, a bigger boy had somehow made a mark with his skate beyond where any one had really ventured to go, and not far from the open water. They dared me to go so far and, upon the word, I skated
well beyond the mark, when the ice broke under me. Fortunately I was very agile and, turning quickly caught with my hand the firm edge of the ice and almost as quickly caught it with the other also. The water was bitterly cold and I could feel the swelling force of the stream dragging me under, but at last I got one arm after the other on the ice and managed to crawl out unaided. I remember smiling grimly at the pale faces of the boys, who were too frightened to help me and, as I contrived to explain my drenched condition without involving any of them, they treated me more considerately for a time.

It was a rude age and it was the popular opinion that a delicate boy needed hard treatment. I had to sleep in an unwarmed room at school and was often obliged to break the ice to make my morning toilet. It took more than twenty-four hours to make the journey from Bangor to Farmington by stage and in winter weather the cold was often very great. The stage-driver would sometimes throw out into the snow any boys who might be among his passengers and make them run up hill after the coach to reëstablish their circulation. I remember coming home once in the spring and driving all night in a pouring rain in a stage destitute of a top. The last hour of the journey I had to make on foot, for the stage had foundered in the awful road, and, when I reached the house, my
anxious mother put me quickly into a hot bath. To her horror, I was stained from my neck to my feet by the dye of a new suit of clothes, which made me as blue as a Druid and kept me of that colour for some time, much to my delight.

It was owing largely to my father’s ill health that I was so much away from home. When I was only about eight years of age, I was sent for the first time to the Goodale School, only a half-day’s drive from Bangor; for the rest of the family went with my father on a journey, upon which I should have been in the way, and after the return of the family I was kept there still. I suffered much from homesickness, which I was ashamed to acknowledge, and when I heard of the return of the family, I wrote a letter to my father asking him to fetch me and telling him how miserable I was, adding, if not sent for I should surely run away. This letter was left on the table in my room, where it was found by Mr. Goodale, who, the next day when all the boys were at their lessons in the school-room, held up the tear-stained and shabbily written letter and ordered me to read it aloud. Child as I was, I knew this to be an outrage and at once told him it was my letter and no one but my father had a right to read it and defied him to make me read it. He threatened me with a rod, but refrained from touching me and finally contented himself with sending me to my
room and destroying the letter. The next day I ran away and finally reached my home, greatly exhausted, but triumphant. My father heard my story without comment, but I was relieved some days afterward to find my belongings had been sent back from school, also without comment, so far as I know.

During all those early years I greatly needed to come under the influence of an enlightened and sympathetic teacher, but never did this happen. Nearly all my instruction was so badly done as to give me a great distaste for study, but not for reading. When I was at Farmington and about twelve years of age, I was allowed for the first time to read Dickens. It was a great event in my life. Up to that time, my reading had been chiefly of English books. I knew Scott’s “Lady of the Lake” by heart, but had not been permitted to read the Waverly Novels, prose fiction not being regarded as desirable mental pabulum for children. But at this time, being quick and apt with my lessons, of which I had far too few, and having plenty of time to spare, some fiction was allowed. I was a shy and sensitive child, disinclined to intimacy with the rough older boys of the school and living far too much by myself, and when the enchanted world of Dickens’s earlier works was opened to me, I went about as in a dream, having found solace for all my woes, real and imaginary.
WHEN I was about fourteen, my father felt that the state of his health made it necessary to give up business. This was to him a great disappointment. He had ambitious plans and a very able young partner in William Brown to help him carry them out. But there was no doubt that he was suffering from consumption, which at that time was considered an hereditary disease (my grandmother died of it) so he felt it necessary to be quite relieved from his business responsibilities. Our delightful home was broken up and my father and I went together to various places in New England, searching for a climate which would be favourable to him. He had already had more than one season in Florida and concluded that he was better off in the North. We came at last to Burlington, Vermont, a town which seemed to offer what we were seeking. There was an academy where boys were fitted for college, in which I was placed and the family at last joined us and we settled down for the winter.

This was for me a precious time. I had had the advantage of being a whole season with my dear father as his only companion and came to understand, as never before, the sweetness of his nature and the beauties of his mind. He knew that his case was incur-
able, but he was determined to live as long as possible for the joy he had in life and for the good of his family, and he did live undismayed, with the sword of Damocles hanging over his head, for twelve years, cheerful, companionable, unselfish up to the very hour of his sudden but peaceful death.

It was a pleasant winter which the family passed in Burlington. In the evenings we read much together and I was very proud of being permitted to read Shakespeare with my sisters, Emily and Eliza. We were all too young and inexperienced to understand much of these wonderful plays, but their influence upon me was altogether inspiring. During my long life, I have seen Shakespeare played by famous artists on many a stage, but I have never had greater delight in the works of the immortal master, than in those quiet evenings when we three made our first acquaintance with this inexhaustible treasure house.

But the winds from the beautiful lake were too violent for my father, and he finally decided to move to Williamstown. Besides considerations of health, he was influenced by the fact that his namesake, our cousin, Charles Weston Jenkins, to whom we were all much attached, was about to enter Williams College, and by the hope that his influence might induce me to follow his example.

I was, however, haunted by an awful fear that, if I
went to college I would be obliged to enter the ministry, for I was in a state of spiritual rebellion and deeply resented my strict religious training. This dread, and a morbid habit of introspection, wrought so upon my excitable nervous system, that I was quite incapable of steady work of any kind. I spent long days roaming about the woods with a gun, not wanting to shoot anything, but impelled to solitude and to fitful physical activity. It was a distressing time, for I knew that my conduct was undutiful and stupid, but I could not find myself nor subdue my waywardness.

At last my sweet sister Eliza died. She was as beautiful as an angel and she surely had an angelic character. I have still a tress of her wonderful hair, which now, after more than half a century, glistens like burnished gold.

Her every tone was music's own,
Like that of morning birds,
But something more than melody
Dwelt ever in her words.

Her "coinage of the heart" bore the mark of complete unselfishness, for, from her earliest childhood, she had shown a spirit so noble, that it had seemed as if goodness were no effort to her. It was one of my greatest sorrows after her death, that my abnormal reticence had kept me from ever telling her how dear she was to me. But in my early years, the spontaneous
expression of earthly affection was considered unseemly, life was too serious and earnest for showing even natural emotions.

During all this time I was growing ever more discontented. I longed prematurely, but passionately, for an active life and begged my father to let me go to sea. This desire did not seem unnatural to him and, after a time, during which, unknown to me, he was making arrangements for the purpose, he gave his consent. I was to go in one of the family ships, the captain of which was a distant relation by whom I was to be instructed in navigation and be taught my duties. I was greatly excited by the joyous news and with my father began to plan my outfit and where we should purchase it, when my mother interfered. She had privately written to our cousin, Nelson Moore, an artist in Hartford, begging him to find me a position in that city. He replied that, if I would come at once, I could be taken as junior clerk into the publishing house of Silas Andras and Son, which was rather an unusual opportunity. My mother felt that it was natural for my father, with his family traditions, to be willing that I should become a sailor, but I was her only son and she would not submit to such a separation. How I have blessed her since then for this act of self-assertion, so unlike her usual gentle submission to the wishes of those she loved. She knew how unfitted I
was for such a life and that my too precocious desire to see the world was founded upon no stable basis; but none of us could then foresee that in a few short years the flourishing American merchant marine would be swept from the ocean, as one of the consequences of our Civil War, and such a career as I had planned, even had I been suited to it, would have failed me.

So, in the month of October, 1856, not being quite sixteen years of age, I was sent to Hartford to engage in what proved to be an agreeable employment.

Silas Andras and Son published chiefly standard works, largely composed of English classics. The head of the firm was a gentleman of the old school and the business was conducted upon conservative lines. There was a large bindery and a printing press and a great storehouse filled with the stereotyped plates from which the books were printed. As the youngest clerk, I had many and varied duties, but they were all congenial, for I was always in the atmosphere of books. In the beginning I came to the store early enough to make the fire in the furnace during the winter and prided myself upon doing it better than the janitor. I quickly learned to pack books in boxes and keep accurate account of everything intrusted to my care, but I wasn’t of much use as assistant book-keeper. It was so apparent that I had no talent for accounts, that I was kept at work to which I was
better suited, such as being sent out to pay and collect bills and to run all sorts of errands.

Nelson Moore had found a boarding place for me, to which later he and his wife came also, in the family of Dr. Fuller, a physician broken in health and who, with his family of one daughter and three sons, constituted a really charming circle. At first for a few weeks I lived in an ordinary boarding house, frequented chiefly by young men, but their society was most distasteful to me. Not one of them seemed to have another thought than of vulgar amusements or of how they could "do" their employers, and it was only after some time that I could find among young men of my own class any congenial companions. But for the matter of that, I have never been greatly dependent upon companionship and in the time I spent in Hartford I employed nearly all my leisure in reading. I believe that I went through every book published by the firm, reading deliberately and forming a taste for true literature which has been through all my subsequent life a source of great enjoyment and profit.

But the great event of my stay in Hartford was the awakening of my spiritual nature. I had been brought up in such a pronounced religious atmosphere that, when I was free from the restraint of home for the first time, I rejoiced greatly in the liberty to order my ( 52 )
life as suited me and I gave up attendance at church and revelled in reading any books I liked all Sunday through. This seemed a tremendous dissipation, for hitherto I had not been allowed to read any other than religious books on Sunday, and to be able to do as I pleased in this particular was a great and delightful novelty. After some months, however, a revival occurred in Hartford. There were many extra services held in all the churches. Noontday prayer meetings were held in the business part of the town. Bands of young men went about the streets singing hymns, and the whole community gave itself up to religious ecstasy. Naturally I felt its influence also, but not largely in the emotional sense. I thought over the situation as far as possible from the standpoint of my heredity and education and frankly chose to accept the Christian faith and determined to live the Christian life. It was a struggle, for I foolishly fancied that it was a manly thing to live free from the restraints of religion, and I was by nature inclined to selfishness and could easily have gone on the road which leads to destruction; but by God’s mercy, I then found the true light and ever since my religion has been to me, imperfectly as I have lived it, a great safeguard and a great joy.

In the course of my life I have seen something of many kinds of people professing Christianity and
have long ago emancipated myself from expecting to find in any sect or in any human character that perfection for which mankind should strive; but, writing as I now am, when the very foundations of European civilization are shaking under the feet of whole nations rushing to battle, and the most awful tragedy in all history is being enacted before a shuddering world, I wish to record my belief in the ultimate triumph of good over evil and of love over hate. This is the essence of the Christian faith and he who loses it has nothing left which can supply its loss, even should he possess the whole world and originate a new system of philosophy.

For nearly two years I continued to live in Hartford, diligent in my business, omnivorous in my reading, fastidious in my associates, and full of fantastic notions of my own importance.

Owing to a foolish exposure, I was laid up for some weeks with a sharp attack of sciatica, the lingering effects of which I have felt during all my life. But this illness was a blessing in disguise. Long days and nights of pain subdued my restless spirit and taught me the first lesson of humility; and the kindness and consideration of my employers and the sympathy and attention of my few friends and acquaintances transformed the imaginary world in which I was prone to live, into a vital and precious reality.
In the mid-summer of 1858, owing to the death of the junior partner, the firm of Silas Andras and Son gave up their business and I was out of employment.

The effects of the business depression of the previous year were still felt everywhere and all my efforts to secure a new position in Hartford were unavailing. My father had also suffered from the hard times and had returned to Bangor, where he had been offered the position of treasurer of the Theological Seminary, an office for which he was well adapted, as he was an excellent man of business, and some occupation was necessary for him.

It was with mingled joy and pain that I returned to my family. It was delightful to be again with those I loved, but all my hopes of getting on in a promising business were dashed and it was humiliating to be again dependent upon my father at a time when, in spite of all his generosity, I knew he could ill afford it. My dear father, oblivious of what I began to suspect was in me a temperamental unfitness for business; tried in vain to find a firm needing some additional capital where he could place me in some capacity and be secure of not losing his investment. But, fortunately, all these plans came to naught. I had a great distaste for accounts and no just idea of the value of money and felt certain that, in any but a very congenial business, I should be a failure. My attitude
towards going to college and my dread of being forced into the ministry had changed, but I felt it was too late to begin an elaborate preparation for a profession, and I was still very anxious to see the world.

Just at the time of my greatest perplexity, I was obliged to place myself for a long treatment in the hands of an extraordinarily skilful dentist. Philander Evans was his name. He was a man of great natural ability but had had few advantages of education, general or professional; in fact, he was a characteristic example of the self-made American, whom to know is to respect. I came to admire his work and to see that it was something which I could learn and do well. It was a profession in which I saw great possibilities, as it was just beginning to be regarded as a specialty of medicine and had an unknown range of usefulness to be exploited. It would, moreover, supply me with a chance to escape from the terribly trying climate of New England, for I feared that I could not long live in this climate without breaking down in health. From my earliest recollection I had never been physically comfortable, except in summer, and I passionately longed to escape to a more genial climate. I had also heard that American dentists were welcome in Europe and that I could, if I became an expert operator, make my way in any country which I might choose. I talked it over with Evans, who was willing to receive
me as a student, and then proposed it to my father, who finally gave his consent. I was to stay with Evans for a year at least and he was to give me every advantage of learning whatever he knew, for a fee of one hundred dollars, and, when I became so efficient as to be of real use to him, he would employ me as an assistant.

Never before had I found anything which interested me so much. I quickly mastered all the books Evans gave me, much to his surprise, and made equal progress with the technical training in the laboratory. It was well for me that I had a master who regarded dentistry chiefly as a mechanical art. He had been originally a mechanic and had learned to use his hands with great dexterity. At that time vulcanized rubber had not been discovered and I had to learn considerable metallurgy and to practise what I learned in preparing gold and silver bases for plates for artificial teeth. I came to be an expert in the fine work required in the laboratory and this training and experience were of great value to me in future years. At this time the cohesive property of gold had not been discovered and all gold fillings in teeth were made upon the principle of wedging. Evans had completely mastered this difficult art and practised it most successfully. There were at that time but very few dentists in the world who could do this work so perfectly as he. It was just the
work which interested me chiefly and I took great pains to learn all my principal could teach me regarding it.

Dental students in those days were often an uncouth lot. There was a man named Porter who had not done well in his medical studies and who, in consequence, had the previous year begun to study under Evans, in the hope of becoming a dentist, and who was then employed in the laboratory. One morning I came rather belated to my work and excused myself to Porter by saying that I had been delayed in getting my bath. "But this is Wednesday!" he said. I explained that I was accustomed to take a bath every morning. "What an almighty dirty fellow you must be!" was his response.

I was about eighteen years of age when I began to study dentistry, and the following years, up to the death of my dear father, were full of interest to me. I lived at home with my family and, despite my father's frail health, we were all very happy together. Cousin Charles, who was studying at the Theological Seminary, was much with us and my parents looked upon him as a son. The old traditions of hospitality were preserved and there were almost always some guests in the house. My sister, Emily Hart, attracted many charming young people to our home. There was much music and a deal of sprightly conversation, but no ( 58 )
dancing, for among our people the Puritan traditions survived in great force and dancing and card playing were discountenanced. Emily Hart had many suitors but none of them received the least encouragement, so far as we could see. The death of her sister had been a great grief to her and she found some solace in deep devotion to our parents, both of whom needed tender care. Only William Brown, who, after his partnership with my father had been dissolved, had gone into the same business in Portland, seemed to be visiting Bangor more often than was strictly necessary, and at last I was scarcely surprised when my sister one day took me aside and shyly told me that he wished to marry her. A very little questioning made it plain that her affections were engaged, but she hesitated to accept her happiness, in obedience to that passion for self-sacrifice which the New England conscience of that day sedulously cultivated. Emily felt that she ought not to desert her parents, who, in their frail health, were so greatly dependent upon her companionship and thoughtful care, although she knew that both of them heartily approved of Mr. Brown and had gladly given their consent to his suit. Gently I urged her to consult only her own happiness as the one sure method of securing the happiness of others, and I was much delighted when, some days afterwards, she yielded, not to my arguments to be sure,
but to the dictates of her own loving heart. It was a beautiful marriage, for it was founded not only upon affection but also upon mutual respect, and when Emily died, on the fourth of April, 1879, we had in our grief at her untimely decease the consolation of knowing that for eighteen years she had lived in as great happiness as is possible to our mortal lot.

The outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 brought to me, as to all young men of my time, great exaltation of spirit. My father knew the South well and, although he had hoped that slavery might eventually be abolished by an arrangement with the Southern statesmen, through keeping the territories free from the further extension of slavery, he understood better than many that the war was destined to be long and fearful in sacrifice. My impulse was to enlist at once, although I had some misgivings as to my fitness for a soldier's life, both on account of my delicacy of health and my temperamental aversion to all forms of strife. But since the marriage of my sister my parents had become more dependent upon my companionship and it was a struggle between my duty to them and to the country. At last I decided that I was more needed and could be more useful at home than in the field and carried out my plans for completing my education by going to Philadelphia, where I attended lectures at the dental college and the Jefferson Medical School.
In those days dental and medical schools were conducted in a happy-go-lucky way, but there was much to be gained by any serious student and I finally graduated at the oldest American dental college, the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

To have the diploma of this school would be an advantage, since I was intending eventually to practise abroad, but I could not go there to study, because the whole state of Maryland was seething with the passions excited by the war and might be led into secession at any moment. The Baltimore faculty, however, considerately admitted me to examination and I passed satisfactorily. I had had rather a rare experience in administering chloroform and ether and had prepared a thesis upon Anaesthesia which met with their approval.

Upon returning home, I took over the practice of Dr. Lincoln and began to get that practical experience which was so necessary before I could think of going abroad to cultivate a larger field.

My parents had given up housekeeping and were boarding in a private family, where there was scant room for me, so I went to live at the Penobscot Exchange, a very good old house, kept by Abraham Woodard, who was one of the well-known citizens of Bangor. You can form some idea of the conditions of that time, where, in spite of the war, food was very
cheap and plentiful, when you know that I had at this most excellent hotel a large room with many windows, and full board, for five dollars a week. There were some boarders who had less desirable rooms who paid only three dollars fifty per week. Food was indeed so cheap that even the poorest people were wasteful in its use and the tables of hotels of the better class were lavishly supplied with every delicacy of the season. I usually sat at a long table frequented by professional and business men, whose society was very entertaining. The artist Cloudman interested me, since he had studied in France and had also had a varied experience of life, but the business men regarded him as an object of compassion, since his world was so remote from theirs. One day Cloudman was talking of crossing the Isthmus in the glorious gold-fever days of '49 and of seeing there green monkeys in the jungle. "What, green monkeys?" asked one of the men. "Yes, Sir, green," answered Cloudman. "Isn't that so, Mr. Payne?" addressing a man whom, on account of his enormous size, we all called "the Infant." "Now Cloudman," said Payne, "hitherto I have endorsed every statement you have made at this table, but I can't stand green monkeys."

During the beginning of my active life, my intimate companions were few. I still read a good deal and was much occupied with plans for the future, but there
were some men to whom I became much attached. Among them were two, Dr. Thomas Upham Coe, a physician, who commenced practice in Bangor at the same time as myself and whose office was next to mine, and Frederick Davenport, a musician, both of whom I found especially congenial and whose influence over me in quickening my thought and extending my sympathies was both agreeable and useful. Dr. Coe had studied in Paris and Davenport was familiar with the history of all European musicians and with much general European history, and when our conversation turned upon European subjects, I was always deeply interested.

Besides my cousin Charles, whose ennobling companionship was very precious to me, there was a group of theological students of whom I saw much and I was greatly impressed with the freedom of thought and the devotion to practical good work which characterized these fine young fellows in contrast to the severe aspect of the religion of my childhood. It was a great and inspiring era for an ardent and imaginative soul. The golden age of American literature was at its zenith and it had been deeply stirred by European thought and letters. It was said that a greater number of the works of Longfellow were sold in England than of the works of Tennyson; and that a greater number of the works of Tennyson
than of Longfellow were sold in America. The works
of Dickens and Thackeray and others were often pub-
lished simultaneously in England and America, and I
remember how impatiently they were awaited and
how universally they were read and appreciated.

The speculative thought of continental Europe had
also deeply affected that time. One of the most influ-
ential agents seems to have been the philosophy of
Comte, which, through its appeal to the sympathetic
instincts and its earnest, if somewhat fantastic preach-
ing of the Religion of Humanity, was reflected in
every literature and affected all classes of men. I re-
member how, early in the war, a translation of Victor
Hugo’s “Les Misérables” was published in America.
It was read “by the watchfires of a hundred blazing
camps,” being especially adapted to the conditions of
that time; but I recollect how shocked I was at hear-
ing our revered Professor Harris denounce it from the
pulpit, when I felt that it had been a moral inspira-
tion to me. For this was a time of spiritual awakening
to broader sympathies and every family and every in-
dividual felt its influence.

At the first shock of arms, Cousin James Howard
Jenkins had enlisted in Fletcher Webster’s regiment.
He had a romantic history, which I hope he will leave
recorded, but I will mention only some of the facts
which remain in my memory. He had a good voice and
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was very fond of singing, which he led when his company was on the march. Somewhere he heard, at a negro camp meeting, a song of unmeaning words with the chorus of “glory, glory, hallelujah!” Now there was in his company a small man named John Brown, whose equipment seemed too great for his stature, but who was still nearly as strong in body as he was undaunted in spirit. So Howard composed a song: “John Brown’s knapsack is strapped upon his back,” etc. “His soul goes marching on.”

This song was taken up at once by his company and was from them taken over by the marching host, but its original words came to be changed to “John Brown’s body lies a mouldering in the grave,” etc., perhaps an appropriate change for a Massachusetts regiment to make in honour of the memory of the heroic fanatic of Harper’s Ferry. At least this is the true origin of that famous song.

Howard’s gift of music was a blessing to many. Years after the war was over, I was one day introduced to a man at the Anglo-American Club in Dresden, who asked me if I was any relation of a man named Howard Jenkins, who was one of the Federal soldiers confined in Libby Prison. When I said that he was my cousin, the man was much pleased and told me that Howard was the best beloved man in the prison. He was inexhaustible in his efforts to cheer up
his despondent comrades. He contrived to make a banjo out of unlikely material and formed a company of minstrels, which gave many entertainments and in a thousand ways showed a spirit of gaiety and sympathy which was of great comfort to the men of less buoyant temper.

Howard was one of a small group of men who had conspired to dig out of the part of the prison where they were shut up at night. They finally completed a tunnel which reached just outside the line of sentries and waited for a sufficiently stormy night to make their escape. When the favourable night came they drew lots for precedence, it being possible for only one man at a time to crawl through the small tunnel, and a certain interval was allowed, sufficient for the first man to escape, before a second man made the attempt. When Howard’s turn came, he saw that the man to follow him was a married man who had been very anxious about his family, and so he insisted that they should change places. When, however, the time elapsed and Howard was about to enter the tunnel, the alarm was given and firing was heard all over the place. The few who remained hastily closed up the entrance to the tunnel and awaited the result. Some of the men were captured and returned, but Howard could not learn if the man to whom he gave his place had been shot or if he had escaped. Afterwards
Howard was sent to Charleston to be one of the officers exposed to fire if the defenses were attacked, as was threatened by the Federal navy, and it was only late in the war that he was finally exchanged and came home in pitiable physical condition, but with his noble spirit as high as ever and his gaiety unquenched.

At the time of the World’s Fair at Chicago, Libby Prison, which was originally a great warehouse, was taken down and brought to Chicago and put up in the Fair Grounds. Early one morning Howard went to visit the place where he and many others had suffered so cruelly, not wishing to go there later in the day when it would be crowded; and, after he had nearly finished his inspection, he came suddenly upon the man to whom he had given his place in the tunnel on that memorable night. They gazed upon each other and clasped hands, but not a word could they speak, so overwhelmed were they with emotion, and after a time they parted silently, never to meet again.

Our cousin, Dr. John Foster Jenkins, whom you children can scarcely remember, was a distinguished and beloved physician. At the outbreak of the war, he joined with Frederick Law Olmsted in establishing the Sanitary Commission, the precursor of the now International Red Cross, and remained, under great personal sacrifice, its efficient and admired general secretary during the whole war.
Cousin Charles interrupted his studies to join the Christian Commission, an organization formed by churches of various denominations to provide chaplains and carry on religious work in the army in the field. This commission was designed to aid the regular chaplains, for whom the work was often too great, especially when the men were in camp, and it also did much relief work in the hospitals. If my memory serves me correctly, Charles served as field agent for about two years and then returned, after having carried great responsibilities and accomplished much good, sadly broken in health by overwork and exposure. The following letter will give you an idea of the character of his work and the spirit in which he conducted it.

Brandy Station, February 3, 1864

Dear Newell:

Although for the fortieth time it is past the season for retiring when I complete the business of the day, I will write you before another mail leaves, in witness whereof read the following. You shall know the history of to-day as an illustration of my busy life here and in proof that the plea “want of time” is not an idle or a lazy one.

Gave Mr. Kimbal, Station Agent, a memorandum of work to be done at this point. Had the horse saddled for an early start, but was detained, as usual, by chaplains and others calling on business. About to start, when Rev. Aaron Adams, delegate, rode up with his sister-in-law, Mrs. McKay of the hospital. Dis-
cussed probability of being able to assign him to a station near Mrs. M. More chaplains meanwhile. Interruptions from Mr. Shaw, who says the drivers won’t mind him, by Kimbal, who wishes directions about flooring and seating chapel tent and from telegraph messenger—“five chapel flies left last night.” Break away from callers, ride to Gen. Patrick’s Hd. Qrs. and get passes for six new delegates arrived last night. Home by noon. Send two of the freshmen to Culpepper, one to 3rd. corps, leave two here—laymen—to saw boards for flooring, etc. Ride over to Mr. Foster’s to procure team and niggers to corduroy a larger section of this mud-hole. A nice gentleman is Mr. Foster, but his promise is as weak as mine would be. N.B. I don’t make any in the army. Niggers came without team, so Shaw reports, so they chop wood and haul manure for a living. Chaplains beg hard for boards. Am inexorable. Can’t spare one. “But there’s a great pile unused!” Can’t help it—’nary a board. Give a canvas roofing to Chap. Egan, Roman Catholic, that he may celebrate Mass for the 9th Massachusetts. Liberal, eh? What will Cole say? Don’t think he will greatly object, as he is a young man. What if the Boston Record should hear of it? Don’t care a picayune for the whole orthodox set—i.e., Record type. They can send the Asst. Field Agent home if they please, but he will do fair by all. And it is better for men to be hearing Mass than telling lies, swearing, stealing, gambling and drinking. Another Irish chaplain, Protestant, tries for a canvas without complying with the conditions. No Sir-re—most respectfully—and therefore silently. Tie up my tent, which has been flapping violently in the cold wind, to the disjointure of stovepipe and consequently loss of fire. Write letters to Station Agents answering questions and enclosing circular letter. Set Albee at copying mem. Talk with Smith, who wants to go home before his time

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expires. Supper. Make out memda. for to-morrow. Inspect work; praise the cook and scold the driver; prayers, write to you and go to bed. More to-morrow if possible.

Thursday, February 4.

I was provoked this morning by the running away of Rev. C. D. His time will not be up for a week, but he left without reporting here. Young graduate of Andover. Provoked again by Rev. S. S. A. who is anxious to do the big thing, but is terribly slow; distributes largely through chaplains, holds fine meetings and thinks he can manage half the army alone. Omits pastoral work altogether. Provoked the third time by J. W. S., D.D., who failed to keep an appt. to lecture in Culpepper on Temperance. Extensive notice had been given, officers invited to hear the big man, but he preferred to preach to 11 Mass. “I wither him with one of my scorching frowns”—as much as possible. “Very sorry, great injury to the Com.—supposed the obligation binding, etc., etc.” It turns out that Mr. Story of Boston, whose hobby is temperance, was on the ground and kept the appt. No thanks to the Dr., but my mind is relieved—M. and A.F. are here, the former as large eyed the latter as affable as ever. M. shows his ears as prominently as ever, came in from a station miles off to give me unnecessary advice and supposed information—walking both ways in deep mud. He is with a ranting Methodist who is quite overbearing in his ways. A queer team they are. The station agent is a “slim Caesar,” but a little more of a man than either of the others. Bah! Enough of C. C. Parsons. I go to-morrow to Culpepper to start another station. Hope soon to have more leisure or rather some; a Mr. Williams is coming who will also act as Asst. Field Agent.
Best love to Clara. It is near twelve and the tent is cold. A hearty good night as I roll myself in blankets on the soft side of boards carefully thus placed in my office bunk. Meeting of delegates to-morrow, a day crowded with work. Patience, perseverance and the sweet oil of Christian kindness will carry us through nicely.

Thine sleepily,

Charles
DURING the second year of the war, on October 26, 1862, occurred the death of my father. He had been as well and cheerful as usual during the day. In the evening, while I was visiting my parents, he was attacked by a sudden hemorrhage and died almost instantly in our very arms. His death, although we had all schooled ourselves to expect it at any moment, came to my mother and me as a great shock, but she was wonderfully sustained through the power of her religious faith. I was, however, overwhelmed with unavailing regrets that, in my selfish and wayward youth, I had often caused him grief and that, in my more reasonable early manhood, restrained by my shyness and reticence, I had forborne to tell him how completely I honoured and loved him. But the memory of his noble and generous character has been an enduring blessing to me and I believe all of his grandchildren, although they knew him not, have been also blessed through inheriting many of his rare qualities of mind and heart.

After a time my mother went to Portland to live in the family of my sister, where she had a delightful home and was devotedly cared for.

This event would have left me more disconsolate,
had it not been that I had fallen desperately in love with the loveliest maiden in the world. Your precious mother was then just eighteen years old and as fair in person as she was noble in mind and character. I cannot express, even to you, how sacred this first and only passion was to me.

For a long time, it seemed ages to me, my suit was unavailing; but at last, in the blessed springtime of 1863, she graciously accepted me, “and ever since my days have been of gold, my nights have been of silver.”

You must often have wondered how two people of such varying temperaments could either have loved each other, or, loving, have managed to live together. This is one of the many mysteries of the love which many waters cannot quench. But also her logical habit of mind constituted a happy foil for my impulsiveness and her sweet reasonableness, patience and tenderness, while they could not subdue my unruly imagination, qualified it and made it less unpractical. Surely from the moment I was betrothed to her, my whole life was exalted. The somewhat vague plans I had formed for my future began to shape themselves more practically. I was then, and have been all my life through, in ever-increasing ratio, ambitious of winning her approval, as the highest possible reward; and, indeed, but for her I might have ever remained a mere dreamer.

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As it was, I began to take life far more seriously. I did what I could to profit from my practice, in order to gain the experience I should need in a new field. At one time I had a mad plan of going to Cuba to seek a wider field, but gave it up when I found Mr. and Mrs. Upton strongly disapproved. They did not disapprove of me as a prospective son-in-law, but objected to their daughter being taken to a “pestilential island province,” as Mr. Upton fitly termed the “Pearl of the Antilles.”

But when the war was well over and my practice had improved, we were married, on June 8, 1865. As we all wished, it was a very quiet wedding at the bride’s home, only members of the family and a few intimate friends being present. Although our pastor, the Reverend Dr. Field, conducted the wedding ceremony, Clara’s Aunt Mary always insisted that she was the chief factor in making the marriage possible, through discreetly dosing her niece with cordials, for the bride had overtaxed her strength and needed a stimulant, which only Aunt Mary could induce her to take.

We took our wedding journey to Mount Desert in a private carriage which I drove myself, and for some time had the whole island to ourselves, for it was just before the commencement of the summer season. One day we nearly drove over a rattlesnake, the only one
I ever saw, except in captivity and, indeed, I had not before believed that they could exist in Maine. We drove one morning to the foot of Green Mountain and, finding no road to the top, we went afoot up a narrow pathway leading to the summit. The path was bordered by a dense growth of underbrush and, after we had gone perhaps half way, I suddenly noticed fresh bear tracks. They were evidently made by a she bear with a cub, so I called a halt and examined the situation. They had probably passed up the path in the early morning, and it was then in the middle of the forenoon, so it could be expected that they had gone into cover somewhere by this time. Your mother was not in the least timid, as I knew, and when she declared that she wanted to proceed, I myself thought it safe to run the risk, but I kept a wary lookout ahead. At last we came to a place where the underbrush ended and, away at the right, was a place over the rocks where the footprints ceased and it seemed evident that Mrs. Bruin and her offspring had made their way to their own mansion in a neighboring cavernous cliff. So we reached the top and had a glorious view, but I was glad enough when we got safely back again, pleased as I was that my wife had shown no fear.

How precious to me is the memory of those simple days! How dear were our modest pleasures! The rage
for amusement and the exactions of society which characterize these modern days often partake of the quality of dissipation and leave little opportunity for reflection and repose. Not that I find fault with your generation, my children. Every age has its own character and thinks its own thoughts and impresses the world in its own ways, but it is always the case with one in advanced age that he feels it to be true especially of his time that “something sweet follows youth with flying feet—and it never comes again.”

We came back to live at a hotel, for we did not wish to give hostages to fortune by the cares of housekeeping. I was more than ever determined to seek a career abroad and was shaping my course to bring it about.

In the spring of 1866 we beheld the face of our first-born, whom we named Fanny. We had her immediately baptized, as it was evident that she could not live; but as I held the wee creature in my arms for the sacred rite, I suddenly realized the meaning of the tender emotions of fatherhood. If I have tried to be a good father to you, my children, I have not been uninfluenced by the birth and death of the sister you never knew.

In the course of the summer I received a letter from Dr. Frank Abbot in Berlin, to whom I had written of my intention to go abroad for practice and ask-
ing his advice as to a desirable place to settle. We knew his family in America and were acquainted with his career. His amiable and favourable reply was decisive. He said that if I were “a good, honest operator” I was sure to succeed and he would recommend Dresden as offering a good opening.

Going to Europe, and especially going there to settle permanently, was in those days not to be lightly undertaken. It was first necessary to get the consent of your mother’s parents. This required some time. They were devotedly attached to their daughter and Europe seemed a long way off. Your grandfather Upton had much of his property in ships and he was also the president of the Marine Insurance Company and these business relations led him to look at the question less narrowly than was the case with your grandmother. The war between Prussia and Austria had also broken out and that delayed immediate action; but finally the family opposition was overcome, the war came to a rapid and brilliant conclusion, I settled up my affairs and we took our departure. It was regarded as an adventure in our little circle and we received many tokens of interest and sympathy.

My father-in-law told me if I was determined to go, I must succeed and, if I needed help, I was to call upon him; and my brother-in-law, William Brown, told me the same; but Cousin Charles, after the tradition of
the family, gave me from his little patrimony twelve hundred dollars outright in American Government bonds, which, he said, could "be repaid when convenient." This was really a great comfort, both because of the loving spirit which prompted the generous, but not altogether prudent action, and because I was by no means sure that my unaided means would be sufficient for my purpose. Having these bonds in reserve, however, gave me confidence and help in more than one emergency.

We sailed on October 7, 1866, on the Saxonia, an auspicious name, as we felt, and we had the good luck to get the largest cabin on the ship. In those days a journey to Europe was in great contrast to such a trip now. The Saxonia was of only 3000 tons, but she was then regarded as a large ship. She was seaworthy, as was shown by her conduct in extremely nasty weather, but comfortable she was not. She creaked horribly in a rough sea, as she rolled and pitched in the waves which occasionally rushed all over her, she was full of vile odours and there were troops of rats, who disported themselves gleefully by night upon our cabin floor and occasionally visited us in our berths. When the stewardess was remonstrated with regarding these nocturnal visitors, she replied: "Oh, rats no hurt, they everywhere, cats bad but rats nice." Although we knew the sailor superstition of rats deserting a ship (78)
destined to destruction, we were not quite prepared to find it surviving on an Atlantic liner, but years afterward, in reading the elaborate regulations upon a passenger steamer on the Elbe, plying between Dresden and Schandau, we found that, under certain conditions, it was allowed to take dogs, yet under no circumstances was it permitted to passengers to take cats on the ships of this line. I have often asked the reason for this rule, but could never get an answer and am obliged to suspect that it is a survival even to this day of an ancient sea-going superstition on a river steamer in the heart of Europe six hundred kilometers from the sea.

Among the twenty first-class passengers were two charming people, Mr. and Mrs. Ensign, who were on their way to Dresden also. We quickly made their acquaintance, together with that of all other voyagers, since in those days passengers were brought more immediately into relation with each other, there being little opportunity for seclusion and a European voyage partaking far more of the nature of an adventure than is now the case.

All the way until we reached the Needles the weather was very stormy and for several days no passengers were allowed to go on deck, and nearly all of us envied and detested a sea-proof old lady, who sat all day reading by the swinging and odorous cabin
lamp, quite unconcerned at the antics of the ship and devouring her rations with an appetite the gratifying of which we felt to be as inconsiderate as it was monstrous. But before the voyage was over, we found her to be an amiable and interesting woman.

For two romantic young people to come suddenly upon the Needles at night, so near that we could have tossed a biscuit onto their barren tops; to see the beacons flashing across the dark water and the lights on an occasional passing ship, and at last those from houses on the solid shore of our storied motherland, and to awake the next morning to the white cliffs of Dover and the English Channel sparkling in the sun, was bliss indeed.

The Ensigns, with whom we had arranged to travel to Berlin, had long been preparing for this trip and already knew a little German and, when we finally landed at Hamburg at night and found no one to interpret for us, Mr. Ensign, in desperation, called out into the darkness, "Wo ist der Kutscher?" Instantly came the response, "Hier!" and in a moment a droschke came rattling up. It was delicious to see Ensign's astonishment that he could be understood, and it was truly a pleasant foretaste of the convenience and comfort which from that moment we were to find everywhere in Europe. How delightful were these first experiences of a foreign land. The hotels, the rail-
roads, the splendid public buildings, the cleanliness and order of the cities, the civility and good temper of the numerous officials and the wonderful cultivation of the land were only some of the most obvious contrasts, favourable or unfavourable, to the conditions we all knew in America, and each of them gave an individual, delicious thrill.

As soon as practicable after reaching Berlin, we went to call upon the Abbots. They received us as if we were of their own family and from that moment began a friendship which has been one of the greatest benefits and blessings of our life.

Dr. Abbot was then the most distinguished dentist, with the possible exception of Dr. Evans in Paris, in all Europe. He was esteemed not only for his professional accomplishments, but also for his exalted character. He was a type of the best kind of American, kindly, sympathetic towards all men, but absolutely loyal to his own noble principles. Although he was not liable for military service, he had sent a man to represent him in the American army during the war, and his house, in the sad years the war lasted, was the rendezvous of loyal Americans in Berlin. Throughout all Europe society, both American and foreign, was largely in sympathy with the Confederacy and it required no little moral stamina to support resolutely and intelligently the cause of the Federal
Government against violent social prejudices which were almost universally encouraged by the European press. It was instinctive with monarchical countries to desire the overthrow of the Western Republic, or at least to see it divided against itself. I have gone through in later years, the files of the London Times for the period of our Civil War. It affords most instructive reading, as it represents the opinion of the ruling classes in our own motherland at this time, an opinion which would be even more discreditable, were it not that these were years in which it was often said that “ignorance of America was taught as a branch of learning in British universities.” These conditions obtained still more completely in Germany.

Just before sailing from New York, we went to call upon Mr. Theodore Fay, Mrs. Abbot’s father, who had been in the American diplomatic service all his life, his last post being that of Minister to Switzerland. He was so interested and encouraging regarding our plans, that we were partially prepared to find the Abbots sympathetic also, but we did not expect to be received with such overwhelming kindness. Dr. Abbot insisted that I should come every day to his office, that I might see how a European practice was managed. He let me stand by his chair and see him operate and explained reasons for certain methods of treatment which were either not understood or not
practised in America. He introduced me to many of his most important patients, especially to those who had any connection with Dresden, and told all such that they must go to me when I became established there, for I determined, after my first conversation with Dr. Abbot, to settle in that delightful capital.

It was rare in those days to have a visit from a dentist fresh from America, and Abbot and his few German colleagues who had studied in America flattered me by asking me to show them the latest methods of practice. I was able to demonstrate to them the use of the rubber dam, which had only recently been discovered, and they taught me in return many ingenious methods of their own, designed to secure a dry field in which to operate. We had many a séance at Dr. Abbot's office when his day's work was finished and I learned far more than I was able to impart. Dr. Abbot was a very rapid, gentle and skilful operator and, among much else, he taught me his methods of filling large cavities with a combination of tin and gold foil, the practical value of which was very great. I have seen from him, and have made myself, innumerable such fillings in obscure and difficult positions, which, even when made under water, have preserved the teeth from secondary decay as no other material could do.

We lived for three weeks in a German family, where
we heard much German conversation, from which your mother profited far more than I, for during this time I was wholly absorbed in preparing to go to Dresden. I had determined, like Dr. Abbot, to establish only an operative practice for treating solely the diseases of the teeth, and not to undertake the making of artificial teeth, but to adhere to the specialty for which I had the greater interest and capability. It was for this also that there was the greater demand, there being no native dentists at that time who were very skilful in operative dentistry.

One delightful feature of European practice in the set into which I was introduced was the complete absence of professional jealousy. This was partly due to the great extent of the field and the scarcity of capable practitioners, but even more was owing to the example and influence of Abbot. He was incapable of narrowness. If he disapproved of the character or action of a colleague, he told him so to his face, but in so kindly a manner as to correct but not offend him. He was as fearless as he was tender and as wise as he was generous, exercising his great influence, professional and personal, in complete unselfishness.

One morning I saw Bismarck for the first time. He was coming out of the royal palace and he swaggered down Unter den Linden drawn up to his full height, with his sabre clanging and his head thrown back,
completely ignoring the cringing people who saluted him on every hand. Only a few weeks before he had left Berlin reviled and threatened by the populace, who generally disapproved of the Austrian war, of which they knew him to be the instigator. Now he had returned victorious, with Prussia greatly enlarged and at the head of the *Nord Deutscher Bund*. Since then I have seen this extraordinary man on many occasions, but the memory of the pride, arrogance, self-will and undisguised contempt for those who fawned upon him which he then displayed remained with me and affected my judgement even in the years of his greatest achievements, during which I hoped that he might lead the German nation into the ways of self-government.

While in Berlin, both then and later, we saw something of Mr. Wright, the American Minister; Governor Wright, as he was generally called, he having been Governor of Indiana when appointed to Berlin. He was a characteristic western politician, very unconventional, but of kindly and yet forceful character.

He was reported to have entertained the court by relating how, in his early years, he lived in a log cabin with his first wife, who smoked a corncob pipe on one side of the fire in the evening, while he chewed tobacco on the other. We could, of course, understand and respect him, but it did seem as if he were out of place.
as representative of America to one of the most formal courts in Europe. But we liked his grit. He was believed to be the only man in Berlin who was not afraid of Bismarck. The first time I saw him he was complaining that his trunks and those of his wife had been detained at the frontier on a return journey from Paris, but comforted himself that he would have it out with Bismarck at once. This he did and not only put an end to the detention of the baggage of diplomats, but also had the annoyances to which ordinary passengers had been exposed at the frontier alleviated. One of his friends told me that he went hurriedly one morning to the palace of the chancellor to lodge a complaint. Bismarck received him for a moment, but at once said: "I have no time to talk with you this morning, Mr. Wright." He replied: "You are not talking to Mr. Wright, but to the Minister of the United States of America, under whose orders is placed the American fleet at present in the North Sea and you shall listen to me, Sir."

Years afterwards, Mr. Alley, who had long been a member of Congress from Massachusetts, was staying for a time in Dresden. One Fourth of July, I took him for a trip to Königstein and dined him at our house in the evening. We had a long talk over many matters that interested me and, among others, I asked him what chance there was of the passing of the Civil
Service Reform Bill, which had recently been introduced in Congress. He thought none whatever,—although he personally desired it,—because all politicians were interested in keeping up the spoils system, as affording them the most convenient tools with which to work, and he spoke contemptuously of the intelligence of the people, who, he said, would only seriously demand what the politicians allowed them to desire. Then he gave me an instance of the power of the spoils system. He went one day with Senator Charles Sumner to remonstrate with President Lincoln upon the impending appointment of Governor Wright to Berlin. Sumner was spokesman and enlarged, in his impressive way, upon the unfitness of Wright to represent America at such a polished court. The President listened patiently to all Sumner had to say and then replied: "I admit I have made some unfit appointments and I presume you think, Mr. Sumner, that you could have made better appointments from the one state of Massachusetts alone." Sumner smiled and said he thought he could. Mr. Lincoln answered: "I don't doubt it and I grant all you say about the importance of having a cultivated representative of the United States at Berlin. But, while this would be very desirable, it is now, in the midst of the war, absolutely necessary that the Government should win this coming election, and, to that end, we
must secure the state of Indiana for the Republican party. Governor Wright is the only man who can certainly carry the state for us and his price is the mission to Berlin."
ON November 20, 1866, we started for Dresden. At the railway station, overhearing our blundering attempts to interrogate the guard, a Russian gentleman stepped out of his coupé, which was next to ours, and, in beautiful English, courteously offered to interpret for us and to aid us in any way possible, as he saw we were Americans and unacquainted with the German language. This was the first of innumerable acts of kindness which I have received from Russians all through my long residence in Europe. We have received attentions from natives of many countries, but the Russians have surpassed all others in heartiness and spontaneity of their good deeds and kind words and they have always seemed to understand Americans more sympathetically than any other people I have known.

It was a dark and stormy journey of five hours, twice the time now required, and we arrived in Dresden to find the streets covered with half-melted snow.* We drove to the Hotel de Saxe, then the fashionable hotel, and were assigned rooms of magnificent proportions but very dark and dismal and in which the few candles which we had lighted made but slight im-

*See Appendix, note 3.
pression. But our spirits were in no wise depressed, for we had reached our goal, and the next morning, under the guidance of an intelligent valet de place, named Kutcher, whom I kept in my service for a few weeks, we sallied out to see the town and present our letters of introduction. The most immediately important letters were to Mr. Campbell, the American consul, and to Dr. Walther, the leading physician, both of whom received me with the utmost consideration and promised to further my plans as much as possible. How jubilant we were! Dresden was delightfully quaint, having a far more distinctive character than now that it has grown so greatly. There were no houses beyond the Wiener Strasse, which itself was only just partially laid out. Everywhere were intrenchments, thrown up by the Prussians, who still kept possession of the city, although the King had returned the day before we arrived and his pathetic proclamation to the people was to be seen in all the public squares.

Besides a considerable English and American colony, Dresden was full of diplomatists from every part of Europe. The first day, when we went to the table d'hôte dinner, there sat opposite to us a Russian who, after a time, thinking he had touched my wife with his foot, excused himself by saying, either the table was very narrow or his legs were very long, but he thought it must be that the table was narrow, since (90)
he had never been accused of having long legs. He turned out to be a diplomatist, who remained some time in Dresden and proved to be an amiable and amusing acquaintance.

We sought out the Ensigns, who had preceded us to Dresden, and were able to learn something of the conditions in the town from the Schusters, who kept the pension where the Ensigns stayed. We rushed about diligently, seeking for a furnished flat suitable for our purpose, and soon settled upon a small parterre on the Victoria Strasse, opposite a beautiful garden which is now a wilderness of ugly houses.

It was great fun getting settled, even in such a hurry, and we gave a Thanksgiving dinner to the Ensigns in our bedroom in the midst of great confusion and carved our chicken with a dilapidated knife and a one-pronged fork. But we had a very merry feast all the same.

A large box had preceded us containing my operating chair and many instruments, and we got permission to bring them in free of duty as emigrant's goods; but the custom house officer at first objected, saying: "Man übersiedelt nicht mit nur einem Stuhl!" ("One does not emigrate with a single chair.")

In the meantime I had received my permission to practise and, as soon as the tiny office was ready, I received my first patient, a Bangor man named Pren-
tis, who had gone to Dr. Abbot in Berlin, but who, learning that he was going to Dresden, sent him on to me. It was a great joke to have come so far to begin practice upon a man from my own city, but this was only a beginning of the watchful care Abbot had over me. He wrote and otherwise sent word to his patients in Dresden that they were to come to him no more, but to go to me, and from the very first day that I was able to receive patients, they began to come in ever-increasing numbers. I had adopted the same scale of fees which Dr. Abbot had established and was pleased that the patients did not regard it as presumptuous. Among my earliest patients was Count Hohenthal, a well-known Saxon nobleman and the head of his influential family. He had consulted various dentists in different cities regarding an obscure pain which made his life miserable, and they not only could not diagnose the cause but even assured him that his sufferings were imaginary. It was my good fortune to find the source of his pain in an inflamed pulp, which I treated and, from the very first moment, eased his pain and finally restored the offending tooth to perfect health. His gratitude was unbounded and he remained my constant friend up to the day of his death.

My first permission to practice was for six months only. When this period had elapsed, complaint was made by some native dentists and it was a question ( 92 )
if the license could be renewed. Count Hohenthal and others among my patients took the matter up and the government then gave me a permit for two years, and when that time had expired they gave me perpetual permission. The founding of the practice upon an enduring basis was easy enough. I had the reflected advantage which was the result of the reputation other American dentists had obtained in Europe. Abbot had shown me the methods he had evolved and which were especially applicable to Germany. I came to Dresden when the town was full of important people from all over Europe. General von Mertens, the Prussian Commandant of Dresden, was one of my first patients and afterwards, when he was transferred to the Rhine, wrote me to say if I would come to that part of Germany, he would do all in his power to help me to a practice. There were many Germans from Hanover and from the South German States awaiting the progress of events and innumerable diplomatists from all Europe using Dresden as a convenient post of observation. After my first successes, for I had the good fortune to represent the latest word in American dentistry, nearly all these people came to consult me and, almost before I knew it and long before I understood its importance, I had a European reputation. I worked industriously, but with an ordered purpose, never sparing myself during my long working hours
but relaxing all serious effort when these hours were over. In the beginning I took some evening lessons in German, but almost always went to sleep before the lesson was over.

We began to go with the Ensigns to concerts and operas and your dear mother profited greatly from them; but I soon found that music was an art which was not for me and, indeed, that no distraction could be permitted to intervene between me and my work. This I did with enthusiasm. It was inspiring to feel that every day a certain amount of actual good was accomplished. Often, when I was so weary in body and mind that I could scarcely sit up at dinner, I was sustained by the thought that, but for my extra labour, So-and-So would be suffering far more acutely from actual pain than I was suffering from fatigue. From the beginning my practice was to me a sacred thing. In my work a patient was a patient. I gave myself as much trouble to treat a poor governess as if she were the queen, and I never neglected anything for the welfare of my patient, whether it was a charity case or the one from which I was to receive the largest fee. I did not know then, in the early years of my practice, that this was the best policy. I only knew that I must have a quiet conscience and that it could be obtained only by giving to every patient my very best, without regard to personality or to my own convenience.
One day, in the first year of my practice, there came up a splendid liveried footman and asked to see me in person. When I came out from my office to speak to him, he said his mistress, the Princess H., was in her carriage at the door and wished to speak to me. I told him if the princess wished to see me she could come up and I would see her at the first moment possible. He looked astonished but departed and presently the princess came. When I had time I gave her an examination and then arranged for an appointment, which she kept, and she afterwards became one of my most devoted patients and showed me many acts of kindness. But when, that day, I rushed out to the dining-room for my hasty lunch, my servant, Ernst, intercepted me and said, he begged me to excuse him, but he hoped I would permit him to say, that the princess had expected me to come down and stand before her carriage to receive her commands, and he added that he was a poor man and ten thalers was much money to him, but he would gladly have given it for the pleasure of hearing my reply. I thought of it four years later, in the last month of the French war in 1871, when I was requested, in a family emergency, to visit this lady at the chief family estate not far from Dresden, and had the pleasure of being a guest for a few days, when, although there were other guests, I had every day the place of honour at the
table in the stately room in which the alliance between Prussia, Austria and Russia was arranged which led to Napoleon’s downfall.

One morning the princess took me for a drive about the beautifully ordered estate, in the course of which we came to some undrained swamps. I said: “Your Highness, if this were a warmer climate, one might expect to find poisonous serpents in such a place as this.” “Oh,” she said, “there are plenty; my husband will tell you about that.”

In the evening, after dinner, I asked the prince how it could be that dangerous serpents were still found in land so well cultivated. He replied by relating one of his early experiences upon succeeding to the estate. It has been the case in all countries where primogeniture exists that occasionally the eldest son resents a long life between him and the family estates, and this may have been one of those instances, for the heir had absented himself so long that he was unacquainted with local conditions. So, when he set about trying to regulate affairs, with especial reference to cutting off some of the salaried retainers, he met with unexpected obstacles.

But, among others, he scratched a man who was called the Schlangenfänger, saying if such an office had ever been necessary in former ages, it must be a sinecure now and he wouldn’t keep such an official any longer.
A few days afterwards, when walking in the park before breakfast, a servant came and said one of the employés wished to have an audience, so he commanded that he should come to him at once. Presently an old man with a large sack upon his shoulder came up, doffed his cap, kissed the prince’s hand and said: "Durchlaucht, ich bin der Schlangenfänger." ("Your grace, I am the snake catcher.") Then the prince explained that it was his intention to abolish all unnecessary offices and therefore the old man must go. The man declared that it would be to him a great disgrace, for he had been Schlangenfänger to His Highness’s grandfather and that the office had been hereditary in his family for many generations; but the prince was still obdurate and could only say he would do something for the old man, but that the office should be discontinued. "Well then," said the old man, "I must leave the snakes which I have caught this morning," and thereupon he poured out the contents of the sack, a mass of poisonous snakes, on the gravel walk. The prince was horrified, commanded the creatures to be killed and hastily promised to keep the very efficient official. He told me that he not only still kept such a man, but that he gave a bounty of a groschen per head for every poisonous serpent killed and that at that time, early in June, he had already paid for more than six hundred.
The Prince also told me that poisonous snakes brought forth their young alive, while harmless snakes were oviparous. He had himself observed this, but I had not been able to find his statement confirmed until, forty years afterwards, at the International Exhibition of Hygiene at Dresden in 1911, there were exhibited, in the Brazilian Division, preparations showing that rattlesnakes gave birth to living snakelets and that these were not the product of eggs laid by the mother and hatched in the open, as with the young of some harmless snakes.

Our social circle was not extensive. We both had so much to do, that we shunned general society. Dresden had a considerable English and American colony, among whom were many agreeable people, but we came to know them only slowly. There was, however, a little circle of young people, such as some choice American students at the Freiberg mining school, who frequented our house and with whom we had much enjoyment. Shortly after our settling in Dresden, Grace Ross, a strikingly handsome Bangor girl, came over to cultivate her beautiful voice. She was much with us and met at our house a Mr. Stuart M. Buck, to whom she became engaged. They were subsequently married and lived happily ever afterwards, as did others who, from time to time, had a part of their romance at our house.
There had begun, after the close of the Civil War, a regular American invasion of Europe. We found some nearly impoverished Southern families living still in Germany, having been unable to return after the war broke out, and they were exceedingly bitter in their feelings, far more so than those who passed through the war at home. But the general tone of American society was strongly loyal, for those who came abroad then were almost exclusively from the North. Among them were some newly enriched people of scanty culture but who, through their lavish expenditure and pushing ways, were tolerated even in court circles. They were often a sore trial to their compatriots of more gentle breeding, but they still afforded much amusement.

There was one family from the West who caused us all much entertainment. They had succeeded in being presented at Court for, at that time, partly as a result of Saxony having become a member of the North German Bund and no longer existing as an independent kingdom, and partly for other reasons such as led everywhere to the breaking down of rigid exclusiveness at the aggressiveness of newly acquired wealth, it was comparatively easy to be presented. And it was very diverting to observe how these people had their good, honest heads turned by their new experiences. The head of the family advised me to go to Court and
“get decorated,” as if this were the most simple and natural thing in the world, and upon every occasion enlarged upon his aristocratic acquaintance. One day he asked me to let the door remain open between my reception room and the surgery, that he might now and then speak to his wife, who was in my operating chair. He talked ordinarily in a moderate tone of voice, but now and then he would give vent to a loud inquiry, such as: “Wife, was it the Crown Prince or was it Prince George who said he was coming to our place to-morrow night?” or, “Doctor, I spent a hundred thousand dollars in embellishments on my estate on the banks of the Mississippi just before I came abroad, and now I wish I hadn’t.” The partner of his social glories was also worthy of her position. She talked in a deliciously affected way, garnishing her speech with scraps of curiously assorted French, but when my professional attentions became in any degree distressing, she would squirm about and revert to her normal tone and cry, “Golly!”

The religious differences of the English-speaking colony were characteristic. There were, in our early years of residence, both a high and a low church English service. The priest of the former, when he left for another field of usefulness, boasted that he had not left a single Protestant in his congregation and that he had nearly succeeded in establishing the confes-
sional. The chaplain of the latter, not to be outdone in eccentricity, preached against the evils of papacy with implied application to this recreant and truculent opponent, and as ostentatiously prayed for the President of the United States, as his rival as ostentatiously refrained from doing.

We went to the low church, as did nearly all Americans religiously inclined or especially patriotic, among the latter being our consul, Mr. Campbell, and we became much interested in our Irish pastor. He was a scholarly man and in time became a professor at Dublin, but neither learning nor his office could tame his combativeness. In later years when he had returned to Dresden for a visit, I asked him on one evening when he was dining with us, to tell us what was his position regarding Home Rule, which was then in its early contentious years. The good man nearly foamed with rage as he denounced the ignorant and bigoted Catholic Irishmen who were the victims of this madness and declared that all the Protestants of Ireland wanted was a free hand and they would put an end to all this nonsense by civil war! More than forty years afterwards I had occasion to recall his words, as Ulster began to train a hundred thousand men to resist the application of the Home Rule Bill and gave the German Government reason to believe, in the most critical emergency of all history, that she could
depend upon Great Britain not being able to resist her purposed aggressive action, because she was on the verge of civil war.

We Americans also had our little animosities and would n't join the English club, but established a club of our own and kept it up for many years until, at last, the passions of the war subsided so far that the two clubs spontaneously united. But, in the early years of our residence in Dresden, our associates were chiefly American. There were a number of American families, attracted by the many advantages offered by Dresden, who settled down for years in this pleasant capital. Some of them married into German families and their descendants are to-day serving in the German army. But there were others who came only for a short time, but whose society was so enjoyable as never to be forgotten.

One winter we had for some time Governor Curtin, the war governor of Pennsylvania, who had been appointed to the American Ministry at St. Petersburg, and his first secretary of legation, Mr. Coffey, who had been assistant secretary of state under Lincoln, and Charles Leland, dear to us as the author of "Hans Breitmann," and Consul Irish, sent over to disentangle the involved Dresden consulate, and various other interesting people.

This was the winter when I gave my first large and
formal dinner party. It was in honour of Curtin and was, for me, an event, for I was rather desirous of doing it well, and, to my comfort, it did go off nicely, except that the governor mistook the time and came an hour too early; but this gave him an opportunity to talk himself out upon some subjects we had already discussed together at Bad Homburg, where I first made his acquaintance. It was most interesting to converse with men who had stood by Lincoln during the war and who had themselves played such a part in it. Coffey told me once a characteristic story of Lincoln. One morning in the darkest days of the war, he went by appointment to the cabinet of the President and immediately the door was opened for him to enter. At that moment a woman in the crowded ante-room rushed under his arm, threw herself at the feet of the President and began to plead for the life of her son, who was condemned to be shot the next day for sleeping on his post. She cried out that he had always been a good boy and had volunteered of his own free will for the service and he couldn't help being overpowered by sleep after such fatigue as he had undergone. Lincoln gently raised her and said: "I have promised General McClellan that I wouldn't pardon any more soldiers who were condemned by court martial, for he says it is subversive to discipline in the army. I sat up all last night trying to find some flaw
in the papers regarding your son, but to no purpose. But,” he continued, “I promise you that I will not go to bed to-night until I have gone through those papers again and find some point upon which I can base a pardon.”

Not long after being settled in Dresden, I began to go to the Victoria Hotel for occasional dinners, and Carl Weiss, the proprietor, soon became most useful to me. There was never anything I wanted done, which he could not put me in the way of doing, or of finding someone best adapted to doing it. Until, after many years, the land upon which the hotel stood became so valuable for building purpose that Weiss felt obliged to sell it, the hotel was a sort of adjunct to our domestic establishment. Leonard will remember it, as will, perhaps, Nora and Grace also. There was a good chef and a rare cellar in which a wonderful Hochheimer Höhle was kept especially for me. The house was remarkably clean and well ordered and was renowned throughout Europe. Many of my patients stayed at this hotel. Leonard may remember how, when the Persian Ambassador to Vienna was once staying at this house on a visit to me, Grace wrote her brother saying that she had seen this personage at the hotel and he was dressed in his nightie, for she mistook his flowing white robes for a nocturnal garment.

One day, when complimenting Weiss upon his tal-
...ent for languages, he told me his story. The ambition of his life was to become a “professor.” He was studying philology and was already a good Sanscrit scholar and a master of some other languages as well, when his father lost his fortune. Young Weiss felt that he must become the stay of the family and at once left the university and tried to find something to do. He said he felt helplessly incompetent for earning a living in any practical manner, until he bethought himself that, as he had lived upon the Rhine, where his father had an estate, he knew a lot about wine and so he determined to become an inn-keeper. He went to Switzerland and got a place as an apprentice in one of the famous hotels, for then, even more than now, the Swiss were the great hotel-keepers. With his well-trained mind, he quickly mastered the essentials of the business and, with German thoroughness, became a first-class cook, head waiter, bookkeeper, etc. Then he came to Dresden, took the Victoria Hotel and soon made it famous. Hillmann, the founder of the celebrated hotel in Bremen, was a companion of Weiss and they studied hotel-keeping together in Switzerland. One day just before Christmas, I ran in to order something and found Weiss rolling up packages of money and working at a great Christmas tree, and I complimented him upon his work. “Well,” he said “every year I swear I will never do this again, but
then just before Christmas comes, I remember how, when I was a learner in Switzerland, my master gave a Christmas festival for all his employés and how it comforted me in my loneliness, and then, at the last moment, my wife and I hurry up to do the same for our people.”

It once happened that Queen Carola, loveliest of royalties, was obliged to spend several consecutive hours with me. As this involved her luncheon hour, I begged the honour of providing a lunch for her at my house. Since our whole domestic establishment was in the country, I went to Weiss, confided to him my perplexity and asked him to send me his best cook and to provide a simple but exquisite lunch for the queen and one of her ladies, who always came with her. The service would be by my own people and I also provided a wonderful bottle of Johannisberger, one of a few Prince Metternich had given me. Weiss promised to have everything arranged in the best manner. When the time was nearly at hand, I excused myself for a moment and ran out to the kitchen to see for myself if all was in order, and there I found not the Victoria chef, but Weiss himself, with his sleeves rolled up and engaged in cooking. I told him with many thanks that I had not meant to ask him to do this work, but he replied: “Do you think I would permit my servant to cook for my queen when I might have ( 106 )
the honour of doing it myself?” Later I told the queen of this and she was much touched and pleased, as she always was at any evidence of genuine attachment.

Good old Weiss! How many kind and generous deeds have I known him to do! One of the most striking examples was the care he took of the wife and children of the criminal, Thomas. This man and his family had lived much at the Victoria Hotel, where Thomas was regarded as a well-meaning, jovial fellow of rather coarse tastes, but the last man to be suspected of criminal intent. When the dreadful tragedy occurred at Bremen, followed by the suicide of Thomas, his distracted wife rushed with her children from Leipzig to Dresden to place herself under the protection of her former friend, Frau von Funke, the wife of the Stadt Commandant. It was impossible for the von Funkes to keep them and they came to me in their perplexity. I at once thought of Weiss and asked him if he could suggest a place where they could be kept in seclusion until they could be sent out of the country, and he said: “Send them to me and I will put them in a wing of my hotel where no one shall see them and they shall have every comfort.” He kept them for weeks at his own expense, refusing to take a penny of the money we raised in the American colony for the purpose of sending them to America and, indeed, contributed to this fund himself.

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It was curious that I, who had always instinctively avoided Thomas and knew less of him than was known by any other member of the American Club, should have the most trouble about his unfortunate family. They had a villa near Dresden, where all their possessions, which were destined to be sold, had been sealed by the police. One day I went there with Mrs. Thomas and a policeman for some formality, and as the poor woman saw a photograph in a bureau drawer which the policeman had unlocked, she cried out: "Oh, I want that, it is the picture of my dead baby!" The policeman's face twitched; he turned his back upon the woman and marched to the window, saying in a fierce undertone: "Tell the poor creature to take it."

As my practice increased, I was frequently solicited to visit patients who could not conveniently come to Dresden. The first visit of that character which I made was to Prince L. in Bohemia. To me it was an event, for it was my first view of a great landed estate and my first glimpse of the stately and half feudal life of the Austrian aristocracy. All the members of this family with its extended relationship became my patients and I finally came to know much of their history. My host had been a general in the Austrian army and, being a younger son, had a claim upon the family estates sufficient for his needs in such a position. Upon returning from a campaign after many
years’ absence from his own people, he fell in love with one of his nieces, who had grown up to stately womanhood. After long negotiations, they received permission from the Pope to marry and, at the time of my visit, they had nine healthy children, the last being twins, infants in arms, who were displayed with great pride upon all occasions. When the prince married, he asked his elder brother to give him a small estate, which chanced not to be entailed like the rest of the property, in exchange for his appanage, which, as it was a good bargain for the elder brother, was readily assented to. But money was needed to cultivate the estate and so little confidence was felt in the business ability of a man who had done no serious work, for in those days not much was expected of a prince and a general, he had to pay seventeen per cent for the money required. The estate was laid down to beet root and the best machinery necessary for making sugar in these early days of the sugar industry was purchased and set up. For years the prince was his own manager, factor, engineer, etc., and when I knew him, he had not only an income of five hundred thousand gulden from his greatly enlarged estate and factory, but he also managed the family estates for his elder brother, to the great advantage of all concerned.

I was greatly impressed by the order and system and evidence of good management prevailing every-
where. Such intensive farming I had never dreamed of. Every part of the estate seemed under gardenlike cultivation. Several saddle horses were always standing in their stalls ready for instant service. Every man and woman on the place seemed to know how to do their work perfectly and to have a pride in doing it well. The number of domestics in livery and uniform seemed very great, but their service was so excellent that they were never in the way. I soon saw that, under the lavish hospitality prevalent among the set into which my hosts were born, a large establishment was necessary. The princess told me that a shooting party was expected one day in the next week and that they would certainly kill at least a thousand hares. And, to make the picture perfect, on the morning of my departure I saw a tall gypsy man slinking into one of the stables.

When Austrian patients began to come to me, as occurred early in my practice, they excited my interest in a greater degree than was the case with others. Austria had been a powerful empire centuries before anyone had dreamed of an emancipated and united Germany, and the Austrian aristocracy had always had great wealth and influence. My patients were chiefly from this class and the frankness with which they spoke of all things human and divine was most entertaining. They all knew each other and their inten-
marriages were the despair of the "Almanac de Gotha." I remember a Russian countess who, having married an Austrian of the sacred circle, was introduced into Viennese society. She told me that she was overwhelmed at the great number of Austrians who kissed her and called her "du"; this familiarity being the correct method of recognizing their relations and bidding her welcome. Their relations were so intimate and they spoke to and of each other with such amazing freedom, that in listening to them one felt something like an eavesdropper; but there was no malice in their speech. Indeed, they loved to tell of events which were creditable to their caste or which were simply entertaining.

I remember a story Count Westphalen told me of Count Oswald Thun, a member of a family I knew, which illustrates a tendency to seek adventure, which Austrian noblemen and Austrian archdukes have abundantly displayed. Count Thun had gone to America to shoot grizzly bears and, when the sport palled upon him, took a steamer for the South American coast. Then he conceived the idea of finding the head waters of the Amazon and going down the mighty stream to its mouth. He said: "Humboldt couldn't do it, but perhaps I can." So he fitted out an expedition and, after great hardships, was finally deserted by his attendants, but undauntedly went on
his way alone. At last he found a ship which was gathering rubber and gave the skipper his costly rifle to take him to Para, where he finally landed, tattered and absolutely destitute, except for his letter of credit, which he had concealed in the crown of his Panama hat. He went at once to the Austrian consulate, told his incredible story and asked for money on his letter of credit; but the consul answered: “Wo haben Sie das gestohlen? Machen Sie dass Sie binaus kommen.”

When he had paced the inhospitable streets of Para for a time, he concluded to ship as a sailor to some Mexican port, Maximilian (whom he knew) being at that time the emperor of Mexico. But just then he heard, from the opposite side of the street, a voice calling: “I say, you look as if you had seen better days!” “So I have,” he answered, crossing to the unmistakable Englishman who had addressed him, and began to tell his story. But presently the Englishman interrupted him and said he was the British consul on his way home and invited the seeming tramp to go with him to his house and dine with him, adding that his wife would be glad to make his acquaintance. “What, in this garb?” Thun answered, glancing at his stained and ragged raiment. “Certainly, that doesn’t matter; come along.”

After dinner the consul said, addressing his guest for the first time by his title, “Count Thun, I shall be
happy to advance you any sum you require on your letter of credit." Thun asked him how it could be that, when he had been turned into the street by his own consul, his story should be believed by a stranger upon whom he had no claim. His host answered: “That was the reason I asked you to dinner. I knew if you were not a gentleman, I should detect it at table.”

Later the Duke of Cumberland told me other adventures of this same Count Thun, who was a comrade of his when the Duke was serving in the Austrian army after the war of 1866. There seemed to be no limit to his strength and endurance, no man of his set being able to hold his own with him in any physical contest, and, when the Duke once congratulated him upon some signal triumph, he answered: “Gott weis was aus mir hätte werden können, wenn ich nicht als Sieben-Monats-Kind zur Welt kam.” (“God only knows how I might have turned out, had I not started life as a seven-months child.”)

I remember another incident the Duke related to me to illustrate the happy-go-lucky discipline which prevailed in an Austrian regiment where the officers were all of the privileged caste. There was a young Englishman serving in the same regiment with the Duke who took his duties perhaps even more lightly than the others. One morning the Englishman had
been ordered to carry dispatches to a distant division, but delayed his departure that he might join the mid-day dinner at a hotel where all the officers were accustomed to dine together. He came and took his place at table as usual. The colonel looked at him and said: “It would be well that the colonel should not see you here”; whereupon the young officer at once retired and hastened to do his duty. It was perhaps better than a court martial, but the Austrian army was in no condition to take the field as an ally of France against the disciplined German army in 1870, as the whole Austrian nation ardently desired.

When speaking upon this subject, the Duke told me how much he enjoyed the unconventional ways of Austrian officers not of his set. He mentioned with much glee a Croatian officer whose ability had carried him far and who used to say: “Erstens bin ich Croat, zweitens bin ich Soldat, drittens bin ich Democrat.” (“First I’m a Croatian, second a soldier, and third a democrat.”)
Chapter Six

AFTER occupying our lodgings for a few months, we moved to rooms on the floor above and subsequently changed to what was, for that time, an elegant apartment at number 1 Walpurgis Strasse. This was a great event, for we furnished it and your dear mother planned and executed everything herself. Here, on April 20, 1868, Leonard was born. Three weeks afterwards, the mother was photographed with the child in her arms and we sent a copy to each of the grandmothers in America with our usual weekly letter, but making no mention of the happy event until a week later, which no previous intimation from us had led them to expect. Grandmamma Upton knew at once that this was Clara's child, but Grandmamma Jenkins wrote she hoped "Clara will not always be obliged to borrow her neighbours' jewels." A jewel the child surely was. From the moment of his birth, he was not simply cheerful, he was merry. When old enough to be taken from the pillow upon which German nurses insisted upon keeping new-born children in those days, and could be carried about the house in arms and be permitted to look the world in the face, he was overflowing with merriment, a happy condition which he has ever since maintained. He was especially amused
at the black handles with which the swinging windows were supplied, going into convulsions of laughter over them. Perhaps he thought, in combination with the white window frames they formed the Prussian colours, at which, however, no one laughs but many weep to-day.

After being fairly settled in our new apartment, we began to save money for buying a horse. I greatly felt the need of physical relaxation, for I was working long hours and at high pressure and I found riding such screws as could be hired from a riding school unsatisfying. We put into a box, which we called the horse-box, such money as we could spare, until at last we had sufficient for our purpose; and just then I found a beautiful stallion, with more than a dash of Arab blood, which I bought immediately and named 'Box,' that the memory of the fun we had had in saving money for him might not perish. Of all the good horses I have ever since owned, Box was the dearest to us. His previous owner had mistaken his high spirit for viciousness and had had various ineffectual contests with him, which had given the horse a bad reputation and therefore brought him within the price I could afford. I had only one battle with him, and that was on account of a pile of stones just outside the Grosser Garten, of which he pretended to be afraid and refused to pass. By getting his head down so he
could not rear, I at last backed him over those stones and then rode him back and forth around them, until he was completely subdued to my will, and from that moment he loyally accepted me for his master and rejoiced to serve me. He knew my every mood. If I were nervous and excited, he would scarcely wait for me to put my foot in the stirrup and would spring about and start off at high speed, in perfect sympathy with my feeling. If I were weary, he would move only sedately and gently, and if I dismounted to stroll along a country lane, he would follow me, cropping the grass, at some distance, but if I turned and called to him, he would come to me at once. One morning as I came down for an early ride, I found the horse, in compliance with my mood, already prancing with the joy of motion. It happened that just after my mounting, Addah came up with Leonard in her arms and the child held out his hands to be taken up. As I took the boy, Box instantly became perfectly docile and walked quietly up and down until I gave her charge back to the nurse, when at once the horse began to caper and shy and pretend to want to run away. But he would play no tricks whatever when your mother rode or drove him, but obeyed every touch of her hand or tone of her voice.

He had a way of begging for sugar by pawing with his right forefoot and the groom knew of my coming
some time before I reached the stable by his beginning
to paw and look around for me. When, after long years
of companionship, I was called to the stable, to find
him lying on his left side, dying from a fractured
thigh, he pawed with his right forefoot in the air and
lifted his head in greeting. The two portraits I have of
this dear creature are both by Friedrich, a celebrated
Dresden painter of horses of this time.

For many years we led such a busy life that we
could not cultivate our acquaintance with noted Ger-
man artists whom we knew, except here and there.
We were able to keep in touch with Professor Hübner,
Director of the Dresdner Gallery, who was our neigh-
bour in town and in Loschwitz, and with a few others
who came of themselves into our circle. I much prize
a beautiful pencil sketch, which Professor Hübner
once gave me, of one of his well-known pictures. It
represents Frederick the Great in the garden of Sans
Souci, in his old age, with a greyhound at his feet
and the historic windmill in the distance. After Pro-
fessor Hübner’s death, his wife presented us with a
portrait of her husband, which had been painted by
George Peixotto, one of the master’s admiring pupils.

Among our friends was also the beloved Hoffmann,
known widely, and especially in America through his
two famous pictures in the Dresdner Gallery: “The
Woman Taken in Adultery” and “Christ in the Tem-
ple.” Other painters of religious subjects have been inspired with deep reverence for their theme, but Hoffmann’s work reveals his own saintly character. He was, however, a mortal man, for he was much shocked and downright indignant to hear that an American had copied his picture of Christ in the Temple for a memorial window in an American church, without even asking his permission or reflecting that a picture designed for canvas could not be properly rendered in glass.

In 1869 Henry Bacon and his charming wife came from Paris to spend some time in Dresden. He was a talented young American genre painter, educated in Paris and full of fresh delight in the charm of European life and art. Germany had not then been Prussianized. Each State had its own standard of art, and wild impressionists, realists and futurists had not begun to bolshevizise German classical traditions.

We became good friends and the Bacons were much at our house. We were amused at their quandary in trying to give their infant son the family name of his mother. They could not, however, venture to call him Henry Lord Bacon, nor yet Lord Henry Bacon, and so the christening was postponed for a long time and we never knew their final decision.

I learned that they had fled to London during the war of 1870 and were in straitened circumstances.
So I ventured to send them some money in memory of our friendship. Long afterward Bacon sent me a charming little picture of “The First Extravagance,” as he called his painting of a young couple buying a cradle in an old shop in Nuremberg.

These early years were full of interest and crowded with work. I was becoming seasoned to the fatigue and nervous strain of my practice and growing in facility for daily purposes and in comprehension of the future possibilities of my growing reputation. We kept in close touch with the Abbots, going frequently to see them in Berlin and having visits from them in return. From Abbot I got my first impressions regarding European politics. Mr. Fay, his father-in-law, was a storehouse of information, through the experiences of his long diplomatic career, in which he had known many of the men prominent in public life. Some of his minor experiences were curious. At one time, before the American Civil War, when he was first secretary of the American legation in Berlin, he had under his care two American Ministers, both newly appointed, one to Berlin and one to St. Petersburg, each of whom was suffering from delirium tremens. He delayed the time of audience for the purpose of presenting his new chief as long as possible and, when the inevitable hour arrived, managed to carry upon some pretence a voluminous cloak over his arm
to throw about the Minister should he become violent. Poor Mr. Fay’s nerves suffered for years afterwards from the strain of those anxious weeks.

He once told me the story of the Englishman who was killed by the bears of Berne. It occurred during the time when Mr. Fay was American Minister to Switzerland. A pleasant young Englishman, who was a great favourite in society in Berne, became obsessed with the conviction that he was to die upon a certain day. His friends tried to laugh him out of this notion, but to no avail. So a dinner was given him on the evening of that day and every effort was made to cheer him up. His hosts had set the clock forward for an hour and when, at eleven o’clock, it struck twelve, the health of the guest was jubilantly drunk. When the party broke up, the guest walked towards the hotel with a fellow countryman. So elated was he that, as he passed the bear pit, which was not then protected as it has been since this tragic event, he jumped upon the broad wall of the den and began to dance along to the end, when he lost his balance and fell into the pit. Even then he might not have been attacked by the bears, had he not, in his terror, prodded at them with his umbrella. Mr. Fay was awakened by the shouts of the poor victim’s friends, who ran into the town calling for help.

I had come abroad after the brilliant success of
Prussia in the war with Austria. It seemed to me that it was a victory of civil and religious liberty over spiritual and physical autocracy and to mark a distinct stage in the progress of mankind. There could be no doubt that the expulsion of Austria from Germany was a direct gain. Like all the rest of the neutral world, I enjoyed the marvellous achievement of the smaller power, who, in a campaign of three weeks, had overthrown Austria and brought all Germany to her feet; but I was far too young and inexperienced to understand what this deed of arms actually meant.

It was enough for me to share in the prosperity which began to increase everywhere after the political settlement, to enjoy the rapid succession of agreeable events and to profit from and be amused by acquaintance with my polyglot clientele. Among my patients were representatives of families famous in European history and many others who wanted to be. In general they all treated me with great consideration, partly because I was necessary to them, and partly because I was an American, for it was the thing to admire everything American after our country had issued from the long Civil War so triumphantly and was showing such an extraordinary recuperative power, to the great advantage of all who held American securities.

One day there came to me an imposing lady from Silesia and, upon giving her an appointment, I was (122)
obliged to ask her to repeat her name. "Munchausen" she said, "Munchausen! Don’t you know the man who told so many lies?"*

In later years, when other members of this renowned and kindly and interesting family had become my patients, one of them actually told me once, when speaking of pistol shooting, that upon his wedding journey he went into a shooting gallery in Frankfort with some friends and shot twice at the target. His first shot was in the very center of the bull’s-eye, and the second was driven into the first so that they could not be separated. Only lately he had been to that same gallery and the proprietor showed him, as one of the relics of the place, the two united bullets which "a gentleman from Silesia" had fired so many years ago.

There was much curiosity about America and I was often detained some time after finishing my sitting with some more or less serious-minded patient to answer questions which would have puzzled far wiser heads than mine. It occasionally happened that I was able to impart some real information or to prevent some evident misunderstanding of political or social conditions in America, but there were some questions impossible to answer.

I was once asked to go to Prague to see some of my

*This name is famous in literary history on account of the amusingly mendacious stories known as The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.
patients who could not come to Dresden just then, and, for a few days, I saw in one of the old palaces a number of members of the Bohemian aristocracy, who swarmed to take advantage of my visit. It was the beginning of a professional connection of great value and interest, many of the patients of that time remaining devotedly attached to me until I quite gave up practice and passed out of their path.

I had with me upon this visit my black servant, Joseph, who was a fine, tall negro and an excellent valet, cook and coachman, in any of which capacities he might have been indispensable, except for a circumstance which finally made it necessary for me to part with him. All the maid servants fell in love with him and the first connected German sentence he learned was: “Fräulein, borgen Sie mir einen Thaler.” (“Young lady, please lend me a dollar.”) One afternoon, as I was about returning to my hotel, one of the lovely young princesses of the family I had been treating took me aside and said diffidently that she was dying to ask me a question. I assured her it would give me much pleasure to answer it if possible. She then said that I was an American and white, and my servant was an American and black, and she didn’t see how that could be and wanted me to explain.

Joseph was a character. He had been a cook on a ship and had been stranded at Constantinople. From (124)
there he made his way overland to Dresden, looking for a situation, and I engaged him at once and kept him for two years, and but for the little weakness above referred to, I should have kept him always, for he became much attached to the family. One day I had occasion to reprove him for quarrelling with one of the other servants and he excused himself by saying he had been called a *schwarzer Teufel* ("black devil"). Then I told him he must learn to control his feelings if he were abused, to come to me at once and I would protect him. Now Joseph barely knew his letters and your mother tried diligently to teach him to read and write. One day shortly after my reproof, he brought her his house accounts and she went over them patiently. At last she came to one item, "EDCT." She puzzled over it for a time and then said: "I don't know what that is, Joseph."

"Them's sardines, marm."

She smiled gently and said: "That's not the way to spell it; I will show you how." And taking a pencil, she made a large S, when Joseph cried: "Yes, marm, I thought of beginning it with an S too, marm, but I controlled my feelin's."

There were many Europeans in my practice who had considerable knowledge of America, and some of them, notably Russians and Germans of the ruling caste, were anxious to be on good terms with America.
It was my rule never to presume upon my professional relations with my patients. Whatever friendly interest was shown to me, I regarded as being professional and not personal, and this attitude came to be understood and appreciated. I also gained a reputation for discretion which was of great importance. It was not uncommon among professional men in Germany to be willing to have it known that they were visited by or called to distinguished patients. If royalty or an ambassador, or any especially important patient came to see me, I arranged, whenever possible, to have him shown directly into my operating room, or into a private waiting-room, and not to be exposed to seeing or being seen by the people in the general reception room. I cautioned my assistants and employés not to talk about the important personages who came to me, and soon made my patients understand that they could come to me in perfect confidence. Dresden has always had a reputation for gossip and there was great lack of prudence, even among high-class professional men, in speaking of their clientele. I was often asked what I had done for such and such a patient, sometimes even by members of the same family, and invariably replied that, to an American doctor, the confidence of his patient was sacred. One day a member of the Saxon royal family asked me an indiscreet question about the King. I replied: “If the King were
to ask me the same question about your Royal Highness, I should also decline to answer.” She blushed deeply but, after a few minutes she thanked me and said I was perfectly correct, for she wouldn’t like others to know about her own case. Thus it happened that I came to enjoy most agreeable relationship with my extended clientele, many of whom asked my advice in various delicate private affairs and spoke to me freely about public events in which they were interested.

I mention these things that you may understand that many of my convictions with which you may be acquainted are not quite unintelligently founded, although I may not have been always able to give you all my reasons.

In the early seventies Charles Eliot Norton and his delightful wife were for some time in Dresden. Norton was fresh from visiting England and, among many other eminent men of letters with whom he there formed friendships, was Edward FitzGerald, with whose famous version of “The Rubáiyát” of Omar Khayyám I had recently become acquainted. I did not then know the personal relations between Norton and FitzGerald, but I was much pleased to find the Nortons so familiar with a work whose melodious verse and Anglicized oriental thought had greatly taken my fancy. There were a few copies of the second
edition of the "Large Infidel" packed up with our books at Thorwald and I hope they will have survived the war, together with all our other treasures left there. In one or more of these books I have interpolated a few stanzas which did not appear in later editions.

Norton came with a letter of introduction to King John from Ticknor, who had known the King as Prince John before he came to the throne by the tragic death of his brother. Prince John had been educated largely in Italy, for the royal family was devotedly Roman Catholic. He was a scholarly man of intellectual tastes and was known in German literature as a translator of Dante. Since Norton, with James Russell Lowell, had gone over with their friend Longfellow every line of Longfellow's translation of "The Divine Comedy," it was natural that the King should welcome Norton and find pleasure in his society.

One day I asked Norton, knowing that he had recently dined with the King, if his Majesty had shown him his translation and what he thought of it. He quickly answered: "It is beautiful, splendid, magnificent—for a King!"

On November 17, 1871, Norton wrote from Dresden, in a private letter only recently published: "The German—nothing that has not material value pleases him. Ideas he despises; facts are his treasure."
After I had become convinced that I had gained a solid practice, capable of great extension, I wrote to your Grandfather Upton and your Uncle George to say that, if George cared to study dentistry, I could give him an opening. This met with the family approval, and accordingly George studied dentistry and graduated in 1870, and his parents came over with him, landing in England just as the war with France broke out.

Those were days of great excitement. Our sympathies were wholly with Germany. We believed, as indeed did nearly all the world, that the war was wantonly provoked by the Emperor of the French, but we did not fear that there was to be another conquest of Germany like that achieved by the first Napoleon. We had been prodigiously impressed by the extension of the Prussian military system over all Germany and rejoiced to see that the German people were, in that moment of peril, completely united. There was no wild enthusiasm for war, but a solemn consecration to the cause of the nation and a profound conviction of its justice.

The splendid patriotic songs of the war of Liberation, more than half a century ago, were revived, and supplemented by “Die Wacht am Rhein.” In a sincerely religious spirit, the whole nation turned towards the God of their fathers. The churches were crowded;
even secular public assemblies sang hymns and, with a swiftness which astonished the world, the nation in arms began a glorious campaign, which ended in six months with the greatest of military triumphs and the establishment of the German Empire.

In the first days of mobilizing, I was riding through a small village. Some young soldiers were being marshalled under the branches of some great trees. An officer called to them to group themselves about him and in a few quiet words he told them that, in this coming war, there must be no feeling of distance between the soldiers and their officers, but that they must remember that they were all brothers, equally ready in life and death to serve their dear Fatherland.

The railroads were immediately taken for military purposes. Hearing rumours of Abbot being in trouble, I went up to Berlin with Consul Irish on the last train which left Dresden before general mobilization. In the early morning I went to Abbot’s house to make inquiries and his attached old servant, Karl, let me in. I saw he was greatly affected and asked the reason. But he could not tell me and begged me only to come in, while he called his master. Soon Abbot appeared, half-dressed, but almost more gay than ever, and in response to my inquiries said: “Nothing is the matter, I’m only ruined, that’s all. But I don’t mind, if only that scoundrel Louis Napoleon gets well thrashed!”

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Then the whole story came out. After our war was over, Abbot had bull-d American securities on the Berlin market, not to make money, but from motives of patriotism. It seemed a safe game to play, as he subsequently thought, and so he kept it up. When the war broke out, he was on the Rhine and could not get back immediately, and, in the meantime, during the panic on the Berlin Bourse, the bankers through whom he was doing business sold him out and he had not only lost everything, but was nominally in debt for some two hundred thousand dollars. He had learned this only two days before and was at that moment without money enough to pay for his family dinner.

I was much shocked and distressed and offered at once to share all I had with him, but he said: “No, I couldn’t think of depriving Dumont of the pleasure of helping me; he now keeps my pot boiling.”

Dr. Dumont was Dr. Abbot’s partner. They were fellow students and graduated in the same class at Baltimore. Dumont, who was a Belgian, did not succeed in his own country, and so Abbot invited him to come to Berlin and share his prosperity. As a result of the panic, Dumont had lost half of his savings and, to a Belgian, with the thrifty habits of those days, that was a great calamity; but when I consoled with him, he said that the pain of his loss was nothing compared with the pleasure he had in being of service
to Abbot, who had done so much for him. I believe Karl also begged Abbot to let him stay with the family without wages, and indeed everybody was anxious to be helpful and considerate to Abbot, for everyone who knew him admired and loved him. But he quickly had an income from his practice again and after the six months war was over, he shared in the great prosperity which came so suddenly to the whole country.

For three years before the war, I saw much of the Saxon minister of war, General von Fabrice. He and his family were my patients. He often came with his daughter, to whom he was much attached and with whom he frequently rode in the Grosser Garten, though it was unusual in those days for ladies to ride and, during all the time I was operating for her, he would sit close by reading a book or engaging in occasional conversation. He was a fine soldierly figure, an accomplished courtier and also a man of much ability. He reorganized the Saxon army and did great service in the field and was finally military Commandant at Versailles. There is a fine bronze statue of him in the Albertstadt, the military quarter of Dresden, which I believe he planned and which was built, I also believe, with money from the French indemnity, of which, by the way, a certain portion was allotted to Fabrice in acknowledgement of his distinguished services.

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I had the privilege of hearing something of his views upon many subjects. He was much interested at one time regarding a purposed change in saddles for the cavalry, and I told him something of the advantages of the so-called McClellan saddle, which was in use in the American army. I ordered two such saddles sent over to me and, when they arrived, wrote a short paper upon their advantages and presented them to the war ministry. Fabrice had them carefully tested and told me they were far and away superior to any European saddle and that he would have adopted them, except for their high cost, which was prohibitory. I think, however, that a study of these saddles, which rest upon the dorsal muscles and are so well adapted in other ways to the anatomy of the horse, may have had some slight influence upon a modification of the Hungarian saddle which was afterwards adopted.

Certainly, as far as my observation went, the German military authorities found nothing too insignificant for careful consideration. I was once the only civilian guest at a dinner given by General von Funke, a famous artillerist who was Commandant of Dresden. After dinner, there was much excited technical debate, which I could not understand. At last the host explained that, for a long time, tests had been made to find the best possible gaiter button, and that

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finally the inquiry had narrowed into the respective merits of two buttons. There were two parties, each of which warmly advocated the button it preferred, but the question would be settled by some fresh experiments, which were soon to be completed.

Upon another occasion your mother and I were calling upon Frau von Funke, the beautiful American wife of the General, when she excused her husband for not being able to see us, because he had received orders to write a paper upon the military use of a river in Africa. For three days and nights he had been secluded in his room, during which time even his wife had not seen him, but that evening his work must be finished and would be taken by his orderly on a certain train to Berlin, to be delivered at a certain hour to the member of the General Staff appointed to receive it. General von Funke afterwards told me that this same task was appointed to a number of men in similar positions in the army throughout Germany, and the replies were examined and commented upon and the record of each of the men was affected by the quality and character of his paper.

It was with such training as this that the German army marched to its immortal victory. Every day brought some stirring news and the whole nation lived in a state of spiritual exaltation. The Americans then living in Dresden were brought very close to each
other in those times. The English residents were far more excited than the Americans. There was at that time a Scotch Presbyterian church, which we attended and I was a member of the committee. On the Sunday morning after the outbreak of the war, the minister told me he must depart at once, lest he should not be able to reach his home later. I told him he was like a soldier at his post; if he chose to desert it, that was a matter for himself alone. But he left that same evening.

There chanced to be one of our old friends, an American clergyman, Mr. Cummings, just then in Dresden. We invited him to hold a morning service for our little community, which he did all through the war, and it was a source of great comfort to us.

Among the English residents, there were some who retained the traditions of the Napoleonic era and who feared the country would be overrun by the French. Some of them hastened off through Austria and never halted until they were under the protection of the guns of Gibraltar. It was also a great comfort that your mother's family were with us. Your Uncle George began to practise with me and even in this stirring war time the practice increased.

When the first French prisoners were taken, some twenty thousand were sent to Dresden. They arrived in wretched condition, but were soon made comfortable. In Saxony there was much sympathy with the
French, largely on account of the policy of the first Napoleon, who was long in alliance with Saxony. The captured French officers were soon put on parole. They were completely destitute, but many kindly Saxons advanced them money to be repaid after the war and showed them in many ways much kindness. I knew one lady who sent word to the senior French general that every day at a certain hour there would be places at her table for sixteen French gentlemen, who she hoped would do her the honour of dining with her. Some of the French officers came to me as patients and they told me that they had never before known what magnanimity meant and assured me if they had been victorious, they would not have thought of treating their enemies so kindly.

One day after the war was over and some prisoners were already being sent home, I received some money from Dumont, to whom it had been sent through England and Belgium by the mother of one of the French soldiers with messages from home. I drove out to the prison camp and told the corporal of the guard upon what errand I had come.

"Oh," he cried, "what a pity you did not come yesterday; the poor fellow left only last night for home."

Then he called out to his comrades and said:

"The gentleman came to bring So-and-So some money and a message from his old mother in the south (136)
of France and now the poor fellow will get no news until he reaches home. Isn't that a pity!"

I have seen a wounded German soldier in a hospital dividing some delicacies which had been sent him as impartially between a Frenchman on one side and a Turco on the other as if they had been his own comrades.

Abbot, Paetsch and I once made a journey to Bordeaux together. It was in early summer and we went by way of Metz, where Lieutenant von Piakowski, an old friend of Abbot, kindly acted as cicerone. It was during the time when the German Government was making a sincere effort to conciliate the conquered provinces. We drove about the battlefield and were much impressed with the care taken to keep all the old French objects of interest, and especially the French soldiers’ cemetery, in good order. Where only unrecognizable bodies were found, they were interred in groups and a cross would bear the words:

Hier ruhen vierzehn tapfere Franzosen.

I found, however, that the peasants, when I tried to talk with them in German, pretended not to understand, but so soon as I said that I was an American, they talked freely in their queer German dialect.

At dinner Piakowski told us he came from a Jewish-Polish family and, when Abbot asked him how he got the von, he related that one of his ancestors was in a
regiment which fought very bravely at the siege of Vienna in 1683; that when the victory was won, the gallant King, Sobieski, had all the survivors of this regiment parade before him and ennobled every man of them. Our friend, however, although he was of the Christian faith, found his origin so serious a handicap that he left the army sometime afterward, married the dowerless girl he loved and went abroad to seek his fortune as an engineer.

During the last weeks of the war, your mother and I went to visit a Polish family living not far from Posen. They were patients who could not conveniently come to me, and so I went to treat them at their palace. It was an interesting visit, for they were charming people, living in the lavish Polish way. The table was always spread with a number of extra plates, in case any visitors should come, for any of their friends from a circuit of thirty miles or so might arrive at any moment and stay until they should be inclined to go home again. There was a charming young Frenchman living in the family and I wondered why he was not fighting for his country at home. One evening after dinner, our host took me into his study and told me he would show me his greatest treasure. He unlocked his safe and took out carefully a pocket-book containing an exquisite ivory miniature of Napoleon. Then he told me that his father had been ad-
jutant to Napoleon. During a battle, the Emperor had exhausted the leaves of his own pocketbook in writing orders and borrowed that of his adjutant, but forgot to return it. Some days afterwards, the Emperor said to him: “Adjutant, I borrowed your book the other day, allow me to replace it.” And then he gave him this one with his portrait. My host narrated that his father had an intimate friendship with a French officer, who occupied the same position upon Napoleon’s staff as himself and, upon their separation after Napoleon’s downfall, they promised to bequeath their friendship to their children. When the first French officers were brought to Berlin, our host read among the published names that of his father’s friend. He at once made his way to the front and chanced to find the King in good humour. He said to him: “Your Majesty, none of my family have ever asked a favour of the Prussian Crown, but now I have come to beg one.” He then told the King of his father’s friend and asked permission to take the young French lieutenant of that name out of prison, promising to be responsible for him, and the King wrote him an order at once. Upon releasing the young man he found that he was the grandson of his father’s friend. He then took him to his estate, where ever since he had been living with him as if he were his son.

All throughout the war there was no violent hatred
to their foes expressed by the Germans. They were fighting a pernicious and dangerous government, but with no great animosity to the French, and seemed to play the game fairly.

I went to Berlin to see the triumphant return of the victorious Prussian army. It was a mighty host, including deputations representing the whole German army. At its head rode the benignant Emperor, the very picture of a father of the people, followed by his brilliant staff. Bismarck bore the arrogant air I had observed when I saw him first, but this time slightly tempered by the tremendous ovation he received, while Moltke rode with a deprecatory smile, looking shy and ill at ease, as if he found it all very embarrassing. For miles the triumphal way was lined with cannon and other trophies taken from the enemy; every soldier was decorated with flowers and the unrestrained rejoicing of the immense crowd of the people and the hope of enduring peace which animated all hearts were fitting accompaniments of one of the world's great events. The Emperor, first acclaimed in the palace of Louis XIV, had returned as a modern Charlemagne to reign over a united and constitutional Germany, with the goodwill of nearly all the world. Never was a new era ushered in under more favourable conditions, never was there a people better fitted to improve a great opportunity. There was a rapid and
continuous development of industrial and commercial enterprise from which everyone seemed to profit. My practice became more exacting and, since your Uncle George's ill health obliged him to return to America, I asked him, with the knowledge he had of the situation, to look up for me a man who had succeeded to my practice in Bangor, to see if he would answer as an assistant. An arrangement was made and Mr. Ellery Young came over with his young wife and was soon a great aid to me.
IN the spring of 1873 we made our first visit to America. This was a great event to us. Leonard was five years old and Nora a baby of nine months. We had been absent for seven years and were returning to find all the members of our two families well and happy. Nora was baptised in our own church by the Reverend Dr. Field, our old pastor. Your mother hesitated so long as to her name that it was only at the last moment before the ceremony that this was decided upon. But the child passed through the ordeal with unparalleled sweetness and composure. We had delightful long visits in Portland and Bangor, saw nearly all our old friends, made some new ones and enjoyed every moment of our stay.

I feared that I might not be able to carry on my practice abroad very long, since my sensitive throat caused me considerable uneasiness, and therefore during this visit, I went South as far as Tennessee, and went to Nebraska to look over the country, with a view to eventually taking to farming in case of necessity. I believed that the most solid fortunes in America, as in Europe, would eventually be found in land. I had been greatly impressed by what I had seen of the advantages of well-managed estates in Europe
and was convinced that the same methods introduced into America would yield even more satisfactory results. My investigations were illuminating and I was very content to return to Europe with the intention of continuing my career there so long as I should be able.

Just as I was leaving Dresden for America, Count Hugo Henckel von Donnersmark, whom I had known for some years, asked me to buy for him a pair of American trotters, which could go inside of three minutes, about five years old and preferably mares. I promised to do my best and I saw a great number of horses which were supposed to have the necessary requirements, but all of whom had some disabilities. At last I found two geldings with which I was satisfied, and bought them after an inquiry by cable. One was a dark grey horse with two white hind feet and a cream-coloured nose. They were beautifully proportioned, sixteen hands high, gaited exactly alike and moving perfectly together, although they belonged to different owners and had never been driven together before.

These horses, together with a three-year-old Knox stallion which I had bought for myself, I had sent to New York with a famous negro trainer named Jackson, to have transported to Hamburg; but, upon arriving in New York, I found that the great commercial panic made it impossible to get any money. At
last Cousin Charles and Cousin Joe Folsom pledged their bank accounts for security and I was able to get enough money to transport my caravan and my family. The horses arrived in Dresden a week later than we, coming in just at nightfall, and were sent at once to the Count's stables. Some horse dealers had told Count Henckel that he must not expect a professional man to get him a decent pair of horses, and he must be prepared for disappointment. Therefore early the next morning, I went to visit the horses, to see if they were all right, but I was met by these men who were just coming away after inspecting them. I asked how they found them, and they answered with one accord that they had never before seen so fine a pair. After a few days, when the horses were more fit, I had the grey horse, which had the greater speed, put into a two-seated top buggy which I had, and drove out the Count and Countess to show his gait. After a time, a sportsman who had a famous Russian trotter came up behind and essayed to pass us. I let him come where I could just see him out of the corner of my eye and then let "Prince" increase his speed just enough to keep the Russian exactly in the same relative position. When I had played with our competitor long enough, I let out my splendid steed and he left the Russian behind "as if he were standing still."

I found Count Henckel had bought these horses as
a present for his father, who was one of the most noted sportsmen in Europe, and I heard him say to his wife: "When the Governor drives after that horse, he will be scared as hell." "Rodney," the black horse, died after a few years, but "Prince" lived until he was about twenty, staunch and game to the very last. Henckel told me that his father always drove the horse himself and when he had shooting parties, even when he had the "All Highests" as guests, he would send off his party in the drag and follow by himself, driving the noble "Prince."

The trainer, Jackson, was much interested in my stallion, whom I had named "Nox." He promised to break him for me, but said he must first make his acquaintance. For a day or so the man sat in the stable near the stall and studied the horse. Then he took him out, harnessed him and drove him without the least difficulty and, in a few days, trusted me to drive him in double harness with "Box." I was astonished to see how perfectly Jackson understood the high-spirited creature, seeming to know his every caprice and always saying just the right word with exactly the right inflection to suit his every mood.

Before going to America, I had a considerable English clientèle, some of whom urged me to give up Dresden and settle in London. Accordingly I took my journey by way of London, where we stayed for a few
weeks. I found there was no doubt of the value of the field, but the climate was so distressing to me, that I quickly decided that no degree of professional success could compensate me for trying to live there. Since then I have visited England at all seasons of the year, and have always been very grateful that my lot was not cast there, since, under all circumstances, I have found the climate peculiarly trying.

In the spring of 1874 your Grandfather Upton died. Taken in the prime of his rare abilities, he was a great loss to us all, but we were measurably consoled by the remembrance of his honourable and useful life and the bright example of exalted religious faith, especially evinced in his last days of suffering.

Your mother went at once to America upon hearing of her father's death and, when she returned, she brought your Grandmother Jenkins with her. I went on to Hamburg to welcome them and it was a great pleasure to me to see how my dear mother enjoyed every incident of her European experience. The evening before leaving for Dresden, I took her to "Fisher's Keller" to dine and we had a wonderful bottle of claret, remarkable even for Hamburg, where good wine was a cherished tradition. I asked the landlord, who afterwards established "Pforte's Restaurant" and made it renowned throughout the world, if he could spare me a few bottles of this noble wine, but he ( 146 )
said it was impossible, as he needed every drop of it for his appreciative clientele; but when I told him I wanted at least one bottle for my mother, as we had to take luncheon with us on the train to Dresden, restaurant cars being then unknown, he consented, as a great concession, to give me one bottle for the sake of the *hochverehrte gnädige Frau* ("the revered lady"), who thanked him with a soulful glance from her beautiful, deep-blue eyes.

During the following winter, I was able to take your grandmother, in spite of her frail health, to a few entertainments, which she greatly enjoyed, especially a delightful Christmas play, "one of the real old sort," and she appreciated them all greatly, enjoying everything as naturally as a child. But in the spring she was taken with a hemorrhage of the lungs and, although she recovered from this attack, she felt that her end was drawing nigh and wished to return home. As your mother's state of health did not allow me to leave her, I placed my dear mother under the care of my friend, Mr. David Leavett, who was going with his family to America and, from the time I left her on board the ship with him, he cared for her like a son, as she wrote me, until your aunt received her upon landing in New York. I never forgot Leavett's kindness and was happy to be, in later years, a help to him in time of serious trouble.

My dear mother died on September 14, 1875, at her
daughter's home in Portland, leaving to us precious memories of a noble, useful and saintly life.

On the twenty-seventh of November of that same year, Grace was born, and displayed a delightful originality of character from the moment of her birth. Dr. Johnson wrote: "There are some people to whom queer things happen daily and others to whom they occur once a year." Grace was of the former type. Her adventures were, however, "fresh every morning, new every evening and renewed every moment."

Eighteen seventy-five was also a year of public anxiety. There were rumours of military preparation on hand and it was feared that France was again to be attacked. Only in recent times has the world learned how near we were to a fresh contest with France during this year. But the danger happily passed and the progress of central Europe was uninterrupted.

In the seventies Mr. Young became desirous of making a practice for himself. Accordingly I turned over to him all the Leipzig patients, of whom there were a great number, and after a time he had formed the basis of a practice among them. In the meantime your Uncle Charles had studied dentistry and graduated at New York, and came over to take the place of Young in my practice. It was delightful to have him and Aunt Fanny with us and all you children will cherish happy memories of those years.

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I worked tremendously and occasionally felt the necessity for a marked change. In the spring of 1879 I had planned to take a trip to Constantinople. Some of my Austrian patients asked me to stay over in Vienna en route to treat them there and so save them the trouble of a journey to Dresden in the spring. I gladly consented and for some three weeks was greatly occupied in treating my old patients and a considerable number of new ones. We had a magnificent suite in the Hotel Imperial, looking out on the Ring, one which was usually occupied by royal personages, and "from early morn to dewy eve" I was occupied in treating the interesting people who consulted me. I had a valet de place who knew about them all, since Vienna society was then, even more than now, made up of a few families intimately connected by marriage and other ties of interest, and of whom I knew little, except that many of them bore historic names. So Giardini (the Sardine we called him in our frivolous moments) a stately Italian, whose German, though curiously unintelligible to your mother, was easily understood by me from the inflections of his courtly voice, became a most useful appendage. Although a servant, he had really the soul and altogether the air of an ambassador of the old school. It was delightful to see the varying degree of deference with which he announced my different visitors. I could understand
their relative importance instantly through his manner and his tone. I found, in later years, that he was at heart a republican, but he had learned everything necessary to the profession of an Austrian *Herrschäftlicher Diener* and served me devotedly during my visits, until his death.

Among the important personages who welcomed me to Vienna, Princess Paulina Metternich was chief. From the first moment that she consulted me in Dresden, she became my staunch friend and showed me unending kindness. You will all remember, as you successively grew old enough to visit Vienna with us, how often she placed her box at the Imperial Opera or the Burg Theatre at our disposal, but no one but myself can know how much I owed to her constant interest in my career and her generous and hearty advocacy.

She was one of the *grandes dames* of Europe, having been one of the most influential personages at the Court of Louis Napoleon when her husband was Austro-Hungarian Ambassador before and during the war of 1870. She was accustomed to come to Dresden to consult me in the autumn and I saw her again in the spring during the quarter of a century in which I continued my visits to Vienna, as was expected of me after this first visit.

If I were to mention all those who showed me especial kindness during these years, I should be obliged
to include many of the most eminent families of the Dual Monarchy.

You will all remember the Clam Gallas family. Countess Clam Gallas, née Princess Dietrichstein, was a very prominent member of Austrian society and had already been one of my patients for some years. She had been, and indeed still was, one of the most beautiful women in the world. You will remember her handsome yellow coach and her beautiful horses, with which she used to drive in state in the Prater.

One day when the youngest daughter of the house was showing me over their palace, I was taken to the library to be presented to Count Clam Gallas. It was thirteen years after Königgrätz, during all of which time he had borne the undeserved reproach of having been responsible for that great disaster. He was, despite being broken in health, a gallant example of a chivalrous Austrian general of the old school. His elder daughter, Princess Khevenhüller, whom Nora will remember, told me a story which illustrates the loyal and high-minded character of her father.

Some time after the death of the general, the young Count Clam Gallas, upon looking over the plans of the estate, concluded that the trees of a certain forest must be more than ready to be felled and sent to have them examined. The forester reported that the trees were far too young, but there was no record of the for-
est, planted so long ago, ever having been cut. While they were puzzling over this affair, it chanced that an old officer friend, who had served under the general, came on a visit. The young Count chanced to mention the mystery of this forest, when the guest said he was the only man living who could explain it. It seems during one of the Italian wars, the Bohemian regiment of which Count Clam was then colonel and the guest his adjutant was ordered to prepare for service. The Austrian Government was, however, as usual, in no condition to properly fit out the regiment for active service. Accordingly the Count sold the timber of this forest, which was then in perfect condition for cutting, and with the proceeds equipped his regiment and led it into the field the best prepared of any of the force.

When the war was over and the regimental accounts were being made out, the adjutant reminded the colonel that he had expended this large sum, which should be included in the accounts to be recovered from the Government; but Clam Gallas told him never to refer to the subject again, for it was a matter between him and his Emperor.

Princess Khevenhüller told me another story of her father’s early manhood, when he was an officer in a regiment on the frontier where cholera was raging. In those days little was known of this dread disease and, when young Clam Gallas was stricken and had appar-
ently died, he was placed in a mortuary, that later he might have fitting burial instead of being thrown into a trench like a common soldier. His body servant, however, refusing to believe that such a strong young man could be killed by only a short illness, stole the body by night and took it back to his quarters. There he worked over it with hot blankets, much friction and plenty of brandy, and finally resuscitated his master.

The grateful Count promised to give his faithful servant any reward he might ask and the man begged for a position in the family service to which, because of his illiteracy, he was unsuited. After trying to induce him to accept another post, young Clam Gallas was finally obliged to grant the request and the man proved to be the most capable and devoted of all the people in the department, managing his master’s affairs, after learning to read and write, with scrupulous honesty and rare intelligence.

In the first days of our stay in Vienna, Baron Stockhausen,—father of the younger baron you all knew in Dresden—who had been the Hanoverian Minister to Berlin before the War of 1866, came to call upon me and asked if I would go to the palace in Penzing, a suburb of Vienna, to treat the Duke of Cumberland. The Stockhausens were among those members of the Hanoverian aristocracy who remained steadfastly at-
tached to their Royal House after their country had become a Prussian province. The Duke was the son of the unfortunate blind King and was living under one of his English titles in Austria, where he was a welcome guest since his House had sacrificed itself for the Austrian cause.

I went very gladly, and then began a connection which continued for a quarter of a century, up to the time when I renounced my annual journey to Vienna. I had, on that occasion, to treat chiefly the Duchess, who was one of the Denmark Princesses and sister of the then Empress of Russia and of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Alexandra, and from that time on I saw the family regularly once a year, either at Penzing, or in Gmunden where the Duke built a great castle and held his little court. Those visits to Gmunden were all interesting. Usually your mother accompanied me, and once or more Nora and Grace. The beautiful widowed Queen of Hanover lived in a villa close to the ducal palace and she came to have an almost pathetic confidence in the value of the treatment I could give her. Her daughters, the Princesses Mary and Frederica, had much of the beauty of the Queen and the dignified stature of the King and were as noble of soul as they were splendid in person.

The last time I saw the Queen, I had come to Gmunden alone and was very weary from overwork, and
when my treatment was finished, she begged me to remain, not as a doctor, but as a friend and to recover among those who cared so much for me and so greatly appreciated my society. I was much touched and would have shown my gratitude by remaining, had it not been that your mother was waiting for me in Paris. Once I visited the Queen for a few days at Kissingen, and there Baron von Klenck, the Hofmarschall, told me of Bismarck’s once coming there during Her Majesty’s annual visit. Some members of her court urged the Queen to show her displeasure by leaving at once, but she refused, saying it was Bismarck who should flee before her, not she who should flee from Bismarck.

Upon one occasion I came to Gmunden when the oldest son was dangerously ill. The very day of my arrival the poor young prince was so low that the physicians lost all hope, the last sacrament was administered and the royal family bade him farewell, not expecting him to last through the night. In the morning the Duke came to my room and reported the conditions. There had been a change for the better of such a character that I felt certain, from knowledge of a similar case I had once seen, that a recovery could occur, and so I ventured to tell the Duke that the boy was doubtless out of danger. So it proved to be and, upon my departure a fortnight later, the Duke took
me to the room of the invalid, that I might see for my-
self that my prophecy was being fulfilled. The poor
sufferer gave me his thin hand and thanked me for my
solicitude and asked me to stay for a few minutes con-
versation. When I bade him farewell I said: “Dear
young Prince, God has spared you for a noble des-
tiny.” His eyes filled with tears as he replied: “I hope
so.” But the illness had left a permanent stiffness of
one leg. It was with great difficulty that he could ride
or enjoy other manly sports, but when automobiling
came in he took it up with enthusiasm. In the prime
of his promising early manhood, when he had become
endeared to those who knew him best and wished well
to the Royal House, he was driving through Germany
on his way to Copenhagen, where the whole family was
assembled, when he came suddenly, while going at a
high speed, upon a piece of bad road and his stiff knee
prevented him from reducing the pace quickly enough,
with the result that he, and one of his attendants,
were instantly killed. At least he was spared the horror
of the World War and the experience of the discrediting
and downfall of monarchical governments.

The court of the Duke of Cumberland was chiefly
Hanoverian in its personnel, but there were some Aus-
trians also. I arrived at Gmunden just after the Span-
ish War broke out and knew, of course, that the symp-
athies of the court must be with Spain, as, indeed,
was the case everywhere on the continent of Europe; but they were all most considerate of my position and never mentioned the war in my presence; only if I came unaware upon a group engaged in conversation, the sudden silence plainly indicated the subject of discourse. When I came the next year, the war was over, and the terms of peace had been found honourable, but still there was much ill feeling against America. One evening after dinner, the Duke looked about for a secure corner where we could not be overheard and taking me there, he said he wished to ask me a question. He wanted to know how an American army, only partially composed of regular troops, could attack a trained European army in a situation and behind defenses which they had themselves selected and prepared and which they were defending with superior arms; and could not only defeat the enemy, but also take a number of prisoners greater than the whole number of the attacking American force. I could only answer him, Yankee-like, by asking if his Royal Highness did not think that had often been the case when a Germanic and Latin force met on the battlefield. I then reminded him of the battle of Buena Vista, which General Taylor fought on Washington’s birthday in 1847. You children may scarcely have heard of that glorious victory. There were five thousand Americans, half of them being volunteers, against 20,000 regular
troops, the flower of the Mexican army, with whom, as Santa Anna boasted as he attacked in the early morning, he could destroy the little American army in two hours. But the battle lasted until nightfall with the result described in Albert Pike’s fine ballad, the last verse of which runs:

The guns still roared at intervals, but silence fell at last,
And on the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast,
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon’s silver shield,
And patiently and pitying she looked upon the field,
While careless of his wounded and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullenly by night Santa Anna fled.

I found the Duke knew of the battle, for royalties generally know about historical battles, but I did not quote from the poem as I have done for you.

Upon another occasion, when we were all sitting in the great Gothic hall where we smoked after dinner and the ladies plied their knitting, the conversation turned upon an extraordinary duel which had recently occurred. After a time the Duke asked me why duelling had gone out in America. I explained how it had gradually passed away in the North and practically disappeared throughout the whole country upon the downfall of slavery, and was on the point of adding, “true relic of barbarism,” but happily suppressed the impulse. He then spoke of duelling as regrettable, but sometimes unavoidable. “For instance,” he said, “if
you were to call me a donkey and I had you arrested and fined ten gulden, I should remain a donkey still.” I did not inquire what he would have been had he called me to “the field of honour” and I had shot him through the heart, but I reminded him that often it was the wrong man who got killed.

During all the years that I attended the Hanoverian Royal House, I was treated with great consideration. In Austria it was thought, until the Archduke Theodore became an oculist, that no department of medicine could be the occupation of a gentleman, and physicians were treated with scanty respect by the upper classes. But I, as an American, was accepted as a gentleman, despite my profession.

The Duke was an enthusiastic horseman. I once sent him an American horseclipping machine, which greatly lightened the burden of clipping in the stables. When I arrived the next season, the head coachman, a very capable man but of diminutive stature and ugly of countenance, did the honours of the stable with especial empressesment. I chanced to ask him about the famous cream-coloured horses, which had been bred so many years for the royal stables, but which of late years had been bred no more. “Ach!” he said, “der gnädiger Herr sollte nur die Pferde gesehen haben womit ich meinen hochseligen König immer in Paris ausfuhre. Immer als wir auf den Champs Élysées kamen, da steht
The King having been one of the handsomest men in Europe and very popular in Paris gave especial point to this important information.

In all the years during which I knew the Duke, I had reason only to respect and admire him. He was a great gentleman. The Countess Clam Gallas once said to me with emphasis: “The Duke of Cumberland is a very honourable man.” This was the prevailing sentiment in Austria. It was believed that he had promised his father upon his deathbed, never to renounce his claim to the Hanoverian throne. In any event, he was unable to occupy the throne of Brunswick, to which he became heir upon the death of the reigning duke, because he would not renounce Hanover. Baron Klenck once told me, when I had become an habitual visitor and he felt that I was sympathetic to their cause, that the Duke knew perfectly well that the crown of Hanover was irretrievably lost, but that he could not become reconciled to the Empire at the expense of his honour. He could not repudiate a people who had not repudiated him.

It chanced that in 1888, the year of the three emperors, that I was with the Duchess when the Duke came in with a telegram in his hand to announce that

*"Your Honour should have seen the horses I had in Paris to drive out our gracious King of blessed memory. When we came into the Champs Élysées, all the world stood still and stared at me."
the Emperor Wilhelm had just died. Knowing as I did something of the wrongs and indignities which the Hanoverian House, and especially the blind King and his son, had suffered from the Prussian Government with the knowledge and consent of the Emperor, I should not have found it strange if there had been some evidence of injured feeling on the part of the ducal pair. But their demeanour was worthy of the tragic event. Their enemy was dead, the Emperor Friederic was dying of a distressing and incurable malady, but they were only conscious that a great man and a great German had passed away.

That same morning I telegraphed to our mayor, Stubel, who was my patient and friend, expressions of sympathy and condolence in my own name as well as in that of the American colony in Dresden, of which I was the oldest member.

Two months afterwards, on our return journey from Italy, I was accosted at a railroad station by a gentleman I did not know, who told me he was a Dresdner who had read my telegram in the Anzeiger, to which the mayor had sent it with all the others received by him at that sad time. He wished to assure me that my sympathy had been greatly appreciated and he desired personally to thank me. This was the case also with friends and total strangers whom I met on the street upon returning to Dresden; but they were Saxons all.

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While in Vienna upon this first occasion, I used to go every morning on a walk, as I did generally afterwards in following visits. This took me by St. Stephen’s and I always paused to admire the glorious spire. No other has ever seemed to me so completely beautiful, but I still perversely insisted that if the graceful pinnacles had been carried up just one tier higher about the lofty core, the effect of fountain-like lightness would have been yet greater. This fancied imperfection always distressed me, until I chanced, after an absence of some years, again to visit Vienna and took my accustomed morning walk, when, behold! I had ripened to a truer sense of proportion and this superb creation was revealed to my enlightened vision in the completeness of its perfect symmetry.
We had planned to go to Constantinople through Italy, and when for our first trip to that land of enchantment we came in Vienna to the railroad station for southbound travellers, we could hardly contain ourselves for joy. Our route led over the Semmering and the Julian Alps, with Venice as our first stopping place. I had managed to get a compartment to ourselves, after my usual manner, and we could thus command both windows and be as antic as we liked. It happened to be after the fifteenth of March and in those days the heating of the cars was discontinued arbitrarily on that date, without regard to the temperature. We had had no experience of the rigours of southern climates in the spring and had not taken sufficient precautions, so I had, before we reached the warmer plain, to take up the carpet from the floor to wrap about your shivering mother. But, if Italy gave us a cooler welcome than we had anticipated, it could not "freeze the genial current of the soul," and every moment of our trip from Venice to Naples was full of delight. We came to Venice at midnight and found the gondola of the Grand Hotel, where the Princess Windischgrätz advised us to stay, awaiting us, and the next morning we were awakened by the bells of Maria
della Salute calling to morning mass, while the waves of the Grand Canal lapped beneath our windows.

I had promised Princess Dietrichstein to take her son, Count Mensdorff, for a treatment, as he was just then with his tutor at Venice, and so asked for an apartment suitable to my purpose. The landlord had reserved a mighty wilderness of gigantic rooms for us, but they were far too oppressive. Your dear mother was not very well and, upon reentering after a short morning walk, I found her in one of our magnificent rooms half distracted because she had been counting the legs of the sofas spread about the vast space and had got to fifty which she felt was altogether too much for true restfulness such as she needed. So we arranged for a more modest and far more comfortable apartment, in which I could do the little work I was asked to do for a few patients, and where your mother could lounge on a balcony and rest to her heart’s content.

Young Mensdorff became a constant patient until he went to some diplomatic post, I think it was Paris, where there was a colleague to whom I could entrust him. He had been Austrian Ambassador at London for many years, until the breaking out of the World War. He had been a great favourite, especially in the time of Queen Victoria, with whom, I believe on the side of the Prince Consort, there was some relationship.
Another patient of mine during his youth and early manhood, Prince Lichnowsky, was the German Ambassador to England at the outbreak of the war. Both he and his Austrian colleague were very popular in London society, but it may be doubted if they were much enlightened as to the character, temperament and opinions of the British people. It is exactly because they were so popular in society that they knew so little of the real England. As I read the revelations of Prince Lichnowsky in the publication called “The Guilt of Germany,” it was as if I could hear the very tone of his voice. One summer I met him at Ems. He was still a young man and had not begun his diplomatic career, but he talked with sympathetic interest upon many subjects. Both Mensdorff and Lichnowsky belonged to the class of diplomatists who are not usually regarded seriously. When Lichnowsky was taken up, after having been shelved for thirteen years, and sent as Ambassador to London, no one but himself had any doubt what his appointment meant. After the blunder of sending, in Marschall von Bieberstein, an Ambassador far better adapted to Constantinople than London, there was no other course left but to replace him after his death with a harmless man who would easily gain the favour of English society. He needed to be a man of rank and fortune and of an amiable disposition, who could be occupied only upon
unimportant work and who could be kept ignorant of the determination of the German Government to begin an aggressive war at the first promising opportunity.

Lichnowsky was as if born and bred for this purpose. He had also the delightful simplicity of the Slavic race, which, when united to the advantage of an ancient lineage, most attractive manners and a love of lavish entertainment, is sure to win in any society. Many of the nobles of his class in Germany, Hungary and Austria tried to model themselves after the great English noblemen and spoke English as one of their family languages.

I am appending a few paragraphs from Lichnowsky’s “Memorandum,” which was designed only for his family archives, but which fortunately came to light just when the truth of the “Guilt of Germany” was most necessary to the world. These paragraphs are also quoted to give you an idea of what the view of a trained diplomatist was of his mission and of the nation to which he was assigned. In the time of your children this phase of diplomacy is likely to exist only as an instructive chapter in ancient history.*

But to return to Venice. Countess Mocenigo, née Princess Windischgrätz, in the early years of her young widowhood was living then in Venice and one afternoon we were invited to her palace. There we

*See Appendix, note 4.
found Prince Hugo Windischgrätz, her father, and Prince Robert, her uncle. Princess Marie, the youngest daughter of the house, was also there. They had all been patients of mine for several years and I found the father wished to speak to me regarding the health of Princess Marie, about which, as she seemed going into a decline, he was most concerned.

When I discovered, however, that she was deeply in love with her cousin, Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and that opposition was being made to the marriage because she was a Catholic and he a Protestant, I could only advise that a dispensation should be sought from His Holiness, the Pope, as being more likely to work a cure than any purposed change of climate.

It chanced sometime afterwards, when these negotiations seemed to have come to a standstill, that the young princess was in Schwerin, and one evening the bluff old Duke, who had played a great part in both the wars of 1866 and 1870, in a moment of impatience called for the court chaplain and commanded him to perform the marriage service at once. This characteristic act, however, caused so much fluttering in the Mecklenburg-Schwerin dove-cote, that the young people found it desirable to live chiefly in Austria, where, after a time, the Duke became a Catholic and was received into the Roman Church.

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This act made it necessary for the Duke Paul to renounce for himself and his heirs the right of succession to the ducal throne, he being second in the line. Also it was accompanied by various disabilities, the patient endurance of which showed how sincere was his conversion.

Princess Marie Windischgrätz was a striking figure among the young people of her set. She was tall, handsome, lithe, a fine horsewoman and a graceful dancer. I have seen her place her hands on her hips and lean backwards until she could kiss the wall behind and recover herself without seeming effort, swaying like a flower on its stem. One summer afternoon in 1887, when Leonard had returned after graduating at Yale, I drove her out to Thorwald on a sudden impulse and she stayed to dinner. She was then the Duchess Paul etc., but as jolly as when a girl. Leonard may remember that she chaffed him about his saying that in America melon was eaten before the soup; and how he dashed off to the cellar and brought up one fresh from the ice-box and made her a convert on the spot to the gastronomic novelty.

Her father, Prince Hugo Windischgrätz, was a famous sportsman. One day, when we were in Vienna, he invited us to come and see some bear cubs he had brought back from Russia. The comical little creatures were brought into a great salon in the palace and (168)
disported themselves much to our amusement. One of them took a fancy to your mother and followed her about persistently. She afterwards used to speak gravely of her adventure of being chased by a bear in Vienna.

Upon a subsequent visit to Venice, Countess Mocenigo showed us all her palace. It had been occupied by Lord Byron for a considerable period. In one room, which had been his study and which she had restored as it was in his time, she had collected the furniture he had used but which had been afterwards scattered about the palace, and upon his writing table she had placed a crucifix. It was the symbol of her hope that the wayward soul of this gifted poet had at last found peace. I wonder who reads Byron now! Do schoolboys still declaim "The Isles of Greece"? In my boyhood his words were on the lips of all and he was still revered as a hero. I remember dear old Mr. Charles Phelps, whom you will all recollect, speaking of how, as a lad, he was thrilled, at a meeting called in Boston to show sympathy to the Greeks in their struggle for independence, by seeing there the helmet and sword of Byron.

On our way we would gladly have stayed longer in Rome, but after three days I felt it unsafe to be there. Your mother had suffered from malaria in her childhood, and in those days we knew nothing of the cause
of this disease. We went one evening to see the Colosseum by moonlight and had a wonderful view and a concert of screeching owls amid the splendid ruins, but the next morning I noticed symptoms of malaria and so we hastened on to Naples. There, after a few days, we found a steamer sailing for the Piraeus, upon which we engaged passage, and when we came on board we found two charming young Americans whom we had known in Dresden and whose society for the voyage and afterwards in Athens and Constantinople was very enjoyable.

In the early morning we passed through the Straits of Messina and saw the vast pyramid of Aetna gleaming white with recent snow and tossing a faint blue plume against the Sicilian sky. Round the coast of Calabria reigned bleak winter, where we had fondly hoped to see spring, and we came to Athens to find the palms killed by frost and the oranges in the palace gardens frozen to balls of ice. But who can see Athens without a great uplifting of the soul! It was our first vision of the land to whose civilization Rome and our own modern world are so deeply indebted, and what was left of the relics of that distant time was precious in our eyes.

Upon leaving Vienna, the Duchess of Cumberland had given me a letter to her brother, the King of Greece, which I presented at an audience accorded me (170)
shortly after my arrival. The King was very gracious and entertained me for a considerable time by his sparkling conversation. He told me of the difficulties he had in having a choir of Greek boys trained for the Queen's chapel. She was a Russian archduchess and retained her connection with her own church. It was supposed Greeks could not be taught to sing the Russian service but, by perseverance, these boys learned to do it excellently. He also told me, being in an ecclesiastical mood, something about Russian religious art and said, in response to my inquiry, that it was an error to think that Russian artists always painted the Holy Mother and Child as of dark complexion, but that it was even more common for them to be represented with European colouring. Last of all he related, with much enjoyment, that the Emperor of Abyssinia had sent him a copy of the Bible, saying that he had heard that the King of Greece was a Christian monarch and he felt that they should unite in upholding the principles of their faith. The King asked me also what I especially wished to do in Athens, and I told him I should like to examine the old Greek skulls, but that the museums were now either not open or were not catalogued. Thereupon he ordered one of the royal archaeologists to arrange matters for me, and for a time I went every day for the purpose of examining and measuring the skulls, which were regularly laid

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out for me to inspect. There were skulls even from the eighth and ninth centuries B.C., but those of such great antiquity were not in very good condition. As a result of my investigations, however, I was convinced of the striking perpetuity of the Grecian type. The most ancient and the most recent were distinctly of the same character. I was one day shown the skulls of the Albanian bandits, of whom the attendant spoke as being Greek, who had killed some captured Englishmen a few years before, and who had finally been condemned and executed. They showed no trace of being Grecian but were Slavic in character. At this time there were exhibited in Athens some of the objects which Schliemann had found in what he supposed to be the grave of Agamemnon. Among them was a large lower jaw, which I told one of the archaeologists could by no possibility be Greek, but that it was distinctly Slavic. Later the exact examination of the skeletons which Schliemann had found showed them to be not only Slavic, but female.

One day the curator of the museums laid out for me two skulls which had been recently taken out of a beautiful sculptured sarcophagus of the time of Hadrian and which he supposed to be of a noble Greek lady and her female slave. Upon examination I was able to show him that one was Roman, male and of vigourous frame, very likely that of a soldier and about
twenty-six years of age. The other was exquisitely Greek, female and about thirty-four years of age. From this we could construct a romance as old as the human race. The curator then remarked that this would account for finding only one set of female ornaments, which he then brought out. They were of gold and very beautifully wrought.

I had an interesting morning with the King's chief physician, who took me on his rounds over the hospital. There was a large class of students with him and among these some strikingly classic heads. These seemed to come chiefly from the Greek Islands, where the Greek blood has been kept more pure than on the mainland.

I was astonished to find the cavalry horse shod with disks of iron with a small hole in the middle. The frog and toe were much cut away, so the foot seemed as if set on a rocker. A Bavarian officer, who was left over from King Otto's time, told me, however, that it was the only practical shoe for such a rocky country and that the dryness of the soil prevented thrush, which might have been expected to occur in a moister climate with the sole so completely enclosed. In Turkey I found horses shod in the same way, and also remarkably free from injury to the hoof.

At last we reluctantly left Athens and sailed for our goal, Constantinople. Con-stan-ti-nople!
It is said that there has been constant and indecisive dispute as to which of three cities, Lisbon, Naples or Constantinople has the most beautiful situation. Every day during our stay at Naples, with the splendid bay, and Vesuvius a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night before our eyes, we were sure that no other city could be so entrancingly beautiful; but when we sailed through the placid Marmora and saw the snow-crowned Asiatic Olympus towering in the distance and the Golden Horn like an arm of the sea clasping the waist of the imperial city which rose on either side of the Bosphorus, tier on tier above her palaces and domes, adorned with slender minarets and waving cypresses, we surrendered at once to her irresistible charm.

If the first glance was bewildering, a nearer acquaintance only confirmed our first impression. We followed the picturesque brigands who took our luggage on their backs and rapidly scaled the steep hill of Galata, which led to the Hotel Angleterre, kept by Missiri. This old dragoman, who died while we were in Constantinople, was said to be the last to hear the order, “Let the infidel dogs be clothed and fed and admitted to the Presence.” It was well into the nineteenth century, I believe, that the practice for Ambassadors to be first clad in an Eastern robe, banqueted and then led in between two chamberlains holding (174)
them by the arms to be presented to the Sultan was endured; but when the Powers became strong enough and the Porte too weak, this offensive ceremony was abolished.

So soon as we were settled, began days of unending delight. It was an enchanted city. On every hand were scenes out of the Arabian Nights. To stand upon the bridge between Pera and Stamboul and see the representatives of all nations in their native costumes passing to and fro, is a spectacle nowhere else to be paralleled. An atmosphere of romance and of mystery and of intrigue, personal and political, everywhere prevailed and we could soon understand how fascinating life must become to anyone playing a part in Constantinople. I once met in society a young German press agent, who had been obliged to leave this city, since the Government refused to forward his dispatches and so his occupation was gone. He was given a more lucrative position elsewhere by his manager, but after some months had given it up and returned to Constantinople, since he found life anywhere else too tame.

I saw a few patients here, but only those whom I could not refuse, miserly of our time, as there was so much to see and enjoy. These patients were members of several Embassies: German, Austrian, British and Russian.

It interested me greatly to visit the imposing Ger-
man Embassy. It was the latest, having been built shortly after the French war, and was placed in a very commanding position, designed to typify the introduction of a new Great Power into the complications of the Eastern Question. Only a few months before I had been some days in Berlin during the Congress which revised the treaty of San Stefano, and saw the delegates driven to and from the palace of the Imperial Chancellor, and had taken a great interest in the proceedings. I had come to the conclusion that the German Government, in spite of Bismarck's posing as the “honest broker,” had the intention of making its power felt in the East and I thought this would be a great aid in the eventual break-up of the Ottoman Empire; and therefore I saw in this superb edifice suggesting the pride and power of the new Germany, an evidence of an influence which would, at the right time, be exercised efficiently and benevolently. But then I never dreamed that the time could come when Germany and Turkey would be in armed alliance.

It was only a year before our visit that the victorious Russian army had stood before the walls of Constantinople. The passions roused by the war had not subsided. The city was full of desperate characters and alarming rumours were always in circulation, but the foreign residents were used to these conditions and endured them tranquilly.
Shortly after our arrival we made the acquaintance of the dear Longs, with whom we soon established an intimate friendship. Dr. Long was then a professor at Robert College. He had formerly been a missionary in Bulgaria. He had translated the Scriptures into Bulgarian. But he was more than a scholar, he was a man of wide intelligence and sympathies, and therefore he was respected and beloved wherever he was known. His name was a family word in Bulgaria and in the college there were always a large number of Bulgarian students.

In the spring of 1876, at dead of night, there came a knocking at the great gate of Dr. Long's house. This was in the last days of the ferocious Abdul Aziz. There were many dark deeds being done and great anxiety prevailed everywhere. Dr. Long went cautiously to the gate and asked who was there. A terrified voice informed him that it was a Bulgarian monk whom he had formerly known, who came with dreadful tidings. He was at once admitted and, in great agitation, he told the first story of the Bulgarian massacres by the savage Bashi-Bazouks and Turkish regulars. The monk had been sent by his unfortunate countrymen to bring the news to the only friend they knew who might be able to help them, and the account was so circumstantial that Dr. Long could have no doubt of its truth. The messenger had eluded the assassins and
had made his way by night, lying concealed by day, until he found his friend. There had been suspicions of some dreadful events having occurred, but this was the first definite news and it rested upon Dr. Long to bring it to the knowledge of the civilized world. His responsibility was great, for, were it known that the news came through him, it might easily bring about an outburst of fanaticism which would overwhelm the college and perhaps all the American residents. But he remembered that he was to conduct the church services at the British Embassy on the next Sunday and accordingly, although he knew that the policy of the British Government of the day was Turcophile, he carefully prepared the case and presented it to the Ambassador after service was over, begging him to inform his Government or to send an agent into Bulgaria to investigate the matter; but the Ambassador refused. The next Sunday Dr. Long came with a second list and yet more detailed information, saying: "Your excellency has known me now for some years and must be aware that I could not make any statement which I did not know to be true, but, if you are in doubt, send an agent to see if he can find such and such villages and such and such families which I tell you have been exterminated." But the Ambassador refused to have anything to do with the matter. Later he informed his Government that the stories of the
massacres had been "monstrously exaggerated." A Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times* was also reproved for sending a letter regarding the reports, saying he was not sent there for such a purpose. But finally Dr. Long interested a young English lawyer, Mr. Pears, now Sir Edwin Pears, who had come to Constantinople upon business, and induced him to write the historic letter exposing these awful crimes. This letter was published in a Liberal newspaper and was read in Parliament.

It was this letter, and afterwards those of Mr. MacGahan, a young American journalist who accompanied Eugene Schuyler, the secretary of legation sent by the American Minister on a mission of investigation, which made the English-speaking world throb with indignant passion and caused Gladstone's tremendous indictment of the Turkish Government. This was a masterpiece of lofty eloquence, culminating in the words of Arthur to Guinevere:

The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin and the breaking up of laws.

I question if anything in the long career of Gladstone gave him more lasting satisfaction or added more to his reputation than the noble way in which he voiced the sentiment of enlightened Christianity in championing the cause of the outraged Bulgarian people.
Some years afterwards when Dr. Long was passing through London a friend took him to the House of Commons and sent word to Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, that Dr. Long was in the House. Mr. Gladstone at once sent begging Dr. Long to come to his private room, where he received this guest with great cordiality.

Upon parting Dr. Long said to him: "Mr. Gladstone, there are thousands of people in Bulgaria who a few years ago had never heard your name, who now every night ask that the blessing of God may rest upon you." Gladstone's eyes filled with tears, he grasped Dr. Long's hand and, being unable to speak from emotion, bade him a silent farewell.

Schuyler's irrefutable report, being a clear statement of the facts, made a great impression both in America and in England and doubtless contributed largely to the overthrow of the Beaconsfield Government. Schuyler found that some two hundred young Bulgarians who had been educated in Robert College had been imprisoned and were about to be executed without trial. He went to the Pasha and demanded their release, which was peremptorily and scornfully refused. Schuyler had no material force behind him, the only argument Turks usually understand, but at last, through sheer pluck and audacity, he intimidated the Pasha and the young men were set free. These and (180)
other graduates of the renowned American institution were the very flower of the Bulgarian nation and played a great part in the development of the country, one of them having been Prime Minister under Ferdinand in the first Balkan War.

In visiting the English cemetery at Scutari, where many of the victims of the Crimean War are buried, I rejoiced to think that Americans had borne some part in making another war of Britain in defense of Turkey impossible.

During this visit, and in after years, I came to greatly admire and love Dr. Long. His was a character apparently without a flaw. I have seen him ministering to many poor Turkish neighbours who sought his medical treatment and I wondered over his inexhaustible patience with their ignorance and helplessness. In passing through the village, little Turkish children would often dart out and walk by his side, perhaps just touching his garment, or sometimes venturing to take his hand, looking up to him with the trustful look one sees in the eyes of a dog glancing at his master. His charities and works of benevolence were unbounded and occasional evidences of ingratitude only caused him amusement.

At one time, during a violent epidemic of cholera, he put his family in a place of safety in the Princes' Islands, and then came every day in the early morn-
ing boat to Stamboul. There, with only one trusty attendant, he worked among the poorer Turks who were victims of this dread disease, and for whom no one else would care, pulling them out of their wretched habitations, washing them, giving them medicine, teaching them to care for each other, filling them with hope and good cheer and saving hundreds of lives, having in fact but a small proportion of fatalities among his patients.

Exactly at twelve o'clock he stopped his work and went to the Bible House to lunch and rest for a whole hour. At one o'clock he returned and kept on until just before the six o'clock boat left; and then, no matter how necessary it might seem to be to break his rule, he sailed back to Princes’ Islands, bathed in the sea and changed his clothes, dined with his family, went early to bed and began the same work the next day. He led this life for three months, until the epidemic was over and he could venture to take his family back to Rumeli Hissar. One day someone asked a Turk if the poor people of his district were not grateful to Dr. Long for his labour of love. He answered: “No, he must have been a very wicked man and he ought to be grateful to us that our illness made it possible for him to get remission of his sins by showing benevolence to orthodox believers, the favourites of Allah.”

The foreigners in Constantinople knew how the
Russian war was going by the demeanour of the Mohammedans, who, when they had favourable news, were overbearing and insolent, but if the news was bad, they were correspondingly obsequious. When we were in Constantinople, the subject races were still feeling the elation of the defeat of their Moslem master. We went frequently to Santa Sophia. The Turks, upon making the church into a mosque, had covered with arabesques the mosaics which represented the saints, as their religion did not permit representations of men whom Allah had made in his own image. The painting, however, had been worn, so that the portraits below were beginning to show through, and our Greek dragoman would chuckle over it and say: “You see the time is coming when the church shall be restored to us,” referring to an ancient legend.

In these times driving over even what passed for a good Turkish road was not an unalloyed delight and so I used to ride about the accessible suburbs of the city, upon one of the clever little horses which were to be hired anywhere. The only precaution necessary was to ride through or past a group of Turks which one might encounter in the country, at a smart pace. One of my acquaintances, Count Mont-Gallas, had an adventure which illustrates the importance of some precautions. He was a secretary of the Austrian Embassy and had been transferred from London to Con-
stantinople at the time when Austria and Great Britain were pursuing the same policy in Turkey. He had in his rooms at the Embassy a large photograph of Beaconsfield with a few friendly words in the Prime Minister’s handwriting, reminding him of the importance of the two Embassies working together. I found the young diplomat an enthusiastic admirer of the Turk, of whose honest and straightforward character in contrast to that of the oriental Christian races he was never weary of discoursing.

One day he had a message to deliver at the Yildiz Kiosk and, thinking it not necessary to take an attendant with him, he rode to the palace and left his horse outside in the care of a soldier. When he returned from within, the soldier robbed him of his money and watch and even stripped the family rings from his hand and sent him off with threats. All complaints and attempts at redress proved futile, but Mont-Gallas’s opinion of the honesty of the Turk experienced a shock.

At last we left Constantinople for Odessa, full of rich experiences and half wishing it might be possible for us to remain permanently in this beautiful city.

As we came on board the smart little Russian passenger steamship, I saw on a lighter attached to the ship a beautiful white Arab stallion, one of the few who are born white, shivering in the cold wind which
is always blowing down the Bosphorus. I regarded him with great interest, for he seemed a finer animal than I had seen even among the Sultan's horses. At last the tackle was placed about the gentle creature and he was hoisted up to the deck, but the people let him down so awkwardly that he fell upon his side. In an instant the resentment at maltreatment, which I had seen before in horses of his blood, awoke, and he kicked off the tackle and ran about the deck with his ears back and the white of his splendid black eyes shining in rage. I hastily ran down the ladder from the poop, went up to him with soothing words and gently laid my hand upon him; then the Jew who had charge of him joined me and we brought him into the stall which had been prepared for him on the deck, comforted and obedient.

I found the Jew spoke German and so I ordered him to put blankets on the horse. He sullenly answered that the horse was not his, that he was only taking him to Odessa and had no blankets. Then I told him to get some of the steward, but he asked who will then pay for them. I told him I would and called the steward, ordering him to give the Jew as many blankets as necessary to make the horse comfortable, and stood by until it was done. All through the voyage I visited the horse from time to time and he watched for me and was grateful for my care. The Jew offered to sell
me the horse, and thinking what a mate he would make for my "Box" I was sorely tempted, but refused to consider it.

A day or two after my arrival in Odessa, the Jew came to see me and said the man to whom the horse was consigned was dead and so he would sell me the horse for a really small sum, which he named, and could for a small amount have him sent to Dresden. Then I told him I would go with him to look at the horse, but he urged it wasn't necessary, since I knew what a fine horse he was and I had only to pay him the money, for he was in a hurry to get off, and the horse was mine. When I insisted, he added that the stable was far away and very dark, but if I would pay beforehand, he would bring the horse to the hotel stable. Finding me, however, obdurate, he finally took me to the not very distant stable, where I found the poor beast dying of inflammation of the lungs. He knew me and seemed glad to see a friend once more.

The American consul at Odessa was an old friend, who had formerly been at Prague. He had told a number of the important people in Odessa that I was coming and immediately I had a large number of them asking me to treat them. For about a fortnight I worked tremendously for these grateful and appreciative patients and yet found time to see much of Odessa and the neighbouring country. I had always found the
Russians I have known especially sympathetic and this first visit to Russia confirmed my former impressions.

When the time approached to depart, the consul kindly offered to attend to the formalities with the police, who had taken my passport in charge upon landing. He presently returned looking rather puzzled and said the police found my wife was not included in the passport and so, while I could go out of the country all right, she couldn’t accompany me. Then I remembered that I had written the American Minister at Berlin, Mr. Andrew White, whom I knew, for a passport for us both, but in the last moment before starting, it arrived made out only for me. So I chanced it and hitherto it had worked all right. The consul knew no way out of the difficulty, but I suddenly remembered that the Commandant of Odessa, Baron Korff, belonged to a family whom I knew, and so we went to see him. He was much amused and said that, while they would be very glad to keep Mrs. Jenkins, if I insisted upon taking her she must go under a Russian pass, which he at once made out. When we reached the last station before the Roumanian frontier, the passports were examined and there was much questioning about us. They seemed to think that your mother’s ignorance of their language was feigned and that I was an American eloping with a Russian woman, but they finally let us through.

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We had a most interesting journey to Bukarest, which we found to be a fine modern city with a marked Parisian air. The day after our arrival the anniversary of the independence of the country was celebrated and we had a rare opportunity to observe the people who had become famous for the valour with which they had supported Russia in the recent war with Turkey. The Roumanian troops were very smart and marched well. This Latin people and language were especially interesting to us at this time of national pride and enthusiasm and we found we could read their newspapers sufficiently well to get the news.

Fancy the delight of a five days' journey in the month of June up the Danube to Buda-Pest in glorious sunshine and through romantic scenery, in the company of picturesque fellow-travellers of many nations!

The air in the dining-room was close and so I told the captain of the Austrian Lloyd steamer that my wife was, as he could see, in delicate health and I begged permission to have our meals served on deck. This he granted, although it was against the rules, and so we had our table set in the shadow of the paddlebox and luxuriated in good air, and quiet broken only by the panting of the engines and the singing of the nightingales which thronged the bushy banks.

We stayed long enough in Buda-Pest to get some-
thing of the outward flavour of the virile Hungarian spirit. In Vienna I had seen Andrássy, the Prime Min-
ister who had arranged for the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina the previous year and who signed the treaty of alliance between Austria and Germany. He came several times with members of his family who consulted me. In Buda-Pest I gained admission to Parliament and, although I could not understand the language, had occasion to admire the famed elo-
quence of Magyar orators in the eulogies they were pronouncing over the coffin of another Hungarian statesman, the recently deceased Deák.

At the time I am writing, Berchthold, the Austrian Prime Minister under whom this world-wide war be-
gan, has been replaced by Burian, a Hungarian.

We arrived, after some four months’ journeying, at night in Dresden and, in the morning, while patches of sunshine were breaking through chinks of the window blinds and the songs of birds came in through the open windows from the cool garden, I heard your tired mother sleepily and obliviously murmur: “This is a pretty good hotel, let’s stay here.”

If I have seemed prolix in my narration of this jour-
ney, it is because it was to me a veritably great event. For nine years I had been enjoying an international practice. From the beginning I had taken an academic interest in European politics, heightened and made
vital by my acquaintance with many who played some part in the history of the time. But my views were narrow, for I but dimly understood what passing events really meant, through ignorance of conditions and peoples. This journey, however, gave me a wider vision and a dawning sense of proportions, which constantly added to the interest and the understanding of the great drama which has ever since been unrolling before my eyes.
In the middle of the seventies I made my first acquaintance with Richard Wagner. Frau Cosima Wagner came first to me as a patient, with her children. I was much impressed by this remarkable woman. She was the embodiment of physical and mental energy. Her tall form, her strong features, her quick resolves, as firm as they were intelligent, her disdain of obstacles standing between her and her purpose, and the tact and resource with which she overcame them, revealed her at first sight as a woman of extraordinary character. My first impression was confirmed by further acquaintance.

In 1877 Frau Cosima asked me to go to Bayreuth to treat her husband. The previous year had witnessed the first representation at Bayreuth of the "Nibelungen Ring" and the world was still ringing with echoes of this great musical and national event. Wagner was unable to come to me and greatly needed certain treatment, to relieve sufferings intolerable to a man of his temperament, and accordingly, although I was myself tired and overwrought, I determined to go; and this was the beginning of a friendship which lasted until Wagner’s death.

For the first time I had occasion to rejoice that I
was so unmusical, for it might well have been that, had I been a musical enthusiast, he would have been as bored by my society as he appeared to be by many whom I have seen trying to express to him their admiration. As it was, he accepted me as a novelty and took to me at once. Upon this occasion, and upon other visits which I made him, he was with me as much as possible. We had long walks together, conversing upon all things human and divine, barring music, except that I told him something of the plaintive character of the music of the American negroes under slavery, a quality inherent also in the music of the Russian serfs; but we could not decide if this were due to temperament or circumstance.

To my great delight, I found that he had an extraordinary sense of humour and that he was very fond of amusing anecdotes, telling them in a dry manner which added much to their piquancy. We have sat up until late in the night upon more than one occasion exchanging stories, he finding the American jest especially racy; and, indeed, he had a wide interest in everything American, for he was in theory a redoubtable republican, as shown by his participation in the revolution of '48 and in his subsequent indifference to the blandishments of royalties.

One evening Frau Cosima was speaking of the previous summer, when Bayreuth was visited by so many
royal and princely personages and all the world beside, and she told how the Emperor of Brazil, upon his arrival, sent to ask Wagner and Liszt to call upon him. They were both absent but Frau Cosima sent a verbal reply, saying: "I know positively that my father will go, but I also know as certainly that my husband will not."

Once at dinner Wagner asked me about Brigham Young, who had recently died, and wished to know the secret of his power. I told him of the worldly position of the people among whom the Mormons made their converts, how ignorant and poor many of them were, and instanced the Cornwall miners, many of whom were converted and found Utah, which their strong hands made to blossom like the rose, an earthly paradise compared to their former dismal home. Like the followers of Mahomet, they gained not only the assurance of heaven, but such blessings in this life as they were capable of appreciating.

After a little time, Wagner looked at me with a twinkle in his eye which I knew to presage a jest, and began to speak gravely of his intention to establish a new religion as soon as he finished "Parsifal," which he was then composing. After the first moment, he especially regarded another guest, a nephew by marriage and a professor of mathematics at Kiel, whom I had already suspected of being devoid of imagi-
tion, and began to explain the details of the new enterprise.

It was to be founded upon a materialistic view of Heaven, like that of Mahomet, but there were to be also different grades of heavenly bliss and the services were to be magnificently choral, for musical art should be the means of worship and the passport to Heaven should be by tickets bought for hard cash from the priests. These tickets, however, should have something of the form of Papal indulgences and thus secure abundant income to the church. They should be also like railroad tickets, which would not carry the holder beyond the place for which they were bought, so that the pious soul should aspire through sacrifice of gold in this life to attain to the highest heaven in the world to come and not be satisfied with a third-class ticket, which would merely give him admittance to standing room, as in a theatre. Then he went on more and more fantastically and slyly, noting the amazement of the good professor, who might well have thought the Meister mad, until Frau Cosima and I could no longer restrain our merriment and it began to dawn upon the other auditor that it was but an extravagant jest.

This side of Wagner's character, revealed only in the "Meistersinger" among all his works, may have been the source of the many surprising stories which were related of him. I have myself observed that the
awestricken reverence with which some of his worshipers approached him seemed to him fit subject for raillery, and indeed it was sometimes so exaggerated that the temptation to turn it into ridicule must have been irresistible. I remember a reception at Wahnfried one evening in the days of the first public performance of “Parsifal.” I had obtained an invitation for a minor American composer, who was, except upon the subject of music, a very sensible fellow. He came early and I presented him to Frau Cosima, who was receiving, Wagner himself coming in only late upon such occasions. My friend was tremulous with excitement. He said to me that this was the most important experience of his life, he was about to see the two greatest men in the world, Wagner and Liszt.

When he did see and was presented to the Meister, he was too agitated to speak and was so much moved that I took early occasion to shunt him into a corner, where he could slowly recover. The next day I found that the poor man was suffering from a deep disappointment. Being familiar with pictures which represented only Wagner’s massive head, he had expected to find a man of commanding stature and was greatly distressed to find him somewhat less than average height. But I consoled him by reminding him of Napoleon’s diminutive stature, as I knew the Corsican was another of his heroes.
Upon one of my visits, the brother of the famous pianist Rubenstein was at Wahnfried, engaged in arranging the “Nibelungen Ring” for the piano. He was an interesting man, in a way. I believe he met with a tragic fate before the work was finished and that it finally appeared in the name of Klindworth. During the visit it happened that the family would be obliged to go out somewhere now and then, something which Frau Cosima always regretted, because, she said, she was unwilling to leave her husband even for a few hours, since all the time she could expect to be with him was so precious to her. Upon these occasions I remained with the Meister, for I did not dance and disliked general society, and these evenings were among the most delightful I have ever known. I found Wagner, like all the truly distinguished men I have met, a most human character with a very wide range of interests and sympathies. To talk with an American, who knew nothing of music, was probably to him a rare experience. In any event, he kept me up, even after the family had returned, talking familiarly upon many topics and always impressing me with his great mental endowments. In October 1877, after the adaptation of the “Ring” to the piano was published, he sent me a splendidly bound copy with his autograph and a Widmung in his own handwriting on the flyleaf of the first volume.
He was unwilling to speak English, of which he had only a literary knowledge, and was accustomed to say: “I speak English, but only in the dialect of North Wales.” One day he asked me the origin of my name, saying that it should have a meaning, as German names generally did. Then I told him there was once a great king in Wales, of whom the English “King Cole” was but a degenerate copy. This king, whose name was Jen, was a model of all a monarch should be, pious, learned, just, generous and, above all, jovial. In his court were assembled all the great artists of his time and they were more honoured than princes. His happy subjects basked in the light of his jolly countenance and lived so happily under his gentle and prosperous reign, that, when at last he died childless, they decided that no successor should bear that beloved name. Only when later a man appeared who in his person and character reminded them of their lamented monarch, they called him “of the kin of Jen,” and so originated the name of Jenkins.

The next morning he gave me a copy of Alfred For- man’s alliterative English translation of the “Ring,”

*See Appendix, note 5.
which the author had sent to the Meister and with which we had all amused ourselves the previous evening. It bore (I quote from memory, for the book is now inaccessibly packed away) written in Wagner's hand, the following inscription: "Translated in the dialect of North Wales, in the time of King Jen, forefather of my noble friend, Jenkins."

There are many legends which seem to have an equally stable foundation.

I have various other mementoes of the great Meister which you children will prize. Among them is a copy of Joseph Rubenstein's arrangement for the piano of the great Festive March composed by Wagner for the opening of the celebration in America of the hundredth anniversary of the United States' Declaration of Independence. The flyleaf of the book bears these words:

*Mein lieber Herr Jenkins!*

    In Umtausch unserer Hoffnungen rufe ich mit dieser freundschaftlicher Widmung Ihnen zu. Es lebe Amerika!*

Ihr, Richard Wagner.

This refers partly to a hope we both entertained that he might sometime visit America and partly his sympathy with my belief that Europe would eventually become republican and not Cossack. Of this composition he told me a characteristic anecdote. *Der Fest-

*See Appendix, note 6.

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feierfrauenverein (Woman's Committee of the Celebration) had asked him to compose a march for the occasion, offering him a handsome honorarium. He had consented but, burdened with other duties, had neglected this work. At last, rather late, he began to occupy himself with it and, as he worked and thought what a century of republican government in America meant to the world, the importance of the occasion grew upon him and he finished it in a state of exalted enthusiasm. He cabled to America that the work was ready but received no reply. After a time he thought that perhaps it might be too late for its purpose and was sorely disappointed. Being in Berlin one day, he therefore took the score to the American legation, but, as the Minister was absent, he was obliged to explain the situation to a secretary.

Wagner's speech was not always clear, for often the thoughts were too rapid for the tongue; but, in his tempestuous manner, he tried to make plain the history of the work and that he was so proud of the honour of composing the March for this occasion, that he was quite willing to renounce the fee which had been promised him, if only the March could quite certainly be accepted and performed. He showed the secretary the motto, taken from Goethe, which prefaced the score.

Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben
Der täglich sie erobern muss.

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Whereupon the secretary burst out: "Sir, do you mean to say that the American people intend to rob you!"* 

Poor Wagner gave up his explanation as hopeless, but upon returning home to Bayreuth found a communication from the Committee which was in every way satisfactory, as it provided that the March should be accepted and performed and, moreover, the fee he was so willing to renounce was paid by cable.

After Wagner's death another memento was given to your mother by Frau Cosima, with a letter dated June 20, 1888. She wrote: "I put also some engravings, French 'ones, which have now got so rare that they are no more to be bought and from which I would be very glad if Mrs. Jenkins would accept them from me. Perhaps the fact that they have been for many years in Wahnfried's library will be able to size their worth. . . . Mr. Latour belongs to the impressionists in France, and his great picture of the Wagnerians in Paris made a great noise there."

We knew the value, actual and sentimental, of these engravings, for they had been presented to Wagner by the artist upon the first representation of the "Ring" at Bayreuth and I had often seen and admired them hanging in the great library.

We did not like to accept them, thinking they ought to remain in the Wagner family, but Frau

*See Appendix, note 7.

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Lieber, sehr geschätzter Herr und Freund!

Es kommt mir so vor, als ob es sehr bald die Zeit gekommen wäre, die Hoffnungen auf Deutschland und seine Zukunft aufzugeben, und ich dem bereuen würde, den großen meines Vaterskinden jener nicht längst schon einem fruchtbaren Leben und Hoffnungen zu dessen Bedenken zu haben.

Cosima was so persistent that it was impossible to refuse. You will all remember how they have hung in our library for a quarter of a century.

I was always greatly impressed by Frau Wagner’s devotion to her husband. She cared for him with motherly tenderness and wifely tact. She stood between him and every annoyance. There were innumerable practical questions constantly demanding attention, visits from the mayor or some committee, or from aspiring artists, or from builders and architects, and with all of them she made every way smooth and sent them off contented, without a thought of troubling the Meister himself. All the while he would be in his study, working undisturbed, singing from time to time, or darting to the piano and striking the keys again and again, and then falling into silence while rapidly writing his score. He seemed to work with great concentration of thought, but when he had finished he was as light-hearted as a child. His wife was so familiar with his needs that she always chose just the right moment and exactly the right tone and the best form of words to present to him any question upon which his decision was necessary, with the result that everything seemed easily accomplished with the least possible friction or disturbance.

In 1878 I received from Wagner a remarkable letter. At that time he had become discouraged at not
having the assurance of being able to carry out his plans for perpetuating his temple of art at Bayreuth and fancied he might be able to find the support he longed for by going with his works to settle permanently in America, and that I could help him to realize such a plan. It was, of course, wildly impractical, but it was a delicate matter to convince him that it would be unwise. We went to Constantinople by way of Naples expressly to talk with him and Frau Cosima and found they were so full of illusions as to the conditions in America that arguments against this plan had no force. During the next year, however, it was possible, through the aid of a few of the great Meister's friends and enemies in America, to make it plain that the place for his great triumph was in his own country and among his own people, and I rejoiced that that end was attained without a cloud resting upon our friendship.*

Your mother and I were invited to attend the first performance of "Parsifal" on July 26, 1882. It was, even to me, a very great event. By nature I have a love of poetry, as well as for colour and meaning in painting, but my profession has been so absorbing that, despite all my advantages, I have been unable to cultivate the fine arts to the extent of my limited capacity. But music has always been a sealed book to

*See Appendix, note 8.
Bühnenfestspielhaus Bayreuth.

Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel von RICHARD WAGNER.

Personen der Handlung in drei Aufzügen:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amfortas</th>
<th>Herr Reichmann</th>
<th>Kundry</th>
<th>Frau Materna.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Klingsor</td>
<td>Hill.</td>
<td>Zweiter</td>
<td>Herr.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Klingsor's Zaubermaedchen:</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dritter</td>
<td>Sterng.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sechs Einzel-Sangerinnen:</td>
<td></td>
<td>Vierter</td>
<td>Mikorey.</td>
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und Sopran und Alt in zwei Chören, 24 Damen.
Die Bruderschaft der Gralsritter, Junglinge und Knaben.

Ort der Handlung:

Beginn des ersten Aufzugs 4 Uhr.
" " zweiten " 6½ "
" " dritten " 8½ "
me. I had often said that I would rather have written any one of the world’s great poems than all the music of all time. You children will remember what a trial I have been to you at the opera, because the music which you enjoyed so much became to me, after the first half hour, only unmeaning and almost unendurable noise. But the performance of “Parsifal” was not opera; it was a mystical musical drama, composed by a great genius and performed by famous artists inspired by religious enthusiasm. At this first representation there were present musical celebrities from all the world, as well as an immense number of Wagner’s devoted disciples. The whole town had an aspect of solemnity, which was as impressive as it was genuine, for everyone felt himself participating in a great historical event; but the audience in the theatre was in the mood of a congregation in a cathedral engaged in celebrating High Mass upon some famous national occasion. Although the audience had been requested not to applaud, there was, after the first act, a spontaneous outburst of delight, but it was instantly suppressed when the Meister, leaning over from his box, entreated the audience not to disturb the illusion. I can recall nothing of the close, I do not remember if we applauded or not, for even like those who had the ability to understand the music, I was overwhelmed with the sublime effect of this magnificent drama.
Throughout all my acquaintance with Wagner I had been more and more impressed by his intellectual greatness. He was a man apart from all others in mind and purpose. I came to understand the passionate devotion he received from his true disciples, to whom any faults he may have had seemed of no account in a genius so lofty and with aims so noble and I rejoice to possess for myself a flawless memory of this remarkable man.

On the thirteenth of February, 1883, Wagner suddenly died at Venice. On the morning of that day his son, Siegfried, who had been under my treatment, wrote me a letter, enclosing some small article, and he sealed it five times, using his father's seal. This is probably the last time it was ever used. Four of these seals I have given as souvenirs to friends, but one has been still preserved.

We were to have seen the Wagners in Venice that very spring.
IN these years we went regularly to Italy for a little rest and change, after my season in Vienna. Nora and Grace will remember a lovely journey we once made to Abbazia and the Dalmatian coast.

It was our first experience of a long journey with Grace and, of course, it was therefore eventful, but fortunate. When we got to the Südbahn we found people had got into the compartment reserved for us. I appealed to the station master and demanded that he comply with the law and give us, for our four first-class tickets, a compartment to ourselves. He said there was such an unexpected rush of travel, that they couldn’t delay the train just at the time of starting and put on another car, but if I would only be patient until the next station, he would telegraph to have an observation car put on for me there. Accordingly from there on we had this whole corridor car to ourselves and both Grace and I had room enough for once. Shortly after we started, however, while Grace was romping in the corridor, she backed up against one of the side doors, which, to my horror, swung open, and Grace fell into the arms of the burly conductor, who was coming unseen through the door from the running board below to examine the tickets. With several
other doors to lean against, it was characteristic that she should have chosen that one and should have still escaped all injury. We stayed over for a few days at Graz, where I was to see the Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein, the mother of the present [1916] Empress of Germany, who was ill and could not come to me at Dresden that year as usual; and there too we had no end of fun with Grace’s adventures and queer sayings.

And what a journey it was from Fiume to Ragusa! The night before, your dear mother suffered torments of anxiety regarding Grace, lest she should be unequal to the journey, for the child had been ill, and, up to the last moment before the ship sailed, it was uncertain if we might venture to sail. But half an hour after starting Grace was running all over the ship, as well as ever. Those were the days when a journey down that romantic coast, and excursions into the interior, had a touch of adventure such as one rarely finds in these more sophisticated times, but we were prevented from carrying out our plan of going from Cattaro to Cettinje by reason of the deep snow in the Montenegrin mountains. We had great days at Zara, where I sought out Girolamo Luxado, he of a name as delicious as the Maraschino he manufactures, with the flavour of which all you children are familiar. At Sebenico we made an excursion into the country, where,
in the village where we stayed for lunch, only one solitary policeman could be found who spoke German and the inn was like a mediaeval robber stronghold. In Spalato we roamed over the vast remains of Diocletian's palace and wondered at the once prodigious power and wealth of Rome. At Ragusa, upon our departure, we witnessed an enthusiastic crowd taking leave of their newly appointed deputy to the Austrian Parliament who, coming on board our ship, proved to be Count Bonda, a man I had previously known and who had estates in this beautiful country.

Then came our return to Trieste, where we visited Miramar, the beautiful château of the unfortunate Maximilian, and then followed our journey to Venice by sea, where we saw the lovely city in the early morning light rising from the lagoon, "the seaweed clinging to her marble palaces."

I hope Nora and Grace will not forget that, on this their first visit to Venice, the Winged Lion of St. Mark's had been taken down from its lofty granite column for some repair, and how I took them into the enclosure and caused them to tweak him by the tail, that on subsequent visits they might feel that they had a peculiarly intimate acquaintance with this famous monument.

Your mother and I saw the Riviera for the first time in the early eighties, before this beautiful region
had become vulgarized by modern hordes of visitors. In these days we drove in a carriage from "Genoa the Superb" to Nice, having abundant opportunity to dawdle by the way, unchecked by the dust of autos. Shut in as Genoa is by high mountains, one can easily imagine the youthful Columbus gazing out to sea and wondering what might be beyond, until, from the very nature of the surroundings, he, not only, like so many of his countrymen, became a mariner, but also trained his mind and kept his imagination vivid and his soul strong for the time when he accomplished the great voyage, the story of which is destined to thrill mankind forever.

But our delightful journey was not all romance and poetry. When we reached Nice we found old acquaintances who were engaged in personal quarrels, in which they desired to enlist our unwilling sympathy; and, as welcome diversion, we were sought out by an enterprising American business man. He darted upon me in the hotel parlour and told me he had a letter of introduction to me from Cousin Joe Folsom and that he would deliver it in Dresden some weeks later. He was just leaving Nice, after a few hours' stay and was making a hasty tour of Europe in the interest of the Mason and Hamlin Organ Manufacturing Company, having young Mr. Mason, a charming American boy, with him. He told me that sometimes they "did" two or three
cities in a day, his plan being to have the local agent of the company meet him at the railroad station and at once be driven about the town and talk business while seeing the sights. I found later that he actually did, in this hurried manner, both see and appreciate many of the famous sights, for his mind was as active as his body. One evening they came to dine with us in Dresden and he told me of his experiences at the Vatican. After his usual plan, the agent of the company drove him about assiduously and managed to get admission to the Vatican, although it was then not open to the public. The functionary who was showing them about at one point waved his hand and said: “In this portion of the palace lives His Holiness the Pope.” Mr. C. whipped out his card and said: “Send my card to him.” The official was properly shocked and protested that it was impossible, but Mr. C. insisted that a message from him should be sent to the Pope. “Tell His Holiness that we have in our factory six hundred devout Roman Catholic workmen and I beg him to give me an equal number of those little medals which are sent out with the blessing of His Holiness.” And he actually accomplished his purpose and received the medals. He told us that he meant to keep them and whenever a Roman Catholic church or convent ordered a Mason and Hamlin organ, they would get it with the special benediction of the Pope; and he added
that he believed he was the only man in Europe who could utilize the Pope for business purposes.

Leonard had been sent to the Vitzthum Gymnasium at an early age, but he was not enamoured of German life, notwithstanding he had been born in Germany. It pleased me to observe how American he was in sentiment, for I did not wish him to make a career abroad. It was well enough for his parents to enjoy Europe, but all my instincts and convictions were against Europeanizing the family. But I was much puzzled as to what direction should be given to his education. He had no marked tastes for any occupation and a somewhat frail constitution indicated a profession as being unsuited to him. He had, moreover, a practical turn of mind and a good deal of self-reliance. I had been much impressed with the solid value of large European agricultural estates and the useful and agreeable lives of their owners, and often asked myself if it would not be possible to carry on such enterprises in America, with the boundless extent of good and cheap land. The only obstacle seemed to be lack of labour and this, I thought, might be supplied by selecting European peasant families who were fit for emigration and settling them on a large estate from which, in time, the labourers would receive farms of their own, paid for in labour. It would, of course, be a large undertaking but, considering how
much time was lost by agricultural immigrants before they could get established, it appeared to me that a scheme which started such labourers comfortably and gave them a certainty of eventually owning a part of the land they tilled, while leaving a large central estate unimpaired, might be a happy mingling of feudal and modern methods. Every man, woman and child in a peasant family could be employed on a great estate with mixed farming and other interests, and they could, under intelligent management, be made to form an ideal community. I talked these plans over with Leonard and, boy as he was, they interested him. I had a considerable correspondence with America about it, but no one seemed to understand the plan. At last, however, I determined to send Leonard to Sheffield Scientific School at Yale and to decide after the first year what direction his future studies should take. Handsome and capable Edith Virgin took him in hand and coached him in mathematics, in which they were not strong at Vitzthums, and in the autumn of 1884 we sent him to America.

In the spring of this year, however, I took him with us on our annual visit to Vienna. One day our friend, Mr. Power, one of the old-time capable Indian civil officials (he raised a company of civil servants at the time of the Mutiny and marched them to the relief of Lucknow), took the boy to the Mausoleum of the
Austrian Emperors. He came back chilled and ran up to his mother and kissed her. The next day he went back to Dresden and after a time we learned that he had been taken ill with a mild attack of diphtheria on the same day and hour as his mother in Warsaw. They both recovered at the same time and they both had a relapse on the same day, he in Dresden and she in Odessa.

We went to Warsaw on our way to Constantinople and we stayed there for a few weeks while I treated some old patients. From Warsaw we journeyed to Kief, the holy city where the Russians first became Christians, and, after having been sufficiently cursed as infidels by some of the numerous pilgrims who come, often under great privations, to visit the ancient city of churches and relics of saints, we came on to Odessa. I had a plan of going to the Crimea and the Caucasus, but your mother's illness made it impracticable. As Odessa had a trying climate, I determined to go on to Constantinople, since I knew the conditions there, and wished to go as soon as possible. On a Wednesday morning my old Jew dragoman informed me that a French steamer would sail on Friday but, as a fearful storm was raging, I expressed a fear that the Black Sea, which has a shocking reputation for roughness, would not be calm enough in two days to venture a journey with an invalid. He solemnly re-
plied: "Sir, a great many things can happen before Friday." This has been a proverb with us ever since, for, when I carried your mother on board the ship on Friday morning, the sea, glittering under brilliant sunshine, was as quiet as a millpond and in about half an hour the irrepressible invalid was capering about the deck.

We arrived at the entrance to the Bosphorus in a fog. The French captain said to the only other passenger, a Scotsman who had for twenty years commanded a steamer sailing from Liverpool to Melbourne, "What a pity the rules of the company have obliged me to drop anchor; otherwise I would go in, for I know the way perfectly—there is the entrance—" pointing with his finger. "You would lose your ship if you tried it," said the Scot; "my eyes have been trained on the great ocean and I can see that the ship is pointed towards the false entrance." The Frenchman laughed him to scorn, but presently the fog lifted and there before us lay the deceptive reefs upon which so many deluded mariners have been shipwrecked.

We went to stay at Rumeli Hissar with Dr. Long and his family, where we had a delightful visit and I saw, in being for a time his guest, what a useful and beneficent life this eminent man led. Every morning there would be numerous poor people, mostly Turks,
who came to seek his medical advice and it was touch-
ing to see their confidence in his wisdom and his un-
failing patience with their ignorance. I visited his classes and heard him instruct his pupils and was wit-
ness of the unselfish devotion which he and the other professors displayed in their work.

We went to Broussa with Dr. Long and his daugh-
ter Mary, where we passed a few perfect days. The country was being furbished up for the approaching visit of the Crown Prince of Austria. Among other preparations, the long-neglected road from Mudania to Broussa was being repaired. There were thousands of refugees from Bulgaria and the Caucasus at work upon the road. Many of them were paid off before our hotel one evening and we had opportunity to see these fine, sturdy fellows in their picturesque costumes the colours of which were softened by wear and exposure. A European seems unable to combine striking colours with the sure touch of the Oriental. This is well illus-
trated in Eastern raiment, in which colors are often arranged in defiance of our conventional rules, but with harmonious results. I well remember in Broussa a young Nubian slave returning from market. He wore a bright red fez, white gaiters and yellow shoes, and bore a white goose upon the left arm of his long ma-
roon-coloured robe. One day we found a negro minstrel in the bazaar who had come from Bagdad, but with a
three-stringed lute instead of “a banjo on his knee.” He spoke only Arabic, but when he threw his head on one side and tapped time with his foot while singing “ya, ya, ya,” I could have fancied myself in Virginia.

Dr. Long was a numismatist and dealers often consulted him. At the bazaar in Broussa one day a dealer showed him a small gold coin stamped with a horse’s head. I wanted to buy it, but Dr. Long thought it better to wait until he could find out what it was. Unfortunately we had no time to return and examine the coin again, but a week afterwards we went to see the treasures of an Armenian dealer in Constantinople, a friend of Dr. Long, and told him about the coin. He at once said it was a coin of Carthage, very rare and valuable, which caused dear Dr. Long much chagrin. This Armenian had inherited from his father five hundred thousand pounds Turkish. He had put it all into old coins and precious stones. He met us by appointment in what seemed to be a well-preserved ruin. He brought us to a massive door in the wall, which he unlocked and led us through winding passages and several doors protected by strong locks, until we came into a large room, seemingly in the bowels of the earth, artificially lighted. Here were several modern safes, some of which he opened and showed us many treasures. I was looking for a stone of unusual character for your mother, and finally, through this man, I
found it. It was a ruby spinel, which, when I bought it, had, like most spinels, some flaws; but after returning home I sent it to Amsterdam to have it recut and it returned smaller but, to my mind, the most beautiful of stones, its flaws all being eliminated and the colour adding to its brilliancy, for it has the crystallization of the diamond.

Leonard entered Yale that autumn. He was the baby of his class, being only sixteen years old and his classmates nicknamed him “Dutch”; but he was just the right age for becoming thoroughly captivated by American life, and he was not spoiled by the popularity he enjoyed among his comrades. When in the following summer of 1885 we went over to see him, we found him improved in just the way we had hoped and expected, and that his instructors were all pleased with him.

This was in all respects an instructive journey. My old friend, Count Fritz Westphalen of Kulm, upon whose estate the battle of Kulm, which preshadowed the downfall of Napoleon, took place, asked me if I would let his two eldest sons, Counts Clemens and Ottokar, go with me as far as New York, as he wanted them to see something of the world. We were delighted to have the companionship of these two charming young men, whom Leonard already knew, and, as it chanced, they were glad to accompany us almost
everywhere we went. They joined us at Leipzig and we went on to Bremen and New York together, where Leonard met us and, after staying over in New Haven for Commencement, we met again at Boston and went to Portland, as guests of your Uncle William, who took us up to the Rangeley Lake district, a large portion of which he owned. We had great fun, journeying by rail, with a four-in-hand, in boats, by lake steamers and afoot, but the boys had no shooting, for the game laws were rigidly enforced. It was the first time the young Germans had ever seen a natural forest and their delight was boundless. We camped on an island at Parmachini Lake and at night we could hear the moose and deer come down to the lake from the mainland to drink. One day our horses snuffed and shied in a state of great excitement, which one of our guides said was because they scented a bear; and from then on Clemens had his gun ready at hand, hoping for a chance to bag a bear, for this game was not protected.

Later we made a trip to the blue-grass country of Kentucky, seeing cities by the way and inspecting famous stock farms. At Lexington we saw Major McDonald, a renowned breeder of horses. He was a delightful gentleman of the true Kentucky stamp. I believe he had married one of the descendants of Henry Clay; at least he owned the Clay mansion and
estate. We all revelled in the society of famous horses and were enchanted by the country and its jovial inhabitants.

We took a four-in-hand and drove for a week or two in that beautiful country, in Virginia and in West Virginia, and found, outside of Kentucky, places where the famous blue grass also grew spontaneously. The tremendous extent and richness of the uncultivated lands throughout the “border states” deeply impressed me and I was more than ever confirmed in my belief that such an enterprise as I dreamed of might become a reality.

Those were halcyon days. Our horses were a miscellaneous lot. The two leaders were young thoroughbreds, one of which had been used chiefly as a saddle horse and the other had been only twice in harness before. The wheelers were older horses, but one was a pacer and the other a trotter. The carriage was called a “landau” but the name was a misnomer. The brakes were on the front wheels and when we went at a breakneck speed over various mountain roads, with no barrier on the side of the frequent precipice, the tail of the crazy vehicle wagged suggestively. Our driver was named Behr. He was a mountain of flesh and good humour and was supposed to know the country, but he didn’t, and, moreover, he was no very skilful whip. The leaders were always playing us fes-
tive tricks and once, in the midst of the wilderness, one of them playfully broke a whiffletree instead of his wheeler's jaw, at which his heels seemed to be directed. Poor Behr was distinctly nonplussed, for he could think of no method of repair and it was ten miles to the next blacksmith's. We laboriously cut with a jack-knife an ash sapling to the right length, and then spliced the fractured whiffletree sailor fashion, while he looked on in helpless admiration, and when we came to a town where a repair could be made, he refused to have it done, saying he would keep the thing as it was, to display upon his return to Lexington as a witness to the resourcefulness of his amazing passengers.

One day we had a drive difficult even for that difficult country. A part of the way was through dry watercourses, which became pouring torrents after summer rains, when they could not be used at all, and when dry, they were trying enough even to our tough and flexible carriage and to our tolerably seasoned physical condition.

During that day we found five trees, which heavy winds had overthrown, lying prostrate across our path, and we came upon each one in such a position as to make a new problem of passage. Of course Behr had never a thought of anything so prosaic as bringing an axe as part of our equipment and he had to
resort to various methods each time to secure a passage. In one case a large tree had fallen from a high bank, its roots still clinging to the soil, and the trunk itself slanted downwards across the road at a V-shaped angle. At the highest point we scratched away the road as best we could, put back our carriage top as far as it would go and then all five of us, including your mother, of course, hung onto the top with our hands, until our united weight depressed it just enough for the carriage to scrape through. At another place a large tree trunk lay athwart the road, its strong branches spreading over the edge of a cliff. We set about building a bridge of stones over the tree. Stones there were in plenty, but there was a ledge of slate rock cropping out near by and this furnished us with some flat stones especially suitable to our purpose. When the rest of the party happened to be all together at the bridge with their contributions, we heard Ottokar cry out, "Why, here is a snake." He was standing by the ledge and we ran to see the serpent but it had disappeared. From Ottokar's description, we judged that he had seen a rattlesnake and, remembering that these cheerful reptiles were supposed to have dens in such ledges, we concluded to bar this source of supply. But, in spite of good resolutions, someone would yield to the temptation of securing a flake of the coveted rock and your thoughtful mother would warn him away. Later (220)
I turned and saw your dear mother sitting with her voluminous petticoats, which were the fashion of the day, widely spread out over the dangerous ledge. But, upon explaining to her that it would not really alleviate the situation to have her bitten by a snake rather than anyone else in the party, and promising solemnly that we wouldn’t go near the ledge if she would get off, she finally relinquished her efficient guard-mounting.

Indeed, we had such uproarious fun out of all Behr’s delinquencies, that we quickly forgave him everything, especially when, one evening, we came to a typical Southern village, where we spent the night. Our party and its extraordinary vehicle excited the wonder of the inhabitants and when some of them asked our Jehu if we were part of a circus and he answered that he didn’t know but that we had a bear (Behr) along, we felt that he had redeemed himself. Upon finally parting with him, I gave him a gaudy silver watch chain, which I had bought in Bohemia for just such a purpose; and when, in accepting it, he assured me that we were “the finest crowd I ever kim acrosst,” I felt we had not lived in vain.

On our way from Richmond to Washington we received a telegram from Stuart Buck, who had met handsome Grace Ross with the beautiful voice at our house and had subsequently married her, urging us to
stop at Woodstock, where he and his wife were visiting a friend. We replied that we would stay over for luncheon, and Buck and his friend King met us at the station. Before we knew it, King had sent all our baggage by a mule team over a dreadful road to his farm, some eight miles away, and, when our lunch was over, drove us to his house in the mountains, where he had been trying, among other things, to make charcoal iron at a profit, in the face of the Bessemer process of making steel. We admired his pluck, if we didn’t appreciate his judgement, and enjoyed his society immensely. We found our traps distributed about his rambling house and had just time to dress for dinner. Upon entering the drawing-room I found Mrs. King was an American woman whom I had known in Germany a few years before as the wife of a German manufacturer in the Erzgebirge. It seems that the husband had died and after her year of widowhood was over, King wrote to her, saying he had always loved her from his childhood and had remained single for her sake and begged her to return to America and marry him, which she wisely did, for he was certainly a noble character and they seemed ideally happy.

We remained three days, despite our haste, enjoying their charming hospitality and exploring the beautiful country full of undeveloped riches and yet, like
all the South of that time, suffering from the effects of the war and still not ready to heartily welcome the influx of Northern men and Northern capital. On more than one occasion in Virginia I was mistaken for an Englishman and was earnestly invited to remain and settle there and told fabulous stories of Englishmen who had come as settlers and had laid the foundations of fortunes. One dear old Confederate General was most insistent that I should go to see an Englishman who had bought a property and, when he broke ground to dig a cellar for his house, had come upon an unusually fine deposit of marble, "as perfect as that of Carrara, Sir."

We went on to Washington and saw the usual sights. The boys sat in President Cleveland's chair in the dining-room and found the White House an appropriate residence for the President of a republic, it being just a noble villa, and not a parody of an imperial palace.

Then we went on to Chicago, which had arisen from its ashes and was already beginning to have visions of extension, such as later were fulfilled. Our young Austrians went everywhere and saw everything, and their intelligent comments were often enlightening to us. I think two episodes made an especial impression upon them. One was when we were invited to dine at a racing club and found that the wives and
daughters of the members were honorary members of the club and that our host had the ladies of his family to meet us at a capital dinner there, and that they all knew much about horses and racing. Last of all, they heard that this astounding condition had continued for years without a single scandal having occurred. The second impression was a visit to a police court. One morning when we had a spare hour, I took them to see how such a court was conducted. The weather was warm and the noise through the open windows was deafening. So I led them in to some empty seats among those reserved for reporters. Before us were sitting some men taking notes. Soon one of them turned to me and sharply asked: “Do you represent the press?” I answered that we were strangers from Europe and would like to see how justice was administered in an American court. He replied: “That’s all right then, but its dam’ little justice you’ll see.” He spoke whereof he knew, as we soon discovered.

In travelling with these boys I made a pot, into which I put three parts and they two parts, the pot being replenished when necessary. Each of the three boys then carried the pot for a week. Leonard knew the ways of American travel and he kept the pot for the first week, showing Clemens and Ottokar all the tricks of travel. They quickly learned how to telegraph for rooms, to collect the baggage in good season (224)
for the train selected, to round up the members of the party and get them to the station on time, to register at the hotels and, in fact, to perform all the duties of a courier. It was great fun and during all the time we travelled together those three boys alternated in being “Secretary of the Treasury to His Majesty the Emperor of Morocco.” It was a bit of practical experience which added much to the merriment of a really instructive journey and one full of physical and intellectual profit to us all. When we met the parents of the two young counts, who had come to Bremen to welcome us upon our return to Germany, they were astonished at the change three months had wrought in their boys and frequently afterwards were accustomed to say: “We sent them away as boys, and they returned to us as men.”

One serious result of this journey was that Leonard decided, with my approval, to add the agricultural course to his studies at the Sheffield Scientific School. I was of the opinion that the solid fortunes of the future would be found in American land and had a hope that Leonard and I might together find a way of carrying out some method of colonization in the course of time which should be both a social and an agricultural success. Little did I then imagine that German and American manufacturing industries would soon obtain such phenomenal development as to make
peasant labour rare and expensive, even in the Fatherland, and render such a scheme as I had planned quite impossible. My delusion, however, endured for a time and when Leonard graduated in 1887 we went together to Holland and investigated there some of the conditions of cattle breeding, and afterwards he went to Kentucky and undertook horse breeding in a small way. But that’s another story.

In spite, however, of my lack of foresight, we later had great satisfaction in seeing that Leonard’s selection of Sheff. instead of the academic course at Yale gave him the indispensable foundation he needed to become the able man of business into which he eventually developed.
ABOUT the middle of the eighties began my acquaintance and afterwards my friendship with Baron Holstein. He came to me first as a patient, when I knew of him only as a mysterious power behind the throne, at the head of the Foreign Office. Later we became friends and mine was one of the few houses which he visited. He had been a secretary to the German Embassy at Washington and was one of the few foreigners I ever knew who had an intelligent acquaintance with American politics and commercial interests. During twenty years, that is up to the end of his official career in 1906, he frequently consulted me as to the trend of American thought and action. Not long before his death in 1909, he told me that in no single case had I been in error. After the founding of the Empire, great difficulty was experienced in coming to a gold standard, for, up to that time, silver had been the basis of the currency. I remember that it was said in Dresden that a whole train of cars was needed to bring to Berlin the indemnity exacted from Austria after the war of 1866. The German Government disposed of its surplus silver only gradually, so as to avoid too great a slump in the silver market, but in the early nineties there was a great agitation in
America for “bi-metallism,” as it was called by Bryan and other silver enthusiasts, and which really meant reversion to a silver standard. The German Government was considering if it should not delay selling off more of its stock of silver until America was committed to a silver policy, and Holstein asked my opinion. I assured him that this agitation in America was but temporary, caused by ignorant or interested politicians and that it was impossible that it should prevail. In 1902-1903 I went to America to consider taking an interest in a gold mine in New Mexico, and when I returned I told Holstein, not only that the silver madness was on the wane, but that I had learned there were many rich silver mines both in the United States and Mexico which were not being worked because of the low price of silver and that the moment the price should rise but a little, they would again be worked and that the output would be large enough to keep the price low. I believe my report had some influence.

In those years I retained the sympathy for Germany which I had from the great days of '66 and '70, and rejoiced in what then seemed the legitimate expansion of the Empire. Later, in the nineties, I was in America to attend a meeting of the American National Dental Association at Niagara Falls, where I was to read a paper. On the railroad train I saw in a morning news-
paper an account of the perplexities of the Commission for settling the Samoan question, about which the American public cared little and knew nothing. Herr von Mumm, one of the ablest younger German diplomats, a patient and friend of mine, had been sent over to try to negotiate a treaty with the American Government. I knew the feeling of the German people and believed that the question to them and their Government was largely a sentimental one. Therefore I wrote a letter upon the subject to the New York Tribune. This letter had some influence in America. Von Mumm saw it and sent a copy to Holstein, who placed it before the Emperor.

As my friendship with Holstein ripened, I came to have a great esteem for his character, which he revealed to me in many ways when he found he could talk to me in confidence. He led a lonely life. Having no family and occupying an absolutely unique official position as the undisputed head of the German Foreign Office, the few private friends he chanced to have were warmly cherished.

I firmly believe that the action of Germany in Morocco was due to the Emperor alone, and that it was not approved by either Holstein or von Bülow. Holstein, by the way, knowing that I had a romantic interest in Morocco, told me I should be heartily welcome to accompany the first Germany Embassy which
was sent to Fez; but, much as I should have liked it, my engagements made it impossible.

He wrote me once, and told me repeatedly, that he had given orders that if ever I called at the Foreign Office I was to be shown into his room at once, no matter who was with him. Of course, I never did go to call upon him, unless there was some special reason for it, but if I chanced to meet him on the street in Berlin, he would reproach me for not coming to him. Upon one occasion, however, I took him at his word and, going to the Foreign Office, sent up my card. Almost immediately I was ushered into his working room, another visitor going out as I came in. He was in great spirits about a dispatch which he had just sent to the British Foreign Office and, after telling me something of its purport, touched the bell and ordered the solemn, soft-footed official who responded, to bring from the archives the final draft of a numbered document. The official soon returned bearing in his hands a black portfolio, which he reverently placed before Holstein and silently disappeared.

Holstein then opened the portfolio, took out the paper, spread it triumphantly before me and asked me to read it, first, however, calling my attention to a number of marginal notes made by the Emperor. I could only with much difficulty read the German script and, since the text and notes were written in the
German running hand, a bit of chauvinism in which the Foreign Office delighted, especially in its correspondence with England and Russia, I finally asked Holstein to read it to me, which he obligingly did.

It seemed to me a controversy of a trivial character, but Holstein greatly enjoyed the masterly way in which he courteously explained to the British Foreign Office that their officials were such fools that they could not understand nor practise the refinements of diplomatic language; and certainly he is not the only diplomatist who has been glad of a chance to rebuke the traditional superciliousness of His Britannic Majesty’s Foreign Office.

Holstein always offered me letters to the official representatives of Germany whenever he knew that I was going upon a journey and they were sometimes convenient. When your mother and I were going in 1892–1893 to Mexico, he gave me such a letter to the German Minister to Mexico, who at that time had charge of Austrian interests also, since no direct Austrian diplomatic relations had existed since the execution of Maximilian. When I had been long enough in Mexico to partially recover my health, I called upon him and found him very amiable and cordial. Having previously been Minister to Teheran, he had accumulated extraordinarily beautiful Persian carpets, some of which were hung upon the walls like pictures, being indeed
far more interesting than most pictures, and your mother greatly admired them when we dined at the Legation later. When I went to make my parting call, the Minister begged me to tell Holstein how much his health was suffering in that high altitude and to say that he would like to be transferred to another post. When I repeated this to Holstein, he laughed and said it was remarkable that all German diplomatists were certain that the only capitals in which they could live healthily were Paris, Rome and London.

From the beginning I had found that it was a great advantage in Europe to be an American of frankly American sentiments and character. I have known some of my compatriots who were enamoured of European life, and especially that part of European society which is considered exclusive, who have seemed ever ready to apologize for America and to be even a bit ashamed of their royal birthright. But such Americans have not seemed to me to be much esteemed in European circles, or to possess much influence.

There was in Germany a society of German dentists who were graduates of American dental schools. Under the Empire their status was somewhat ambiguous. No one could deny their professional competence, but the law did not recognize them as regular practitioners. They had a legitimate grievance, since the new laws regarding practice scarcely did them justice and they
were moreover subjected to some indignities owing to prejudiced construction of the laws. They wanted to present their case to the Chancellor, von Bülow, and, not daring to ask for an audience themselves, they begged me to arrange it for them. This I did gladly enough, but still feeling that it was humiliating that Germans should be obliged to ask an American to secure an opportunity to explain their grievance to their own Prime Minister. The day and hour was appointed and I met the delegation in Berlin and led them to the Chancellor’s palace. We were ushered into a great salon and requested to wait until the Chancellor had finished an interview with the president of the Reichstag, and while we were waiting a door was suddenly opened and Princess von Bülow came in and called out: “Is my old friend Dr. Jenkins here?” I hastened to meet her and she gave me both her hands and greeted me most warmly. Then I introduced my colleagues and she welcomed them also cordially, but they and I could not help noting the difference. To be sure, I had known her when she was the wife of Count Dönhoff, the Prussian Minister to Dresden and had seen her often after she had married von Bülow, whose career I had followed with interest, especially since I knew that Holstein was shaping it and had helped to make him Ambassador to Italy before he was ripe enough to be Chancellor. But it was absurd that a young foreigner
should have been the means of presenting the representatives of men, one at least of whom was professor in a German university, to the representative of their own government.

The Princess took us about the palace and showed us the room in which she had collected the relics of Bismarck's time, such as the furniture of his own room, with his writing desk, etc., and the corridor which had been built out into the park to give him a place to walk in the open air and yet be protected from the winds and rain. She told me that she had never been an ambitious woman, but that she rejoiced that her husband had been appointed to serve his emperor and his country. Nothing could be more charming and gracious than the manner of this lovely Italian woman, so much more frank and natural than women of her class (she was an Italian princess) born under colder skies.

When we had our audience with the Chancellor I simply introduced the delegation with a few words of explanation and they stated their case with great clearness and good effect, for the Prince promised to see that their disabilities should be corrected so far as he was able to accomplish it.

The first time I saw Countess Dönhoff, she brought to me an Italian nobleman from Naples, who was in some way related to her. He had come North to escape an epidemic of cholera, of which he was in great dread.

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Upon examination I found that the swelling of the jaw from which he was suffering was not a dental malady, but osteosarcoma of the mandible. I gently explained to him that this was a case for the general surgeon and gave him a note to Dr. Credé. When Credé assured him that the only hope of cure lay in immediate extirpation of the diseased tissue, he, with the horror of surgical procedure common to Italians of that day, rushed back to Naples, in the hope of dying suddenly through exposure to cholera. But the poor man miserably met his end only by the slow process of the disease from which he was already suffering.

These episodes were called to mind when writing of Holstein through the fact that it was he who at last arranged the real interview with von Bülow. I had known von Bülow ever since he was secretary of the Prussian legation at Dresden. He called on me to present his condolences when Garfield was assassinated and I had followed his career with great interest. When I wrote to ask for an audience for my colleagues, I received an immediate reply to say that the Chancellor would be glad to receive me as soon as it could be arranged; but as after some time there was no fixing of a date, I wrote to Holstein, who arranged it at once.

For years Holstein came to dine with me whenever he was in Dresden. I had always to ask any guests
whom I invited to meet him not to dress, since he disliked all ceremony, but I was careful whom I asked. I used to know Count Chotek, the Austrian Minister to Dresden, very well. His daughter, Sophia, married morganatically the Archduke Ferdinand and died tragically with him at Serajevo, their assassination giving occasion for plunging Europe into the long expected World War. One day when Holstein was coming to dine with us, upon returning from a long country walk, I asked him if I should invite Chotek to come also and he said: "No, better not, he will want to get things out of me." Then he reflected a moment and said: "Yes, ask him if you like, I don’t mind." But of course I refrained. We were richly repaid, for he chanced to find, just as he was starting for our house, an old friend who had been chief secretary of the German Embassy at St. Petersburg, and brought him to dine with us without announcing him beforehand, a proof of friendship which we highly appreciated. They talked as freely as if in their own house, since we had no other guests and were just four at table, which I felt to be a great compliment to our discretion. Much of their conversation, while of course not reportable, threw many a side-light upon conditions and persons of past and present interest.

But it was not all "shop talk." I remember Holstein graphically describing a hunting expedition he once
undertook in Brazil. One anecdote was of a stolid pack mule of his train, which was just preceding him up a mountain road. Suddenly the mule stopped, with his right fore leg suspended in the air, perfectly rigid as if cast in bronze. Holstein dismounted at once and ran to the mule’s head, when he saw, coiled beneath the place where the mule would naturally put his foot, a small coral snake. He killed the snake with his riding crop and cast the reptile aside, when the mule set down his foot and placidly resumed his way up the mountain. Coral snakes, common to Central and South America and some of the East Indian Islands, are so named because of their brilliant belted pink colouring. They were considered very dangerous, it being the opinion of the natives that their venom caused an almost instantaneous coagulation of the blood.

When Holstein threw aside his reserve in the company of friends whom he trusted, his conversation was most entertaining and instructive, for he had a way of illustrating his subject by anecdotes and he much enjoyed the humorous aspect of every question. One morning he came unexpectedly to Dresden to consult me professionally. I was engaged up to the hilt, but I had him come into a private room and rushed out to see him for a moment. Finding that he really needed attention, I told him if he would return late in the afternoon, I would not only get him out of his physical
trouble, but also teach him an automatic and enduring method of keeping the peace between France and Germany. He said: “That’s what I am paid for and I should like the information.” When he later claimed it, I reminded him of the saying of Napoleon that “armies march on their stomachs.” I told him it must be a far nobler thing to make use of this common necessity to preserve peace than to conquer peace by force of arms. Peoples could be brought to fight with each other by perverted ideas of patriotism, through greed, hatred and envy, or by the intrigues of rulers and demagogues. What was necessary to prevent wars amongst nations was an appeal constant and unremitting to tastes and appetites which were common to all mankind, which, when cunningly stimulated and cultivated in such a way as to form a national habit, could not be relinquished except by breaking up intimate, international gastronomic relations.

For instance: France was a land blessed with an abundance of delicate foods and wines, such as no other land ever approximately possessed. But better far than Nature’s abundance, the French people had inherited, as no small part of their unique civilization, the spirit of the Greek cuisine, which was the distant source of all that was worthy in modern gastronomy. No one could know better than he, who had been so long resident in Paris and had become so distinguished

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an authority in the art of dining. I reminded him that the Romans had learned, in spite of natural grossness in feeding, the refinements of the Greek methods and that they had been cultivated and renewed in the Italian Renaissance, and that France had received the light for centuries, and at last, as one of the most beneficent results of the Revolution, had popularized good cookery by forcing the Italian and French artists to forsake the houses of the great French nobles, which had been left desolate, and to open restaurants in Paris and elsewhere, to the enduring improvement of the popular taste. But the one thing France lacked was good German beer and Rhine wine. I explained how, since the war of '70, Austrian beer had become popular in France, and yet how many Frenchmen remained in ignorance of the delight of drinking true German beer.

My plan, therefore, was as simple as it was infallible. All that the German Government had to do was to see that the very best German beer and wine was exported to France at a very low price, under an agreement with the French Government. The French people were to learn to drink the German beer in the best condition, until it became to them a necessity of life. In return, the French Government were to send to Germany as many thousand French cooks as should be necessary every year to supply all good German
hotels and high-class German families; for the whole world knew how necessary it was to improve the art of cookery in Germany. Then, when any military firebrand on one side, or any fervid agitator on the other, threatened to cause strife, the Germans should send to France beer fit only for an Englishman to drink, and the French cooks in Germany should begin to cook after the German fashion. In this way the people of the two countries could most quickly be brought to their senses and peace be preserved.

I think his chief objection to my engaging plan was that he shouldn’t then know what to do with the small army of diplomats dependent upon the Foreign Office, since they might be found not to have brains enough to brew beer or to learn the culinary art.

Holstein, as I knew him, was a true Prussian official, devoted to his profession, loving his duties, honouring his Emperor. He exercised his extraordinary power, which was due to his intimate knowledge of the events which led to the founding of the Empire and its history from the beginning of the first act at Versailles, where he was one of the secretaries, up to the time of Bismarck’s fall; and then, when his great chief was dropped out, he did not resign, as might have been expected by Bismarck, but kept his post, knowing that there was no one else who could be so useful there. He never intimated it to me, but I had a feeling that he
either did not approve of the policy of the Emperor after the Boer War, or that he felt that terrible events were inevitably approaching and that he might not be equal to stopping them, great as was his experience and influence. Indeed, when von Bülow made his announcement to the Reichstag in the time of the great excitement caused by one of the Emperor’s imprudent speeches, that such another speech unauthorized by the ministry would occasion his resignation, I felt certain then that the fate of both von Bülow and his faithful guide, philosopher and friend, Holstein, was sealed.

From the beginning of our friendship I was impressed by Holstein’s incapacity to see the moral aspects of any international question which affected Germany. I read him once some letters which I had received from friends in the East, giving an account of the Armenian massacres. He was deeply interested, but wholly unmoved. The information was only of technical importance in the great game Germany was playing, just as the number of killed and wounded would be to a Prussian general in a skirmish in a military campaign. I also observed with surprise the frequent childlike incapacity, so extraordinarily evident, even in the most learned German circles during the war, upon whose second year we have entered as I am writing these words, to appreciate the point of view of
non-Germans. I remember, when I was commenting upon the resentment caused in Great Britain by the Emperor’s astounding telegram to Kruger apropos of the Jameson raid, Holstein replied that he was amazed that Englishmen took it so seriously. To him it doubtless seemed like a diplomatic blunder, which anyone might make, and therefore should be taken lightly and simply scored as of only passing interest, like the loss of a single trick in a long game of cards. For him existed only Germany and the Emperor. In their service he lived and moved and had his being. I found this simplicity of mind, characteristic of him and of his caste, really engaging; for I could not, in those days, believe that it would finally result in a world catastrophe. I am glad that he passed away before the event and I shall always cherish the memory of our disinterested friendship.

I hope Holstein left a diary; it would make interesting reading. We had spoken of it and I once wrote him regarding his preparing an autobiography. He replied as follows:

Dear Dr. Jenkins,

40 Grossbeerenstrasse, January 8, 1907

I thank you for this new proof of friendly interest in my individual. You urge me on towards posthumous glory. Well, I am not sure whether in 30 years from now the living generation will have much time and patience for the study of a bygone period. Perhaps the wisdom of to-day will then be looked upon
as oldfogyism. On the other hand, if recollections are published too soon, they may be damaging to the country. Vide Hohenlohe. Perhaps in 30 years the basin of the Pacific will be the great arena of our globe, yes, perhaps already much sooner. Ten years ago this prophecy would have appeared childish. But to-day the Japanese, when reading statistics, find that in Japan 110 human beings live on a square kilometer, in California about 3, and in Oregon even less—Those numbers are apt to stir up the yellow idea—I see also that the American Secretary of the Navy, before had intended to ask Congress for one big battleship, is now asking for three. Under these circumstances I doubt whether the British plan of a limitation of naval armaments will be successful at the Hague Conference.

Let me present my cordial congratulations for Miss Jenkins’ engagement. Anything that gives you satisfaction is sure to please me. I personally venture to think that a human being may be single and satisfied, yet that does not appear to be the prevalent opinion.

Please let me hear from you again. I wonder where you stay in Paris.

Yours ever sincerely,

HOLSTEIN

For about twenty years, even up to the time of his death, I came to know fairly well Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe. He was a brother of the Stadthalter of Alsace-Lorraine and Chancellor of the Empire after Caprivi, whose diary, published by his heirs after his death, caused him and his times to become better known to the world. I have, in common with the rest
of mankind, often wondered what the original notes must have been if the published volumes had been "carefully expurgated."

Prince Kraft-Hohenlohe had the frankness of his family and his class and was perfectly fearless in holding and expressing his opinions. He was a general of artillery and held a high command during the war of '70. He was always asked to give his opinion during the campaign whenever a council of war was called, and he told me that the King was always pleased when he advocated a continued and unrelenting offensive. I believe in his works upon strategy, for he wrote upon this subject chiefly, he frankly advocated the "forward" policy, which has been so conspicuous in the present war.

As it is upon the second of September, 1916, that I am writing these words, I am reminded of something which the Prince told me of the first famous "Sedan Day." He had under his command a colonel who was a notorious martinet, more feared than loved by his men, for he was a rough and rigid disciplinarian. But in time of battle he was as courteous as he was conspicuously brave. It was, "Please execute these orders," "Kindly fire more rapidly," "Do me the honour, gentlemen, to follow me," etc. On the morning of September 1 one of his adjutants came to Prince Hohenlohe and said: "General, Colonel —— has a premonition
of death; he insists he is to be killed to-morrow and has made all the arrangements for the event, writing his last letters, etc., and he has asked me to witness a codicil to his will.” “Nonsense!” said Hohenlohe, “he is the most fearless and matter-of-fact man I ever knew; send him to me at once.” When the colonel came the general asked him what this wild report of the adjutant meant. The colonel replied that it was a matter of no great consequence, but he knew he should not survive the next day and wished the general to know, that he might be prepared for the event. Then Hohenlohe told him that the King had sent him word that the second of September would be a day of rest for the whole army. Napoleon with his army was penned up and the Prussians could patiently await their surrender. There would therefore be no fighting. “Very well, general, but I shall be killed to-morrow all the same,” said the colonel.

The next morning there was some distant firing and Hohenlohe and his staff rode out to see what it meant. The colonel had joined the staff and, while they were straining their eyes and ears to discover what the firing indicated, the colonel asked permission to ride with a portion of the staff to a slightly higher point near-by for better observation. Believing that the position was out of range, the general consented and, when they had reached the spot a cannon-ball struck the
colonel in the breast, killing him instantly, while no one else was touched.

The acquisition of German colonies seemed to Prince Hohenlohe hazardous, partly, I believe, because of the difficulty of defending them and yet more because he believed that the German officials were unequal to the task of governing them wisely. Some of the stories he told of official methods would be incredible to one who had no personal experience of the limitations of the official class when working without exact instructions. He assured me that, in the early occupation of Kamerun, the police put up notices in the German language on the trees, and punished the natives severely for not complying with written orders which they could by no means read even had they been printed in their own language.

In speaking once of the secret service, he gave me an example of its importance and its efficiency. He was in attendance upon the first German Emperor at Gastein. News came of an anarchist plot to assassinate the monarch at his favorite spa, where every year he went and lived very simply, walking about familiarly among the people. Hohenlohe knew that every railroad train was under surveillance, but he increased the number of plain-clothes men from Berlin. Every night he saw the Emperor to bed, made certain that every window was securely fastened, locked the door ( 246 )
of the apartment and put the key in his pocket and then, when the watch was set and all was quiet, he wrapped himself in his cloak and laid down to sleep all night on the floor before the door of the Emperor's rooms. The conspirators were caught *en route*, but Hohenlohe did not relinquish his devoted care until he saw the Emperor safely back in Berlin.
ALL three of you children will remember the Gaskels and the friendship which united our two families for many years. Major Gaskel had served chiefly in India, but returned to Europe when the purchase of commissions in the British army was finally abandoned, accepted the liberal compensation which the Government offered to all officers who resigned under the new law, and settled down in Dresden. He was an accomplished and amiable man, whose life was full of acts of kindness and benevolence. He distributed a portion of the Duchess of Marlborough’s fund among the sufferers in Ireland during and after the famine. It was he who built the harbours for fishermen on the West Coast, to provide a more abundant food supply, through encouraging a languishing industry. Saintly, fragile Mrs. Gaskel was an Irishwoman, the daughter of a lovely Irish clergyman, whom we also knew. I once asked the major what sort of men he would wish to command if he could have his choice and he answered promptly: “A regiment of red-headed Irishmen!” He anticipated Kipling in admiration and affection for that gifted and unfortunate people.

You will recollect that the two Gaskel boys, Guy and Wilfred, were both marked examples of the com-
bined qualities of English and Irish character and temperament. Poor Guy was crippled with hip disease, from which he suffered much but uncomplainingly. He had a great love of sport and of the sea. He knew the names and tonnage of a vast number of ships, both of the navy and of the merchant marine. He pored over maps and geographies and spent many of the hours of the night, wakeful by reason of his painful infirmity, in planning what he would do to increase the power and prosperity of the British Empire, “when he got well.”

He read much about the Arctic regions and at last came to the conclusion that it was wholly practicable to establish steam communication between England and the great Siberian rivers. The Kara Sea was open for navigation for about eight weeks each year. Swift ships, built for the purpose, could make quick trips and exchange cargoes at the mouth of those rivers, or even penetrate into the deep interior of Asia.

One day Guy read a modest advertisement in a shipping newspaper asking for aid to establish a company for attempting a commercial enterprise through the Kara Sea, such as he himself had thought out. He wrote at once to make inquiries and received a reply from Captain Wiggins, a well-known shipmaster of the good old British breed. Guy sent the correspondence to his father, who was in London, and he at once be-
came interested in the matter, looked up the captain and found that he had made several voyages in the Kara Sea and was already in negotiation with some people in Newcastle-on-Tyne to found a company.

Guy came one day with his mother to tell me all about it and I was greatly delighted with the whole story. Major Gaskel continued to interest himself in the matter, helped to form a little company and became one of the directors. I also joined the company, impelled by my sympathy for Guy and an hereditary fascination for maritime adventure. We called ourselves "The Merchant Adventurers." We bought a small steamer of 300 tons. She had been built for and used in the Hudson Bay service. We named her the Phoenix, strengthened her still more with extra iron plates, loaded her with such merchandise as we thought people in Siberia would like and sent her on her way.

Captain Wiggins was an ideal man for our purpose. He was a dauntless seaman, intelligent, hardy, resourceful. Major Gaskel wrote of him: "Captain W. is, I believe, as careful and restlessly vigilant a navigator, as he is a sober, God-fearing, but otherwise fearless man; determined, but not rough."

The Phoenix arrived in good season at the Kara Gates, an opening between the southern extremity of Nova Zembla and the Asiatic continent, giving Cap-
tain Wiggins time to make two interesting observations. One was that there were rivers in Nova Zembla swarming with the finest salmon imploring to be captured and canned, or sent fresh to countries where they would be appreciated, and the other was that a small branch of the Gulf Stream penetrated through the Kara Gates and aided to open them as the spring floods of the great Russian rivers began to break up the ice in the Kara Sea.

Our ship was destined for Yeniseisk on the Yenisei River, a city of about 12,000 inhabitants, in the very heart of Siberia. When Captain Wiggins reached the mouth of the great river and began to ascend it, he found the Samoyedes, who seem to be cousins to our North American Indians, of great help as pilots. There were no charts and, in such unknown regions, it was a great help to find natives who knew sections of the mighty river. One of the most capable pilots was an aged Samoyedes chief, who was totally blind; but his grandson sat by his side on the bridge and told him all the landmarks and the trend of the current, which was quite sufficient for him to direct the ship safely. There is only six feet of water at the broad mouth of the Yenisei, but the Phoenix was flat-bottomed and had a draft of only five feet, so she passed the shoals all right, but the river navigation was complicated.

When the Phoenix reached Yeniseisk on about the
intended day, she was received with great enthusiasm. Bells were rung, whistles sounded, and the whole population was *en fête*; and no wonder; it was really a great nautical feat. Similar attempts had been made for more than a century. All the chief maritime nations seem to have tried it, but it was reserved for our simple little company to make it possible by reason of the experience and capacity of Captain Wiggins and because we were not exactly men of business. To the clear reason of the characteristic business man, it seemed a reckless undertaking, as indeed it was. But we had our reward. The cargo was stored and subsequently sold at a profit. The captain left the ship with a part of the crew and came overland to St. Petersburg, as it was then called in the year 1887. Everywhere Wiggins was hailed as a hero. I believe he was presented to the Czar. He was certainly made an honorary member of the Russian Geographical Society and the Russian Government gave our company five years free trade with Siberia.

When we had our captain safely home again, we began to plan for the next season. The company had become famous and if we had been wise, we should have enlarged it and taken in some men of wide business experience and solid fortune; but we felt we could manage it ourselves. So we bought a larger ship and fitted her out with a more expensive cargo and ar-
ranged for the *Phœnix* to come down to a certain point on the Yenisei laden with Siberian goods to exchange for ours.

We had two guests on board. One was the son of Sir Robert Morier, the British Ambassador to Russia (he whom Herbert Bismarck maligned on a visit to England, a shameful incident in a shameful life), who had felt much interest in our enterprise; and the other was Seabohm, the famous British ornithologist, who wanted to secure some Arctic birds. Seabohm subsequently investigated the flight of aquatic birds at Heligoland and found that some birds can fly at the rate of four hundred miles an hour. Both of our guests had to endure serious hardships after they left the ship, but their adventures, I believe, were fairly interesting and instructive.

Wiggins had brought our ship to the North Cape, when we telegraphed him to delay, since the *Phœnix* had gone aground a few versts below Yeniseisk and we were waiting to hear if she got off all right. Probably Wiggins thought that the season was late and that the *Phœnix* would almost surely get through, and so he chartered a boat, which would, he believed, get up the Yenisei in case of need, and sailed without awaiting further advices.

The mistake was fatal. The *Phœnix* got off the sands and came down according to plan, but Wiggins
found the consort drew too much water for the ascent of the river and, failing the latest news, waited for the *Phœnix* about two hundred miles away from the actual rendezvous. He remained at the mistaken post until the last possible moment and then barely got out to the west of Nova Zembla before the sea was closed with ice.

We lost such a pot of money that we were obliged to abandon our project and be content, like so many other pioneers, in having blazed the way for others.

The *Phœnix*, however, rose from her ashes to the blessing of the world. During the construction of the Siberian railroad, the Russian Government engaged Captain Wiggins to make numerous voyages to transport rails to the mouths of the great rivers. He could use for this purpose vessels of greater tonnage and deeper draft and the experience gained through his former voyages enabled him to accomplish his task so as to contribute something to the expedition of that great enterprise.

Our example also had much interest for Norden-斯基öld and Nansen. The latter, upon returning from his famous trip through the Kara Sea to the Yenisei in 1913, said, in a lecture at St. Petersburg, that he believed this commercial route could be made practicable and advised the Government to use aeroplanes to report by wireless the condition of the treacherous sea

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to vessels using this route between western Europe and Siberia.

I quote from a leading article "The New Route to Siberia," in the *New York Times* of January 26, 1916. The Russian Government adopted his [Nansen's] suggestions. The system was in operation last summer, and the results were so satisfactory that it is the intention to send a considerable fleet of commercial vessels into the Kara Sea this season. Two steamers, the *Haugastoel* and the *Eden*, in the service of the Siberian Commercial Company, arrived at Grimsby, England, on October 11 with large cargoes shipped from the mouths of the Yenisei and Obi rivers. They were loaded with wheat, butter, hemp and other Siberian products. They were Siberia's only commercial outlet last year to any country except Russia, as the Siberian railroad is now monopolized by the Government for military purposes.

As Joseph Lied, in charge of this expedition, approached Yuga Strait, the entrance into that part of the Arctic Ocean called the Kara Sea, he was informed by wireless operators that there was ice in the Strait, but that the Kara Sea was in navigable condition. He forced his way through the Strait, and from there to the mouths of the Yenisei and the Obi. He was guided all the way by wireless advices, which kept him in touch with the best information as to how to shape his course. There were wireless stations at three points along the Arctic coasts, and two aeroplanes between these stations were constantly bringing information as to the condition of navigation. A part of the cargo was taken on at the mouth of the Obi river and this is the second time that a steamship has visited it. It is the third successive and successful voyage that has been made to the Kara
Sea and the great Siberian rivers. Under his command a much larger fleet of vessels will be sent out next summer, as it is believed the navigation problem is now solved.

It is well worth the while of Western Europe to establish a connection with these two great river basins if the project is as practicable as it is now said to be. The Yenisei and the Obi rank with the largest rivers of the world in volume and in drainage area. In these respects they far surpass all European rivers. The Obi basin, with its tremendous system of tributaries, is nearly half as large as the United States. The Yenisei area of drainage is nearly 200,000 square miles smaller than that of the Obi; and great regions of the most fertile lands of Siberia are drained to the sea by these rivers.

Even as I am writing these words, in the second month of the third year of the Great War, while staying at the peaceful little town of Morrisville, Vermont, in September, 1916, the "much larger fleet of vessels" referred to may be making its exit from the Kara Sea and bringing much needed Siberian products to England.

May this commerce, finally established under stress of war, continue under the conditions of that world peace for which all, especially Americans, so greatly long, and which our own institutions and traditions cause us to believe are possible to obtain. American idealism may yet show the way to such a beneficent result as surely as the dream of a fragile but thoughtful English boy, possessed of the indomitable spirit of (256)
his race, pointed the way and secured the accomplishment of an undertaking which practical men looked upon as visionary and foolish.

Guy, whose infirmity increased, was at last taken to Kiel, to be under the observation and care of the great surgeon, von Esmarch. After long hesitation, it was finally certain that the only hope was in an operation, but even that did not avail to save him for long, and at last he died from exhaustion. Your mother and I went to Kiel and stayed until the dear boy was buried, deeply sharing the grief of our friends and regretting the loss to the world of such a gifted character.

My acquaintance with von Esmarch began in the seventies, when he sent his daughter to me as a patient. Subsequently he also became my patient and later my friend.

Von Esmarch was a delightful example of the German doctors of my earliest acquaintance. He was one of the most eminent surgeons in the world, but kindly, modest, charitable in deed and opinion, and cherishing the spirit of humanity as preciously as the teachings of science. I think he was of Danish origin. In any event, he had the independence of spirit characteristic of the Norse blood. He was one of Nature’s gentlemen and the “von,” which the first German Emperor conferred upon him, was but a recognition of the nobility which he already possessed.
After the death of his first wife, von Esmarch became yet more absorbed in his work, especially in sanitary work. I think it was in a hospital that he first became acquainted with the beautiful and stately Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein, who had herself become a nurse, being devoted to Red Cross service. They became attached to each other and finally married. They were both desirous that the Duchess should drop her title and be known only as Frau von Esmarch, but her family protested against it. They said such an act might indicate that they were ashamed of the alliance, while, on the contrary, they regarded it as an honour.

Von Esmarch had upon several occasions said to me, in his simple, kindly way, "I hope it may never be, but if you should ever need surgical attention, I beg you to call only upon me. No one else would give you such devoted and tender care and I should find great pleasure in being of service to you."

You children will recollect the sad accident which befell Wilfred Gaskel. In the dawn of his young manhood he had a complicated fracture of the tibia and fibula of his left leg. He was taken to the Carola Haus, where Credé was the chief surgeon, and received every attention. Under this skilful care, Wilfred was doing well, and just before Credé went away for his summer outing, he assured me that there was no danger of any (258)
complications and that the leg would certainly be saved. Shortly afterwards, of a Saturday afternoon, I went to the hospital and received the usual favourable report and found the patient in cheerful spirits. On Sunday morning, when upon my way to church, I received a message from Wilfred, begging me to come at once, for the surgeon wanted to amputate his leg. I found the young man who had charge of the case in the absence of Credé, who was at a distant Hungarian spa and could not be communicated with, in a state of anxiety in regard to some increased local inflammation but not accompanied by fever, and feeling the only safe proceeding was to take off the leg. There was no eminent surgical authority left in Dresden, all the chief men being absent and, since Wilfred’s father was in Ireland and his mother deceased since several months, I took upon myself to ask for a suspension of the proposed radical treatment until I could consult von Esmarch. I telegraphed him at once, asking his advice and almost immediately received a reply that he and his wife would come by the next train. Both of them knew and loved Wilfred from the time when poor Guy was at Kiel. Von Esmarch arrived at the first possible moment for a consultation with the surgical staff, who received the honoured Master and his ducal wife with great reverence. It was delicious to see von Esmarch among these adoring young doctors. He
brought out all they had to say most tactfully. He caused them to unbandage the leg and displayed the deepest interest in their diagnosis and seemed to approve of all they said. At the subsequent consultation he told them that they were doubtless correct in supposing that amputation would be the most sure way to recovery, but it was also proper to consider that the loss of the leg to such a young man would be a serious disadvantage and so they might perhaps venture to delay operating until every other expedient had been exhausted. He narrated similar cases where the local inflammation had been allayed by applications of ice and cold compresses and convinced them that they could themselves treat this case in the same way with favourable results. And so, when after a few weeks von Esmarch returned to see the case again, he found the young surgeons jubilant over the cure they had wrought.

In 1902, following Prince Heinrich’s visit to America, where he had been most cordially received, von Esmarch sent to me the following letter, with an interesting portrait of the Emperor which was evidently painted in one of the monarch’s sterner moods. It is well von Esmarch did not live to see the terrible World War, under which I feel sure his just and kindly soul would have suffered greatly.
Hochverehrter Herr Hofrat
und lieber Kollege!

Die freundschaftlichen Verhältnisse, welche zwischen Amerika und Deutschland bestehen und jetzt durch die Reise des Prinzen Heinrich neue Nahrung bekommen haben, lassen mich vermuten, dass Ihnen ein Bild unseres erhabenen Kaisers nicht unwillkommen sein wird.

Ich erlaube mir daher, als ein kleines Zeichen meiner grossen unauslöschlichen Dankbarkeit das beifolgende Kaiserbild Ihnen zu senden mit der Bitte, dasselbe freundlich aufnehmen zu wollen.

In grosster Hochachtung
bin ich
Ihr dankbar ergebener
Dr. Friedrich von Esmarch*

This portrait I left at Thorwald with many other paintings which I valued, to have brought to America when the war should be over. I hope it may be preserved, since it seems to reveal the character of this amazing monarch as it is now regarded.

*See Appendix, note 9.
The eighties were interesting years to me. I had begun to understand what a privilege it was to live in the center of Europe and among such highly educated and kindly people. My practice had steadily increased and I saw interesting and important personages from every part of the civilized world and from some countries where the state of civilization was not highly pronounced.

I worked prodigiously long hours and found my strength equal to my necessities. I began to see that my professional standing was assured when my European colleagues began to make morning calls upon me in full dress and call me "Meister." In 1886 King Albert made me a Knight of the Albrecht's Order of the first class. The King had inquired privately if I would prefer a decoration or a title and I answered that if His Majesty had graciously decided to honour me with an indication of his royal favour, it was quite the same to me what form the distinction possessed.

The Hofmarschal, in handing me the order, said the King had decided to give me a decoration, since that I could wear anywhere.

When I had an audience to offer my thanks, the King thanked me for the professional services I had (262)
rendered the Queen for some years. He subsequently became my patient and visited me regularly ever after, up to the time of his death.

I was first summoned to visit the King at his favourite residence, the royal villa at Strehlen, near Dresden. Upon finishing my examination, I told him that I would gladly come to him at any place and time, but that I could treat him more satisfactorily if he could come to my office, where I had conveniences for every emergency. He willingly consented and actually seemed to enjoy his visits, though I was the only professional man in Dresden to whom this honour was accorded.

One day he brought his dog with him and excused the presence of the animal by saying that he was driving with the dog and there was not time to take him back to the palace without being late to his appointment with me. I assured the King that I was very fond of dogs and should be glad if he could always bring him. This he afterwards did and the dog came to know me and expect my greeting after that to his master. At last the King came once without the dog and told me very sadly that his favourite had recently died of cancer. There had been an operation performed to no avail and now he was determined never to have a dog again, for the loss of such a friend was too distressing. I did not see the King again for six months, but when
he then came, he brought almost the counterpart of the dog he had lost. I asked if the dog had been resurrec
ted and he answered that the Queen had had peo
gle searching all Europe to find a counterpart to the
dog he had loved so well and had only shortly before found one. Then he bent down and fondled the dog and put him through all his tricks and said the new pet was a great comfort to him.

I have frequently observed how fond royal person-
eges are of their dogs. It must mean more to a king than to other men to be certain that there is one friend who does not know that he is a king, but who loves him for himself alone.

King Albert was really a König (king), that is, as Carlyle defined it, "a man who can." He came to the throne as a mature and experienced man upon the death of his father, the scholarly King Johann. In that short campaign of 1866, in which the Saxon army joined Austria, he commanded the rear guard and conducted the retreat, after the disastrous defeat of Königgrätz, with such ability as to win hearty commendation from both Austrian and Prussian military authorities. In the war of 1870 he commanded the twelfth army corps, which was composed of Saxons. Moltke said of him that the "Crown Prince of Saxony was the only one among the royal princes who understood at once how to command and how to
obey.” His military career was so brilliant that the Czar appointed him a Field Marshal of the Russian Army and he bore the golden baton, which the Czar had given him, right royally when he made his triumphal entry into Dresden at the head of his troops at the close of the war. He was a strikingly handsome man and of soldierly and dignified but graceful carriage. He displayed great tact under trying conditions during those years in which Saxony was being Prussianized, evidently feeling that it could not be prevented, but in his heart regretting the passing of the simple, kindly Saxon spirit. I remember one evening when we were at a party at a Saxon house, how every officer present excused himself to his hostess that he was obliged to appear before her in the detested Prussian uniform and “Pickelhaube,” the latter having just become obligatory.

The beautiful Queen Carola was one of the last descendants of the Swedish royal house of Vasa, that of the great Gustavus Adolphus. She was indeed a queen in nobility of soul and gracious kindliness but she cared little for the ceremonious festivities of the court. Indeed, I believe she was not peculiar among royal personages in this respect. One day she told me, in explaining why she had suddenly cancelled an appointment with me, that she awoke in the morning with a fearful headache, the usual consequence of at-
tending a state ball. I said, "That is a great price to pay for a pleasure." She answered with a demure smile, "It is not exactly a pleasure."

The Queen was very benevolent. Her fortune was not great for a queen, but she spent the income lavishly in charity. The court physician, Dr. Carus, whom Leonard may perhaps dimly remember, told me that Marion Simms, who at the height of his fame used to spend a part of the year in Paris, was called in consultation to Carola when she was Crown Princess. They found upon his departure that he expected a fee of ten thousand francs, and it was only with considerable difficulty that the money could be raised. This occurred in the lavish days of the third Napoleon and when the court of Saxony was on a simpler basis than under the German Empire. The fee was moderate for so great a medical authority, considering the tedious trip of those days and the somewhat prolonged stay it necessitated, but it seemed fabulously high to the Saxon physicians as well as to the court, which was then much as Motley describes it in his letters.

The "Old Addah," as Leonard called his nurse, the good, faithful, devoted, loving and lovable woman who had charge of him all through his childhood, and of Grace and Nora also for several years, finally, after long service with us, decided to take her well-deserved rest. She had always been a nurse and had a wonderful

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record of service. She thought the interest of her savings would be sufficient to provide for her old age. I took her to my bank to deposit the last portion of the money she had earned with us and which had accumulated for some time. It was a large and motley collection: gold, bank notes, a great quantity of silver and a lot of copper coins. Von W., a characteristic Saxon Junker, chanced to be standing by as the good old woman arranged her money on the counter and was evidently shocked that a woman of her class should have so much ready cash. He hovered over it with the same greed in his eyes which his mediaeval forefathers may have shown when despoiling a Jew trader, and demanded how she came by it. With great dignity she asserted that she had earned it in honourable service and indicated me as her employer. Von W. knew me and so he smiled and congratulated the good woman, but I fancied I heard him mutter as he turned away, that these foreigners were ruining honest Saxon servants. When Addah went to live with her daughter, her money diminished under the demands of the family, and so she came back to town and lived as best she could until she could be received into a home for aged servants. At Christmas time the Queen used to visit the inmates of this home, which was under her especial protection, climbing up the four flights of stairs to speak words of comfort to them and deliver Christmas
gifts. Nothing could better show the inexhaustible kindness of that queenly heart. Addah was very happy in this asylum in her old age. She once told me that before she entered the home, she prayed that she might die, fearing she might outlive the friends who cared for her; but since she was established there, she prayed that she might live to enjoy her comforts and privileges.

It is an error to suppose that a royal personage can live a life of ease. One morning having been called to visit the Queen at the palace, I found her poring over her programme for the day. Every engagement was clearly written out and I had never imagined that a day could contain so many hours and subdivisions of hours. I hastened with my treatment as much as possible, that the Queen might not, on my account, fail in that “punctuality which is the politeness of princes” and, as soon as she had left the room, hurriedly collected some of my instruments which had been wrapped in tissue paper and were lying on the Queen’s desk. After I had packed them I saw, in an obscure place on the desk, what I took to be one of my small diamond disks wrapped up in tissue paper. I thrust it into my waistcoat pocket and, at the close of the day when my last patient had gone, I took it out and found it to be an exquisite miniature in ivory of the poet Körner, the friend of Schiller. I at once sent it to
the lady in attendance upon the Queen with an explanatory note, and at the next visit to the palace, I told Her Majesty of the Californian politician who was reputed to have said to his constituents whom he was soliciting to return him to Congress: "I love to steal, I know how to steal, and if you select me, I will engage to bring back all I am able to steal in Congress and spend it among you."

In the machinery devised to save the time and secure the convenience of royalties, there is much which works cumbrously. Once when I was treating the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg at her palace in Schwerin, I found her one morning feeling so ill that I refused to give her a treatment until she had had a pony of brandy. She rang a bell and gave the order to one of her women. Then she resigned herself to rest; for, she said, in such a large house and with so complicated a service, it would take some time. And then she explained through how many hands the order would have to pass and how many signatures would be required, from the Hofmarschal down to the Cellarer, before the brandy could be obtained, and then it would have to pass back again through all these stages before she could drink it. I bethought me of the King of Spain, who died of apoplexy before the proper official could be found to place a screen between His Majesty and the blazing fire, and I immensely wanted
to ask her if it was true that, when the reigning Czar was a child and was taken ill at night at one of the minor imperial palaces, and brandy was ordered for him, a bottle of brandy had been charged every day for the stomach-ache of the Czarewich ever afterwards until the Czar came there again in his full manhood and chanced to have the accounts looked over. But as she was born a Russian archduchess and I did not then know what sort of an Imperial Highness she was, I prudently refrained. She chatted pleasantly during the half hour of waiting, and when something was said about the island of Cyprus, which the English were then redeeming, I told her the ancient story of the good Greek Bishop Spiridion of Cyprus and that of his "daughter faithful unto death." It was new to her, but I remember not only her interest in the charming story, but her delight in finding that an American knew anything of the history and traditions of the Greek church. Since you also may not know the story, I will here give its outlines.

There came one day to Spiridion a Syrian, who said: "Holy Father, I am obliged to return to Syria. I dare not take with me my jewels, for the purple sea is as treacherous as a serpent, and upon land there are men more dangerous than the sea. I beg you therefore to keep for me my treasure until my return."

Spiridion replied: "That I cannot do, but you may entrust it to my daughter, who is our island's treas-
urer and of whom the people say, were she to prove false, the sun itself would shine no more in heaven.” The daughter was summoned. She promised the Syrian to keep his treasure in life and death.

After a long absence the Syrian returned, but upon landing he found the whole island in deepest mourning. The daughter of the bishop, not more beloved by the afflicted father than by all the people, was dead and her body was lying in state in the palace. He hastened to the palace, found the bishop and essayed to comfort him in the soft cadences of oriental speech. But the bishop at last said: “Oh Syrian, thou hast not yet heard the worst; all else is in order, but thy treasure cannot be found!”

The Syrian replied: “Holy Father, did not this noble woman promise to guard my treasure in life and in death? Surely, she has not forgotten her word. Lead me to her.”

They came and the Syrian knelt for a time in prayer. Then he arose and gazed upon the graceful form, the beautiful face, to which the majesty of death had lent unearthly loveliness, and he said: “Oh saintly maiden, give me a sign that thou hast kept thy word.”

Then a miracle was wrought. The dark eyes opened, the pale lips spoke: “The gems lie hidden in the garden wall. God bless thee, Father, for thy constant
love. God bless thee, Syrian, for thy faith in me." And the eyes closed to open again only in Paradise.

It was upon this occasion that I acquired the copy of Murillo’s Immaculate Conception which you will so often have seen in the library in the Walpurgis Strasse and afterwards in the blue salon at Thorwald. The Duchess was amiably anxious that I should not be bored, since I had to stay for several days, and, amongst other things advised me to visit the picture gallery. There I found this copy, which had just been finished. The artist was a lady, connected in some way with the ducal court, who had studied painting seriously in Paris and elsewhere. The picture was for sale and I was so charmed with it that I bought it at once. The next day the Duchess, having heard of the purchase, told me that her father-in-law had been long in Madrid as a young man. Of all the wonderful paintings in the Spanish collection, this he admired most and vainly tried to buy it. At last he sought out the best artist in Spain for this purpose and ordered a copy to be exactly like the original in every particular. From this copy the one I bought was obtained, and the whole court said it could be distinguished from the original only by its freshness. The Duchess offered to have the two pictures placed side by side, so I could compare them, but I could not consent, since this would entail the removal of the Grand Duke’s picture.

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She took me to the great “study” of the recently deceased Duke. The picture hung in a fine light on the wall opposite his desk where, whenever he looked up, he could see it. I wondered if the influence of the picture might not have contributed to the qualities of character which caused his people to so completely love and trust him. In the war of ’66 he at once mobilized his army and put it at the disposal of Prussia. In the war of ’70 he was among the most capable and devoted of the German princes.

After the Empire was founded and the constitution was formed, he ordered his people also to accept a constitution, but they refused. They said: “Landesvater, we are happy, prosperous and contented under your rule and we won’t be bothered with a constitution.” At last he was obliged to force them, between files of police and soldiers, to go to the polls and formally accept the gift of their liberties and learn how to vote.

I have heard the common people speak of him with yearning, calling him unser grosser Verstorbener (“our great departed”). There could have been no better example of the survival of the feudal spirit among the Germans than these simple Mecklenburg people have displayed. Through what discipline of misfortune must the whole German people pass, even here in America where they have not shown anything like the political capacity which one would have been justified
in expecting considering their numbers, education and wealth, before they will be able to achieve and exercise reasonable self-government.

The heir of this able monarch I had known when he was a student, I think at the Vitzthum Gymnasium, but before Leonard’s time. He suffered greatly from asthma and, after the death of his father, began to spend much of his time on the Riviera, where he could be fairly comfortable, but this arrangement was not ideal, either for the ducal pair or for the government of the dukedom.

In the eighties I began to take a more intelligent interest in European history and politics. In my scanty leisure I read anew the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire” and such books as “The History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.” While never doubting the ultimate triumph of republican institutions, it began to seem probable to me that an interregnum of imperialism might be necessary to the political education of the people of Germany. I felt that a moral alliance, such as existed to a great degree between America and England since the passions aroused by the Civil War had subsided, might in time become possible with Germany also, for I had come to have great admiration and affection for the kindly people amongst whom we dwelt. I even wrote and spoke upon the subject, both in English
and German and tried to do what I could to interpret the spirit of America to my German friends.*

Eighteen hundred and eighty-eight was the year of the three Kaisers and marked, although we comprehended it not, a turning point in the course of history.

The eighties were also marked by Miller’s illuminating researches in dental subjects and by the death of my beloved friend, Dr. Frank Abbot, one of the very few men with whom I was ever really intimate. His society was most congenial and I admired and loved him so greatly that the city in which he lived, despite Berlin’s growth and general interest, has never been attractive to me since. Indeed, for several years I could not endure even to pass through the city.

In 1887 Leonard graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School and came over to visit us at once. He was rather young to begin life, but we talked over the project of farming on a large scale and thought it might be practicable. Together we made a journey to Holland, saw some of the cities and many of the horses and cattle in that country largely rescued from the sea. At Amsterdam I took Leonard to see the fire department, which I had seen several years before with much interest. At that time, the inspector who showed me about told me, when I wondered at the open bar in the club house in which the men on duty

*See Appendix, note 10.
lived and from which every fireman might drink freely whatever he chose to order, that they had little drunkenness. The penalty for getting drunk once was reprimand and fine. For the second offence, discharge from the force and loss of right to a pension. He assured me that but very few men had ever fallen a second time. The house was admirably appointed. There were reading and writing rooms, billiard tables and card rooms, and the beds in the second story were so arranged that, when the alarm sounded, a man could jump instantly into his uniform and boots, they being arranged for the purpose, and slide down a pole to the floor below. In a few seconds all were at their posts. He sounded the alarm and, I believe, it was within ten seconds that the horses were harnessed and every man in his place.

Upon my visit with Leonard, I asked the inspector if any change had been made in the punishment for drunkenness and he answered that the extreme penalty of discharge for the first offense had been inaugurated a few years ago and there had not been a single case of drunkenness since. Later he showed me the long list of men waiting for a vacancy, some of whom, indeed, we saw, and a very fine lot they were. The service was very popular and the city had its pick of the best men, for good wages were paid and fair pensions for the men and their families.

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At my first visit Amsterdam was very proud of its prison, founded upon the Pennsylvania system of solitary confinement. I was asked to visit it and was much impressed with the apparent efficiency of the discipline. Every man was being taught a handicraft which might be the means of giving him a living when he should be released. The most severe punishment was confinement in the underground cell. The inspector told me the most hardened offender could not endure it more than two hours. The cell was deep in the foundations of the prison. It was well ventilated, but there was no ray of light and not a sound could be heard. I asked to be left alone in the cell and to be called for after a time, and they shut the door and went away. It really was horrible. The stillness was profound. I could hear the beating of my heart, but nothing else, and when they returned, after a scant quarter of an hour, I understood what an awful punishment such confinement must be for a man with a guilty soul.

Leonard soon returned to America and investigated places for farming, but eventually went into breeding horses, on a small scale, at Lexington, in the heart of the blue-grass region of Kentucky. In the spring of 1900, I went over to take counsel with him and we both soon concluded that it was not a promising undertaking and decided to give it up.

When I first arrived in Lexington, all the people of
importance came at once to call upon me and overwhelmed me with attentions. They told me with one accord that Leonard was just the sort of young man they wanted to keep with them and begged me to let him stay. They entertained me according to the best traditions of Southern hospitality and every hour was filled with some new and pleasant experience. Race week occurred during my stay and famous sportsmen, and even more famous horses, thronged the club and the stables. It was a refreshing contrast to the more formal sporting events in Europe, for, while there was less of the glitter of the "sport of kings," there was more hearty enjoyment as well as good fellowship, for the people were like one great family.

Among the first to call upon me, was a man who had been living in Dresden when the Civil War broke out and had hastily departed to serve in the Confederate army. He had known my lawyer, Dr. Lehmann, he of the crooked nose which had been cut off in a student's duel and imperfectly stitched on again. They had been friends and had kept up a correspondence for a few years, and he was delighted to hear what I could tell him about Lehmann and of others whom he had known in Dresden. One evening, when we went to make our parting call and thank him for all his kind attentions, we found him in a reminiscent mood and inclined to talk of the good old days of slavery. He
concluded by assuring us that the best sport he had ever known was “hunting niggers with bloodhounds.”

During my stay, Senator Beck died and his body was brought to Lexington for burial. Senator Evarts of New York was the head of the committee chosen to represent the Senate at the funeral. Before he left for Washington, he was invited to come to the club and he came immediately after the funeral. The members surrounded him and talked, at first seriously, being still in the shadow of the sad event; but at last an impulsive gentleman suddenly changed the course of conversation by asking: “Senator, what would you like to drink?” Evarts solemnly replied in his best senatorial manner, “I recollect in my youthful days that there was a drink much in favor in the South which was called, if my memory serves me correctly, Mint Julep.” We all took mint julep and I think were also reminded of the reply which Evarts was reported to have made to a learned English Cockney judge whom he was once entertaining in New York. The Englishman said that he had been much interested in all he had learned about American law, but there was a department of English law of which he had found no trace in America. “What’s that?” asked Evarts. “The law of h’entail.” Evarts flashed back, “We have something much better than that—cocktail!”

It grieved my dear son greatly to part from the gen-
erous people who had shown him so much kindness during the two years he had spent in Kentucky; but, when he had been convinced that it was best, he quickly put his affairs in order, paid a last visit to his dear horses and colts and went off with me to California.

Your mother’s cousin, Joseph Folsom, was living in San Francisco, where he was one of the managers of the Land Office of the Southern Pacific Railroad. I determined to consult him about placing Leonard in business, for which I began to see he was better adapted than for such an enterprise as I previously had in view.

It was a wonderful journey. Neither of us knew the far West and the Pacific states, and to see for the first time the great Prairies and cross the Rockies was an experience never to be forgotten. The Russian Steppe, as I remembered it between Moscow and Odessa, seemed small in comparison to the mighty American plain and the contrast between the Russian peasant and the independent American farmer filled me with fresh pride and gratitude that our forefathers had won and consecrated this great continent to become the hope and refuge of all the desolate and oppressed.

As I am writing these words in mid-July, 1917, comes the news that the lately born Russian Republic, after only a few weeks of spiritual intoxication
upon suddenly securing her liberty, has joined America in dedicating herself unreservedly to the overthrow of Prussian autocracy and to making “the world safe for democracy,” and has won her first success in arms against the common enemy. How has that brief period of rejoicing been changed to despondency through subsequent events!

Leonard and I stayed over at a place in Colorado for a night, that we might not lose some of the best scenery. I have forgotten the name of the place, but I can never forget the glorious sunrise of the next morning. There was but one hotel and that was a part of the railroad station. Our room had only one bed, but Leonard wrapped himself in a blanket and slept soundly on the floor, as only the young can sleep. The shunting of the trains continued all night and to me sleep was impossible and so, while there was yet but the promise of dawn, I went out and found a rough, steep roadway up the hill out through the forest. Presently it grew lighter and suddenly I came, at a turn of the road, where I caught a glimpse of a dome of the great range of snow-clad mountains, glowing in “celestial rosy red.” I cried aloud for joy. In that cloudless air the mountain, even at so great a distance, was distinct in outline. There were no bare ribs of rock, but the snow descended in an unbroken line to the great bulk below. But it was chiefly the colour which
held me in thrall. The Alpine glow which I had seen in Switzerland was beautiful, but this was as a beacon lighting the way to Heaven.

Indeed, the American mountains have a grandeur and beauty peculiarly their own. I remember particularly two famous mountains, Tacoma and Orizaba, with especial pleasure. Leonard and I came to the town, Tacoma, late one afternoon and went out for a walk just at sunset. We noticed what seemed to be a mass of rose-coloured clouds and stood gazing to see them fade, but the form did not vary, and we asked a passer by if this beautiful object were a cloud or a mountain. He answered, "It’s Mt. Tacoma." So we stood and gazed upon what was in reality the mountain of which every child dreams. Tacoma, the town, is on the coast and the mountain, which I hope will always keep its beautiful Indian name, rises in the far distance from the plain, giving a clear vision of its mighty bulk from base to summit. It is true that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Swiss mountains are often harsh and oppressive when seen near at hand, where one sees the unashamed naked rock staring out between the masses of snow, and even Mont Blanc would be more truly the "monarch of mountains" were it not that the observer is himself standing at so great a distance above the level of the sea as to be somewhat disappointed at finding the (282)
famous mountain less lofty to his first view than he had expected.

Leonard and I spent three weeks in San Francisco and every moment was full of enjoyment. We stayed at the Cosmos Club, Cousin Joe being one of its officers, and speedily became quite at home in the most delightful club I had ever known. Its membership was cosmopolitan and there were many professional men as well as men of affairs among its number. The service was Japanese, with the exception of the chief steward, who was American, and I have never seen service more perfect in any great European house I have ever visited. The table service was absolutely noiseless and the flower decorations excited my constant admiration, for they were as varied as they were tasteful. Table d'hôte lunch and dinner were daily served and the members all seemed to count the day lost when they were obliged to dine anywhere else. I observed that the men left money and jewelry about carelessly, but I was told the servants were perfectly trustworthy, for they had a professional reputation to sustain. There had been a case sometime before, however, of taking on a Jap who was a new comer and began to steal. His fellow servants found it out and denounced him to the police, who arrested him and he was tried and sent to prison. They who knew the Japanese told me the man could ever afterwards be depended upon
never to steal again or, in any way, to violate the rules of his guild, and I was half tempted to take him with me back to Dresden, since the governor of the state promised to pardon him if I could take him away; but, upon mature reflection, I concluded that he would not be contented in a country where he had no fellow countrymen, and there were then no Japanese in Dresden.

All the Californians we came to know were more than delightful. Their hospitality was unbounded and their business enterprise and confidence in the superior richness and boundless future of their state were inspiring. The descendants of the early settlers were physically a very fine people and all the later settlers seemed to have gained in every respect by residence in that superb climate.

Cousin Joe took me to see the McIvor vineyards. I had found the table wine served at the club delicious and so he asked McIvor to show me how “Linda Vista” was cultivated. With great acumen this man had bought land once belonging to the Mission San José, thinking the good old Spanish monks, like their European brethren, would have nosed out the best place to grow the vine. It proved to be correct and you will remember that, for years, I was accustomed to order two casks of that wine sent to me by sailing ship every year, and how we came to be even more fond of

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it than of French Bordeaux. Linda Vista was made from the Bordeaux grape grafted upon the American stock. Alas! poor McIvor passed away, and since his death his vineyard has perished also.

In San Francisco I made the acquaintance of Dr. Younger, who had a great reputation in some departments of dentistry, especially in transplanting teeth and in the treatment of pyorrhea. Later he settled in Paris, where he became a beloved and much honoured member of our circle and made a European reputation. Last month, in June, 1917, your mother and I met Dr. and Mrs. Younger in New York and they gave us the most recent news of our dear colleagues in Paris, all of whom are doing great service either in the American Ambulance, or in some other way, to alleviate the misery and suffering caused by this fearful war.

From San Francisco we went to Vancouver, where we took the Canadian Pacific for Montreal. I had engaged a drawing-room for the journey and was very desirous of not missing the train, for comfortable accommodations for so long a journey were not easily obtained; but we had a few hours to spare and engaged a carriage to drive us to the famous natural park a few miles away, which had many great trees such as we had not seen even in Oregon, where "the trees are so tall that a man has to look twice to see the top."

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Upon returning we had only an hour to spare and, it being Sunday, the hotels were not prepared to serve meals out of hours; but we thought we ought to have “a square,” so I directed our driver to take us to the best restaurant, and he pulled up at a place with a Polish sign. I at once saw that the host was a character and, addressing him in German, ordered the best lunch he could prepare and asked him to get out the best bottle of Rhine wine he had and to join us in a glass. He set everybody to work at once and, while the meal was being prepared, sat down to talk. When we told him we were from Dresden and that Leonard was born there, he shouted for a coloured boy and bade him drive like mad to fetch his wife and daughter from a distance to see some strangers from her native city.

Then he told us his story. He was the son of a Polish soldier in the army of Napoleon who was taken prisoner at the battle of Leipzig. His father remained in Germany, married there and his son was born in Dresden. He was a young man in the revolution of 1848, but he assured us that he was one of the worst of them, for his father had been his political mentor. When the end came, he escaped to Switzerland and subsequently went to America. Europe was intolerable to him, for he alone knew what liberty meant. “True liberty could only be founded upon a subject race” and the Southern states of America offered the
only fit refuge for his lofty soul. Thither he went and there he prospered until the Civil War, when he volunteered in the Confederate army and was captured in the last days of Lee’s retreat. He said, when I asked why he did not stay in the United States: “Oh, it was well enough for those born Americans to submit, but not for me, who had inherited the true traditions of freedom.” So he wandered to Vancouver and opened a restaurant, from which he had made a small fortune. He owned a valuable farm and he implored us to be his guests there for a week.

When his buxom wife came with the daughter, she wept at seeing Leonard, and all three of them were overcome when we told them that we knew the fine restaurant on the Bautznerstrasse which her father had kept.

The journey to Montreal was delightful. It was the best season for seeing that splendid country and we admired the ways in which it was being developed. Over the Cascades and the Rockies the Canadian Pacific railroad company had encountered especial problems, with which they had been obliged to temporize in building the road, since there was not money enough to build with European permanency, and also time was lacking. There were many miles of wooden structures sometimes two or more tiers one upon another, of creaking viaducts, which seemed to sway
dangerously as the train passed over them. The grades were often so steep that it seemed barely possible for the trains to ascend and there were many sharp curves where but slow progress could be made. It had been found necessary, on some of these long stretches, to place switches which could be used to turn run-away trains on to a side track which ran up hill. The superintendent told me in Montreal, when I expressed my pleasure that the policy of Government had been so just to the Indians as to make good citizens of them, that they were most reliable switch tenders and track inspectors and were preferred to white men for such purpose on long stretches in the mountains.

We were greatly impressed with the latent richness of the country as well as with the energy and resourcefulness with which its hardy inhabitants were developing it. I had promised Mr. Strachey, the British Minister to the Court of Saxony, in case I went to Canada to make inquiries about one of his sons who was employed in one of the chief Canadian banks. Accordingly I looked up the president of the bank in Montreal, who not only gave me good news in regard to young Strachey, but told me something of the policy of sending their employés, as they had just done in his case, to one of the distant branches of the bank, to get wider experience, and to have a chance to show what they were fit for.

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All that I saw at this time, and upon subsequent visits to Canada, and the acquaintance which I made during many years with British colonials at the Anglo-American Club of Dresden, where they seemed to find even more congenial society among Americans than among their brethren of the British Islands, partially prepared me for the splendid showing the Anzacs have made in the war.

This Dresden club was truly cosmopolitan. There was a quiet room where men who cared little for games used to sit together an hour or so before dinner and where the talk was both amusing and enlightening. I remember an Australian, who had been a prosperous mining engineer, telling us a story of visiting a mining camp somewhere in Montana in the early times. He arrived at night and went at once to bed. He had scarcely got to sleep, when he was awakened by a man rushing up the stairs rapidly, entering the next room and locking and barricading the door. He was quickly followed by another man, who tried to break in, and when he found that impossible, he emptied his revolver in shooting through the door and then walked off indulging in picturesque language. In the morning the manager of a mine, with whom our friend had been in correspondence, called for him to drive him out to inspect his work, where they had overcome some unusual difficulties. On the way they
came upon a clump of trees from whose branches the lifeless bodies of six men were swinging by the neck. The manager explained that the Vigilance Committee had at last lost patience with a lot of bad men and executed summary justice upon them during the night, and politely hoped that his visitor had not been disturbed by the proceeding. The Australian answered that he had heard some shooting at the hotel and some wild riding and shooting in the streets, but it made him feel quite at home and so he had slept refreshingly.

In speaking of the kind and frank manner in which he had always been received in America, where everything of professional interest had been thrown open to his inspection, he said: "The finest country in the world is Australia, next comes America and then England."

I knew well an accomplished editor of an Australian newspaper, a man of Scottish origin, who lived for some time in Dresden. One day Strachey called upon me and asked if I could tell him anything about this man, for a letter had been received from the British Embassy in Constantinople announcing the arrest of this person by the Turkish police. I assured Mr. Strachey that I not only knew the gentleman, but that he had told me of his intended trip and I had commended him to some of my friends in Constantinople and that he was certainly all right. Later I
learned that, after having been some time in the enchanting city, he went alone, after the imprudent manner of his race, on an expedition into the country. He sat down to sketch a romantic hillside, not knowing that it was forbidden. Suddenly the police fell upon him, rolled him about in the mud and, as he resented their attentions, tore his clothes, bruised him somewhat and brought him bound to the chief police station. There he kept insisting that he should be taken to the British consul and finally he was taken to the consulate. The consul was giving a man’s dinner that night and resented being interrupted, but finally went down stairs and, seeing the plight of the prisoner, concluded it was only another familiar case of drunken sailor and, reopening the door, called to his guests to come down and see what a consul had to submit to, and they all came tumbling after. Having then an appreciative audience, the consul began to rail at the man, saying he was the sort of creature who brought disgrace upon the name of Englishman. My friend listened calmly and, when there was opportunity, presented his card and related the circumstances. Then he said: “Sir, you will order me to be set at liberty at once. I shall return to my hotel and await an apology from you up to twelve o’clock to-morrow noon. If it does not arrive by that hour, I shall take the steamer leaving for England at one o’clock and inform the
Government in what manner it is served at this consulate.” The apology did not arrive and he sailed. He remained three months in London demanding redress from the unsympathetic Foreign Office, and finally he got it, after threatening to have the question taken up in Parliament and ventilating it in Australia. The Minister of Foreign Affairs told him that there was a post just vacated to which the offending consul should naturally be promoted, and asked if it would be satisfactory if the consul was informed that in consequence of this affair he would not get the promotion. The Australian accepted, but insisted upon himself seeing the dispatch, that he might be certain that it was written in no ambiguous language. I think Strachey, who was of the generation in which the British Foreign Office was chiefly manned by those who had aristocratic connections and influence, and was familiar with its fine art of dilatoriness and its tradition of not admitting that even its subordinates could blunder, rather enjoyed seeing how it had been taught the danger of monkeying with an Australian editor.

One afternoon an Englishman brought to our little circle a pair of earrings which his uncle had cut out of the ears of a Maori chief whom he had slain in wild New Zealand battle. Just at that time had appeared Max Mueller’s letter to The Times apropos of the finding of implements and ornaments of jade when, dur-
ing a very dry season, one of the Swiss lakes had subsided to so great a degree that the habitations of prehistoric Lake Dwellers had been discovered. The only explanation was that they had been brought from Asia in the migration of peoples, since jade did not exist in Europe. Mueller argued that this discovery was less interesting than the fact that the numerals used every day in European speech had come down to us from Sanscrit. Our English friend, however, wanted to know if the earrings were really jade and brought them in to ask the colonials if jade had been found at the Antipodes. At last he reached an Austrian who had, for some unknown reason, become a British subject and also possessed an almost uncanny acquaintance with the resources of the Empire. His German education had given him great respect for his own opinion, which he was accustomed to announce with an air of finality which amused the Americans, but occasionally irritated the genuine Britons. He said, in his usual manner: “I do not know if this is jade, but I do know that it is a silicate.” Like the Irishman’s excuse for hitting his father, “he stood so fair I couldn’t help it,” and I solemnly said: “That settles it. Everybody knows that the Silly Kate was always a jade”; a statement which seemed peculiarly comforting to a delightful New Zealander who was present and who loathed his Austrian fellow subject.
One of the men whom everybody liked was Lord Elibank. He had been in the British navy and was a perfect type of an old-time seaman, who knew his duty and did it thoroughly. We were talking of the charm of the German Christmas, preparation for which had greatly interested the men who were new to Germany, and it led him to tell us how he had spent a Christmas day in China. His ship had been sent out to catch some troublesome Chinese pirates and, in the course of the day, they sighted a notorious pirate junk and gave chase. The junk made for shallow water, where the ship of war could not follow, and so the boats were ordered out, as the pirates were just beyond the short range of the guns of that day. Elibank was then a young midshipman and was put in command of a boat. The pirates fired an ineffectual volley as the boats approached and then plunged overboard and swam ashore, fleeing in all directions as they landed. Each British sailor chased and captured his man and Elibank selected for his quarry a gigantic creature who, like his fellows, was stark naked and chilled with the plunge in the icy water, but who ran gamely until he appeared blown and then sat down suddenly on a knoll. Elibank, having heard stories of the wiles of pirates, suspected him of sitting upon one of the knives these gentry prized and with which they could do expert fighting; so he stalked his prey, revolver in
hand, circling nearer and nearer, until at last he saw that the man had no concealed weapon and then advanced, took him by his long queue, put the revolver to his head and marched him to the boat, a tranquil prisoner. He concluded his tale with saying: “I assure you, gentlemen, that is the best way to catch a pirate.” With one accord, all the Americans solemnly responded that, when they went hunting pirates, they would certainly follow his advice, at which he and the other Englishmen seemed much gratified.
WHEN we returned to New York from our western journey, Leonard, who had given up all thought of farming, entered the office of a Mr. Armstead, who was exploiting a gold mine proposition, to learn something about business, and I returned to Europe in time to attend the International Medical Congress at Berlin, where I heard the immortal Lister deliver the opening address.

At this Congress Younger gave his first clinic in Europe and demonstrated that a tooth which had been out of the mouth can be implanted in an artificial socket, under certain conditions, and obtain a degree of ankylosis which makes it useful for many years. It was fortunate that I had seen a number of his cases in California, for Miller, who was at the head of the section of stomatology, regarded it as impossible and was unwilling at first that Younger should obtain a hearing, but finally yielded to my representations. Younger insisted that this operation was possible with any tooth where the pericementum remained intact, and offered, at my suggestion, to implant the tooth of a mummy, if it could be obtained. Miller got such a tooth from the museum and Younger duly implanted it in the upper jaw of a medical student and for a time
it promised well, until an accident dislodged it and the subject refused to be further experimented upon. Another dentist helped me to prepare the tooth for Younger's purpose. Our time was short, but we did the best possible. The tooth was, of course, very dry. We soaked it for a long time in distilled water and then drilled into the pulp cavity to make therein an impervious filling. To our amazement, we found in the root a transparent tissue of the size and shape of the sheath of the dental pulp, which, however, after a careful examination, we lost. In speaking of this to a learned Austrian professor, he assured us that we were either mistaken, or else were endeavouring to deceive him, for, of course, it was impossible that this could have been in the case of a gentleman deceased since two thousand years. He reminded us of an eminent German professor, who wrote in the German press, long after the telephone had been working successfully in America and some advanced Germans were asking why it couldn't be introduced into the Fatherland, that it was only another American humbug, that he didn't believe in it, as he had tried it in his own laboratory where it didn't work.

In 1892 your mother, Nora and Grace were with me upon my annual visit to Vienna. From there we went to Warsaw, Moscow and St. Petersburg. It was a memorable journey, for a large part of Russia had
been suffering from famine and the poor people everywhere were still upon short rations. Some months before, ships laden with food had been sent from America as a gift to the people. During our visit there was difficulty in gaining access to some museums and palaces, but when it was made known to any official that an American wanted to see any collection, the answer invariably was, if an American wants anything in Russia, it is at his disposal. Thus we were able to see the Kremlin at Moscow, an unforgettable event, in a manner which in normal times, when there are many visitors, would have been less enjoyable.

We became acquainted with the superb ritual of the Russian church for the first time in Moscow, in the magnificent new cathedral. We revelled in it. Lord Redesdale writes on page 277 of his “Memories,” published in 1917:

With us ritual is a question of the individual; to one man a stimulus, to his neighbour a horror. In Russia, on the contrary, it seems to be a national necessity, satisfying an endemic craving. For the Slav, the call to the soul must be through the imagination and that is where the imagery of the Greek church triumphs. The music breathe tragedy; the swelling voices of the choristers rise from the lowest depths of sorrow to the sublimest heights of ecstatic adoration; the canticles and antiphones are so entirely one with the rites of the Passion that I imagined that the heaven-born music must be as old as the liturgies themselves, foreshadowing Wagner’s theory of the twin-

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birth of music and poetry. But this is not so. I was informed that it was no older than the eighteenth century. Could it, I wonder, have been based upon some much more ancient model?

These words convey far more completely than any of my own could do the impression which the wonderful ritual made upon us all.

Nora and Grace will remember the Easter day at Warsaw. It was a rare occasion, since the Roman Catholic and the Russian Greek Easter chanced to coincide and the Jewish Passover also occurred at the same time. We saw, early in Holy Week, fantastic domes of what seemed to be light cake exposed for sale in the shops of bakers and confectioners, and Nora went about saying gently but persistently: "I want a big cake." So at last her mother bought her one and ordered it sent to the hotel, where it remained a conspicuous ornament on a table in our salon. On Easter morning, to our dismay, the hotel restaurant was closed. We found that for three days to come no one expected to work and that the great quantities of food which the people had been buying for several days had been prepared for this exigency. Your mother rushed to a shop but found there only a poor woman, who kissed her and said: "Christos Voskres" ("Christ has arisen"). Certainly in heart if not in words she answered: "Dieistveino on Voskres," ("Of a truth he has arisen"), a salutation which is exchanged
at Easter throughout Russia by all people of the Greek faith, without distinction of rank. It is related of Nicholas I, the stern Czar who died of a broken heart when he found that the Crimean War was lost, that coming out of his cabinet, where he had been working late, and startled by the bells announcing Easter morning, he kissed the sentry on guard outside the door, saying: “Christos Voskres.” “Not at all, your Majesty,” replied the soldier, who proved to be a Jew.

Handsome Mrs. Bennet had been my patient and friend ever since she was Princess Abernelek and a schoolgirl in Dresden. Her aunt was the last Queen of Georgia and she herself was a high type of Circassian beauty. She never married again after the early death of her English husband, but always remained a striking personality, displaying great executive talent in managing her own estate and in organizing works of benevolence in times of war or pestilence. Once speaking to me of the Easter celebrations in Russia, she said in her delightful English: “Our Emperor always has to kiss himself six hundred times on Easter morning.”

For myself, I soon discovered that it was still possible, in a somewhat surreptitious way, to find means of being fed in the hotel, and so we did not follow the popular example of going into private houses and partaking of the food freely proffered to all visitors, although afterwards some of our friends reproached us
for not complying with the general custom. But Nora’s “big cake” was very sustaining.

We went one afternoon by appointment to call upon my old friend, Baron Levin, an able Jewish banker and man of affairs. He was, I fancy, like Disraeli, descended from an old, aristocratic Jewish family, for I observed, during the many years I knew him, that his fellow believers treated him with a certain veneration beyond that due to his unquestionable abilities, and he had also an aristocratic manner and person. But his title was probably modern, for he used it only in the last few years before his death. The poor man was nearly blind and he lived alone, except for attendants, on one floor of his spacious house. In doing the honours as host he would take a guest about, showing his pictures and other treasures and pointing out their beauties, with never an indication that he could scarcely tell daylight from darkness. Fortunately he had a gift for music and he would play for hours on the piano. After we came to know each other well, he told me much of conditions in Poland and Russia, which he always discussed dispassionately, after the manner which long ages of persecution have made possible to his gifted and much-enduring race.

Perhaps Nora will remember his complimenting her upon her French, which he found even better than her excellent German.

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While we were in Warsaw, news came that King Albert had bestowed upon me the title of Hofratb. He had, some years before, spontaneously made me a Knight of the Albrecht Order, by giving me the Saxon Family decoration of the first class, and this second evidence of the royal favour was as unexpected as it was pleasing. It is a sort of hall-mark which is greatly prized by professional men in Germany and very rarely given to foreigners, and it gratified me, particularly at that time, because, although I had been doing all in my power to improve the condition of my German colleagues professionally and socially, there were not a few who looked upon my position with deprecating eyes. Indeed, that was not surprising, for until well into the present century, the American system of educating dentists, especially in technique, was superior to European methods and, up to the second decade of the century, American dentists in Europe were everywhere much in favour.

Upon returning to Dresden, I asked for an audience with both the King and the Queen, to return thanks for the new distinction. Each received me separately and they were both curious to hear about my Russian journey.

The King was much interested in what I had observed of the drilling of Russian soldiers. Owing to the favour with which Americans were then regarded in
Russia, and to which I have already referred, I had various opportunities in Moscow and St. Petersburg to see soldiers being drilled in the great riding schools, for, in the North, the weather was still so severe that regular drill in the open air was rare. I had been greatly impressed with the kindliness and spirit of comrade-ship which seemed to prevail between the officers and soldiers, in such contrast to that customary in Germany. Often the officers would be seen smilingly and with gentle speech correcting the awkwardness of the soldiers who seemed to respond with goodwill and cheerfulness.

I remember an illustration of this good fellowship once when your mother and I were dining in Warsaw at the palace of the Governor-General, Count Schuvaloff. He had been my patient and was desirous that I should induce some American colleague to settle in Warsaw. We told him how much we had been interested in the Cossack drill, which we had been watching in the early morning. The whole regiment participated in what seemed to be exalted circus tricks in perfect unison. While riding at full speed, every man would suddenly reverse his position, heels in the air and head lowered to below the stirrup. At another moment, some men far in front would fall flat on the ground and let their steeds go free. The men behind came galloping in couples and between them they
would pick up one man after another, as if they were wounded or dead, and place them on the crupper, or carry them swinging between the riders, all three being then concealed behind their horses in protection against imaginary shooting. They picked up handkerchiefs from the ground or hid behind their clever little horses while they were madly racing with each other, and shot over or under the backs and necks of their horses in a manner to make an American Indian turn pale with envy.

The Count told us much about these crack troops, of which his bodyguard was composed, saying that every man was "born on horseback"; and after dinner he ordered in a sentry and put him through a portion of his drill. He spoke to him in affectionate tones, as to a child, and the response seemed to be as confiding as of a child to his father, especially when he asked him questions about his duties. As the man was about to be dismissed, I asked His Excellency to tell him that I had seen cavalry in many countries, but never such accomplished riders as the Cossacks. He made a quick reply, at which the Count laughed, and the man saluted and marched away. Then the Count told me he had answered: "Because we are the best."

It was with considerable enjoyment that I told the King, who was a field marshal in the Russian army, what impression the troops had made upon me, and I

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believe he may have felt that, but for the Prussian system, which he was obliged to accept, he would be glad enough to have his Saxon troops treated with such consideration.

The gentle Queen, however, was more interested in hearing how the suffering from famine was at last alleviated.

After returning home, I found my work fatiguing. As the autumn came on, my cough became most distressing and I feared to encounter the winter. Leonard had come over for a visit and I was distracted between a desire to go with him to America as he urged and a wish to pass the winter in Morocco, a country which had for me a romantic attraction, both on account of its history and climate and because I believed it was destined to exercise an influence upon the course of modern history.

I had known something of the early German intrigues in Morocco and felt convinced that it should, in the interests of European peace, fall into the hands of the British or the French, preferably the latter. Although I then wished well to the German Empire, I had little sympathy with the propaganda for German colonial expansion, for it seemed to me the German people, as has since been tragically shown to be the case, were of all Europeans the least fit to rule over subject peoples. I had known the early beginnings of
this propaganda. I was invited to the first public meeting in Dresden at which colonial expansion was advocated. The speakers urged the importance of having colonies in which Germans could settle, as the English had done, in parts of the earth where the surplus German population could make homes for themselves and finally become tributary to the greatness of the Fatherland. After the meeting was over, I met a group of the men who were interested in the subject and they begged me to give them my opinion. I asked them if they wished me to be perfectly frank and they said: "Of course." Then I told them that there was but one country at that time which could be acquired, except by force of arms, in which Germans could live and work. That land was Patagonia. I reminded them that nowhere in the world were Germans to be found actually working on the land within the tropics, except sporadically. Many generations of life in temperate regions had made them unfit for such a place in the sun and they had not shown any capacity for ruling over subject peoples. They were the latest born of great nations and must be content to play another rôle than their English cousins, who had behind them a thousand years of experience in striving for self-government, which had fitted them to rule justly over others.

Patagonia had at that time not been taken over by Argentina and Chile, and the northern part, although
destitute of good harbours, was good, fruitful, and with a climate in which Germans could live and work. But I soon found that they were thinking of acquiring land not for the purpose of settlement, but to make a great colonial empire, in which they could subdue helpless people to their will. They were dreaming of Africa and I now doubt not that they were, unconsciously to themselves perhaps, already planning to get footholds where they could by force extend their power all over that great continent.

Having this dilettante interest in such questions, I had long wished to go to Morocco, but Leonard was certain that I ought to go to America with him. Armstead, in whose office Leonard was, and my friend, Dr. Norman Kingsley, had control of a placer mining property in New Mexico and I thought it possible that I might want to take an interest in it. So finally Morocco was given up and your mother, Nora and I departed with Leonard for America.

We arrived in season to see the conclusion of the presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Cleveland for a second term, the administration of Harrison having intervened between the first and second election of Cleveland. I had by inheritance a strong preference for the Republican party. My father was one of the original Republicans and the men I knew and honoured most were its ardent supporters. I
had cast my first vote for Lincoln in 1864, but my long residence abroad had given me a different viewpoint from that which was common to my friends at home, my judgement being unaffected by the passions of partisan warfare. The origin and purpose and achievements of the Republican party were beyond all praise, until long continuation in unrestricted power had rendered it arrogant and corrupt. To retain power it became the advocate of extreme protection, a policy which appeared to me unjust, dangerous and undemocratic. This policy also gave rise to scandals which caused delight to the enemies of the Western Republic and aided them in carrying out their own plans, among which discrediting of America played an important rôle. I had therefore become convinced that a change of administration was desirable and was much interested in seeing the close of the presidential election of 1892.

I had long been a member of the Reform Club and enjoyed the society I found there on my occasional visits to America. One evening Carl Schurz made his only speech during the campaign. It was at Cooper Union and I had a ticket for the platform, therefore I went early, so as to be able to see as well as hear the speakers and observe the audience. The moment the doors were opened an immense crowd poured in. It was almost entirely a German audience, the first of
that character I had seen in America. There were many women present and the appearance of the assembly was most respectable. I had heard speeches from renowned Germans before, but in Germany. I once heard Moltke speak in the Reichstag. The question in debate had a bearing upon the army and, just as one speaker was concluding, the famous general made a sign to the presiding officer, who rose and announced: "Abgeordneter Graf Moltke!" Instantly every movement in the crowded house ceased. The very pages stopped as if frozen in their tracks, holding the messages they were about to deliver motionless in their hands.

Moltke rose instantly, stood at attention, looked the president directly in the eyes and spoke a few short, clear sentences as if cut with a sabre, and, with the last word, suddenly resumed his seat, with the abrupt action of an automaton. The house broke into what seemed to be unanimous but deeply respectful applause.

Upon another occasion, when I heard Bismarck speak in the Reichstag, there was a different atmosphere. He was controversial and, perhaps unconsciously, but certainly to all appearance, contemptuous of his audience. It was a question of passing a governmental measure, but one of such fleeting interest that I have now forgotten its purpose, only it was then
regarded as so important that the House was packed and I gained admission only through Count Hohenthal, the Saxon member of the Bundesrat. Bismarck was an impressive figure at all times but on this occasion he was more conspicuous than usual, as the other members of the Government who sat with him chanced to be of only medium height. When he rose to speak, there was profound silence but one could feel that there was an undercurrent of dissatisfaction, which, however, could embarrass Bismarck least of all men. He commenced in a businesslike, matter-of-fact way, which at last became almost dramatic as he warmed to his subject and reflected the enthusiasm of his adherents, which they evinced by frequent applause. But there was never a moment in which he had not complete control of himself. This was strikingly evident when, occasionally in the midst of a sentence, he would pause, his tall form swaying rhythmically to and fro while he seemed to be seeking for the exact word to express his meaning; at last he would explode with the word, the most appropriate to his purpose in the whole range of the rich German vocabulary. Upon each such occasion, his audience had a momentary thrill of anxiety lest he should miss fire, but he always hit the mark so directly and with such perfect mental equipoise as to excite the admiration even of his most bitter enemies.

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Cleveland preceded Schurz with a speech which showed from the first sentence that he did not understand a German audience. This was not surprising, for the German-Americans have never shown much interest in or capacity for national politics up to the time of the present war, in which the less said of their activities the better. But at this time it was known that the German vote was independent and sympathetic to reform, and Cleveland only treated them as children who were fond of music and social enjoyment.

But when Schurz began speaking in a clear voice, though weak from recent illness, he held his audience spellbound from the first sentence in direct, crisp, inspiring German speech, such as I had imagined could be, but had never heard before. The effect was magical. He explained the normal issues of the campaign, the contest being between the advocates of a silver currency and the supporters of a gold standard, between a selfish taxing of the whole people by a high tariff from which the poor must suffer chiefly, and a fiscal system which should encourage rather than restrict foreign commerce. He appealed to them as men unquestionably loyal to the principles of the Government and wise enough to understand that honesty was not only politic, but also sure to be triumphant. Take it all together, this speech was a masterpiece and taught me what the German language and character
might be when emancipated from pedantry and arbitrary government.

The night of the election was the most exciting I had ever known. Leonard and beloved Noble Hoggson dined with me at the Lotos Club and afterwards we went about to the political clubs and public places and saw the people as the returns came in, rolling up an immense majority for Cleveland. Hoggson was Republican in his sentiments and when the result became certain, "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more," and off he went to bed. But Leonard and I made a night of it and, indeed, I thrilled with excitement and rejoicing, for it was a rare experience for me to go through such a campaign, so that I only quieted down when, the next afternoon, your dear mother came back from a visit to Maine and played her part as "Her Majesty's Opposition" so well, that I began to pace the solid earth again and not walk with my forehead to the stars.

But before midnight I cabled the result to my friend, Baron Holstein, at the Foreign Office in Berlin. I had ventured to predict to him Cleveland's triumph, and mine was the first news he received. It was very important for Germany to know the American decision, for there was a considerable party in the Government who were not quite converted to a gold standard and it was a question, if the gold standard for Germany
should be definitely established, what should be done with the excess of silver in the Imperial treasury and where it could be disposed of to the best advantage if sold.

The question of the tariff was also to me important, for in those days I hoped that commercial and all other relations between America and Germany might become more intimate. I longed for moral alliance between America, Great Britain and Germany and, in the earlier years of the reign of William II, it seemed to me not impossible that it could be brought about. How little I then realized, that the spirit of imperialism is the same in all ages and must always strive for its own aggrandizement, in violation of all laws human and divine which may chance to stand in its ruthless way.

When the election was over, I began to feel the chill of American autumn. I found that I could not rest in the exciting atmosphere of the North and we finally concluded to go to Mexico for the winter, leaving Nora with some friends. The mining proposition in which my friend, Dr. Norman Kingsley, was interested, seemed so promising that I concluded to go and inspect the property. So your mother, Leonard, Armstrong and I journeyed together to Albuquerque by rail and from there by a most awfully decrepit wagon to Golden, as the village near the mine was called. On
that elevated plain the November sun was shining brilliantly but a high wind was blowing, the chill effects of which we scarcely realized. Amid magnificent scenery we drove on for hours over a fearful trail, which it was mockery to call a road, until we reached a forlorn shanty which passed for a hotel. Your poor mother, whose high spirit had kept her up until the frail body could bear no more, sank into a heap on the floor and we had an anxious hour until she could be put to bed. She had a high fever, but with a hot pack and a night’s sleep she was without fever the next morning, but weak and most willing to keep quiet.

The wind whistled through the wretched wooden building and the soiled, tattered paper fluttered on the walls, but during the three days of our stay she did not leave the house.

Then your mother and I went to Las Vegas, a heaven upon earth as it seemed to us, with its excellent hotel, delicious temperature and air and its curative baths. We stayed for three weeks nursing ourselves until we should be fit for travel again, and I had time to think over the business upon which we had come.

It was easily demonstrated that this property at Golden contained at least two hundred million dollars worth of gold, which could be easily obtained by washing, if we could only secure water, or failing that,
some other method might eventually be devised. There was also a large deposit of good coal on the place. After a rain, the Mexican women and children would go about the place picking up the coarser gold particles, which would then be found upon the surface. It was an ancient custom for the natives to load mules with barrels of the auriferous earth and drive them to the distant Rio Grande and wash out the gold there, and then fill the casks with water to wash out more upon their return; and this labour was profitable.

Golden lies on a vast, high, diversified basin, surrounded by mountains. It seemed probable that artesian wells would supply sufficient water to work the earth profitably. I finally decided to invest five thousand dollars in the stock of the company, upon the condition that such a well should be sunk and that Leonard should be made the local manager. The conditions were accepted and Leonard took over the management with characteristic energy and efficiency. When assured by trained engineers that it would be impossible to transport a great boiler from Albuquerque to Golden without first building a road, he requisitioned all the oxen in the neighbourhood and brought it safely over the long, rough trail without a hitch. The crew engaged to drill the well, he kept cheerfully at their work night and day, sleeping himself on the derrick or mounting guard there all night
long in time of any emergency, for he learned to do each man’s work and could turn his hand to anything. I remember how he took the news, when after he had come to Germany to consult with me regarding future operations, we heard that some ass, one of the directors, I believe, clad in a little brief authority, had ordered the casing of the well, made at such sacrifice of time and money, pulled out, “to see if the flow couldn’t be increased.” This act of folly, which ended our active interest in the undertaking, Leonard took as being “all in the day’s work,” but I knew it was a bitter disappointment to him and that he could not realize, as I did, that these experiences were teaching him lessons every young man needs to learn and which were fitting him for some greater opportunity in the future, where a knowledge of men with their virtues and follies would be indispensable to him.

New Mexico was a wild country in those days, the inhabitants “not being there for their health.” Armstead was once surveying a distant part of the property, when, at nightfall, a man whom he recognized as a notorious outlaw limped into his camp and asked for food and a night’s lodging. Armstead knew the man’s history and that his wild life had been forced upon him through some outrage which made homicide justifiable according to the code of honour recognized in that country, and so not only supplied his immediate
needs, but the next morning gave him some money, together with good advice and lent him a horse to help him on his way. Many months afterwards, Armstead rode early one morning to Santa Fé on business, intending to return by daylight, but could not finish in time so was obliged to be on the road after nightfall. This somewhat troubled him, since he had his saddlebags full of money for paying off his men at the end of the month and he knew his drawing of the money and his unexpected detention might easily have become known.

In a narrow pass he found himself ambushed and voices all about him ordered him to throw up his hands. So he obeyed, but at the same time called out, "Are you perhaps Captain G.'s men?" Instantly a voice he recognized rang out through the darkness, "That's my friend, Mr. Armstead. Let no man lay a hand on him at peril of his life!" and presently the captain reached his side, placed his hand on Armstead's horse and led him safely through the pass, to where, by the bright starlight, the way was perfectly plain. Then he bade him farewell with the assurance that if Armstead was ever held up again, he had only to say that he was the captain's friend and he would have safe conduct everywhere or the captain would know the reason why.

At one time, when the fortunes of the mining com-
pany were at low ebb, Armstead found it necessary to discharge his nephew, a young engineer, who had been in the country long enough to feel its charm; for it has, aside from its riches and its spectacular scenery and its wonderfully clear atmosphere, a romantic Indian and Spanish history. The young man was much averse to returning home and determined, as he had a little money, to prospect for himself since there was no prospect of getting another job in the prevailing "hard times."

He began by prospecting for gold, working up the bed of an almost dry mountain torrent. He soon noticed flakes of turquoise, chiefly on one bank of the ancient watercourse. At last he came to a place where the turquoise abruptly stopped and he concluded that it must have been washed down from a mountain slope, where he also found traces of this stone. He determined to sink a shaft on this slope and decided to begin at a spot where a large piñon tree was growing. These beautiful pines ornament many an otherwise barren mountain in the southwestern American country and they usually grow singly where there is a deep pocket of earth which can hold the moisture necessary for their nourishment.

Young Armstead had a few natives in his employ but they could do only manual labour, so he had to oversee every step, from cutting down the tree to getting out the roots and removing the earth, the depth

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of which excited his astonishment. At last one day he struck—masonry! He had come upon the entrance to an ancient turquoise mine. He found slabs of turquoise which the Indians had left there when the mine was hastily closed, doubtless through fear of the marauding Spaniards, three centuries before. The mine had not only been filled up, but the piñon tree must have been planted there to make the spot less liable to discovery, for the natives had learned that the followers of Cortez were seeking for gold and precious stones and did not abide long in a country not rich in minerals.

There are many traditions of mines thus concealed throughout that country and the secret was kept even when the poor natives were tortured and slain by their relentless invaders, until there was none left to transmit the knowledge of the location to other generations.

Young Armstead located his claim all right and I believe his mine is still the largest source of supply of American turquoise.

How we rejoiced to leave Las Vegas at last and to go on our way! Your dear mother recovered more slowly than I, although she eventually recovered more completely. To my dying day I shall carry, in some swollen joints, the reminder of those windy days at Golden. I shall, however, never forget a plucky little horse who helped me regain my strength. After a morning of mud baths, I used to take an afternoon
horseback ride. In that high altitude, a horse brought up from the plains needed a considerable time to become acclimated, but this particular horse had been speeded too soon and was badly broken-winded, as I found at the very first trial upon putting him up a sharp ascent. I therefore rode him most considerately, until I found he was spoiling for a gallop and then, at last, gave him his head. He went like the wind and the longer he had his way, the less was his roaring; and when we returned and the owner asked me rather dubiously if I would have the same horse every day, I answered, by all means, if he could assure me that the horse could stand it. He said yes, and then we, the horse and I, entered into a compact that he should go at my pace half of the time, and at his own sweet will the other half. It was like riding a locomotive for puffing and speed when the turn of the horse came and we were both vastly contented with each other and parted with mutual regret.

During our journey to the border, we passed through a country which had suffered from drought for two years. It had been a great cattle country and at a few points some herds of lowing cattle and a number of real cow-boys were to be seen, but for the greater part the way ran through land which seemed utterly desolate. Innumerable carcasses of cattle, dried in the hot sun, were to be seen in the neighbour-
hood of the railway, for these poor creatures when in trouble make their way to men, even from a great distance, instinctively trusting in their help. But, once in Mexico, we were spared this sad sight, either because there had been no such drought, or because there were no herds of cattle; in any event, the contrast between the two countries was complete.

One must not think of comparing Mexico with the United States. Such comparison is unjust. The great majority of the inhabitants of Mexico are of Indian or mixed Indian blood. The number of Mexican citizens of pure Spanish origin is small. I remember that in my boyhood it was reported by those who, like Uncle James, knew Mexico well, that the Indians of that day were hopeful of the time when the men of Spanish blood would die out or be so reduced in numbers through the actual and proportional increase of Indians as no longer to be able to oppress their Indian fellow citizens. Such a philosophy may be naturally attributed to that long-suffering and patient people.

We were in Mexico when Porfirio Diaz was at the height of his power. Every railroad train carried its guard of well-armed soldiers, seemingly under fairly good discipline. There were also numerous gendarmerie, called “rurales.” Many of these men had been bandits. When Diaz entered upon his second term, in 1884, he had completed his arrangements for a con-
tinuance in office. The Mexican constitution did not allow of the reëlection of a president. So Diaz had a creature of his own elected in his stead when he had completed his first term in 1880; then during the next four years he easily arranged to have a constitutional amendment passed by the Mexican Congress, removing all obstacles to the reëlection of a president. But, in resuming power, if, indeed, it could be said that he was out of power during Gonzales’ term, he felt it was essential to his purpose to maintain order throughout Mexico and to this end the banditti must be suppressed. There was never a country so well adapted as Mexico, topographically and socially, for fostering industries of this nature. The vastness of this magnificent domain can be better understood by comparison with a somewhat equal territory in Europe. Mexico surpasses in extent by 10,757 square miles, France, Belgium, The Netherlands, Switzerland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania and Greece. There are all varieties of climate, tropical, subtropical and temperate, according to the elevation. Great mountain ranges parallel the eastern and western coasts. The elevated plains are amazingly fertile where rain falls or irrigation is possible, but they are still most imperfectly cultivated. The mineral wealth of Mexico is incomputably great, for only a small portion of it is as yet known.

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The population is some fifteen millions, about equal to that of Portugal. But what a population! Three centuries of Spanish domination wrought its baneful work uncontrolled. Cortez and his followers found a gentle and kindly people, possessing an original civilization, in which there was much to be admired. Those first Spaniards were, however, marauders and they plundered their almost helpless victims unmercifully. At last, those who survived the reckless ill-treatment of their military conquerors came under the spiritual control of the Church and, while the consolation which the Christian faith brought to this afflicted race must have been very great, it was at times sadly modified by the arbitrary methods of too zealous priestly proselyters. I have myself seen a copy of the records of the Mexican Office of the Holy Inquisition for a period of twenty years. It was obtained by an American missionary in Mexico after the partial breaking up of the religious establishments through action of the Mexican Congress. It gave sad evidence of the perversion of ecclesiastical authority, under which Indian bodies and Indian hearts had bled for God knows how long and how bitterly.

It is not surprising, in such a country and under a system of peonage through which the large landowners could keep their employés practically in a state of slavery so long as they saw fit, that taking to the hills

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should become as popular and natural in Mexico as was once the case in Sicily.

Diaz was wise in his generation and saw that the bandits were not to be rooted out by force. He accordingly gave orders that none should be shot but, wherever possible, they should be taken alive and brought to him. At last a notorious band was captured, taken to the city of Mexico and brought before the President. Naturally the poor devils suspected that they would be condemned to torture before execution but found in Diaz, to their amazement, a sympathizing friend. "Children," he said to them, "yours is an unprofitable business. Sometimes you make a strike and then for a time you live in luxury, but you are always in peril and when your money is gone you are in danger of starvation. Better give up this wild life and come to me. I will make Rural Guards of you. You each shall have a dollar a day, a good horse and the costume of a cavaliero to signify your office, and you will have authority under me to roam about keeping order in the Republic."

Of course, after being convinced that the President was in earnest, they jumped at the offer and soon became, under training, admirable guardians of the peace. They induced other bandits to join them and after a time the whole country became far safer than it had ever been, for these redoubtable recruits to the
forces of order understood the wiles of incorrigible bandits and so could, as a last resort—extirpate them.

When we were in Mexico it was said that Diaz had thirty thousand of these "Rurales." Of course they were not in any great proportion reformed bandits but certainly this was a better use to which to put them than shooting them and, besides, the country was reasonably tranquil and safe.

It is natural that a country so vast and rich and with a population whose unfortunate history has prevented the normal growth of education and of the spirit of enterprise, should be looked upon with covetous eyes. The mad expedition of Napoleon III and the short reign of Maximilian are cases in point. Also in these days in which I am writing, there comes to us renewed evidence of German plotting in that distracted land. It is of the mercy of God that we have had a Government so patient and just as to refrain from seriously interfering by force in the anarchy which has prevailed in Mexico for the past three years, great as has been the provocation to which we have been subjected. By trusting to the Mexicans to restore order at last in their own land, we are now having our reward in seeing order gradually restored and in having no shadow of seeming self-interest cast upon our high resolve now to put forth all our strength to secure the final overthrow of autocracy in Europe and to
stand by the Allies until "the world shall be made safe for democracy."

While we were in Mexico, I had frequent cause to regret the arrogant and offensive manner of many Americans towards the Mexican people. They were, to be sure, usually commercials or others who could not be suspected of taking large views of complicated social conditions, but they had behind them the traditions of our long pursuit of liberty and should have shown compassion and not contempt for an unfortunate but still hopeful race. Americans were, however, not alone in bad manners. One afternoon I met Baron Rosen, the Russian envoy, at the house of the American Minister. It was like a gleam of sunshine, for we knew some of the same people and it was a comfort to talk a bit with a European of his profession. At last I asked him a question relative to Mexican archaeology, thinking so cultivated a man, who had already been for several years in Mexico, might be able to tell me if the Aztecs had really possessed a true literature. He replied in a loud and contemptuous tone, which must have been audible to every person in the mixed society present: "Why should I be supposed to know anything about the history of this miserable people!" Then he went on to say what a trial exile in such a barbarous country was and how he longed to get out of it, that the American Minister, our host, was to be (326)
envied, because he had at least something to do. When some time afterward I heard that Baron Rosen had been appointed Russian minister to Japan, it seemed to me that the post was one to which he was not conspicuously suited and as his service at the court of the Mikado lasted up to the outbreak of the Russian-Japanese war, the result of which was one of the surprises of history, my opinion may not have been wholly erroneous. At least he could not afterward complain that at Tokio he didn’t have “something to do.”

In contrast to the gradual unveiling of Tacoma’s grandeur, the glories of the mountain Orizaba burst abruptly upon our view. Your mother and I had been weeks in the City of Mexico, where Popocatepetl and Istaccihuatl became to us like familiar friends, companionable, soothing, delightful. Mexico lies at a height of eight thousand feet, and therefore the sixteen thousand feet altitude of these volcanic mountains is reduced to the observer on the Mexican table-land to about one-half. We left one morning for Orizaba in a railroad train composed of short cars, all the windows of which were closely shut, and were carried at a good speed over the sandy plain in a whirlwind of dust and smoke, quite content to have the outside air excluded. After some hours we halted at Esmeralda, where we took on a powerful locomotive, alike at both
ends, being in fact a platform which held two engines tandem, and proceeded on our way. In a short time the train turned on a sharp curve when we were instantly transferred from the desert to a dark green, tropical wilderness, bright with bloom and dripping with moisture. We had turned the corner of the Mexican Cordillera, the western slope of which receives the moisture of winds from the Gulf condensed in snow upon their lofty peaks. We at once began to descend the tortuous pass and we soon saw the reason for the short cars and the powerful locomotive. The curves were too short for a Pullman and the grade too steep for an ordinary engine. At last, after a considerable descent, the mighty wedge of Orizaba, whose dazzling top seemed to pierce the deep blue sky, stood suddenly revealed.

Throughout Mexico the scenery is so spectacular that one is constantly reminded of the scenery of the stage but this was a sight to drive the most gifted scenic artist to despair. I have often thought that the deep, tender blue of the Italian lakes was partly due to the reflection from the seas which girt that narrow peninsula, and this may also be the case in Mexico, for certainly the Mexican sky has a colour richer, clearer, purer, than any my eyes have ever beheld.

For a fortnight we lived under the shadow of the splendid mountain and, being nearly at the level of
the Gulf, the full majesty of its prodigious size, with its deep and spotless snow-line, displayed itself from every point of view to our delighted eyes. I even rejoiced that I had been taken ill in Russia and needed a long holiday.

At the table d’hôte in the excellent hotel of Orizaba, kept by a German, we saw a lot of amusing people, nearly all of whom were very ready to narrate their experiences of travel in so strange a land, except now and then a young German officer. Such guests conducted themselves with a reserve which we should now be able to understand; it was a reserve quite different from that of Germans travelling for pleasure or upon business. There was a German civil engineer at Orizaba who had been living long in Mexico and who was one of the few foreigners I met who seemed to understand and sympathize with the common people. He told me many stories of their patience and enlarged upon their stoicism and indifference to death. One day he went to witness the execution of twelve soldiers who had been condemned to death by a court martial. There had been some delay and, when all the victims had been ranged against a stone wall, the sudden tropical darkness came down and the officer commanding the firing squad sent for lanterns. He ordered each condemned man to hold a lantern so that the light should fall upon his breast. There was still
some delay and my informant had opportunity to carefully observe each of the men, and he assured me that not a hand trembled up to the moment when all twelve of the criminals fell dead at the simultaneous fire of the executioners. This German seemed to have an interest in executions, for he went to see a soldier shot whom he had chanced to know. The man was asked if he had a last request and he said he would like to smoke just one more cigarette. It was given him and he smoked it with great seeming satisfaction until the end, when he tossed it away and called out cheerfully: "Shoot away!"

Speaking of shooting, I must not forget to tell you of the sporting Englishman whom I also met at Ori-zaba. He had come over with a friend to shoot grizzly bears and was much disappointed at learning there was little chance for satisfactory slaughter in the Rockies. But the happy hunting ground had been shifted to Alaska and so they went there and took native guides and went into a wild country where they were certain to find their prey. At last they were led cautiously over a rough bit of country where, upon turning around a big boulder, they saw in an opening their first grizzly, who looked to them, as he was feeding upon berries, "as big as a house." They fired together and the bear fell; but they had heard so much of the vitality, ferocity and cunning of the grizzly,

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that they thought he might be shamming, and so they continued firing as they advanced, until, when they reached their victim, they found him not only very dead, but with forty bullet holes through his body. The largest and best bearskin they ever bagged had been ruined by unnecessary precaution, for they later learned, all innocent stories of American hunters to the contrary, that if a grizzly is shot through the heart or the brain, he is sure to be a dead grizzly.

We left Mexico with regret. It is truly a wonderland. I had hoped that we might repeat our visit when we had greater leisure to study the country and its inhabitants. This hope we must now abandon, but I hope you children may visit Mexico some day to find it redeemed from lawlessness, freed from arbitrary government, enlightened by education and by a reformed church, the home of an intelligent, self-governing people, in which the most hopeful and gifted descendants of all the aboriginal inhabitants of the two Americas shall have found opportunity for legitimate development.
Chapter Fifteen

WE returned in the spring of 1893 to Europe. On the way, I heard that the villa “Soli Deo Gloria,” where we had been accustomed to spend our summers, had been sold. I telegraphed to Karl Knoop, (brother of William Knoop, our friend and banker, and also vice-consul), who had charge of the “Villa Dora,” to ask if he would rent this beautiful place to me for the summer. The answer was favourable and your mother and I went out to Loschwitz to see the property and arrange for moving out for the season. I found that offers to purchase the property were being made and I at once decided to buy it myself, if it could be bought at a price I could afford. I heard that there were two men making offers for the place, one Herr Fürstenberg, the able head of a great building association which built a whole new section of Dresden; and another a Berliner, who was negotiating through our dear Frau Degele and “Tante Mile,” as you children used to call Frau Degele’s lovely sister. All were my friends. In former days, when they were in straitened circumstances, it had been my good fortune to show them some kindnesses. I called upon Fürstenberg to say that I wanted to buy the place but could not compete with his resources, if it were true (332)
that he was intending to purchase it. Fürstenberg at once turned to his secretary and told him to write to the party who had asked him to join in buying the property and say that his friend, Dr. Jenkins, wished to buy it and therefore he declined for himself and his company to take any further interest in the project. The Degeles, having heard from Knoop that I wanted the place, in which they had a sentimental interest since the last proprietors were their friends, came to see your mother to say that they had spontaneously withdrawn their offer, and then I was at once able to conclude the bargain. The little bread I had cast upon the waters had returned to me after many days.

The lawyer of the estate, at the decisive interview, told me of an objectionable party who wanted to buy the estate to cut up into building lots and had that very morning made an offer which it was his duty to accept; but if I would offer even a trifle more, he would prevent the desecration by at once binding himself to sell it to me, and I closed the bargain by giving a thousand marks beyond the other offer.

What delight we had in our new acquisition! It was our first real home. To our mind it was the most beautiful and the most convenient residence in the neighbourhood of Dresden. It had been built by the sculptor Hermann, a famous man in his time and a favourite pupil of Thorwaldsen. The salon he had decorated
with a copy of Thorwaldsen's famous frieze of the entry of Alexander into Babylon, the original of which was made to do honour to Napoleon upon the occasion of his visit to Rome in 1811. It was probably the third copy of this beautiful work, regarded as Thorwaldsen's greatest achievement, and with Hermann the reproduction was a labour of love. It is said that the great master visited his pupil while the work was in progress. The elaborate decoration of the dining-room is a reminiscence of work either done or designed by Hermann at the Winter Palace and Hermitage in St. Petersburg. All this work at Thorwald was not done in marble, but with a composition resembling that stone of which only Hermann had the secret; but it has kept its form admirably for three-quarters of a century. Equally well preserved are the beautiful arabesques in the oriental room, where the colours are as fresh as if of yesterday and which is like a bit out of the Alhambra. You will remember what an effect was produced through its illumination by the Christmas tree and how it was made into a stately, gorgeous chapel for the weddings of Grace, your cousin Louise, and Nora.

Your dear mother first suggested the name of "Thorwald" which we gave to our delightful home, a name appropriate not only because of memories of Thorwaldsen, but also by reason of the superb old
beech and oak trees in the park, under whose shade one could imagine the rites of the old Norse gods as having been celebrated. In the quarter of a century we have owned it, the house has become filled with works of art and ornaments and furnishings which have accumulated during our long residence abroad, all of which are dear to us by some precious association.

When we first moved into our new old house, we were distressed at not having furniture suitable to the great salon. We couldn't afford really appropriate furniture, for it would need to be designed and made especially for the room. At last the proverb, "All things come round to him who waits," was fulfilled. Aunt Georgie found a set of furniture perfectly adapted to our purpose. It came from an old Venetian palace, was restored and re-covered in Venice, where such work is well done, and brought to Dresden in perfect condition. But the Saxon family who possessed it finally gave up their home and so we were able to obtain it at a reasonable price.

In so large a house, and one planned by a bachelor artist, there were many modern domestic conveniences lacking, but we made the best of such deficiencies and found the place both comfortable and delightful. The glorious prospect over the valley of the Elbe extended to the Bohemian hills and overlooked Dresden. The city during our residence stretched from

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Plauen to far beyond Blasewitz and gave us an illumination at night more beautiful and vaster in its unbroken sweep than I have ever seen elsewhere. Often I have sat in my own den for an evening at my writing desk, and have lost—no, won—precious time in enjoying the splendid scene.

It was exactly five miles from Thorwald to our old apartment on the Walpurgisstrasse, which I retained for my office, and I walked this whole distance, summer and winter alike, every morning. There were resident in Loschwitz and Blasewitz many professional and business men who went in to Dresden by boat or tramcar, but no one of them made a habit of going afoot. I attribute my ability to endure the hard work of my practice for so long to my habit of regularly taking my walking exercise. It was by no means lost time. I walked almost always over the same route and spent much of my time in thinking over and planning my work for the day, which greatly facilitated its accomplishment. But the habit became fixed and now, wherever I am, I find myself often embarrassed by taking my exercise in a state of mental abstraction, which causes me to pass by my best friend without seeing him and occasionally takes me much out of my way.

Our new possession soon came to serve an unexpected purpose. During the nineties I became much
interested in using porcelain inlays for filling teeth. This operation, which required much skill and patience, had very great advantages. It was much less trying to the patient. The liability to secondary decay was notably reduced. Upon setting such an inlay, the tooth became immediately as insusceptible to changes of temperature as if it had never been diseased, and the colour of the tooth could be so exactly matched as to conceal the art of the restorer.

The porcelain bodies in use for the purpose had, however, serious defects. Some could be fused only at a temperature so high that the desired density and colour of the inlay were not easily secured. Others melted at so low a temperature that contour was nearly or quite impossible to obtain.

I therefore began to search for a body which should not have these defects and to develop a more simple and exact technique, which should make this engaging art general, instead of being, as it was for a considerable time, practised only by a few rarely skilful dentists, whose æsthetic sense had revolted at the barbaric display of gold in the mouths of their patients.

This was by no means an easy task, engaged as I was in carrying on a practice which demanded all my time and greatly taxed my power of endurance; but at last, one September, I took a belated vacation and went to Gablonz to learn something of the smelting
methods used in that region. Your mother and I stayed there three weeks and when we returned she said to me that she thought she could help me in the work I was trying to do under so many difficulties. It was a light from Heaven. Help me? No, she could do it unaided better than I could have done under any circumstances. We fitted up the romantic sculptor’s studio in the park with various smelting furnaces and other apparatus; the painter’s atelier near the stable made an excellent grinding room, and we turned a large, well-lighted room in the villa into a laboratory thus securing ideal conditions for the work. The time ran into years in which we wrought and dreamed and thought porcelain enamel day and night. Your dear mother was wonderful in her capacity for steady application and for her marvellous accuracy. There was never a problem she did not solve with seeming ease. Our dear Professor Hempel, who took a great interest in our work and was helpful in many ways, told me he had never seen so capable a woman and that she ought to have been a chemist, for he found her possessed of the kind of mind necessary to the making of a scientist. She had also a talent for teaching others how to work accurately and when it came to any sudden emergency she was as inventive as Edison himself. My part became entirely subordinate. I could test her results and explain what was still lacking,
but this work would never have been completed but for your mother's genius. Thorwald was admirably adapted to the purpose, for it was free from dust and noise and interruptions were avoidable. Sweet Marie Meves was our housekeeper during most of this time and saved your dear mother much care and trouble, besides being to us all a cherished companion and friend.

We were obliged to use hydrogen gas, for we could not have illuminating gas at Thorwald, because the prudent Dresden Government had not calculated upon a considerable increase in the population of Loschwitz and so had laid gas pipes only equal to the contemporary demand. So only the first comers could be served, leaving those who came later to be in outer darkness, except for oil, until the electric light appeared.

Here I must tell you the story of how I did not get any of the original Edison stock. I had become interested in Leiter's electrical apparatus for illuminating the stomach with an incandescent light surrounded by a current of cooling water and having a series of reflecting lenses to throw the light to the eye. I used such a light for the mouth, despite its inconvenient cooling system, and when I chanced to read that a group of enthusiasts had raised a fund to enable Edison to carry on his experiments in electric lighting and
that the shares were only a hundred dollars each, I wrote Cousin Joe Folsom to say that I wished to have him buy for me three shares. I chanced to have a balance of three hundred dollars with him and, being quite oblivious of the commercial side of the enterprise but greatly impressed with its scientific possibilities, I wanted to do my share in helping on these investigations. In due time I received a letter from Joe saying he regarded the whole business as "wild cat" and refusing to let me risk my money until he heard again from me. Just then came the announcement by cable of Edison's immortal discovery and in a single day those despised shares went up to five thousand dollars apiece. Fancy poor Joe's chagrin! But I only hope the recording angel will graciously put down my unreasoning impulse to its true cause, and it might have been my ruin to have got such a pot of money by a fluke.

We were able to make porcelain enamel in many shades of colour and any competent dentist could learn how to make an inlay which would not only restore the colour and form of the tooth, but also the restoration was accomplished with far less pain and strain than the patient was called upon to endure under the methods of filling teeth previously in vogue. Moreover, the porcelain inlay was distinctly less liable to secondary caries than gold fillings, especially at gum (340)
margins, where gold cannot be kept so free from fermenting carbohydrates, with which dental caries begins.

I have just seen, January, 1918, in the practice of an eminent colleague in Boston, a striking evidence of the preservative properties of porcelain. In complicated cavities, where he was using Taggett’s epochal method of making gold inlays, he had protected the vulnerable approximal gum margins by small porcelain inlays, beyond which were inserted the gold inlays which were to bear the force of mastication. In every respect, progress has been made in my profession since the late nineties of the last century, when I was able to demonstrate to a somewhat reluctantly believing world that porcelain inlays could be made, in many instances, to better purpose than gold fillings; but this evidence of the survival of confidence in the preservative character of porcelain has been very pleasing to me.

Not that we did not find abundant reward in our own labours. The work was a delight in itself, as all creative work is, but the readiness with which the result was received by the European dentists and the interest it excited in America were most gratifying. Porcelain enamel had its chief triumph, however, in Europe. It appealed to the æsthetic sense of the European peoples, who, to a far greater degree than
Americans, object to being disfigured by the art of the dentist, and this was an additional reason for its popularity with European dentists. I had the satisfaction of seeing my system adopted and well taught in all the chief University Dental Institutes in Europe and some of my European colleagues went so far as to use this method, for aesthetic and hygienic reasons, in all restorations on any surfaces of the teeth which were attacked by decay.

In the early years of the propaganda, I had occasion to make many journeys and to demonstrate and explain the system to many audiences in many countries; and numberless colleagues, often from the most distant lands, did me the honour of visiting me in Dresden, to see for themselves how the results were obtained. Professor Hesse, of Leipzig, came on one occasion and spent a week with me. He wished to instruct his classes in the new art and thought a week would suffice to gain a teaching knowledge adequate to the purpose. But his wife subsequently told me that, for a month after his return, she never saw him except at table, for, with true German thoroughness, he devoted all his time, by day and by night, to this subject, until he was sure he was competent to teach it, he having underestimated the difficulty of mastering a new technique so as to make it plain to students.

When the work was at last finished, it created a sen-
sation among my colleagues. I had invented a gas apparatus for fusing the inlays, which was useful in places where electricity could not be obtained. With this apparatus, the entire process could be observed without strain upon the eyesight, thus making the result more certain than with the high fusing bodies, which had to be melted in a closed electric furnace. Above all other excellencies, however, porcelain enamel could be melted in a gold-foil matrix. Gold foil could be used much thinner than the platinum foil which was necessary for the high fusing bodies, and therefore the line between the inlay and the edges of the cavity was made practically invisible.

How we rejoiced over the completed work, if indeed any mortal work can ever be called complete. I had occasion to demonstrate the process and to lecture upon the subject in various European countries and in America, up to the time of the World War. Indeed, I had written by request a paper upon the subject for the International Dental Congress which had just convened in London, when the war broke out. The paper gave statistics showing how much more generally and successfully this method was taught and practised in Europe than in America, a fact largely explicable through the greater willingness of Americans to submit tamely to unnecessary disfigurement, because it was the custom in their own country. Both
because of my profession and as an American, I have felt chagrined at so often seeing my fellow countrymen in Europe recognized afar off by their gold-be-spangled teeth. Since the general introduction of gold inlays and gold crowns, the offense against good taste has become greater. Better results can, however, certainly be obtained without this glaring disfigurement and I hope it will eventually become the rule to avoid methods so objectionable when society has settled down to peaceful pursuits once more.
WITH the closing year of the nineteenth century, the Boer War broke out. Four years earlier I had been shocked at the Jameson raid and, in common with all the world, had hoped that the telegram of the German Emperor to Kruger, congratulating him upon the suppression of a mad exploit, was only a spontaneous and genuine expression of sympathy for a people unjustly attacked. Holstein gave it this meaning and told me he was greatly astonished that it should have been misunderstood and resented in England. But when the war occurred, the whole German press went wild with furious anger against England and the British peoples and, for the first time, I began to fear the result of the pervading expression of contempt and hatred towards other nations, which had been increasingly evident in the German press ever since the Emperor had dismissed Bismarck and had become his own chancellor.

A year before, our war with Spain had been concluded by an honourable peace, but during the war the press of both Germany and Austria were, in general, bitterly hostile to America and characterized the conditions of peace as brutal and hypocritical, especially as regards the Philippines and Cuba. Indeed, no one
on the continent of Europe seemed to believe that we would keep our word and set Cuba free, and when, at last, that turbulent island was evacuated by the American army, not once but twice, leaving the Cubans to govern themselves as they saw fit, it was regarded by many amateur and professional diplomats and statesmen as a marvel of stupidity or of duplicity, or a mixture of both. The British alone understood that we would keep our word and the reply of Lord Salisbury, who was then the British Prime Minister, emphatically rejecting a secret proposal to join in a European coalition against the United States and declaring that if such a league were formed, England would be found upon the side of America, was an act of appreciation and friendship which should never be forgotten.

When we first came to Germany, we were received cordially and became interested in and much attached to the kindly people. That attachment increased upon more intimate acquaintance. Those whom we knew best were charming in their manners, cultivated in mind, humane and generous in spirit. The charm which one finds in European life and society never deserted us and we were daily grateful that our lot had been cast in Dresden, among the gentle and sympathetic Saxon people. I acquainted myself with many phases of their political and social life and found much
to commend, especially in their admirable system of municipal government, many phases of which I still hope may ultimately be adopted in America.

I could, however, not approve of the overwhelming influence of the Imperial Government and the military caste, but always hoped and believed that, with the tremendous expansion of German trade and commerce, the German people would finally come to their own and learn the complicated art of self-government. So far as lay in my power, I tried to interpret America to Germany and Germany to America in various ways in both countries. The following letters may serve to show how I endeavoured to enlighten German opinion regarding the Spanish war.

To the Editor of the Dresdner Anzeiger:

Sir:—

As an American resident of Dresden for more than thirty years, and as one who has learned to admire and love the gifted and magnanimous German people, permit me to offer a few observations upon the war which is unhappily waging between Spain and the United States, and some of the results which must inevitably flow from this conflict.

At the outset I may say that no excuse can be offered for the exasperating language of Congress and a portion of the American press, before the outbreak of hostilities. . . . But neither a passionate Congress, nor a licentious press, could have brought about war of themselves. Not the distressing loss of the
Maine, under which the American people maintained their composure with noble self-restraint, not greed of territory, nor longing for military glory plunged us into this conflict, but the reports of American consuls in Cuba, as well as those of members of Congress who visited the unhappy island, excited the humanitarian sentiments of the nation to a degree which made war first possible and then unavoidable. Now that her pernicious rule is drawing to a close, the long history of Spain's misgovernment of her colonies need not be greatly dwelt upon. It has always been characterized by greed and cruelty. Even in the lifetime of Columbus, Spaniards nearly exterminated the natives of Hispaniola. Spain found in Mexico a civilization, in some respects, superior to her own and she stamped it out with a fiery zeal which made native progress impossible for centuries. She has refused to learn the lesson of her own history. One after another her splendid American possessions have revolted and gained their liberty, but she has not reformed her ways nor known pity for the oppressed.

The ten-year-long Cuban insurrection, from 1868 to 1878, was terminated by an agreement between the Spaniards and Cubans, in which the former promised complete home rule to Cuba. This promise was never fulfilled, but the old system of excessive taxation and enforced tribute, levied by Spanish officials, was continued. In one year, with a population of less than two millions, the official taxes amounted to about twenty-six million dollars, of which only about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars were spent upon internal improvement in Cuba. Is it surprising that a population, two-thirds of whom are of European blood, enraged by Spanish perfidy and nearly ruined by Spanish rapacity, should again have revolted in 1895 and have declared that this time they would trust no Spanish
promises and accept only complete independence? From the beginning the war was waged with terrible ferocity and, although the numbers of the insurgents under arms were insignificant compared to the Spanish army sent against them, their spirit was so determined and the topography of the country so favourable to their method of warfare, that they were able to keep up the conflict with no serious signs of exhaustion. Two years ago President Cleveland warned the Spanish Government that America could not remain indifferent to such warfare, indefinitely protracted at her very door, and last year President McKinley repeated the warning. The Spanish reply was the awful expedient of driving the rural population, in revolted provinces, into the towns, destroying their crops, and making no adequate provision for their support. When the shocking, but probably exaggerated report, came to America that two hundred thousand of these helpless people, largely women and children, had perished through Spanish inhumanity, American patience was exhausted and the war became inevitable. No concessions could then avail. They had been too long delayed and no one believed in their reality.

It is difficult to explain, to a Continental European, the force of the humanitarian and religious sentiment which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon peoples. After three centuries Puritan England is found indelibly stamped upon American character. No war, which is not forced upon us, is possible if not upheld by the national conscience. When, in the midst of the excitement over the Venezuela Question, Congress was doing all in its power to prevent a peaceful settlement, the churches, upon an historic Sunday, raised their voices all over America in the cause of peace, and from that moment war was impossible. But, when the crisis with Spain arrived, the churches were
either silent, or confined themselves to perfunctory remarks upon the blessing of peace, or else openly advocated the Christian duty to break the bonds of the oppressor and let the oppressed go free. In spite of the raving of a small band of Jingoes, who wanted war for many unworthy reasons, the war with Spain has been made possible by American humanitarian sentiment and by that alone. It is natural that this statement should excite foreign incredulity everywhere except in England, where alone this half-reasoning sentiment is understood. It is in everyone's memory that, after the dreadful events which occurred in Armenia and Crete, through the misrule of another incapable Power, it was only in Great Britain that there was a strong popular sentiment in favour of forcible intervention, which, at one time, the British government had some difficulty in withstanding. Cuba is our Crete; fortunately we have a free hand to bring her deliverance.

But, hurriedly as this war was begun, it is natural that an excited people should not have foreseen its inevitable consequences. In these few weeks public opinion has been rapidly maturing and now America sees that the stars in their courses have been moving on, not more certainly to a definite purpose, than has she. The policy suitable to a small nation, inhabiting a narrow fringe on the borders of a great continent, when it took four months for the news of the victory of the American fleet over Algerian pirates to reach Washington, is plainly inadequate now to the needs of a mighty people, stretching their magnificent domain from ocean to ocean, and with great European and, possibly, at any moment, hostile, fleets scarcely a week distant from her shores. But it is with no light heart that we break from our traditional past and assume the rôle of a world power. We mournfully recognize but shall try fitly to
fulfil our destiny. We may not find it wise to establish a great army, although doubtless the day of such a skeleton army, as we have had for the generation past, is gone forever, but we must, whether we will or no, build up a fleet after the European fashion. It is the invention of the triple expansion marine engine which makes our former seclusion no longer possible. A month ago we had no conception of what the possession of the Philippines would mean to us. We knew, in an academic way, that for naval operations coal and coaling stations were necessary, but we did not realize these facts until we began to move our fleets for purposes of war. Bound by the influence of the old tradition that we should confine our interests to our own continent, we have, for several years, steadily refused to accept the Hawaiian Islands, in spite of the fact that they repeatedly begged for annexation. The treaty made by Gen. Grant, for the purchase of the Danish West Indian Islands, was disavowed by the Senate, to the great mortification of the government. Now it seems that the acquisition of both may become a necessity. Like Great Britain, we must make our navy our first line of defence, and, like her, we must provide ourselves with naval bases in both the great oceans. Then naturally follows the building of the Nicaragua Canal, probably under the auspices of the American government. What our dormant commerce could not achieve may be possible through larger national interests.

Another result of this sudden emerging into larger life,—and one of great importance to Germany, with whom we have, next to Great Britain, our largest trade,—will be the reduction of the tariff. Excessive protection has failed to produce the necessary revenue in times of peace, and will be yet more inadequate in time of war. Besides this, we must, like Germany, find new markets for our surplus products, and, for this purpose, we
must abandon a policy of unenlightened selfishness and learn to both give and take on something like conditions of equality.

Finally, the relations between Europe and America must become more intimate. In the European sense, America will hardly contract alliances, but a moral alliance, such as is now being formed with Great Britain, is of great import. It is suddenly seen that the interests of the two Anglo-Saxon Powers are, in many ways, identical, and instantly all pending questions are in the way of friendly settlement. But this is not a case of material interest alone. It is also a question of sentiment. It is but a poor philosophy that takes no account of the great part which the nobler emotions play in human history. In this trying moment, when, for a generous purpose, we have suddenly plunged into a war, for which—great as is our potential force—we were all unprepared, we deeply feel the conspicuous sympathy of our British brethren. Next to that of Great Britain we desire the moral support of Germany. We understand, and share, the chivalrous sentiment which instinctively sides with the weak against the strong, and we bear Germans no ill will that they feel emotions of pity for a people who—whatever their defects—are a brave and noble race and have played a great part in history; and we deeply regret, with them, the pathetic spectacle of a lonely queen, bravely contending for a nation's honour and her son's throne, against external and internal foes; but we beg them to remember that the Germanic peoples do not appeal to arms for trivial reasons, that our cause is that of human liberty, and that our honour is pledged to achieve the independence of Cuba and to leave her then to fulfil her own destiny.

Newell Sill Jenkins

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SOME AMERICAN REFLECTIONS UPON THE SPANISH WAR

With the signing of the treaty of Paris the curtain falls upon the last act of a drama which has been playing for four centuries. From the discovery of America there has been an irrepressible conflict between Germanic and Latin civilization. The intrepid feet of English navigators trod the icy shores of Labrador two years before Columbus reached the mainland of the continent, but the gradual English occupation of Virginia and New England, insignificant points in an inhospitable wilderness, must have seemed contemptible to the proud nation which held possession of the rich, populous and fruitful lands washed by the summer seas. This splendid Latin empire extended, from Florida and the West India islands, southward to Cape Horn and then northward, on the Pacific, to Upper California. Its native inhabitants were, for the most part, timid and inoffensive people, easy to subdue and govern, and largely capable of civilization; in striking contrast to the fierce and warlike North American Indians with whom the English colonists had to contend. But the differences of environment were not greater than the differences of character and of methods of government between these two civilizations. The Latins had behind them a powerful military empire and a splendidly organized and most efficient ecclesiastical system, and were possessed by a fiery zeal and guided by a true genius for conquest. Great armies and powerful fleets did their bidding. Theirs were the mines of Mexico and Peru as well as the unrequited labour of millions of slaves. But their rule was one of force, of selfishness and cruelty. Their government was an absolute despotism centred in distant Madrid. They trampled upon their helpless native victims, as well as upon colonial-born Europeans, in perfect indifference to their (353)
sufferings and in contempt of common justice. They held their people in physical and spiritual bondage and in blinding ignorance.

The scattered English colonies, however, began their feeble existence upon those principles of personal liberty and local self-government which were brought to Britain, together with the first Englishmen, by the followers of Hengist and Horsa. They had no armies for conquest. No fleets brought them frequent succour. No slaves toiled for them in inexhaustible mines. With their own hands they felled the forests and wrung a precarious existence from the stormy sea and a reluctant soil. They feared God and honoured the King, but they honoured their own manhood more. For the most part the English government left them alone and they grew up evolving their own civilization and establishing it upon the foundation of equal rights before the law and complete religious freedom, and developing an individual self-reliance, which, if not always lovely, rendered them capable of great deeds. They hated war, but from Quebec to Buena Vista, from Chapultepec to Santiago, the trained Latin forces went down before their undisciplined valour, as, at last, the whole Latin system has fallen before them. It is not of naval and military victories that America is most proud. Her greatest triumphs are those of humanity. As the champion of liberty she has seen her political theories prevail until there is no longer, throughout the whole western hemisphere, a single nation, however distant from the United States, which has not the opportunity to govern itself after its own fashion. History records no greater triumph of a noble principle, a principle which existed entire in our distant Germanic ancestors and which each of the three great Germanic peoples has developed, to the blessing of the world, in its own way.

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The American conditions of peace are marked by every possible consideration for the vanquished, consistent with complete deliverance of the oppressed victims of Spanish rule. America evacuates Cuba so soon as a stable government can be formed. She protects all Spanish private rights and interests, guarantees freedom of religion in all the territory ceded by Spain, leaves Spanish subjects free to retain their allegiance to Spain, admits for ten years Spanish ships and merchandise to ports in the Philippines upon the same terms as her own, and engages to send back to Spain the prisoners in the Philippines, either in the hands of her own forces or those of the insurgents, at her own expense, besides paying 80,000,000 marks for the debts legitimately contracted by Spain in the Philippines for other purposes than subduing the insurgents.

Of course the question of the Philippines has been the most difficult for us. A great number of the most intelligent and patriotic Americans have been bitterly opposed to the acquisition of the Philippines upon any conditions, and, from the narrow standpoint of purely selfish interests, their arguments are well-nigh irrefutable. Only unfortunately they are unable to tell us what else shall be done with these islands. Our Saxon ancestors called every member of the clan a “Brother of the Sword” and each was ready at any moment to venture his life for him who had fought at his side. We placed arms in the hands of the Philippine insurgents and they fought with us to overthrow the Spanish tyranny. We should be forever disgraced should we turn over these Brothers of the Sword to the tender mercies of their former oppressors, or leave them, in their national childhood, unguided and unprotected, to stand—and fall alone. But this question has a deeper significance. We feel, rather than understand, that the Pacific Ocean, upon which we have 4000
miles of coast, is destined to become that highway of the nations which the Mediterranean once was. With the building of the Nicaragua canal, the growth of the Pacific states, and the awaking of the Far East, our position in the Pacific islands may be of great importance. We have followed, with especial interest and sympathy, the growing instinct for colonial expansion in Germany, and believe that it is no ordinary accident which has given her a foothold on the eastern coast of Asia. It is the natural result of the great increase of commerce and the spirit of enterprise under the Empire. But with her, as with us, there is a sense of surprise at finding ourselves suddenly possessed of new points of observation over our great and ever-increasing commercial interests in the Farther East, and, if those interests are destined to become identical with those of England in keeping the open door to trade and preventing four hundred millions of Chinamen from becoming a danger to the higher civilization, it may well be that the rôle which England and America have played in the western hemisphere may yet be played by the three Germanic powers in Asia. Just as we have welcomed an understanding with Britain, even so heartily would we welcome an understanding with Germany.

No other nation knows the German character as do we. For more than half a century German immigrants have been pouring into America until we number them by millions. We have freely shared with them our splendid patrimony and they have repaid us by the brightest examples of the old German loyalty. In all political questions their honest instincts have ever led them to side with the cause of reason and justice, and when it became necessary to cut out the gangrene of slavery with the sword, they entered the Federal army by thousands and through four long years of war mingled their blood with ours on every
battle-field. In the recent war with Spain they offered, in the city of Chicago alone, a regiment of German Americans to serve for the war, and in a few hours among German American business men in the same city they raised sixteen millions of marks to present a ship of war to the government. If therefore it pleases any of their kindred in the old home, through lack of knowledge, or by force of ancient prejudice, to sneer at American character and achievement, or to dwell unduly upon defects which we are, by the slow process of public enlightenment, correcting, we can pass it gently by for the sake of these true Brothers of the Sword. But if, in the course of human events, the Germanic powers should be brought into more sympathetic relations to each other, it would be to America an occasion of rejoicing, not simply because, through our invincible forces by land and sea, we could stand against a world in arms, but chiefly because, since we of Germanic blood have learned, above all other races, to combine personal freedom with the supremacy of law and legitimate authority, our united influence would tend, yet more surely, to diffuse among all nations the blessings of peace, unity and concord.

Translated from the Deutsche Warte, Berlin, January 4, 1899.

By Dr. N. S. Jenkins

Here I may mention my belief that the German Government made an attempt, before war was declared by America, to purchase from Spain the Philippine Islands and that this attempt was frustrated by the outbreak of the war. I knew that an eminent German diplomatist of my acquaintance was sent to
Spain and I believe it was upon this mission. All the world knows that, when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay in April, 1898, he found Dietrich there, in command of a powerful German fleet, and the outrageously insolent conduct of the valiant conqueror of Kiau-Chow may well have been largely the result of disappointment; for he, if my surmise is correct, must have known of the plans of his Government, and he would naturally have expected to be made Governor of the Islands after occupying them. Also all the world knows what it meant when, at the most critical moment in Manila Bay, the commander of the British squadron ranged his flagship by the side of the American flagship.

I had, as you will have seen by what has gone before, not changed my hope and desire that Germany might be brought to content herself with the peaceful conquests she was making everywhere to her own advantage and the good of the rest of the world, especially since the German people were rapidly increasing in wealth and general prosperity, and many of them were also seeking for larger liberty at home; but the outbreak of malignant passions occasioned by the Boer War caused me much anxiety. It seemed as if the whole nation had gone mad with rage and envy, and when, in the midst of the war, the Reichstag voted its first great credit for building a large fleet, the only
consolation was found in the delay necessary before a sufficiently well-trained fleet could be made ready, delay during which much could happen.
GRACE was married to Cavalié Courthose Gow-Gregor in September, 1899, and departed at once for India. We dreaded her being exposed to the trying climate of Bombay, but the business of her husband was there, and we hoped that her talent for having adventures might afford her some compensation in that strange land for the tamer experiences of her own home. Minor adventures, of course, she had in plenty, but the only one I now recall is of a panther, who had been skulking about the bungalows of a summer resort where Grace was staying and who, on the first night of her sojourn, selected her bedroom in which to slake his thirst. Grace heard him lapping up the water from her washbowl, but concluded that it was better not to disturb him in such an innocent enjoyment, and presently, almost as silently as the Arabs of the folding tents, he stole away.

From her earliest infancy, the unexpected and extraordinary was always happening to Grace but, as her senses were amazingly keen and her mind worked very quickly and her courage never failed, she instantly acted, as if by instinct, in the best way possible in any emergency. Once she was sitting alone in one of the red electric tramcars of Dresden, at that
terminus with the sharp decline by the river which you children will remember well. A woman with a child came in and just then the motorman removed the crank from one end and was walking slowly outside the car to place it in position at the opposite end for the return trip. Suddenly the car started to run down the steep descent just as another car was coming at full speed to cross the line at right angles. The woman screamed and the clumsy motorman came helplessly lumbering after. But Grace rushed out onto the front platform and, finding no crank, grasped the shaft with both hands and turned it with all her strength until she brought the car to a standstill, just in time to prevent a collision. She did not mind her strained and bruised hands, her only comment was: "I've spoiled my gloves." Once at dead of night, in London, she rushed out to call the nearest doctor, as Cavalié had been taken violently ill. A drunken sailor caught her, but she struck him in the face, flung him aside and went swiftly and safely on her way. Often when I came to dinner after an exhausting day's work, too tired for conversation, I have asked Grace to give an account of the adventures she had encountered during the day, and never without eliciting something which soothed my spirit and banished care.

In the month of May, 1900, came a message from Cavalié that the doctor in Bombay ordered Grace to
return at once to Europe. Knowing her condition, we were not surprised and replied that they were both to come at once, hoping that Grace’s confinement might take place at Thorwald. Within three days they broke up their establishment and sailed for Marseilles. Your mother went on to meet them and made every arrangement at Paris and elsewhere for the care of Grace, in case the event should occur en route. She wrote Grace at quarantine to say that if the ship were detained and she needed medical assistance, she could communicate with a certain French doctor and he would go out to see her. There had, however, been cheering telegrams from Port Said and your mother felt no anxiety. At last the great liner came to the wharf, but on the deck nothing was to be seen of Grace or Cavalié. However, the first man to come down the gangway was the French doctor, who rushed to your mother, saying: “I congratulate you, Madame! since quarter of an hour you are a grandmother!”

It was Saturday and the greatest holiday in the year for Marseilles. Some obliging person had hurried the trunk in which Grace had the clothes for the baby into the custom-house, that it might be passed as quickly as possible. Suddenly the doors were closed to be opened again only on Monday morning. No covered ambulance could be found, but finally an open stretcher was procured. Grace was placed in the
stretcher, two bearers took it up and Cavalié walked by Grace’s side, while the doctor and her mother, with the baby wrapped in cotton wool and handkerchiefs, followed in a landau. Marseilles was en fête and the streets were full of processions and brass bands together with fireworks, bonfires, accompanied by much cheering and hilarity. Occasionally some people would dance about the group with the stretcher, taking it for a part of the celebration. Upon reaching the hotel, the bearers entered first and deposited their burden at the foot of the grand staircase, in full view of the assembled hotel guests, who were taking their after-dinner coffee in the court. When, a moment later, your mother entered, she rushed to Grace, fearing to find her fainted, or perhaps dead, but was reassured when Grace smilingly remarked: “How delightful to be in a place where all the people are white!”

Your mother wrote me that she had expected something unusual would happen to Grace, but exactly this she had not anticipated. Grace was, however, as usual in emergencies, wonderfully equal to the occasion and did not mind that during the first night your mother had to discharge two nurses in succession for incompetency or worse and only with the third attempt could find a fairly good one. Three weeks afterward they reached Paris and Grace saw the great exhibition comfortably.
In the early summer of 1896 a cablegram came telling of Leonard’s serious illness with typhoid fever. He was in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York and was having the best care, but it seemed evident that he was dangerously ill. I sailed in great distress of mind, but upon arriving at quarantine, to my great relief I received a message that he was better and out of danger. As the ship approached the wharf, I recognized, first of all my friends, the Reverend Mr. Bowden, who had secured the most prominent position in the very front of the waiting crowd and was waving his broad-brimmed clerical hat in greeting. When we came within earshot, he called out the good news of Leonard’s improvement and I landed with a light heart.

Mr. Bowden was the honoured and beloved pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian church at Dresden. His congregation was largely composed of Americans and we had made up a purse to give him a summer holiday in America, wishing him to become acquainted with our country. He had finished his visit in New York and was about leaving for the West, when he heard Leonard was ill and he remained and mounted guard over him until I should arrive. From him and from my other friends I received a most hearty and kindly welcome, and as soon as I was permitted, I visited my dear boy at the hospital. He had greatly changed
through his illness but his spirit was as high as ever. His fever was being kept down by cold baths. I had seen German soldiers being treated by this method and heard them, despite their discipline, crying with the shock of the cold water; but Leonard, who had inherited my unfortunate circulation which made him abnormally sensitive to cold, bore the shock without a whimper. Upon one occasion, when his strength was at very low ebb and the cold bath was ordered, he said to his medical attendants, some of whom had been fellow students with him at Yale: “All right, boys, but you must all sing!” They sang and he joined in and sang as cheerily as his chattering jaws and trembling body allowed.

For some time after my arrival he made good progress and then, one morning upon returning from church, where I had gone to give thanks for his recovery, I found that he had a serious relapse. He was not allowed to see anyone but his attendants during the trying days which followed. Mr. Bowden was permitted to come in for a few minutes every day and make a short prayer. Leonard went down to the very gates of death so that I was in daily and hourly fear of a fatal result, but by God’s mercy the crisis was safely passed at last and I could cable your mother, by the time she received my letter telling of the relapse, that he was again out of danger. Other relapses occurred
afterwards but each was less severe, until, in September, the dear boy was so far recovered that he could venture to sail for Europe. It had been the hottest summer known in New York for forty years and a trip to Europe and a period of rest at Thorwald was the one thing necessary to complete recovery.

My stay in New York during those trying months had some compensations. I learned the value of true friendship and gained new insight into the kindness of the American character. I stayed all that time at the Lotos Club. There were few members remaining in town during that torrid season, but some men came in to lunch when they chanced to come to the city. It became known why I was staying there and the men vied with each other in showing me little attentions and gave me numberless evidences of interest and sympathy. The men coming from their country places brought flowers for the sick chamber and urged me to come out and spend my spare time with them; even the negro servants morning and night asked for news of the patient. Every morning, as I walked to the hospital, where I was due at nine o’clock, I was sure to find the superintendent or a nurse or some other assistant looking out of a window to watch for my coming and to signal me afar off if the news was good.

Excellent as the Presbyterian Hospital was, the
food was not always just palatable to convalescent patients, but a rule against friends bringing food and delicacies to the patients was still necessary. As Leonard began to improve, I asked permission to bring him now and then some special dish he fancied, first being assured by the head doctor that it would be prudent or advisable for him to have it. One morning as I came to the hospital I found the superintendent standing at the foot of the stairs. He remarked that he wanted to show me some fossils in the stones of the foundation of the hospital; but he said, so soon as we were out of observation, that he could trust me to bring only edibles which were good for my son and so I need no longer ask for especial permission; and he soon forgot all about the fossils after having first indicated them to me.

Up to the time of sailing I never left New York, except once for a few hours to inspect an electric railway. The system of country electric railways was far more advanced in America than in Europe and I spent some of my leisure in studying the subject, thinking it might be feasible to build such a road from Dresden to Leipzig. I was impressed with the financial advantages, not only to the judicious promoters of these trolley lines, but also to the land and people in the territory served by them. But of this more anon.

It was a happy day when we started upon our voy-
age. Leonard was taken to the steamer by Dr. Hartwell and some of his other friends, in the hospital ambulance, for he was still too weak to be conveyed in an ordinary carriage. But the fresh air and motion did him good and they soon made a great lark of it, for they were in high spirits at his recovery and I fear they somewhat abused their right of way and unnecessarily excited the sympathy of the public by the expression of consternation which they managed to give to their ingenuous countenances and which was in deep contrast to their inward hilarity. We had two cabins adjoining each other on the promenade deck, and in a short time after sailing Leonard was able to walk with but little assistance to his deck chair.

Our dear Mr. Bowden had arranged to sail with us and added greatly to the enjoyment of the voyage. He was very entertaining in his accounts of experience in America. There were former members of his Dresden chaplaincy—he was of the Established Church of Scotland and received a stipend from the funds for foreign service—all of whom were desirous of entertaining him. Among many of them wine was never served, and this seemed all right to him, since he knew American prejudices regarding the general use of alcoholic drinks, but he shyly confessed to us that he had with difficulty learned to drink ice water, but had persevered until his "stomach felt like a skating rink."
Just before he sailed, however, a saintly American woman of truly sympathetic nature gave him a bottle of very rare old rye whiskey, for his stomach’s sake and other infirmities no doubt, and every day at luncheon and dinner on the voyage he reverently mixed a little of it with his ice water, in grateful memory of her kind solicitude.

Mr. Bowden had been pastor of one of the large churches in Glasgow, and was greatly esteemed for his devotion to his work and much admired for his pulpit services. When he broke down from overwork, he was sent to Dresden as an easier post. From the very beginning he won the hearts of those who preferred a non-liturgical service, among whom he did most acceptable work, and he was greatly respected by the entire community. He was also a delightful after-dinner speaker and we were always glad when we could have him at the occasional dinners of the Anglo-American Club and elsewhere.

One of those occasions was a visit from Mark Twain of blessed memory. The Presbyterian Church was in great need of a sum of money and it was suggested to me by the local committee of the church to invite Mr. Clemens to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the church funds. He was then staying in Berlin and I knew he was intimate with my friend, William Walter Phelps, the then American Minister to Germany.

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I knew Mr. Phelps first when he was the American Minister to Austria-Hungary, his first diplomatic post. He was an accomplished man of the world with charming manners and a generous heart and he immediately received a cordial welcome in Vienna society. He once came to see me in Dresden, when his cousin, Charles Phelps, was there living near us and intimate in our house, as you will remember. We had them both to dine at the Victoria Hotel on that occasion, as our domestic establishment was broken up just then for some forgotten reason. I had never seen Mr. Phelps in such high spirits. He was overflowing with good humour, which his cousin, your mother and I attributed to improved health, of which, however, there was not much other evidence. It was only long afterwards that I learned that just before leaving Vienna he had made one of the noblest of his many benefactions. There had been a scandalous bank failure through which many poor people had lost their savings. Phelps knew how they had been swindled, since the affair occurred in his own town, and so he sent to a friend a blank check, directing him to see that those poor people were paid in full and to keep the matter secret. No wonder he was light of heart at the thought that by this act these deluded and suffering people might be able to regain their lost faith in humanity.

So, as I did not know Mr. Clemens personally, I
wrote to Mr. Phelps and asked him to present the matter to his friend. He sent me Mr. Clemens's reply:

Körnerstr. 7, December 9, 1891

Dear Mr. Phelps:

Yes, I want to go there and read some rot out of my books, but if I have to go alone I shall have to charge fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand dollars or such a matter. Now Mrs. Clemens can't go, because she isn't well enough, but if you'll go with me, name the day and I'll read the best I know how and won't accept a cent—now that shows how I value your company.

Let me read in the day or in the night, just as they shall prefer. It is all one to me, in a country where you've got to read by candle-light anyway.

Yours sincerely

(signed)  S. L. Clemens

Cheerful, capable, energetic Mr. James Wood, whom you children will remember with affection and delight, was the working man on the church committee. He attended to everything. The largest hall in Dresden was engaged, appropriate notices were inserted in all the newspapers and arrangements covering the three days' stay of the party in Dresden were completed. The evening of the first day, Friday, was given the lecture, at which Mr. Wood most acceptably acted as chairman, and it was followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. Palmer, the American consul. Saturday there was a dinner at the Club. Sunday the whole party went to hear Mr. Bowden preach and
that same evening they dined with us. Mr. Phelps and nearly the whole staff of the Legation came with Mark Twain and stayed through everything.

I think every member of the Anglo-American colony came to the lecture, but there were also many Germans, among whom were some who could not understand English, but who came to see such a famous man of letters. Mark was delicious. He told me afterwards it was the most elegant audience he had ever addressed; and indeed it was a brilliant assembly, for Americans and British were all in full dress, not only in honour of the lecturer, but in preparation for the reception afterwards. But he knew there were Germans present and he took a sly delight in poking a bit of fun at some German customs. He told a delightful story of accepting a challenge to fight a duel in the days of his youth and how he frightened his challenger into declining the conditions by a supposed revelation of his being a dead shot, and solemnly concluded by saying: "Dueling is all wrong. It is a crime. If any young man present should ever be challenged to fight a duel I beg him not to accept. No, go to your enemy, take him gently by the hand, lead him into a secluded place and—kill him!" The next day we heard that some of the German audience had been greatly shocked to hear the lecturer advocate assassination.

But it was at the Club dinner that we had him at
his best. General Melville, a British officer who had served with distinction in India and who was the president of the Club, presided with much dignity, being deliciously oblivious of the spirit of the occasion. The dinner was a triumph of good cooking and rare wines, and speeches preceding the event of the evening were designedly short. The president, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Bowden and myself were the speakers and Mark Twain followed immediately after my brief remarks. I have heard many good after-dinner speeches, but if the chief art of the speaker is to give pleasure, surely I have never heard the equal of Clemens. He spoke with natural grace in an excellent, clear voice and led up to his points with such skill and with never a word too much that he fascinated his hearers by his art as much as he cheered them by his delightful humour.

On Sunday I took Mr. Clemens to church. He was, I now suspect, beginning to lose his religious faith and was rather shy of going but, like the fine gentleman he was, felt he should go in compliment to the pastor and the congregation who had invited him and had received him so hospitably. It was near the Christmas-tide and the sermon was on the subject of the fullness of the time in which Christ came to the world. The oppression, the corruption and the cruelty of the Roman conquests and the consequent misery under which the world was hopelessly suffering was God’s
opportunity. Mr. Clemens listened attentively to the eloquent preacher and, as I walked back with him to his hotel, he conversed seriously with me about the problems of life in a tone of deep sadness. He seemed to feel the burden of injustice and lack of opportunity under which the great majority of mankind suffered after all these centuries of the Christian era and to be oblivious of the signs of betterment. I remember he was especially bitter against the survival of remnants of feudalism in Germany, such as hereditary rule and the holding of great landed estates by entail, and when I endeavoured to explain that all these conditions contained within themselves the seeds of dissolution and must eventually pass away through the advance of social and political enlightenment, he answered, with emphasis: "Still, these things are not right." I wonder now if he then saw, as certainly I did not, that the passing of the old order could only come by violence such as now convulses all the world.

This Sunday evening we had Mark Twain and Phelps and all the members of the staff, with dear Mr. Wood, to dinner. I had asked Mr. Clemens if there was any one in Dresden whom he would like to meet. He answered: "Only Paul Lindau." It seems he was upon friendly terms with the elder brother of Lindau, a man I also knew and admired. He was at once an able financier and diplomatist and, when I knew him,
was the German member of the International Egyptian Debt Commission. He spoke beautiful English and possessed a broad and intelligent knowledge of the outside world, such as was but rarely found among Germans. Paul being a noted author and playwright, Mark Twain would naturally have expected him to possess the attractive qualities of his brother. He was living at Strehlen, a suburb of Dresden, and I went at once to call upon him to excuse the suddenness and informality of the invitation and to explain the reason. He accepted with alacrity and we placed him at table next to Mark Twain. But in the interval before dinner Mr. Clemens had taken his measure and found him spoiled by a really stupendous egotism. He seemed incapable of thought or conversation upon any other subject than himself, and Mark Twain took much pleasure in slyly playing upon the poor man’s weakness, and in making himself incomprehensible to him. At table, among various experiences, he spoke graphically of a tedious experience in quarantine relieved only when a shipload of cholera patients arrived, many of them being in a moribund condition; and when he concluded his dismal tale by saying: “Our only amusement was attending funerals,” he kept a corner of his right eye upon the horrified countenance of Lindau.

By the time Leonard was in his mother’s arms again, he had partially regained his strength, but many
weeks passed before he was able to return to America. At dinner on the day of our arrival at Thorwald your mother wore a faded, but still perfectly formed rose which I had found on the terrace as I was departing and sent back to her with the message: “the most perfect flower to the most perfect woman.” She had kept it so carefully during all that anxious time that not one petal had fallen and its symmetry was perfectly preserved.

I had bought in America a small cider mill. It was a good year for fruit and Leonard helped to gather the apples from the orchard and to make them into cider. We were not experts, but we had great fun over the work and I still maintain that it was the best cider ever made. Even after the lapse of twenty-one years, there are a few bottles left and the cider is still drinkable.

When Leonard became strong enough to bear the long carriage drive, your mother and I took him with us for a drive to Leipzig, going by one route and returning by another. Our object was to observe the condition of the two routes and compare their advantages. Both the roads were excellently built and there were no serious obstacles to building a tramway over them; on the contrary, for the most part, the conditions were ideal. The country through which the line would run was rich and populous. There were many
large and small farms as well as numerous towns and
villages which would profit from such an enterprise
had it been carried through, for it would certainly
have largely increased the value of property all the
way and have been an advantage to the people on the
route, as well as to the cities of Dresden and Leipzig,
through providing a cheap and easy method of con-
veying passengers and goods to and fro.

After some consideration of the project, I asked the
advice of my friend Fürstenberg, who was then by far
the most enterprising and capable man of business I
knew. He was greatly taken with the idea and began
at once, at my request, to interest his lawyer and a
few business men in our plan, under a pledge of se-
crecy. They were soon all fire and flame for the scheme
and a meeting was arranged to discuss the matter. I
told the men how well these electric roads were work-
ing and how valuable such franchises were in America,
and how, to all appearance, such an enterprise would
be even more successful in Germany than elsewhere.
I had previously told Fürstenberg that if we could get
a concession to build the road, I could get all the capi-
tal necessary for the purpose in America, but that
perhaps we should do better to make it a German, or
a combined German and American enterprise.

It was finally concluded to go ahead and form a
company and to apply to the Saxon Government for a
concession, but, at the last moment, before the plan was completed, one of the men who was a friend of the president of the Saxon railroad system, said he should first like to speak to his friend and sound him upon the subject. Of this I did not approve, since it was certain he would oppose the project and it would be better for us to go ahead and make our preparations to apply for the concession without beforehand exciting unnecessary opposition. At a subsequent meeting, however, this man reported that he had consulted his friend, who admitted that it was an attractive proposition, but that it would be his duty to oppose it. The Government road had a monopoly of the traffic between the two cities and he would not be a party to impair the value of this monopoly.

The effect of this announcement was astounding. Notwithstanding that it was tempered by the president saying that he was only one member of the Government and the other members might overrule him, the little band of promoters threw up the sponge at once. It would be madness to proceed with a project which was opposed by a Government Official! They reminded me of Mark Twain’s desperado, of whom “his neighbours were more afraid than they were of the Almighty.”

Long afterward when the project was again agitated, the Government accepted it “in principle” after
much public discussion, but nothing further has been done in the matter to this day, more than twenty years from that time.
IN 1904 your mother went with me to Madrid, where I was to attend the International Medical Congress. It was our first visit to Spain and a memorable one. The war with America, which had cost Spain the last of her distant colonies, had been over for six years. The Government was desirous, under the promising reign of the young King, who was still, however, largely subject to the influence of his gifted mother, of showing that Spain was resuming her position among European powers, especially in the arts of peace. Therefore at the last International Medical Congress, at Berlin in 1899, the Congress was invited to come to Madrid in 1904.

It was a delightful journey from Vienna, by way of the Riviera to Barcelona and thence to Madrid in the boyhood of the year. That season at Vienna I saw rather more than usual of my various imperial patients and was in the proper humour to appreciate a journey to Spain, whose King was reported to have a deformity of the jaws, which had been so long hereditary in the Hapsburg family as to be regarded almost as a distinction. I cannot remember to have seen it in any female member of the family, but it was not uncommon among the males, and I believe it to be a
direct inheritance from their Spanish blood. I was confirmed in this belief upon seeing many of the royal portraits in Madrid, where this protruding lower jaw is shown to be characteristic of the royal house through many centuries.

The romantic history of Spain, which had been a favourite subject with American historians and the groundwork of many lighter works of other American authors, had deeply interested my generation and had excited my own imagination from my earliest recollection. Even now, in my old age, I love to plan a real trip to Spain with your mother “when the war is over.” Just a motor trip from Gibraltar to Paris. Ah, me! If we could not dream a bit now and then in these terrible days, we could scarcely bear our burden.

But it was a delightful journey and, of all the Congresses I have attended, this was by far the most enjoyable. There were, if my memory is not at fault, some seven thousand doctors present, from all parts of the world. Our section, that of Stomatology, was brilliantly represented. The Spanish colleagues, some of them wore cloaks like Roman togas, were untiringly attentive and hospitable. They acted under the presidency of one of my most valued friends, Dr. Aguilar, Dean of the University Dental Institute of Madrid, a most accomplished man and a great favourite at the Spanish court. One of the entertainments
which the local committee had planned for our section was in a theatre, where the whole floor was made level with the stage. The Queen Dowager asked Aguilar how he purposed decorating the place, and before he could answer she told him that the boxes and galleries ought to be screened, so that his guests would have the illusion of being in a single great room like a temple. To this end she offered the loan of the priceless royal collection of tapestries, the largest and most famous in the world. The result was superb. It may be that never before were so many of these beautiful tapestries placed together over so large a surface or admired at one time by representatives of such a number of nationalities, for dentists were present from all parts of the world.

There were many court ceremonies in honour of the Congress. Upon one of them I had occasion to admire the Queen Dowager's possession of the proverbial "royal memory." Many members of the Congress were invited to a reception at the palace. It was designed to have them assemble in rooms according to their nationality, but of this I was not aware and, when asked where I practised, and having answered Dresden, I was ushered into an immense salon where I found myself among a great assemblage of German physicians. It was too late for me to escape and find where the English-speaking members were congre-
gated, for the King had already begun making his tour. He made a gallant figure, clad in a brilliant uniform with decorations and wearing a slender gold-hilted sword and golden spurs. In colour and bearing he reminded me of a high-bred fighting cock, but he showed no trace of arrogance, swagger or self-consciousness. His manner when speaking to the men who were presented to him implied respect for their learning mingled with an expression of graceful and vivacious interest in their achievements which was most winning. It furnished a delightful example of the temperamental contrast between the Latin and Teutonic race and culture.

A broad space was kept at the long side of the great salon up which the King passed, pausing at intervals to speak to the selected men whom the German Ambassador presented and, at some distance, followed the Queen Mother, to whom separate presentations were made. Watching my opportunity, I introduced myself to the Ambassador, told him of my error and, having been previously informed by Aguilar, said that the Queen had commanded that I should be presented to her, which he did not question, since I was wearing the order King Albert had given me, and I was soon presented. Instantly the Queen remembered, in spite of her expectation of finding me among the Americans and British, and, turning from German, she addressed
me in English, saying she knew about my career and reputation, especially in Germany and Austria, and that she wanted to thank me personally, because my methods of practice had been employed by Dr. Aguilar and her children had thus been saved from disfigurement of the teeth through gold fillings.

It was announced that upon a certain morning there would be a gala guard-mounting at the royal palace in honour of the members of the Congress. At the appointed time there was a large gathering in the great court and, as in Spain and elsewhere some delay in a public function is often unavoidable, the men divided themselves into national groups, often headed and herded by the official representatives of their various governments. This furnished a most interesting feature, since, at a glance, one could perceive national characteristics revealed in the persons and manners of those representative men. Among all the groups the Swedes were conspicuous by reason of their stature and noble bearing, so that one might have said: “If European civilization is looking for supermen and really cannot do without them, first try the Swedes.”

The world had already been reading the vapourings of modern pan-German philosophers and scoffing at their madness, fancying that such amazing folly could be trusted to work its own cure. It is to the credit, although to the bitter sorrow of the world, that it could
not imagine this fantastic sowing could actually result in so terrible a harvest.

The real pageant, however, was highly spectacular. The palace guard was clad in mediæval costume and carried halberds, in striking contrast to the gala uniform and arms of the real soldiers, with their modern "pomp and pride and circumstance of war," accompanied by the waving of historic banners and the clash of splendid military music.

When the parade was over, the contrast was still more striking. Quietly and almost stealthily the guards passed into the dark corridors of the palace, while the soldiers marched to their quarters through the joyous sunshine of the early spring, as typical of the gloomy past of Spain and of her hopeful future.

There was an excursion which was arranged for our section, from Madrid to Toledo, and nearly all the men, with a goodly number of ladies, made up the party. The day was perfect for the purpose, the train was punctual and the party got away promptly, under the admirable management of the Spanish colleagues, and was carried through delightful scenery to the famous old Spanish city.

Many students and lovers of Spain have remarked upon the spirit of melancholy which seems to be temperamental to the race and have been puzzled to account for it. It is said to characterize Spanish litera-
tured in all ages. It existed before and after the Moorish invasion and, therefore, the Inquisition could not have caused, although it may have deepened it. Philip II, although master of so great a portion of the world, furnished a striking example of the national melancholia and he left the Escorial as a monument to its depressing influence. We had found this spirit obscuring the beauty of Spanish cathedrals, but such intensity of gloom as we found within the great cathedral of Toledo suggested the very essence of despair.

There was a time when I had a dilettante interest in mental diseases and was impressed by the great prevalence of insanity among hard-headed, practical, American farmer families, which was especially noticeable among the descendants of the early settlers of the western prairies. In the seventies and eighties of the last century, in trips to the South and West, I was astonished to find what extensive provision had to be made for the care of the insane and was assured that it was the unavoidable result of monotony of life. To be isolated from companionship by great distances; to feel cooped in beneath the oppressive dome of the sky with nothing to break the margin of the horizon; to have no leisure from relentless toil in which to keep in touch with the thoughts of men and not to recognize “the great wave which sweeps around the world”; these were the conditions to breed insanity in all its many
manifestations. These conditions and the resulting undue prevalence of insanity I found to exist also on the Russian Steppe. Statistics show that in America the introduction of the tramway and the telephone and the resulting improvement of social conditions and of community interests have greatly reduced the number of mental diseases.

I thought of this in Spain, where I was surprised to find, even under a liberal government and a system of general military service, that ignorance of each other and local prejudice still prevailed to such an extent that inhabitants, even of neighbouring provinces, were out of sympathetic touch. I concluded that this must be largely due to the topography of the country. Spain is a mountainous land. There are many desert regions. Communication has always been difficult, and is far from complete even in our day. For two thousand years Spanish provinces have lived in a condition of isolation, the monotony of which may well have left an ineradicable impression upon the national character, resulting not in mental darkness, but in temperamental melancholy.

These were not our only reflections on the delightful tour to Toledo. There was gloom, but romantic gloom, in the atmosphere of the ancient city and joy and hope in all our hearts that stately manners and delicate yet most hearty hospitality still survived in modern Spain.
reminiscent of her chivalric past. We were especially touched that the foes of six years past were now received as valued friends.

In Mexico we had learned that a Spanish landlord regarded his guests as friends paying him a visit and that the payments must be considered as gifts. We could not find quarters at a hotel in Madrid and were obliged to take rooms at a pension, ordered long before our arrival. We found it most comfortable and, besides the company of some friends, we enjoyed that of our host. He was so amiable that, upon the evening of our departure, he insisted upon opening a bottle of champagne to drink to our prosperous journey and speedy return, assuring us that there was plenty of time; but we arrived at the station just in season to see our train depart.

That afternoon there had been a great garden party at the palace, given by the Royalties to the members of the Congress, and we had returned in abundant season for departure from any country less hospitable than Spain; we were belated, but not solitary. There were many other disappointed ones at the station and there was much discussion as to which of the following trains would best serve our purpose. Before leaving Dresden, I had engaged a compartment upon this very train. I saw our dear Miller, who just managed to get aboard. Forberg of Stockholm was equally for-
tunate but, not having had time to get his trunks checked, he threw his keys to us and asked us to see them over the French frontier. At last we found that by taking the next train and riding all night we could reach Biarritz late the next afternoon and possibly get a night train with sleeping compartments to Paris. We should then arrive in time to see the formal entrance of King Edward VII, for he was coming in state on that very day to visit the city and people whom he knew and loved so well when he was Prince of Wales. It was for the purpose of seeing this pageant that I had engaged our compartment from Madrid and we had accepted an invitation from Dr. Hirschfeld to view the procession from his apartment on the Champs Élysées. So we crowded into an overfilled train with the Youngs of Leipzig, where we encountered some rather blackguard Englishmen, who, because they lived in Spain, thought they were justified in smoking in a compartment in which American women were travelling. Young was for throwing them out of the window but, after expressing our opinion of their manners in unmistakable terms, finally prudence prevailed and we went on until the junction for Portugal was reached, where the Youngs left us. Mrs. Young was of Portuguese origin and they were making their first visit together to her birthplace and her people.

Young you will all remember. He came over from
America to be my assistant, but after seven years wanted to swarm off. Accordingly I put my Leipzig patients in his hands and, when he went there to settle, he had a practice waiting for him. He was a most ingenious man with an active and original mind and had become very skilful in his profession. I had known him as a boy and greatly esteemed him as a man and his too early decease was deeply regretted by all who knew him.

At the junction we found Younger and Daboll of Paris and travelled with them to Biarritz. They were even more tired than we and thought of spending the night in Biarritz. But upon arrival I ordered a judicious dinner to be served to us at once and then sent a commissionaire from the hotel to have two sleeping compartments reserved for us, without telling our companions, thinking that perhaps their intention of spending the night in Biarritz might change after a refreshing dinner. We had sufficient time and daylight to see the beauties of the greater part of this famous resort and, either because of exaggerated expectations or through contrast with the superb Pyrenean scenery through which we had been passing, we all confessed to a feeling of disappointment. It was therefore not surprising when we sat down at a table commanding a pleasing landscape and a view of the sea and were refreshed by such a dinner and such wines as only a
French chef on French soil and a French garçon could prepare and serve, that we were all of one mind as to going on to Paris that night.

Both Younger and Daboll, who were somewhat my seniors, were exceptionally gifted men, but Daboll was physically and mentally remarkably well balanced. He was over six feet tall, splendidly proportioned and with a noble head and manly countenance. He bore a strong resemblance to Michael Angelo’s “Moses” and his benevolent character was revealed in his kindly words and generous deeds. Yet the entire episode of our journey to and stay at Biarritz and the subsequent journey to Paris was completely blotted out of his calm, well-regulated mind, and he has never since been able to recall any incident relating to it.

We hastened to our rooms at the Hotel d’Jéna and then went to Hirschfeld’s, where we were in time to see the entrance of the King. To me this event was of great significance.

Much had occurred to excite my apprehensions and make my hope of a league of peace between Germany, Great Britain and America appear delusive. The awful animosity of the German people to the British in the Boer War, evidently not due to any sympathy for the Boers but to sheer envy and hatred of the English, encouraged by the German press and also, as I had reason to believe, by the German Government, had
seemed to me a most serious matter. It had been preceded the previous year by a universal, if less violent, outbreak of a similar expression of animosity to America, during the war with Spain. I had endeavoured at that time to explain to the German Foreign Office and to the public through the German press the true origin and inevitable result of the conflict, but met with little sympathy. Then occurred the Chinese war and the ferocious words of the Emperor to the German troops, in which he ordered them to conduct themselves so like Huns that no Chinaman would dare look askance at a German for a thousand years. About the same time took place the Emperor’s astounding visit to the blood-stained Abdul Hamid, an act of which no other non-Mohammedan monarch would have dreamed.

I had come at last to believe that the only hope of enduring peace lay in an alliance between Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy and perhaps Austria, all of which countries, combined with the assurance of the tacit sympathy of almost all the minor European States, might be able to prevent a European conflagration.

It was therefore because I believed the coming of King Edward was an event of historic importance, that I had carefully made my plans to be present. Truly it was a great occasion. The reception given to the King was not only splendid, as became a great,
free nation gifted with a genius for dramatic effect, but it was also the sincere and hearty welcome due to a sympathetic and familiar friend. Even the most thoughtless must have felt its deep significance; but the German press and people scoffed at it and regarded it as a symptom of weakness which was a tribute to German might and cleverness.

The very next year Germany put the tie between France and England to the test of the Delcassé incident and caused France to submit to the humiliation of dismissing a valued minister by sheer bullying. In the same year occurred the visit of the German Emperor to Tangier, when he proclaimed himself protector of Mohammedans. But in the next year, 1906, was convened the International Congress at Algeciras, where only Austria voted with Germany and where even she gave Germany to understand that she would not support her by arms in any cause which did not intimately concern her own interests.

This event and the influential part which the representatives of America played in the Conference, the American Mission being distinguished by wide knowledge of the European situation, complete disinterestedness and tactful consideration, led me to look more hopefully upon the prospect of continued peace. It seemed as if Germany, the only possible disturber of peace, must take to heart the moral isolation which

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she owed to the arrogance of the military party, and place confidence in her diplomats and real statesmen (I had then great confidence in Holstein and von Bülow), and be content to gain what she might legitimately strive for in ways of peace.

This state of mind made it easier for me to reach a decision toward which events were pressing me. I had been in very active and arduous practice in Europe for forty years and was in my sixty-sixth year. I had begun to realize that I was mortal and could not go on at the rate of the past. The time was propitious for me to relinquish practice. In the various outside undertakings in which I had been engaged, I had lost much money, but Thorwald had greatly advanced in value and, with the continuation of peace, I could reasonably expect to be able to sell it for a sum which would eventually give my children a hundred thousand dollars apiece, and my able and experienced associate, Dr. McBride, was desirous of acquiring the practice. I wanted leisure to carry on some investigations which were impracticable so long as I was in practice, and so, at last, I concluded to give up to McBride. After completing the sale of the practice to him, I remained for nearly two years, during which I continued to be almost daily at the office, seeing some of my most attached patients, who could be induced only reluctantly to be turned over to the younger and
more skilful man, until I finally gave up for good in the autumn of 1907 and began to spend my winters in Paris. How that came about is another story.
OUR beloved Nora was married to Theodore Leslie Shear on June 29, 1907.

Nora had a rare mind and, although so gentle in her ways, possessed much firmness of character. Instead of pursuing the ordinary courses of study, which were indeed impracticable for her during two years of invalidism, she was educated by private governesses and tutors. I love to recall the charming photograph of Nora and Professor Häbler, who taught her Latin at an early age, and how she did all her work with seeming ease, in spite of her ill health. She matured in mind more rapidly than in body and for a certain period displayed the tendency inherited from her Puritan ancestry to sacrifice herself in some humanitarian work far beyond her physical power. I regarded this episode in her development with much concern, but she was sweetly considerate of our wishes and finally began to study art with Professor Ehrenberg, whose intelligent instruction was as good for her ripening mind as his cheerful companionship was comforting to her often depressed spirits. Then came a period of wider interest in life. She spent a year in America, during which her field of vision expanded and her health improved. Her cousin, Bessie, who was also
studying art, returned with her, and Herbert sent by them a magnificent mastiff, Odin by name, as a present to your mother. He was of the colour and about the size of a lioness with "a head as large as mother's muff." When the train arrived in Dresden, the man in the baggage van was afraid of the dog, but Nora darted up the line, loosed the great creature and almost literally laid him at her mother's feet.

This splendid dog used to stalk about Thorwald like a King of beasts, and when accompanied by "Kappa Alpha," a beautiful Cocker spaniel given to your mother by Rob who had named him for his college society, and by "Ladysmith," Nora's high-bred, white bull terrier, and "Loki," my handsome collie, each one of them being a perfect specimen of his class, it was a sight to delight the heart of every lover of good dogs. They lived in complete friendship and enjoyed the pleasures of the chase together. There were a few hares on the place, whom the whole pack delighted to hunt, but owing to the excellence of the cover and the astuteness of the hares, the dogs could never catch them. There was one experienced old bunny among them who seemed to delight in fooling the dogs. He would, whenever pining for amusement, nonchalantly saunter into that part of the park near the house which was called the "Hain" and show himself to the nearest dog, who would at once give tongue;
whereupon all the others would rush to join the chase. It was better than a play to watch that wily creature leading the dogs easily by his great speed and looking over his shoulder with a mocking grin as he led them a devious course all over the place, finally disappearing when he had had enough of the sport. He came to a tragic end at last, however, by overconfidence. Odin had made a detour as the other dogs were following at full cry, and met the hare just as he was leading the dogs from the orchard along the path above the sculptor's studio. Bunny had no other choice than to leap over the high, precipitous rocks at his left into the "Hain," and broke his neck against a stone.

I must also tell you the story of how your mother rescued Loki from drowning. She was about going into town one morning when she thought she heard a dog whimpering. Looking about and seeing nothing but hearing the faint noise still continuing, she came to the pond and saw, when she came to look into the quadrangle built to contain the fish when the water was drawn off the larger basin, just the tip of poor Loki’s nose. He was weighted by his water-soaked fur and of course could not have gotten out by himself in any event and was evidently at the last gasp. There was no time to call for help, and so, at the risk of being herself drawn in, she caught at the dog’s neck as he floated within reach of her arm and by main strength
finally pulled him out, for he was too exhausted to help himself. For some days afterward, Loki ceased to be my dog, but followed his dear mistress with every evidence of deep gratitude wherever he was permitted to accompany her.

Here I want to tell you how she rescued another of our well-loved animals. Leonard had sent over to me his beautiful mare "Mordjiana." He had bred her himself in Kentucky and she was a model of high-pedigreed trotter. One day your mother was looking out from the window of her Kemenate, which overlooked the driveway, to see if the coachman was bringing "Morgie" to drive her into town. Presently she saw the carriage coming down the road from the stable without the coachman. It seems that he had left the team for a moment, the reins wound rather tightly round the whip socket, and Morgie, feeling the pressure on her bit, evidently thought she was being driven and started by herself for the house, obeying the rein which guided her directly over the precipitous crag at the side of the road. There she hung in mid air, held by her harness, which caught in a tree, and by the carriage, whose wheels were wedged in among the bushes and trees on the border, which had veiled the precipice from the sight of the horse before she plunged over. Both horse and coachman were helpless with fright, but your mother rushed out, got the
coachman's knife and cut the traces, which released Mordjiana, letting her escape with a few scratches and a nasty cut across the shin, a blemish for several years. These are but minor incidents illustrating the courage and quick decision of your dear mother in sudden emergencies, which you all have had reason to admire and which have given to each of you at times, and to me always, a sense of comfort and security, especially in every serious crisis of life.

But to return to Nora. She finally decided that she wanted seriously to study decorative art. We all thought she would probably not become a creative artist, but the thorough study of any branch of art could lead to a career which should be suitable to her abilities. So I gladly gave my consent, since it was evident that she must have an avocation and I desired that she should find it for herself. She began to study, first at Brussels and then in Paris. She took her anatomy and her other studies like a man, but with more than most men's conscientiousness. Her professors were pleased with her and as part of her training advised her to go to London and study artistic book-binding with Cobden-Sanderson. Among her lectures upon the history of art at the Beaux Arts, she especially profited by those on archæology and finally decided to devote herself to this most alluring study. At that period of her development neither your dear
mother nor I could see to what this could lead, but we had confidence in Nora's judgement and were willing that she should decide the question for herself. She improved her opportunities in Paris and in 1905 went for the winter to study at the American School of Archæology at Athens. She also went to Crete and took the school trip to Troy, and came back in the spring through Italy, returning to us in improved health and with the assurance that she had found her true career.

We heard her speak of a Mr. Shear, who was one of the students at Athens and who came later to study at Berlin and saw that she admired his talents and learning. She had decided to go to Bonn for the winter of 1905–1906 and we heard by one of her letters that Mr. Shear had also come to Bonn to study under Professor Loeschcke and that he helped her with her Greek, since he was an excellent Greek scholar. We had already begun to suspect that Nora was seeing more than was absolutely necessary of her fellow pupil and were therefore not entirely surprised at receiving one spring day in 1906 letters from them both asking our consent to their betrothal. I at once telegraphed Nora to meet us at Frankfurter Hof at Frankfort, to which city we went at once. Nora told us the story of their acquaintance and how it ripened into friendship and love, and the next day Mr. Shear appeared also. His
account of himself and his family and the impression he made upon your mother and me were altogether favourable, but I told him, that considering they had known each other so short a time and he had not consulted his own parents before asking for Nora’s hand, I would consent to their betrothal only after a probation of a year. I asked him to go back to America and after a year’s separation to write me, and if they were still of the same mind, I would gladly consent to their engagement. This he readily promised. He went back to New York and took a position as instructor in Greek at Columbia, and a year later he wrote to say his feelings were unchanged and begged to come over and marry Nora in the early summer.

Nora in the meantime had been working upon her dissertation, which was to consummate her studies at Paris, Brussels, London, Athens and Bonn. She had chosen as her theme ancient Greek costume. She had become convinced that the graceful folds of Greek robes, as found in archaic Greek art, were not conventional, as was the prevailing theory, but represented actualities, as was to be presumed of a people who sought not only beauty but truth in art. This opinion was confirmed by her studies. She had made hundreds of drawings of draped Greek figures from statuary and vases and had finally concluded that just such folds would result from garments fashioned in a single piece

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as woven and held in place on the shoulder by safety-pins such as are found and shown in sculpture and upon vases among ancient ruins. The contention here-tofore among learned men was that garments as depicted in ancient Greek art could not be doffed and donned and therefore must be ideals of the artist, real clothing having seams and other deviations, such as these did not show. Nora believed that the Greeks would not injure the beautiful textures they wove by cutting, and she found that the modern Greeks had still preserved, in obscure parts of Greece, the art of weaving cloth on such looms as Penelope may have used.

But, not content with theory, she dressed a manikin in such robes, and then living girls, and reproduced perfectly the forms represented in Greek art and held the uncut cloth securely in place by means of a single safety-pin. This thesis she read and defended at the Louvre Institute of Archæology upon formally completing her studies there, and not only received commendation, but entirely convinced the eminent scholars who examined her that she had correctly solved this interesting question which had puzzled generations of archæologists. She herself modestly regarded this work as one which would more naturally be done by a woman rather than by a man. True enough, perhaps, of one who, to a woman's usual qualifications,
had added the study not only of drawing and painting but also of archaeology and the history of art. We were greatly pleased at this triumph of our dear child and rejoiced that she had followed her inclinations in pursuing her educational course.

On the twenty-ninth of June, 1907, Nora and Leslie were married at Thorwald. Dear Mr. Bowden, the pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church at Dresden, who had confirmed all you children, officiated, as he did at Grace’s wedding and that of your cousin Louise, and, as before, the Oriental room was made over into a chapel, than which a more beautiful one could not be desired. Mr. Bowden, with that catholicity which endeared him so much to us all, readily consented to use the marriage service of the Church of England, since Leslie was an Episcopalian, and got on fairly well with the unfamiliar ceremony, despite a little hesitation now and then, and we saw our dear child depart with every reasonable prospect of a useful and happy life. Not long after their marriage there came an unexpected improvement in the fortunes of Leslie’s family, which made it possible for him to give up his position as teacher at Columbia, while still retaining an official connection with the University and to engage in archaeological exploration.

Some months earlier your mother went to Paris with Nora to buy her trousseau and during the latter
part of their stay I joined them there. It chanced that one of my old patients needed some attention and my old friend, Dr. Crane, a contemporary of Evans, offered me the hospitality of his office. Indeed, all my colleagues in Paris vied with each other in trying to make Paris agreeable to me, especially when they knew that I was desirous of doing some experimental work. After long labour, your mother had discovered a method of making a low fusing prosthetic porcelain. Theoretically it was perfectly adapted to the purpose I had in view and we had both worked over it for many months. The object was to unite high-fusing porcelain teeth with a platinum base by means of a porcelain fusing below the melting point of gold and, having succeeded in accomplishing this and partially proving its usefulness before giving up practice in Dresden, I was desirous of an opportunity of still further developing its application in porcelain bridge-work. The result was that I finally accepted the kind offer of Dr. William Davenport of a room at his office and spent several years there in this interesting work.

No words can express the kindness which my colleagues, French, English, American and others, showered upon me during those years. Twice I was elected President of the American Dental Club of Paris, an organization composed of Americans, Frenchmen and men of other nationalities practising in France who
were American graduates in dentistry. They formed a society unique in professional history, all of them being men of mark and many of them of international reputation, united upon the basis of a common professional education in the land where dentistry had first become a science. The climax of my professional career was reached in a banquet which the Paris Club gave me upon my seventieth birthday, on December 29, 1910.

The Club had made elaborate preparations long before the event, as I learned upon the evening of the banquet. It was celebrated in something like regal splendour in one of the gorgeous banqueting halls of the Hotel Continental in Paris. Not only the members of the Club were present, but also colleagues from many nations. Every European country which had a national dental society was represented, either by a delegate, or through illuminated addresses or diplomas of honorary membership.

The attendance, numerous as it was, would have been even greater but that the date, just between Christmas and the New Year, rendered it impossible for many to come. I was, therefore, even more touched at the sacrifice some men had made to be present. Aguilar of Madrid was a conspicuous example and Guerini of Naples another. The latter told me that it was the first time he had not passed all the Christmas
holidays with his aged mother, but that she was willing to spare him to do honour to his friend.

Our attached friend, Dr. Hirschfeld, had a remarkable talent for organizing festivities and in all he had to do as a member of the Club committee upon this occasion he surpassed himself. He arranged, among much else designed to minister to our pleasure, that your mother, accompanied by Mrs. Hirschfeld, should be privately admitted at the right moment to a screened gallery, where they could, themselves unseen, look down upon the hall and hear the speeches. Hirschfeld, having been chiefly educated in Germany, had the true German appreciation of the value of an honorary title, and Mrs. Hirschfeld, although an American by birth, shared his sentiments. She, therefore, at every speech or presentation of a gift, kept saying to your mother, "The best is still to come!" This proved to be the reading of a telegram from Count Vitzthum, the Saxon Prime Minister, to announce that His Majesty, King Friedrich August, had conferred upon me the title of Geheimer Hofrat. It was a wholly unexpected honour for, although I had long been Hofrat, I knew of no instance of a foreigner to whom both titles had been given and, while I suspected that the bestowal of this distinction must have been instigated by some of my friends, I was still pleased to receive it.

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Your Uncle George and Grace’s husband, Cavalié, were among the guests and we ardently wished that Leonard could have been present also,* for this event both to your mother and to myself was a source of great happiness. All of my colleagues knew how great a helpmeet your dear mother had been to me and all of them, who in the intimacy of our circle in Paris had come to know her well, frankly gave to her whole-hearted admiration and affection.

Following is a list of the honours and gifts bestowed upon this occasion.

DISTINCTIONS OF HONOUR

New York State Dental Society
California State Dental Society
Rochester Dental Society
Hayden-Harris Society (Baltimore College)
Seventh District Dental Society New York
Verein Oesterreichischer Zahnaerzte
La Federation Dentaire Nationale Belge
National Dental Society
Société Odontologique de France
Société d’Odontologie de Paris
École Dentaire de Paris
Association Général des Dentistes de France et Fédération Dentaire Internationale

Jarvie Gold Medal
Honorary Membership
Honorary Membership
Honorary Membership
New York Honorary Membership
Honorary Membership
Honorary Membership
Honorary Membership
Honorary Membership
Honorary Presidency
Gold Medal
Honorary Membership
Congratulatory Parchment

*See Appendix, note ii.

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British Dental Association
Address and letter from the President

Central Verein Deutscher Zahnaerzte
Illuminated laudatory parchment bound in embossed leather

Berliner Zahnaerztliche Vereinigung
Address renewing Honorary Membership and enclosed in case of embossed leather

National Dental Society of Netherlands Honorary Diploma
Société Stomatologica méridionale
Dedicatory parchment handsomely decorated and framed

Federazione Stomatologica Italiana
Corresponding Membership

National Dental Society of Norway Honorary Membership
National Dental Society of Spain
Honorary Membership and message from Queen Dowager

National Dental Society of Sweden Honorary Membership
National Dental Society of Switzerland
Congratulatory letter

Zahnaertzliche Verein in Hamburg
Superbly illuminated laudatory parchment in embossed leather portfolio

**TOKENS OF ESTEEM**

From The W. D. Miller Club Silver cigarette box
La Fédération Dentaire Nationale Belge
Artistic box in finely tooled leather for preservation of birthday documents, and gorgeous bouquet for Mrs. Jenkins

Chicago Dental Society “Resolutions”
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Title of Geheimer Hofrat Pictures of Old Dresden

Candelabra and tray of choice old Sheffield plate, with names of donors on illuminated parchment sumptuously bound

Two silver fruit dishes

Gold plate with names of donors engraved in autograph upon it

Letter and toast

Album to contain the 250 congratulatory telegrams

Silver tea service of six pieces
BANQUET

given to

HOFRATH Dr N. S. JENKINS

on the occasion of his 70th Birthday

by his friends

under the Auspices

of

The American Dental Club of Paris

December 29th 1910

Continental Hotel
ORDER OF SPEECHES

Président D' E. BURT

Presentation of Distinctions of Honor

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AMERICA.
N. Y. State Dental Society... Dr. J.-B. Davenport
California State Dental Society... Dr. W. Younger.
Hayden-Harris Society (Baltimore College)... —

AUSTRIA.
Verein Oesterreichischer Zahnaerzte... * Dr. F. Schenk.
Verein Wiener Zahnaerzte... —

BELGIUM.
La Fédération Dentaire Nationale Belge... * Dr. E. Rosenthal.

DANEMARK.
National Dental Society... Dr. Heidé.

FRANCE.
Société Odontologique de France... * Dr. Siffre.
Société d'Odontologie de Paris... * Dr. Heidé.
Ecole Dentaire de Paris... * Dr. Blatter.
Association Générale des Dentistes de France et Fédération Dentaire Internationale... * Dr. F. Jean.

GREAT BRITAIN.
Adresse from the President of the B.D.A. (D' Waite)... * Dr. H. Mummery.

GERMANY.
C. Verein Deutscher Zahnaerzte... * Dr. Mamlok.
Berliner Zahnaerztliche Vereinigung... * Dr. E. Schmidt.

HOLLAND.
National Dental Society of Netherland... * Dr. J. Grevers.

ITALY.
Société Stomatologique Méridionale... * Dr. Guérini.
Federazione Stomatologica Italiana... —

NORWAY.
National Dental Society... Dr. Heidé.

SPAIN.
National Dental Society... * Dr. Aguilar.

SUEDE.
National Dental Society... The Secretary.

SWITZERLAND.
National Dental Society... Dr. Wetzel.

* Officially delegated by his Society
MENU

Hors-d’Œuvre à la Russe.

Xérès Vieux ......... Consommé aux Quenelles.

Bisque d’Écrevisse.

The Presidents of the two Sister-Republics proposed by D’G.-C. DabolL

Haut-Sauterne. ........ Délices de Soles au Champagne.

Château Mouton-Rothschild 1898. Selle de Chevreuil Grand Veneur.

Noix de Ris de Veau Princesse.

Mandarines aivrées.

Pommerie Greno ........ Pouardes truffées à la Broche.

Drapeau Américain. .......

Toast in honor of D’ N.-S. JENKINS proposed by D’ E. BURT.

Langoustes à la Parisienne,

Cardons à la Moëlle.

Bombe pralinée Café.

Gâteau Diplomate.

Friandises.

Corbeille de Fruits.

Café. — Liqueurs.
Presentation of Tokens of Esteem

BERLIN. The W.-D. Miller Club.
BRUXELLES. La Fédération Dentaire Nationale Belge.
CHICAGO. Dr Brophy’s Testimonial.
DRESDEN. Personal tribute of.
LONDON. Personal friends of Dr Jenkins and Practitioners of Great Britain.
The A. D. S. L.
MADRID. National Dental Society.
NAPLES. Personal tribute of.
NEW YORK. Dr Ottolengui and a few other friends.
PHILADELPHIA. Dr Guilford’s testimonial from the principal U. S. practitioners.
SPRINGFIELD. Dr Hosley’s tribute.
ST PETERSBURG. Personal tribute of Dr Wollison.
The A. D. S. Europe.
The A. D. C. Paris.

* Dr C.-M. Abbott.
* Dr E. Rosenthal.
Dr C. Hayes.
Dr Spring.
Dr H. Mummery.
* Dr E.-B. White.
* Dr Aguilar.
Dr Guérini.
Dr Spaulding.
Dr Daboll.
The Secretary.
The Secretary.
* Dr F. Robinson.
* Dr Hirschfeld.

Response of Dr N.-S. Jenkins
During the winter of 1907-1908 I had leisure to carry out a purpose which was the natural result of my long experience in practice. When I received my first permission to practise in Dresden, I was much aided by the medical colleagues, who received me most cordially. They told me, among much else, that the native dentists did not practise ethically and that they even manufactured and sold dentifrices in their offices. Of course I assured them that in this particular, as in all else, I should practise ethically and indeed I never so much as made an announcement in the press, after the custom of the most eminent German physicians, who thought it proper to use this means to inform their patients of their return from an absence. In all respects I tried to set an example, being by temperament and by conviction averse to any kind of professional advertising.

Accordingly I began to write prescriptions for dentifrices, and later, when I began to see that the whole mouth and throat must be regarded as a unit in sanitary treatment, for mouth washes and gargles also. These prescriptions were usually carefully preserved and brought back to me for revision at certain intervals. My European clientèle was loyal and obedient
to a rare degree. Especially was this the case with patients who returned only after long intervals because they lived at a great distance, as in Siberia or Egypt or Asia Minor. Such patients would bring back prescriptions and tell me that they had used them faithfully according to directions; until at last, when bacteriology had begun to revolutionize the theory and practice of medicine, I was in possession of a mass of clinical observation and experience of considerable importance.

That led me to consider the practicability of making a dentifrice which would not only thoroughly, yet harmlessly, cleanse the teeth, but through the use of which the soft tissues of the mouth and throat might regularly be placed in a degree of sanitation which would reduce liability to contract infections or disseminate them.

During the winter 1907–1908 I worked out my theory and in February of 1908 I sailed for America. The first experiments were made by the aid of Professor Harry Foote at the Yale Chemical Laboratory.

One of the great difficulties had been to obtain a really neutral soap, and your dear mother, with her unfailing persistence, had succeeded in finding such a soap in Paris and to this fortunate circumstance I was greatly indebted in convincing Leonard and Foote that the discovery was genuine.
I had already tried having the paste prepared to prescription by various apothecaries in different European countries and found not only that it was too expensive for general use when put up in small quantities, but that the products of no two apothecaries intimately resembled each other. I therefore became convinced that it was not only justifiable but necessary to have it manufactured on a large scale and by a stock company. I was much encouraged in my view by the opinion and advice of Dr. H. Everton Hosley, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who was not only a very able dental practitioner, but also an excellent man of business. He came to call upon me while I was visiting Leonard at New Haven, became interested in the matter and was present at London in August of the same year when I read a paper upon the subject before the American Dental Society of Europe. In this paper I explained the origin of Kolynos, gave its complete formula and showed the necessity for its being manufactured by a commercial company. The paper was very sympathetically received and its purpose has, from the first, been approved and aided by great numbers of my colleagues in many lands.

I wanted a name for the new product which should signify "Disease Preventer," and asked Leslie to write out for me various Greek names expressive of the idea. Among a number which the rich Greek language fur-
nished, we finally decided upon *Kolynos*, as a legitimate contraction from *Kolyanos* conveying the exact idea. Leslie, Nora and I had a delightful dinner at the Buckingham Hotel in New York at which the name was finally decided upon, and I have had a sentimental interest in that old-time but comfortable house ever since, in spite of the fact that I have never been able to manage the art of dining there in my own apartment quite satisfactorily, often as we have been guests at this hotel.

As soon as Leonard was convinced of the value of Kolynos, he began its manufacture and the first tubes were issued and sold on April 13, 1908.

When our private company was merged into “The Kolynos Company,” Mr. Calvin Townley, an engineer by profession but also a high type of corporation executive, and Dr. Hosley, both friends of Leonard, took some stock and became directors in the company. Their counsel has been invaluable in matters concerning the conduct and expansion of the business.

In the sad days in which I am writing, when I have reason to fear that my German property will be valueless even in the time of my children, I entertain the hope that my interest in the Kolynos Company, Kolynos Incorporated, and the European Kolynos Company will be sufficient to partially recompense
them for this loss. I, of all men, ought to have foreseen the impending catastrophe.

From 1907 on we spent our winters chiefly in Paris and returned to Thorwald, usually in May, for the summer. I had formally renounced my residence in Germany and was allowed to occupy Thorwald as a summer visitor, liable only for income tax on the money I spent in Germany. It was an ideal life, most grateful to us, and as the property was constantly increasing in value and since a branch of the European Kolynos Company had been established in Berlin, I was very willing to go on in this way, thinking, even after the extra war tax laid on property in 1913, that the military party would not be able to involve Austria in its plots and that the hostility to Germany’s ambitions in all the neighbouring nations would be the determining factor in preserving peace.

We had, however, many misgivings. Every year, upon returning to Germany, we noticed an increase in the ill temper and discontent of the people. They were sullen, arrogant and offensive, in constantly increasing ratio.

But the Anglo-Russian agreement was made in 1907; the annexation of Bosnia, although widely resented, spent itself in words; even the incident of sending the Panther to Agadir in 1911, when for three months the German press was breathing out threaten-
ings and slaughter and filling Europe with fear of war, was ended by an agreement which seemed to settle the future of North Africa without endangering peace. The Balkan wars were over without involving the Great Powers. It seemed as if the forces for peace were more potent than those for war. Although the Navy Bills of 1906–1908 and 1912 had greatly increased the German fleet, it was still no match for that of Great Britain, and when we went, in the autumn of 1912, to America, I felt fairly certain that the danger was not imminent.

Satia, Leonard’s beautiful wife, had passed away, displaying all through the progress of her distressing malady great fortitude and touching unselfishness. In the autumn of the year of her death, 1912, we went to America to consult with Leonard regarding the future of his family and the business. We found him, as had always been the case with him in time of trial, strong and self-composed. His business had made great demands upon his time and he was managing all his affairs with an ability which commanded my hearty admiration. Plans had been made and completed for establishing a branch of the Kolynos company in Berlin, and in many foreign countries Kolynos had been introduced with promising results.

Nora and Leslie had returned from Loryma, where they had a concession to excavate, and were considering a possible chance of taking over the American ex-
plorations at Sardis, a purpose which was realized in 1914. I had much to do in America, with various engagements to speak at professional gatherings, in learning what progress American dentistry had made since my last visit and in enjoying the society of old friends and of beloved members of my family.

Your mother sailed from America in February 1913, with Nora and Leslie and our precious little dog L. E. A. L., as we wrote his name, because he was a gift to your mother from the lovely Countess Louisa Erdödy, aided and abetted by her delightful niece, Baroness Anna Lepel, who assisted in finding the most perfect pet dog obtainable in Austria. Countess Erdödy had been my patient and friend for more than thirty years. She had come to know your mother and to be much attached to her, for she was a gifted woman, capable of appreciating a character as noble as that of your mother. Some of the most delightful recollections of our residence abroad are connected with visits which I made to her at Meran, where she had a beautiful villa in the hills above the town. Even after I had given up practice, I still continued to treat her up to the time when we left Europe finally. She was a woman who possessed a temperament similar to that of Grace and so perhaps we could understand her better than many of her friends. Count Berchthold was her husband's nephew. During the first years of the
war she wrote us occasionally, but we heard nothing from her after America entered the war. Their principal estate was in Croatia, where she had a private hospital which she carried on with much personal devotion from the beginning of hostilities. I fear the effects of the terrible strain upon her shattered constitution, for she suffered much from nervous ailments; but she will always remain a gracious and lovable personality in our recollections.

She once told me that this private hospital had been devoted to the treatment of the suffering poor and whenever she came back to her estate, her ill health preventing her from lengthy residence in that trying climate, she personally cared for the welfare of the patients and, to her innocent surprise, found them invariably morose and ungrateful. This incapacity to understand the natural feeling of a subject race I have frequently observed among Austrian and German nobility and, indeed, it is also true of the whole German people, who cannot understand that any other people should seriously not desire to be ruled by them. Where, as has been so well exemplified in Alsace, they find their methods of government resented, they remind one of the father of Frederick the Great, who, when he saw a Jew seeking to avoid him, ran after him and gave him a sound beating with his cane, saying: “My people shall love and not fear me.”

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But we were going to Naples, not to Croatia. Your mother wanted to sail with Noles and the dog, since I was obliged to be away for a fortnight and she wanted to be with the children on their ship, because they were both such good sailors and she could also be longer with them and help them off for Brindisi after arrival at Naples. So off she went to the East and I went to—Chicago. There was to be a great dinner given to my dear friend, Dr. Truman Brophy, who was a famous surgeon and world-renowned for his original operation for cleft palate, one of the most brilliant and beneficent advances in oral surgery in all this fruitful generation of surgical progress. He operated preferably upon children only a few weeks old, completely correcting these deformities so that they grew up normally and quite undisfigured. I have seen him operate in America and also in various countries of Europe, where his treatment was regarded at first incredulously, but afterward adopted with enthusiasm, except where some ambitious persons unsuccessfully attempted to improve upon it. The banquet was a delightful and well-arranged function and it was a great pleasure and honour to be the bearer of the congratulations of Brophy's European colleagues and admirers.

Upon returning to the East I soon made my preparations to follow your mother to Naples. The evening
before sailing I had invited Leonard and lovely Mary Grace Owen, whom Leonard had greatly admired in his youth and to whom he was married the following June, to dine with me at the good old Brevoort Hotel, at which your mother and I had stayed just before our first journey to Europe. They called for me at the Lotos Club and on the way Leonard said: “I promised to stop at the Ritz for a moment where one of your old friends wanted to speak to you.” Leonard told the chauffeur to wait a few minutes and we were ushered into a waiting room. Presently came in Herbert and Eva Brown, followed by Emily Hart and Marion. It was a delightful surprise and we stayed to dine with them and had a happy evening together. They insisted that they would certainly come to the steamer the next morning to see us off and when I arrived, there they were. I observed that the girls seemed to be exploring the ship with much interest and that Herbert and Eva seemed rather distraught, so a little while after, as the whistle blew for going ashore, I began to fear that Herbert might not get his family together in time and expressed my anxiety to Eva, who put her arms about me and said: “Dear Uncle Newell, we are all going too!” Surely there was never an innocent old uncle so delightfully surprised before, for all who were in the secret had been warned not to divulge it to me and they kept faith.

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To make the party complete, Dr. Brophy with his wife and Mrs. Brophy’s beautiful daughter were of our company and, although it was for the most part rough weather until after passing the Azores, it was an exceedingly enjoyable voyage all the way. It was Marion’s first ocean trip and her enjoyment of every strange experience and the gaiety with which both girls met even some of the trying incidents of a stormy passage cheered us all. What delightful hours I passed with Herbert and Eva! We talked of all things human and divine and became better able to understand each other, after having had such different experiences of life, in pouring out our souls in intimate converse. It is one of the sad results of passing all one’s working life in a foreign land to find in one’s old age an incapacity for understanding well the spiritual life of one’s own country; but the voyage enabled me to learn much of the new America and to love and admire more than ever Herbert and his splendid wife.

At Algiers we went ashore, although it was already evening, and for the first time put foot on African soil. I did not go ashore with the others, but followed alone. Africa had always appealed strongly to my imagination. You will remember our family joke about the advantages of being Emperor of Morocco. Going ashore in the darkness and wandering without a guide in the streets of Algiers, dimly perceiving the shrouded
forms moving stealthily in the narrow streets, coming suddenly upon groups in broader and better lighted thoroughfares sadly upon pleasure bent, hearing voices conversing or calling in an unknown tongue, breathing, under a black velvet dome, an atmosphere reeking with physical and spiritual senses of the mysterious East and finally dining in an Algerian café, I had a fitting introduction to the continent which is the last to begin to be swayed by modern civilization and which may yet be the first to respond freely to its influence.

At Naples I parted with the Browns and Brophys, who were going to Egypt, and was welcomed at the landing by your mother, L.E.A.L. and Noles (as your mother was accustomed to call Nora and Leslie mentioned together). It was a glad personal reunion but to the sound of a mournful tale of an incredibly stormy passage which they had experienced, in which Nora had been thrown out of her berth and suffered various contusions. Naples was also in the throes of the coldest and most violent storm with ice and snow everywhere and scanty chance for keeping warm in hotels designed only for summer weather.

Presently Noles left for Brindisi, on their way to Smyrna, and we went for a short time to Bertolini's, being content with some inconveniences in that famous inn for the sake of the superb view.

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At the hotel Bristol, not far away, we found our dear old friends Geheimrat and Frau Hempel. The professor, who had made analyses of air from various altitudes and from almost every part of the world, was now engaged in collecting air from the glowing depths of Vesuvius. One result of the eruption of 1906 had been to demolish the slender cone out of the point of which we remembered, at our last visit in 1879, to have seen issuing the graceful pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night. It was a disappointment to find the famous volcano shorn of this beautiful pinnacle, which was replaced by a broad, uneven and altogether horrible hole, vomiting mingled smoke and steam and seething with a deep lake of fire. So I told the professor that of course he, as an eminent scientist, could do anything he pleased and I begged him, since he had never refused to do anything I asked of him, kindly to restore Vesuvius to its former symmetry. He replied: “Certainly, with great pleasure, but you must give me a few centuries time.”

I wish to record here how much I admired and loved this truly great and lovable man. We had known his charming American wife before her marriage. She was a member of the distinguished Monks family of Boston, representative of that which was best in American life and character, and her marriage into an equally distinguished German family seemed to us an
ideal alliance, as indeed it proved to be. He was by profession a chemist, but the whole field of science was his province. Like so many German scientists of his generation, he retained, with all his learning, a noble simplicity of heart and manner. In the work your mother was doing he took a great interest and gave us both much valuable advice and assistance, as I believe I have mentioned elsewhere.

One day at Naples, when we were taking a long walk together, I spoke to him seriously about the danger into which I feared the German Government was leading the German people. I told him that the recent act assessing upon property a tax of a billion marks for the alleged purpose of building defensive fortifications on the eastern frontier, following so shortly after the great increase in the standing army, had aroused suspicion and anxieties among thoughtful and responsible people everywhere. The rule of the military caste was becoming more strict and men who saw where this policy must inevitably lead would finally advocate a league of all the world against Germany. At this he was manifestly distressed, but endeavoured to make light of it and explained that the military preparations were only to make Germany so strong that no nation would venture to attack her.

Then I reminded him of the provocation of Germany's attitude toward France, through which she
was obliged to make an alliance with an uncongenial government like that of Russia, and of the tone of the German press, which had been for years engaged in exciting theanimosity of the people against France, Russia and especially England, and various other signs that the German people were being prepared for an aggressive war. But most of this he either did not believe or thought my deductions were erroneous. I am citing this to show how even so great a man as Hempel, who knew foreign lands far better than the great body of German intellectuals, was oblivious or indifferent to the danger with which the whole world and Germany herself were threatened.

We went on to Rome for a few days and then to Florence, where, on March 21, 1913, occurred the thirty-sixth meeting of the American Dental Society of Europe. This was a truly international society. It was composed of American dentists practising in Europe and of foreign dentists who were graduates of American dental schools. It was not only a scientific society, but it had also some of the qualities of a club. Many of the members were intimate personal friends and all of them were professionally well acquainted, owing to the fact that all dentists of this society had practices of greater or less international character and therefore were constantly interchanging patients. The next meeting, at Paris, in the last week of July 1914,
was tragically ended by the breaking out of the war. Now, with the exodus of nearly all American practitioners from Germany and the universal antagonisms aroused by the world conflict, it is unlikely that in my time this society can meet again.

We had a delightful meeting in Florence, however, made all the more enjoyable because of the society of Charles and Fanny, with whom we spent all our spare time. One day we chanced to find the house of Professor Zacchardi open and an announcement that his collection of works of art was to be sold at auction. It seemed that this well-known professor of art had died suddenly and it was necessary to sell everything at once for urgent family reasons. There had been no opportunity to advertise the sale. Charles and Fanny knew about it, but it was not generally known. Your mother and I went to the auction and became much interested in the sale, attending it for some three days. Finding that everything was being sold practically to dealers and at prices seemingly much below their actual value, I bought a number of them and had them sent to Thorwald. Some were antiques but there were two marble busts copied from the well-known portraits of Cicero and the Young Augustus, which I thought so well done that I was glad to buy them. There were also two large pictures of dogs, by Professor Cecomi, a famous painter of animals, and a
wonderful great aquarelle of a Roman chariot with three standing figures, a man and two women, driving over the Campagna, which I was pleased to acquire, but for which I was puzzled to find room when I got them at last to Thorwald. The latter picture was listed in the catalogue: Aquarelle, la Corsa del Cocchio: Prof. Andreotti. I fear none of you children will have room, nor perhaps have much desire to preserve all the works of art which we have come to possess through our long residence abroad, but each of them has for us a sentimental interest which we cannot expect you to completely share. But I do hope that we may outlast the war and see all our treasures once more and be able to make such disposition of them as seems wise and best.

In the autumn of 1913 Leonard came abroad with sweet Mary Grace. Their marriage had brought much happiness to them both and it was an event coming to France and Germany together, for the interests of Kolynos called Leonard to Europe. It had been decided to establish a company in Germany. Max Weber, a German who had some commercial and diplomatic experience, his last post having been with the German Embassy at Washington, was taken by Leonard into the office in New Haven and trained by him for the German enterprise. He found him an honourable, intelligent and faithful man, who proved himself wholly deserving of our confidence in the trying days
which finally came in the great upheaval caused by
the war.

We went to Berlin to meet Leonard and Mary
Grace and brought them for a pair of days to Thor-
wald, when we returned with them to Berlin. We re-
mained there long enough to see that the business was
going well, under Leonard’s wise direction and Web-
er’s enthusiastic devotion, and then went on to Paris,
as usual, where Leonard and Mary Grace joined us
later. Their delight in accomplishing the purpose of
their visit both in France and Germany and in enjoy-
ing abundantly the pleasures of two great capitals
remains to us a precious memory. Grace and Cavalié
came over from London, where Cavalié was manager
of the British Kolynos Company and we all contrived
to be together as much as possible. The business out-
look was everywhere favourable and I looked forward
with most pleasing anticipations to seeing a world-
wide extension of the enterprise in my lifetime.

The winter in Paris passed as delightfully as ever.
As the time approached for our return to Thorwald,
your mother preceded me to get everything in order
as soon as possible, while I remained in Paris to finish
writing an article upon a professional subject on which
I had been working for some time, and for some other
work in which I was much interested. I worked dili-
gently, being impatient to rejoin your mother, and
not going out to any of my friends until one evening, when my work was practically done, I accepted an invitation from the Youngers to dine with them at a restaurant they had recently discovered, to which they wished to introduce me. I was very light of heart, for I could now hope to be off at once and have a long season at Thorwald. We intended to be absent the following summer in America and to celebrate there our golden wedding. So I had a merry evening with the Youngers and their party. The restaurant was all that the Youngers pictured it to be. We had a delicious dinner in a social atmosphere which was somewhat foreign to us all and sat a long time at table in pleasant conversation. That night Paris was illuminated and the rest of the party wished to walk about a bit and I reluctantly went with them. The wind was bitter and soon I was so chilled that I took a taxi and drove to the hotel.

After practically finishing my article, I went to bed and fell into a disturbed sleep, to awake in a burning fever, with a racking cough which was soon accompanied by hemorrhage. I rang my bell several times and at last the nightwatchman came and I ordered him to send a messenger to Dr. Warden and ask him to come to me at once. When he arrived, I told him I wanted to have two trained nurses, one for the day and one for the night, for I realized the attack was
serious, feeling sure it was acute pneumonia, which examination confirmed. I sent also for my friend, Dr. Hirschfeld, one of those friends to whom one naturally turns when in difficulties, and instructed him how to telegraph your mother that she might not be unduly alarmed. But in half an hour after she received the telegram she started for the station, gathering up all the money there was in the house, for there was no time to go to the bank, left the Georges in charge and reached Berlin in time to catch the night train for Paris, and appeared at my bedside the next morning accompanied by Hirschfeld, who had gone to the station to meet her.

You all know how wonderful your dear mother is at all times but how especially clear-minded and resourceful she is in emergencies. From the first moment I had no further anxieties, being sure that neither doctor nor nurse would err in judgement or relax in attention. Everybody was kind and considerate. My Pari-
sian friends were lavish of attentions and sympathy. Dear Miss Scofield, the accomplished and capable proprietor of the Hôtel d’Jéna, where we had stayed so many years—she who at the outbreak of the war came to America, where she raised, as Mr. Joseph Choate told me, four hundred thousand dollars for the relief of French orphans—was indefatigable in kind words and deeds; but I owed my rapid recovery chiefly
to the watchful care, the courage and the precious society of your beloved mother. It was only in early July, however, that I could return to Thorwald and that event was made sombre by the tragedy of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife on June 28, 1914, at Serajevo, just before we left Paris.

We arrived to meet almost immediately Noles, who came from the East to make us their annual visit. Your Aunt Georgie had seen to having the house put in admirable order for our return. In the previous year I had had the house considerably improved, especially in regard to its heating and lighting which was designed to be as complete as practicable in case illness or war should oblige us to remain at any time during the winter. Now we returned to find both house and grounds in better order than ever and, after so much wandering and illness, we were much inclined to enjoy our beautiful home to the utmost.

For several years Leslie and Nora had been accustomed to spend about three months with us in the spring and summer and we were looking forward to their visit this year with especial interest and pleasure. They were returning from a visit to Sardis. One of the most interesting and important archaeological works in which Americans had been engaged was at this ancient capital of Lydia. Professor Butler, of Princeton, who had been at the head of the American expe-
dition to Sardis had paid Leslie the well-deserved compli-
ment of asking him to take over the work of the ex-
pedition, since he needed leisure to complete the rec-
ords of the work which had already been done under his direction. Leslie and Nora had, therefore, been spending much of the winter at Sardis. They had previously been doing work at Loryma, where Leslie had obtained a concession from the Turkish Govern-
ment to excavate, and their experience, not only with the practical work but also with the complicated ways of dealing with official and non-official Orientals, had prepared them for a greater undertaking.

It was, therefore, with much interest and pleasure that I heard that the members of the staff of the ex-
pedition had promised to go on with their work under Leslie’s management and that all the conditions were as favourable as could be desired. For the first time in my career, I felt free from business anxieties. We could hope for a reasonable period of time in which to share our children’s tasks and pleasures. We were leading an ideal life, devoid of serious cares and full of pleasant prospects for us all. The work of Leslie and Nora greatly appealed to me, for I had, in early manhood, felt the fascination of the East and I looked forward to spending a winter with them at Smyrna and Sardis. In the midst of these happy conditions and anticipa-
tions hell broke loose.

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Of all men I ought least to have been taken by surprise.* I had seen the gradual Prussianizing of the German people. I knew how wide-spread were the intrigues of the German Government. I had seen the effect of modern materialistic philosophy and of the growth of luxury always attending sudden material prosperity, upon the character of the German people. I saw how cleverly the schools, the universities, the Lutheran church and the press were being used to teach the people that they were indeed supermen and that the hegemony of Europe and finally of the world was their rightful heritage. For a period of some twenty years I could not recall a single instance of a kind or generous word in the German press regarding any non-German people. And yet, I could scarcely believe—since Germany had reached such a pinnacle of prosperity, her commerce extending to the uttermost parts of the earth, her trade penetrating even the most distant lands, her industries flourishing to an undreamed of development both in mass and quality until the words, "made in Germany" had come to be a commendation rather than a reproach—that all this would be put in jeopardy by an aggressive war, for which the military caste had clamoured and intrigued ad nauseam.

Also, as I have mentioned before, I felt that the

*See Appendix, note 12.
German Government would not venture upon so vast an enterprise without being secure of the support of Austria-Hungary, and that support had been refused for a war of aggression. But upon the first shock of the assassination of the Archduke and his wife, poor Sophia Chotek, whom I had known in her childhood, I feared that Germany would make it a cause of war.
I t chanced that I knew the history of the appointment of Herr von Tschirschky to the post of German Ambassador to Vienna. His father was the president of the Saxon railroad system, an able and much respected official. His younger sister, a woman of noble and kindly character, married Count Vitzthum, who became Prime Minister of Saxony. Herr von Tschirschky entered the diplomatic service and had been secretary at St. Petersburg and at Bucharest. The Emperor took a great fancy to him and had him made Prussian Minister to Hamburg, which post he filled for several years. He became familiar with the Emperor’s secret plans and wishes, for he was frequently called to Berlin and every summer he was with the Emperor on his journey to Norway. Finally, to the surprise of the diplomatic world, he was appointed Ambassador to Vienna. It excited astonishment, because this position, in many respects the most important to both empires, would naturally be filled either by a great nobleman, like, for instance, Prince Reuss, who for so many years was Ambassador to Vienna after having been Ambassador to St. Petersburg, or a man of less social prominence who had had wide experience in high positions in the service
and had earned promotion to such a post by sheer ability.

Now Herr von Tschirschky was a quiet, somewhat reticent man, his taciturnity seeming attributable to his ill health; but I am convinced he knew the Emperor's inmost thoughts and wishes, and when the ferocious ultimatum to Serbia was published, I felt that the will of the Emperor would be fulfilled, whether he was in Norway or at Potsdam. When the secret history of the time is written, it will be plain why von Tschirschky was sent to Vienna and it would not be surprising if that history should reveal his hand in the very wording of the ultimatum of July 3, which was followed, notwithstanding the submissive reply of Serbia, by Austria's declaration of war on July 28.

The Archduke had been assassinated on June 28, but it was only during the last week in July that it became certain that the event was to be made the pretext for the most wicked, savage and unjustifiable war of all time.

I should have known that this outbreak was inevitable, but to the last I was the victim of my inveterate optimism. Besides, it was with me, as with nearly all the members of the true Anglo-Saxon race, inconceivable that this great outrage against the rights of mankind should actually be undertaken in a time when, to all appearances, constitutional govern-
ment was in the way of supplanting absolutism everywhere. We had heard the ranting of the German Emperor and regarded it as the raving of a madman intoxicated with dreams of military glory. Were not half the people of the Empire in a spirit of revolt? Was not Austria a wholly artificial state, destined to fall asunder when Franz Josef passed away? Did not the British-French-Russian Entente stand in the way? What folly even for a state so rich and powerful as Germany to risk a war which must meet with such opposition at home as well as excite the abhorrence of all the civilized world!

Besides all this, your mother and I had experienced, from the first day we arrived in Germany, only personal kindness from all the Germans we came to know. For nearly half a century we had seen chiefly the amiable side of the German character. We had formed warm friendships among all classes and felt, to the full, the charm of a society kindly, intelligent, idealistic and hospitable, which never ceased to be entertaining, even when now and then it was unsympathetic. Our first impressions remained indelible, although we could not be insensible to the growing influence of Prussia even among our own dear, kindly Saxons. I knew the scientists of my early days, before German thought had been radically affected by the modern materialistic philosophy. They were men not
to be simply admired, but also to be loved. You children were born in Germany and knew how, despite your ardent Americanism, Germany was a country peculiarly delightful for child life.

I felt then, I feel now, that this idealistic Germany is destined to survive and that our children will see it yet triumph over the paganism which has brought such misery to all the world and not least to Germany itself.

The fateful last week in July, 1914, was full of terrible experiences. To my horror I saw, almost without exception, the whole people, like hounds straining at the leash, fearful not of war, but that their government might again disappoint them and not let them loose to rush upon their prey. They had so long been taught to hate their neighbours that they had learned the lesson well and when it was known that Great Britain had declared war, on August 4, the people went mad with rage. I did not see a single German who could understand that the action of England was the inevitable result of the invasion of Belgium. To them it was only a confirmation of their conviction of England’s hypocrisy and treachery. Dear Frau Professor Hempel, who, like many American women married to Germans, was more German than the natives themselves, in the full tide of her indignation asked me, why England didn’t attack Germany when she was at peace!

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I had seen the mobilization of 1870, at which all the world wondered, but it was like an informal and casual rehearsal compared to that of 1914. Millions of men sprang to arms at the stamp of the Prussian foot. Already masses of troops had been, as secretly as possible, sent to the frontier, but on Saturday, August 1, the formal order was given and the entire nation was found more than ready. Even small children imitated their elders and those who were too young to join the boy scouts abandoned all other sports to play at being soldiers. The system seemed perfect, embracing in its rigid discipline every employment tributary to the army, as, for instance, the railroad service, where every employé knew his place and was instantly ready to do his part in transporting the troops wherever they were ordered. All the horses in the country had been classified during every year of peace and it was therefore possible to requisition those best fitted for service. They were brought in, to any of the many centres where they were wanted, in prodigious numbers, but without confusion or lack of provender and attendance. One would scarcely have thought there were so many horses in all Saxony as were assembled in Dresden alone and this went on all over the Empire. The army immediately appeared in the new blue-grey field uniform, which was then publicly seen for the first time. The men were shod with russet tan boots
and the whole effect of the equipment was that of being the result of the most careful regard for efficiency. I wrote at the time in my diary: "The order of a perfect military system prevails. Never before was so vast and complete an army mobilized with such seeming lack of effort. It moves like a piece of machinery. It produces the impression of being like a newly discovered but irresistible force of nature, relentless, overwhelming."

The enthusiasm and confidence of the people knew no bounds. They calculated upon a military parade to Paris and before the first blow was struck they were busy in deciding how much of France should be left to Frenchmen. There were those who would take not only northern France and Belgium, but also go to the Mediterranean and leave to France only some 13,000,000 population, and this they regarded as generosity. Never, never should democratic France stand in their way again. Then, when France was conquered, they would leave a force of 750,000 men to hold them in subjection, turn with their own invincible army and with the Austrians upon barbarous Russia and make an end of her forever. They would then be able to conquer England at their leisure, take her colonies, ruin her commerce and bind all of continental Europe which had not become German in a Zollverein which Germany should dominate. It seemed like raving
madness, but it was real to them. When I told some of my German friends it was dangerous to despise their enemies, they laughed at me. The Kaiser himself promised the soldiers that the war would be over before the fall of the leaf, at first, and then extended the time until Christmas.

Needless to say this enthusiasm was shared by the army. Early and late, as troops marched by Thorwald, going or returning from training, they were never too tired to sing. Their repertoire of Soldaten Lieder is great and but for the unrighteousness of their cause, their singing would have been sublime; but as it was, it often caused us to shudder. So sure were they of an early and complete victory, that boys under military age were eagerly volunteering, fearing the war would be over before they could have part in it.

From the earliest days of the invasion of Belgium, rumours of atrocities were circulated among the Saxon people, carried in letters from the front. Despite the fact that we knew of the writings of German philosophers and military men advising cruelty in war as a justifiable method of securing the prompt submission of their enemies, we regarded these incitements to savagery as being so monstrous that they could not be taken seriously in our time, for the last international Congress to regulate the horrors of war was only seven years past. But at last the facts which

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came to light and the vindictive temper of the German press and of the German people convinced us that the nation we had admired and loved had fallen into the moral abyss their rulers had prepared for them.

Even to this day I cannot understand how the German people could have been so blind as to give themselves body and soul to the control of the military caste, at the head of which stood their mad Emperor. In the beginning of his reign they jeered at him, but pride and self-interest were so strongly appealed to that they began to share their ruler’s dream of universal dominion, which had a peculiar fascination for a people addicted to bullying, and then all else was easy. But the most amazing feature was that the people could have been so completely deluded. They were the most generally and systematically educated people in the world and yet they were the most unintelligent. Both the people and the government entirely misunderstood the temper and character of all other peoples.

All Germany knew that their government had been preparing them to fall upon their neighbours at some convenient time and rob them of lives, territory and wealth, and yet, when the moment at last arrived, they actually seemed to believe that the war was thrust upon them. No non-German can comprehend
this astounding self-illusion, but that it was genuine I am fully convinced. I went about repeating to myself, "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." They spoke of this horrible outburst of accumulated hate, envy, greed, malice, ambition and calculated fiendishness as "a holy war," and so indeed it was, but only on the side of those who resisted them.

One evening I saw Frau Pastor Schmidt on the Schiller Strasse just as I was coming out of the Thorwald gate, and at once accosted her to inquire about her husband, whom I knew to be in frail health. She told me all his assistants were in the army and he was overburdened with work in the four rural parishes which were then under his sole charge; but, she added, they were being upheld by a great hope. They believed the influence of materialistic philosophy, which had long held the German mind in thrall, was passing, under the discipline of the war, and they believed the German people were returning to the simple faith of Luther and the God of their fathers. I assured her that I was much pleased to hear this but ventured to remind her that this was not the only instance of the revival of religion as a result of the war. In France and in England the same turning to seek the consolation of the Christian faith was visible. Her kindly and gentle speech instantly changed in expression and tone. "England! England!" she exclaimed, "wenn wir
nur siebzig Zeppelins nach England schicken konnten um London zu vernichten!” ("If we only could send seventy Zeppelins to England to destroy London!"")

I think none of you knew my friend, Dr. Röse. He had been a professor at Freiberg. He became an admirer and friend of our dear Miller and tried to pattern after him in his scientific work. I served with him on the committee for raising an international Miller memorial fund, to confer a gold medal and a prize in money at stated periods, and came to know him well. He was very deaf and, like many who suffer from this infirmity, suspicious and irritable; but I got on with him famously and saved him from the effects of numerous misunderstandings.

Sometime after the war broke out he was passing through Dresden on his way to Munich, where he was carrying on some experiments in nutrition. Hearing that I had been ill, he stopped over and came out to Thorwald to visit me. Almost instantly he plunged into the discussion of the war and wanted to know, like every other German, why the American Government did not prevent American manufacturers from selling war supplies to the enemies of Germany. The invariable answer was invariably incomprehensible. At last he told us of a letter he had just received from his son, who was among the first German troops in Belgium. The young man wrote that in a Belgian vil-
lage it was reported to the soldiers of his regiment that one of their wounded officers had had his eyes put out by a sixteen-year-old Belgian girl. They at once rounded up all the men of the village,—there were 160 of them,—and held the accused girl while they shot these villagers one by one, obliging her to witness their vengeance—and then they shot the girl. Röse's comment was: "They ought to have torn her to pieces."

I was so shocked at the story, and the comment of my old friend whose whole life had been passed in beneficent work and scientific research, and was still so weak from my recent illness, that I had to excuse myself, and when I was able to return, he was gone.

But poor Röse's nemesis was terrible. In the year 1915 he wrote me, in a pathetic letter, of the death of his son. The promising young man, who his father had hoped would be a scientist, like himself, had died in hospital at Erfurth. The father was called to see him and, upon examination, found him hopelessly ill with general tuberculosis. For six months he left his work at Munich, keeping as cheerful a countenance as possible, and not venturing to tell his wife that their son was doomed. The boy had fallen a victim to his sense of duty in remaining in the trenches for days when so ill that he ought to have been in the hospital and he could have been sent to the rear at a word, which he never spoke. When the end came and the
burial occurred, two French prisoners, who were employed in the cemetery, seeing it was a military funeral, came and saluted as the body was lowered into the grave. Röse then went to them and thanked the generous enemies who showed honour to a brave foe and wrote me of the occurrence with the request that I should inform two eminent French colleagues and express to them his hope that there would be a reconciliation after the war was over. But I have reason to believe this advance was not welcome.

The stories of outrages perpetrated upon wounded Germans by Belgians finally came under suspicion and especially those of malicious blinding. After one of the terrible appeals of the intrepid Cardinal Mercier, whose burning words have stirred all generous hearts throughout the world, the Bavarian Katholische Verein published the results of their investigations, which seemed to confirm the Belgian contention that these reports were generally false and circulated with the intent to excite the German soldiers to commit outrages to which otherwise they would be averse, but which were regarded as necessary for the purpose of terrorizing the conquered people.

On August 18 I went to lunch with Baroness Kaskell, who was at her summer residence, which you will remember, on the left bank of the Elbe, opposite the Waldschlösschen and next to the Vogelwiese. She
wanted to speak to me about a treatment which she wished to have carried on by Dr. McBride under my advice, but I suspected that she also wanted to talk about the war. You know she was the daughter of the famous Cologne banker, Oppenheim, of whom the story of how he signed a hotel register in Switzerland is good enough to be true. It seems that when there was to be a meeting of great bankers in Switzerland, the landlord wanted to secure the autographs of his distinguished guests in a separate register. All the Rothschilds were present and when the book was brought to the rooms of Oppenheim, they had already, with fine astuteness, signed only with an initial, as: R. de Londres, R. de Paris, R. de Francfort, R. de Vienne. Oppenheim followed suit with O. de Cologne.

Baroness Kaskel had been my patient from my early practice in Dresden and had shown me much kindness. I greatly admired her courage of her opinions and her quick way of expressing them. She knew her own world and ordered her own affairs after the death of her accomplished husband and, for aught I know, also before that sad event, with great competence.

Of course she did talk about the war and her point of view was interesting. She asked me why England should have declared war. I reminded her of the treaty of 1839, through which the great powers and
among them Prussia, had guaranteed the integrity and inviolability of Belgium, and which was later confirmed by Imperial Germany. I also tried to explain why this was a question of vital interest to Great Britain, who, as well as France, could not endure having Belgium occupied by a great military power of avowed unfriendliness. But she was much surprised, regarding it as preposterous that such a treaty should be made and, if made, equally absurd that any one should be expected to keep it. She also expressed her astonishment that the King of England could have visited the German Emperor and been so well received and yet have permitted a declaration of war to be made against Germany.

She told me, as if it were a secret, that Germany would strike first at France with overwhelming force, and then turn upon Russia in perfect assurance, for the Russian army was discontented and ill-equipped, so it couldn’t be expected to fight well and that it was for this reason that the Emperor was willing to have the war come now, and that in the same breath with asserting that the war was forced upon Germany. It seemed as if I could hear in these words the tone of the sixteen members of her family who were in the military service. Her daughter was at that moment lying ill in her house, while her husband, one of the von Arnims, had gone to the war.

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Her immediate grief was that her three carriage horses, each of which had cost her over two thousand marks, had been taken for the war and she had only a promise that eventually the Government would give her a thousand marks for one and eight hundred apiece for the others. It seemed to me that, as governments go in Europe, this was all that could have been expected, but I was truly sorry for her brother, Baron Oppenheim. He had been an ambitious sportsman, having long had a great racing stable and only in this year was he getting his return in winning all the races, domestic and international, with a wonderful horse of meteoric fame; for now his whole stud, including this winner, was being taken for the army. As I was leaving she detained me for a little, to ask me what I thought would be the issue of the war and I parried by answering that I thought nothing could resist the first onset of the splendid German army. At this she seemed comforted, but said: “If we do not win, we shall be ruined.” How often in the course of this awful conflict I have recalled these words, the natural expression of one who had great financial interests at stake and who, not knowing the reason for this terrible convulsion, could only blindly feel that her family and fortune were helpless pawns in the hands of an inscrutable Fate, playing with unimaginable forces.

I took my way homeward over the Vogelwiese. The
war cloud burst just as the usual medley of delightful showmen and wandering vagabonds of all sorts had gathered for this ancient festival of the cross bow; interesting not only for itself, but also because of being a survival of the Middle Ages system of guilds, when the ordinary burghers so steadfastly clung to their scanty allowance of opportunity to assert the privileges of their class. Doubtless it would have perished long ago, but for its picturesqueness and because it could be used as teaching the lesson of the necessary union between rulers and ruled in order to preserve the state. It was always the King who shot the first arrow and then other dignitaries took a shot, until at last the ordinary citizens who were members of the guild came in for their turn.

It was pitiful to see the number of showmen with their paraphernalia who were stranded for loss of their horses and other methods of transportation, for from the first moment the railroads were taken for the service of the army. I went about among them and listened to their various tales of woe. War had been declared only a little over two weeks ago and already there was great difficulty in getting food for their animals, particularly for the carnivora. Vainly had they offered them to the Dresden Zoo at "spotbillige Preise" ("cheap as dirt") and were now willing to part from them on any terms. There was a most beautiful
lioness, young but full grown and choicely kept in a splendid and capacious cage, whose woman keeper, seeing I admired the creature, begged me to take her, upon any condition, cage and all, for otherwise she feared the poor, petted beast must be killed. When I came back to Thorwald, I told your mother of the lioness. She had always been fond of cats, but in her devotion to dogs, had never been able to keep cats, and now was her chance to obtain the very choicest example of the feline race. I pictured to her how comfortable we could make the beast, even during the winter, in the great room in the conservatory and with what pleasure we could all listen to her morning and evening songs, which could be timed, with a little management, to tell the hour for breakfast and dinner for the whole household. But while she claimed she was still fond of pet cats, she firmly drew the line at lionesses.

The society of Leslie, Nora and little Chloe was very comforting in those trying weeks. We were able to get many foreign newspapers. The Times came regularly to us from Holland and we could even get the Paris Herald at some news-stands, but the most reliable news came from the Italian press, which at that time was as nearly impartial as was humanly possible. The German press was violently bitter and boastful and the news it was permitted to publish was care-
fully prepared to serve the purposes of the Government. I was at first surprised that the circulation of French and English newspapers was permitted, but the Government only needed to intimate that they contained only lies and the trustful German people were convinced that their press alone was honest and frankly published the whole truth. Again and again I find in my diary frequent reference to the mendacious statements of the German press and the ignorance in which the people were kept, and constantly asked myself what harvest such deliberate falsification and withholding of the real facts would eventually bear. After the battle of the Marne, I felt certain that some disaster had befallen the German arms. I was one day standing at a corner of a street in Dresden, when Count Seebach, whom you will remember as the efficient Intendant of the opera for so many years, came up and addressed me. He told me he had just returned from the front, where he had been distributing gifts to the soldiers. I at once thought that this was an extraordinary mission for this astute gentleman, who had been, I knew, often sent abroad on delicate diplomatic business, and so I asked him in what condition he had found the Saxon troops. His reply was so non-committal and his depression of spirit so evident, that I could only draw the conclusion that something serious had occurred. Up to then, and for a considerable
time afterwards, there was no news of the great battle, when one morning the announcement was made that the victorious German army had taken up a position far in the rear of the line which they were supposed to be occupying and then some copies of belated foreign newspapers came and we knew the truth. But then, and after, the German press was so cleverly manipulated that the great mass of the people had no idea of the serious repulse their army had suffered, but believed they were going on in unbroken, victorious progress.

Long were the walks, many the talks we had with our dear Noles, but at last the time approached when they must return to America. Nora was still in delicate health and it was necessary for her, with the child and nurse, to travel as comfortably as possible. I preceded them on the tenth of October to Berlin, where I hoped to make favourable arrangements for their journey to Holland, but suddenly came an order to suspend the trains from Berlin to the west and so they immediately took another and less convenient train from Dresden and left before I could return. But I was glad for them to get safely away, for every day perplexities increased and when we heard that they had arrived in New York, we were much comforted.

It was on this visit to Berlin that I saw Mr. Gerard for the first time. I went to ask him an important
question and found the Embassy boiling like a pot with pressing business. The Ambassador received me, however, almost immediately and at once and with perfect decision replied to my inquiry. I was instantly convinced that he was indeed the man for this great emergency, which, to be sure, I had believed ever since his gallant behaviour when the Berlin mob was assaulting the British Embassy and the resolute way in which he dealt with the problem of expediting helpless and unwilling American citizens back to their own country. Even as I am writing these words, May 23, 1918, comes the news of the senseless destruction wrought in Gerard's country house on the Hudson. "The house was badly damaged, and most of the furnishings were destroyed by being hurled off the cliff several hundred feet to the rocks on the banks of the Hudson below. Furniture was battered or carried into the yard and broken into pieces at the base of the cliff upon which the house is built. The intruders employed revolvers to aid the destructive programme, using glassware, pictures and other things as targets." No one needs to ask the nationality of these ruffians. Already long before Mr. Gerard's book on his "Four Years in Germany" was published, the American colony in Berlin knew of the story of the 500,000 lamp posts and of much else which indicated that their Ambassador was conspicuously unaffected by German bluster. (454)
During this short visit to Berlin I went one morning to see the Dental Institute according to appointment. It had been transformed into a hospital and Professor Dr. Colonel Williger was in charge. Instead of welcoming me with his old friendliness, he rushed up and violently exclaimed: "What have we done that America treats us so?" Of course I knew what he meant and turned the question aside by inquiring how the hospital under him and Dieck and Schröder was getting on. Then he took me over the building and showed me how admirably the Institute was adapted to the purpose. There were over two hundred beds and already in the sixth week of the war, they were all occupied. Immediately upon the outbreak of the war the faculty of the Institute offered it to the Surgeon General's Department and received a laconic and somewhat contemptuous reply, to the effect that when the plans were first laid before the Government and before ground was broken for the building, it had been decided how it could be best utilized as a military hospital and a sketch was enclosed, dating from that time, showing where each bed should stand. They were told where to store all the dental chairs and how to provide room for the arrangement of the wards, and the members of the faculty were each given certain special work to do. There were already many grievous wounds of the face and jaws which could only be effec-
tively treated by dentists and, under the able direction of Schröder, many brilliant restorations had already been made.

I invited Dieck and Mamlok with their wives to dine with me at the hotel Bristol, on the plea that I was still not fit to go out in the evening, as indeed was the case; but I particularly wanted to be host, rather than guest, that I might be free to talk frankly with them. I had a little suite on the quiet court at the hotel Bristol, where we could be perfectly served, and had ordered a dinner such as they would appreciate, one of those complicated but well-arranged repasts for which the Bristol was celebrated, which was possible since there was then no idea of food shortage, and we were soon able to talk unreservedly. Dieck was occupying our dear Miller’s chair at the Institute and Mamlok, who had been Dieck’s chief assistant, was at the head of the department of oral surgery at one of the large military hospitals which had been instantly established upon the outbreak of the war all over the empire. They were both attached friends, to whom I had been of some service and from whom I had received many kindnesses. I wanted to know how Germans of their class looked upon the war, and directed the conversation into such channels as I thought most likely to achieve my purpose.

The news of the horrible Russian massacre in the
swamps of East Prussia was but recent, and more pity for the sufferings of the Russian horses than for the helplessly confused hundred thousand Russian soldiers who perished in the morasses into which they had been enticed was expressed on every hand. Mamlok, whom I believed to be partially Russian by parentage, would, I had thought, have some sympathy for the victims, but it was not apparent.

Finally, I told them some of my recollections of the war of 1870; at the end of which united Germany had the good wishes of nearly all the world, because it was hoped that by that union the peace of the world would be continuously safeguarded. I related in what a chivalric spirit the Saxons, for instance, had treated their French prisoners and how much the French officers, who were put upon parole in Dresden, had appreciated the kindness which they had received, and expressed the hope that in such spirit the present war might be conducted; but Dieck answered me that this war could not be carried on in such a manner. He honestly believed the war was thrust upon them and must be waged relentlessly. Dieck and Mamlok were among the many German doctors who were to have sailed on the great new ship Imperator, to attend the International Medical Congress at London the first week in August. I was not well enough to go but, supposing they had arrived and would be caught by the threat-
ened war, I had telegraphed to have money supplied to them on my account, in case they needed it to get away quickly; but the astute German authorities had quietly prevented the ship from sailing.

I saw Dr. Solbrig in Berlin. He was a Saxon, but had had his professional education in America and had become a renowned dental practitioner in Paris. He was much respected and admired by his colleagues and was also personally sympathetic to us all. He and his brother, whom he had educated in America, were liable to military service and were, in any event, obliged to leave for Germany before the frontier was closed. The brother was immediately sent to the front and almost as immediately died of tetanus from a slight wound in the hand. Solbrig and his lovely French wife had not to undergo the tragedy of separation, since as soon as he was drafted, Barnecross had him requisitioned for service in a dental ambulance to which Barnecross had been appointed. This was a piece of great good fortune, for Solbrig was a deeply religious man and belonged to a sect which was opposed to war, a kind of German non-resistant community, I believe. Solbrig had lost his savings, and what he valued more, his most agreeable position in successful practice in Paris, but, next to the death of his brother, his chief regret was, as I believe, losing the friendship of his French colleagues.
I returned to Thorwald sad at heart. Not for a moment did I doubt that such a war must ultimately end in the triumph of the Allies, but it was evident that it would be a long contest and that it would be waged by the Central Powers with relentless cruelty, and I was much depressed at the vindictive spirit with which the foe was regarded even by the kindliest of my old German friends.

Now that Noles had left us, we began to prepare for spending the winter at Thorwald. We had promised to be in America in May, 1915, to celebrate our golden wedding in our own country and there was much to do in preparing to leave Thorwald for an indefinite time. Many of our friends had already left, but the few loyal Americans who remained were drawn more closely together and we were fortunate in having as American consul Mr. Leo Bergholz, an experienced and able official. We all came to know each other better in such trying times than would have been the case in years of ordinary acquaintance. I find written in my diary of September 20 the following paragraph: “Yesterday we all called upon Mrs. Bergholz, mother of the American consul general. She has just returned from Paris, where she went to see her sister off to America. She is seventy-seven years old and has the cheerfulness and buoyancy of girlhood. Far better than a play is her lively conversation and she is a beauty, even
at her years. Mrs. Bergholz regarded it as a great lark to go through Switzerland to France in war time, to see her sister off from Havre and come back to Paris to replenish her wardrobe and jaunt through France and Switzerland and Bavaria all alone in these stirring times back to Dresden, finding it more amusing by far than journeying in times of peace.” The experience the consul had had in China and Turkey as well as in other posts—he was sent to Van after the great Armenian Massacres—had fitted him well for dealing with the difficulties of his present situation and I had many occasions to admire his courage and tact. The consulate was overwhelmed with work but he seemed never to fail in resource and patience. The British in the district were under his protection and he did protect them. He managed to have the English women, of whom there were a considerable number, sent home in due time, so that they got out of the hostile country in good condition. I shall never forget two kindnesses he did us. One of these was when it was necessary for George to have his passport renewed and the law required him to appear at the consulate to make out the necessary papers. When he learned that George was an invalid and could hardly be moved, he offered at first, although he was overburdened with pressing official duties, to go to him and execute the paper there; but finally it was arranged to have it done upon the
instant and we carried it back to George in triumph. Another I will refer to later.

It was a sombre season. Evidences of the horrible barbarities in Belgium were sustained by the publication in the German press of the ferocious orders of the German commandant, which the German people regarded either with open approval or excused upon the plea of military necessity. There were few evidences that the outer world was alive to the character and purposes of the war, but I remember how we rejoiced over a sheet of the London Times which had been smuggled into Germany and passed about discreetly. It was of the date of September 10, and quoted from the King's message to the Self-Governing Dominions and the Princes and Peoples of India. "Had I stood aside, I should have sacrificed my honour and given to destruction the liberties of my empire and of mankind." The Times leader was headed "The Rally of the Empire," and contained not only an account of the splendid loyalty of the self-governing states of the empire, including South Africa,—in which British statesmanship and love of justice had in the space of twelve years brought those distracted states into a union the cornerstone of which was equal rights,—but also the news from India. To quote from the leader: "The Indian Empire has overwhelmed the British nation by the completeness and the unanim-
ity of its enthusiastic aid. Seven hundred Princes and Chiefs of India have placed the whole of their resources at the disposal of the King-Emperor. They have offered their swords, their treasures, their troops, their lives.” For the moment the offer of sending 70,000 soldiers immediately, horse, foot and artillery, seemed munificent, for we had not then begun to reckon soldiers by millions and money by billions.

Under date of March 24, 1915, I wrote to Cavalié as follows:

I wish I could talk my heart out to you regarding this awful war. I have seen it coming for years, but always hoped that the system of alliances would prevent it. But I did not realize that the German nation had gone mad with ambition and that madmen are capable of anything. At first I was ready to place all the blame on the Kaiser and his arbitrary government, but when I saw the whole nation rejoiced to follow where they were being led, I could not hold any one of them guiltless. Knowing Germany as I do, I expect her to make a tremendous fight, but when the people are convinced that the game is up, they will probably get a great funk and the end may be sudden.

There can be but one end to this tremendous struggle. A new Europe must be brought to birth, in which the people really govern themselves and find some practical method of living in harmony with each other.

How this is to be brought about you Englishmen must arrange. Between Britain and France lies the responsibility for the peace of Europe. You two alone know what democratic institutions are and mean, but you will have to encounter much
ignorance and prejudice on the part of your allies. You must manage not only to conquer, overcoming German militancy and completely destroying the last vestige of Turkish tyranny, but to arrange a system which shall actually give political and personal liberty to every country in Europe and to all the inhabitants thereof. This is a tremendous task, but if it is not accomplished, then the heroic dead will have died in vain and another generation must take up the same wretched burden at an even greater sacrifice.

This will show you the feeling which I then had regarding the war. Despite all that has since occurred and the just anger that has been aroused by a war characterized by such treachery and inhumanity, I still entertain the same hopes. As I am writing now at this country place which Leslie has taken at Tacoma Park, near Washington, and where your mother and I are visiting them, in May, 1918, the American people have been asked to raise, in a single week, one hundred million dollars for the Red Cross, and have responded by giving nearly a hundred and fifty millions.

On February, 17, 1915, I wrote in my spasmodically kept diary: "Here I add only a line, to record that events have been so wearisome in the ebb and flow of this new war of trenches and we have supped so full of horrors, that a diary becomes too distressing."
ON February 16 a radiogram had been sent to the Consul-General in Dresden reading: "Strongly advise Geheimrat Jenkins to start South soon. Orton B. Brown." Some days elapsed before its reception but then we set to work in earnest to prepare. We had intended to sail for America in May in any event, but this summons caused us to hasten our preparations, for we feared either some family misfortune had occurred or that Orton, who was in the way of knowing what was likely to happen in public life or in business in America, had good reason to advise prompt action, and we were anxious to get into a neutral country, where we could cable and write freely.

It was a deal of work to pack up some of our most cherished possessions in readiness to be shipped to America, when it should be possible, for then it was not practicable to send freight out of the country. We could not think of packing everything, for the Georges and Louise were to live at Thorwald during our absence. We filled the oriental room, however, pretty full of boxes all fit for shipment. In about a week came another radiogram to the consul, reading: "Cabled you Sunday advised Geheimrat Jenkins to go South. Has he started? Herbert, Leonard, Rob advise he go
immediately. Orton Brown.” By this time we saw our way to get through with the formalities indispensable to leaving the country and could ask the consul to respond, through the consul in Rotterdam: “Leaving for Switzerland March 6 all well.” On March 5 I found that new orders had been issued by the military authorities in Bavaria which necessitated changes in the papers essential to getting out of the country. Our compartment for Munich had long been engaged for the evening of March 6 and there were various weightier reasons why our departure should not be delayed, and so I rushed off to consult Mr. Bergholz. He offered to send one of the deputy-consuls by rail to Berlin and to telephone the American Embassy to keep open until his messenger should arrive, while I telegraphed to my friend, Baron von Mumm, in the Foreign Office, to expedite the formalities there, and this would give time enough for the deputy consul to return from Berlin by mid-day of the sixth, thus making it possible for the police formalities in Dresden to be completed on that same day. I gladly accepted this great kindness and amiable Deputy Consul Brown was sent off on the next train. I told him to go to the Hotel Bristol and to be sure to ask any friends he would like to dine with him there and to get all the pleasure he could out of his hasty trip. The plan worked admirably and Mr. Brown returned with everything in
order, he declaring that he greatly enjoyed the trip and saying he was very glad to have had a friend from the American Embassy to dine with him. I had also a friendly reply from von Mumm, which I took with my papers in case there should be any trouble with the officials on the Bavarian frontier of Switzerland, and we went through all right to Munich. So we, your dear mother the L.E.A.L. dog and I, sad at heart at leaving our beloved Thorwald and the Georges, were speeded on our way.

We rested a day at Munich to have the passports viséd by the American consul and other officials. I was interested to see Mr. Gaffney again. He was a naturalized Irishman, who had been secretary to Parnell, and was sent by Roosevelt as American consul to Dresden a few years before. His violent pro-Germanism was a public scandal. I had always avoided him in Dresden but had known him slightly and was curious to hear him talk of the war. Just then it was believed that Italy was about to join the Entente and Gaffney, devout Roman Catholic that he was, said to me with great emphasis: “If, after forty-three years of peace, Italy turns against Germany, she ought to be swept from off the face of the earth.”

Munich resounded with the tramp of soldiers, fresh troops being on their way to the front, and the enthusiasm was overwhelming. The streets were crowded (466)
with the applauding populace and many friends and relatives marched with the men. I observed, in particular, a tall, middle-aged peasant woman, dressed in deep mourning, striding by the side of her son, erect, determined, fierce, a true Spartan mother. All these honest people seemed to believe in the justice of their cause and proudly bore their share of sacrifice, and this woman was true to the type. I noticed a case of sophistication, however, in the man who ran the lift at the hotel which showed that patriotism could be allied with business. As he was having the honour to take L.E.A.L. and me down for our early morning walk, I remarked upon the rare beauty of the weather and he replied: "Mein Herr, es ist immer schönes Wetter in München" ("Sir, it is always fine weather in Munich"), and he actually looked as if he himself believed that such a crab as that could be thrust down a confiding stranger’s throat.

We had no difficulties at the frontier, being let through with all our many impedimenta scarcely glanced at by the officials, and breathed a deep sigh of relief as soon as we were on neutral soil where, for the first time in seven months, we could telegraph, write and speak whatever we liked, and upon reaching Zurich we cabled Leonard: "Arrived Zurich, well. Telegraph complete family news."

In reply came a cablegram from Leonard announc-
ing the birth of his son Newell Owen Jenkins, without mention that the mother’s life had been thereby sacrificed, which painful news he desired to spare us until we should reach America, fearing otherwise to hasten us into a winter voyage. But a telegram from friends in Dresden, received almost at the same moment, betrayed to us the sad fact.

The death of our dear Mary Grace was a deep tragedy to us all. She and Leonard were ideally happy in their marriage and we had looked forward to seeing them together, blessing us and the world for years to come. Slowly we made our way to Florence and the final arrangements for a passage from Naples to America on the Patria, which should bring us to New York early in May.

While we were in Zurich I looked up some old friends, from whom I hoped to hear something of the real sentiments of the German-Swiss regarding the war. I found them surprisingly pro-German. They claimed to be patriotic republicans, but they sympathized with the aims of the German Imperialists and were oblivious to the danger of losing their liberties if Germany won the war and could remake the map of Europe at her own will.

Italy, also, surprised me. It was evident that there was much sympathy for Germany among certain classes capable of being influenced by the intensive
pro-German propaganda, which was being carried on. But in Rome we saw the real spirit of the people in an anti-German demonstration of great dimensions.

We went first to Florence, where we stayed for a month, daily enjoying the society of Cousins Charles and Fanny, who were, as ever, perfectly calm and sweetly confident of the ultimate triumph of righteousness, here and hereafter. May they be spared in their beautiful old age to see their faith justified.

An incidental result of the disturbed public condition was that we could have our choice of apartments at the Hotel Italia. We chose numbers 19–20, with a large bedroom and bath and a magnificent salon with a balcony looking out on the Arno, where we were luxuriously comfortable. The landlord had both the leisure and the disposition to show his few guests every attention, and in many ways Florence was more delightful than ever, as there were very few strangers and one saw the beautiful city in its natural condition. I found the landlord had some delicious, unfortified old port of a famous vintage and, when I had made its acquaintance, I asked him to let me have a dozen bottles to take to America. This he was, with all his amiability, reluctant to do, since there was so little of it left; but when I told him that I wanted it for the christening of my grandson, he relented and I brought it safely home to America. The first bottle
was opened on the occasion of sweet little Newell Owen Jenkins's christening. In 1917 also the infant son of our dear Rob and Hildreth, sturdy little Newell Brown, graciously allowed us to drink to his health in the same wine at his christening, where many members of the clan were present.

While in Florence I heard of the death of my upper gardener Trinks. He died miserably of typhus in Nish. When war was declared, he told me, with evident pride, that he should certainly be called out in the second division of the Austrian Landwehr and that he should be glad to go, for it would be only for a fortnight and then the war would be over. He went at once to announce himself at the Austrian Consulate in Dresden and frequently, at first, went to inquire if he had not been called for. But, as weeks went by and already thousands of wounded soldiers were filling the hospitals in Dresden, he began to see that this was a serious war, unlike any of which he had ever heard. He had been the best shot in his company and was certain he would be needed. At last the summons came, and on the very evening of the day when we had received reliable news of the destruction of Louvain he came to the villa to take farewell, dressed in his best and wearing his service medal, "That my Emperor Franz Josef gave me," he said. Under the stress of his restrained emotion he made a fine figure,
his rugged features wearing a dignified expression and his whole bearing being noble. But to us it was a pathetic sight. He was departing to meet great danger in a spirit of loyal devotion, but he was as ignorant of the cause for which he was to fight as was his own child. He heard the inexorable call, obeyed with a manly heart, but not with the spirit of confidence which inspired the German soldier of his class. He had served me faithfully for six years and I was glad to have his wife and child continue to stay on the place. I sent all the servants with a bottle of wine to his house to drink to his speedy and safe return and he went off at once to a camp in Bohemia, where I later sent his wife and child to stay a little before his regiment went to the front. Before we left Dresden news had come that he was a prisoner in Serbia. Letters and parcels had been sent to him but nothing seemed to reach him, for the Austrian Field Post was not efficient, and I telegraphed money twice to the American Minister to Roumania to be sent to him, once from Dresden and again from Switzerland; but I fear it never reached him and that he died not knowing that his wife and his Herrschaft did all they could to send him aid and words of cheer. This was by no means the only incident which came to our knowledge of the Austrian military inefficiency and indifference in caring for their soldiers.

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We were glad to have a few days in Rome in April and at a time when the Eternal City was not overcrowded, for we wished to see where we could live most comfortably if the time should come when we dared think of spending a winter there. But the lack of the usual tumult of foreigners did not produce a quiet atmosphere. The whole nation was waiting in suppressed excitement for the word and deed which should show that Italy had recovered from the military strain of the war with Turkey and was able to strike a blow to redeem the enthralled Italian provinces from the control of their ancient foe. Prince Bülow was on a special mission to Italy again, the resumption of his old position of Ambassador to Italy, after having been Chancellor of the German Empire and, for a time, in disfavour. This reappointment was regarded as being at once a tribute to his patriotism and an illustration of the cold-blooded way in which the German Government used its servants in any way and at any time and for any purpose which might suit its policy. Believing, as I did, that he was an advocate of settling international difficulties diplomatically and that he must know that he was on a hopeless mission and out of his part, I should have liked to call and leave my card at the Embassy but, after seeing a popular demonstration against the Central Powers which occurred just after our arrival, I thought better of it.
We saw Chiavaro and his madonna-like wife in Rome and found them, even in these confused times, as overwhelmingly kind and hospitable as ever. It was evident what they expected and I told Chiavaro that if, and when, Italy went to war, my cousin Charles had authority to make a contribution from me to the aid of the oral surgery department, to which I was sure he would be appointed. In a few weeks conditions were as I anticipated and for the reason that I started this fund and had promised a monthly contribution to the American hospital in Florence for the duration of the war, I was later awarded the diploma of the Italian Red Cross, which it gave me much pleasure to receive afterwards in America.

We went to Bertolini's for the few days we stayed in Naples before our ship sailed and found the view as splendid and the management as detestable as ever. L.E.A.L. was a great comfort in sharing my walks above the city, but was the innocent occasion of an incident which caused me some anxiety. One morning, while I was waiting for the lift to take me down for our before breakfast walk, a dog, belonging to the manager and as surly as his master, attacked L.E.A.L. savagely. In choking the beast into insensibility so that he would release his hold on L.E.A.L.'s neck, I strained my back and could scarcely make my way to our room. Our ship was to sail in a few days and I (473)
was so much disabled that I had to go to bed and could presently scarcely move hand or foot. But we soon got an English doctor who had once skilfully treated Nora in an emergency and a good masseur, and between them both I was able to get on board the *Patria* and sail all right on the appointed day, although I did halt in my gait for many a day afterward; but the discipline was good for my impetuous soul.

Never before had we been so impatient to reach our port. There were many passengers, but we had two cabins with a bath-room between for the best of dogs and a deck outside our door where he could get his exercise, so we had every possible physical comfort, but it was noticeable that the officers were anxious and an unusually careful lookout was being kept. The German submarines had commenced their dastardly outrages some time before, but it was asserted that they could not make long voyages, certainly not to the Mediterranean, yet our captain was not at ease until he was well into the Atlantic and even then was in fear of a chance raider.

But when at last we reached New York and had our dear son in our arms again, we were filled with fresh thankfulness for the goodness of our God, who had led us through so many years of exile, but chiefly in ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, to bring us back in (474)
safety to our children and our native land, when the whole world was resounding with the clash of arms.

We had long promised to spend our golden wedding anniversary with Leonard and, since it was necessary for Cavalié to come to America on account of the business of the English Kolynos Company, I invited Grace and the children and their tutor, Mr. Elliot, to come also, that they might all be present at the celebration. They arrived safely on June 3 and we had just time to take them to Washington and Mt. Vernon before going to New Haven for the festivity.

Herbert and Orton and Rob had wished to give us a great entertainment at New York, or any other place we might prefer, and invite all the members of the family to attend; but we felt, considering Leonard’s recent affliction and the tragedy of the war, that it was more appropriate to have the occasion celebrated quietly at Leonard’s house in New Haven. All the members of the families of Leonard, Nora and Grace and cousin Edward were present. As it was the first golden wedding which had occurred in the family, there were many congratulations and good wishes and a shower of gifts to commemorate the occasion. Among the latter was a beautiful golden loving cup from Herbert, Orton and Rob, made even more precious to us through having been selected by Caroline. It was used for the first time that day, filled with some
of the wine which we had brought from Italy for Newell’s christening, and partaken of after the ceremony I have taught you. I hope it will remain for many generations in our family, as a memento of our long and happy life and of the strong tie of mutual affection and helpfulness which has always characterized those of our blood.
Appendix

NOTE 1

“Nothing can be trivial which relates to the voyage of the Mayflower or the first four years' experience of the Colony. There is importance in every event which in any degree affected the question whether the settlement should be maintained or abandoned; for reading between the lines of that question there is seen within it another, as to whether posterity should behold an Anglo-Saxon state on the American continent. Had Plymouth been deserted by the Pilgrim Fathers in 1621–1622, Massachusetts Bay would have remained desolate, and even Virginia would doubtless have been abandoned. Then, before new colonization could be organized, France would have made good her claim by pushing down our Atlantic coast until she met Spain ascending from the south,—unless, indeed, Holland had retained her hold at the center. Without her neglected children in New England, Britain would not have become mistress of Canada, nor would that Protestantism which she encouraged, nor that which she persecuted, have found a home in the New World; neither would she have felt the reflex influence which has had no small share in imbuing her government with the spirit of liberty, humanity and continued progress,—an influence widely felt on both continents. Such were some of the momentous issues that were largely decided by the apparently little things which made up the Pilgrims' history. More than a century ago (1767) Sir Thomas Hutchinson, our Tory Governor, whose tastes would not have led him to an undue estimation of the uncourtly and unchartered settlers at Plymouth, thus spoke of them in his History:
"These were the founders of the Colony of New Plymouth. The settlement of this Colony occasioned the settlement of Massachusetts Bay, which was the source of all the other Colonies in New England. Virginia was in a dying state, and seemed to revive and flourish from the example of New England.

"I am not preserving from oblivion the names of heroes whose chief merit is the overthrow of cities, provinces and empires, but the names of the founders of a flourishing town and colony, if not of the whole British Empire in America.'”

From the Preface to “The Pilgrim Republic”
by John A. Goodwin

NOTE 2

The Pilgrim Fathers, the founders of our Plymouth, the pioneer Colony of New England, were not Puritans. They never were called by that name, either by themselves or their contemporaries. They were Separatists, slightly called Brownists, and in time became known as Independents or Congregationalists. As Separatists they were oppressed and maligned by the Puritans. They did not restrict voting or office-holding to their church-members. They heartily welcomed to their little State all men of other sects, or of no sects, who adhered to the essentials of Christianity and were ready to conform to the local laws and customs.*

The territory of New Plymouth was absolutely their private domain; they had obtained the title from the King’s grantees, and also by purchase from the natives at prices deemed fair by each contracting party. “With a great price” obtained they

*"They were in advance of their brethren in England; much in advance of . . . their sister colony of Massachusetts, with whom, in this respect they have been unjustly classed.”—Steel’s Life of Brewster, p. 395.
“freedom to worship God” as their consciences dictated, and
they did not invite their former persecutors to come in and re-
vive hostilities in this new home. Their church was very dear to
them, and zealots who intruded for the purpose of warring
against it were ordered to seek other fields. Another great mo-
tive for their removal to the wilderness had been the rearing of
their children apart from the evil communications of the Old
World; and of all who desired to share their domicile they con-
sistently required a conformity to their standard of the pro-
prieties of life. In short, they sought to found an asylum for per-
secuted Congregationalism; and they never professed to estab-
lish an arena for the enemies of that order. No person had any
claim to share their private estate without the consent of its
owners.

They treated the Indians of their Colony with scrupulous jus-
tice, protecting them from their enemies, relieving them from
distress, and requiring their rights to be respected by others.

Though their laws would now be harsh, they were generally
mild for that age, and were usually administered with a degree
of reason and mercy before unknown to governments.*

They never punished, or even committed any person as a
witch.

Roger Williams always had the free range of their Colony,
and freedom of speech in it.

*“At the accession of James I England made 31 crimes capital. This number
gradually increased to 223! Massachusetts Bay made 13 crimes capital and
the Virginia Colony had 17, including Unitarianism, sacrilege, adultery, de-
frauding the public treasury, false-witness, and the third offense of refusing
to attend public worship! Connecticut surpassed Massachusetts; but her so-
called ‘blue laws’ are fictitious, being the work of one Peters, who had been
expelled from that Colony. Plymouth had only five classes of capital crime;
and of these she actually punished but two.”

From the Introduction to “The Pilgrim Republic”
by John A. Goodwin.

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Though their faith was positive and strong, they laid down no formal creed. John Robinson taught them that "the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of His holy word," and their covenant was "to walk in all His ways made known, or to be made known, unto them." At the Lord's table they communed with pious Episcopalians, with Calvinists of the French and Dutch churches, and with Presbyterians, and recognized the spiritual fraternity of all who hold the faith.

NOTE 3

Extract from Diary
November 20, 1914

It is forty-eight years ago to-day since our first arrival in Dresden. It was a dismal day, the air being full of mingled snow and hail, which also frosted the buildings and streets; but our young hearts were full of confidence and hope, which raised us above the gloom in which the city was shrouded.

We had arrived in time to observe with interest and sympathy the construction of the North German Bund. Later we applauded the superb national spirit through which the union of all the German states was consummated in 1870. Since then, we have rejoiced in the rapid growth of German industries and in the extent of her commerce throughout the world. And now we ask ourselves, are these great triumphs of German genius to be vastly extended by force, or is Germany to find her way to legitimate victory through complete military defeat?

What could this people not do were they not possessed by the mania of military conquest! They have convinced themselves that their cause is just, yet they have no friends, except the rulers of Austria and Turkey. The military system by which the
whole male population was trained for the defense of the country was originally the result of true patriotism; but now, having become the chief passion of the nation, it is working its own ruin. It does not seem possible that Germany can win, for the interests of all the world are opposed to her domination.

We are witnessing the conflict of forces the issue of which no man can clearly see; we can only hope and pray that when this diabolical strife has passed, a workable system may be evolved, under which all nations shall be obliged to live at peace with each other.

NOTE 4
Extract from Lichnowsky's "Memorandum"

INFLUENCE OF THE CROWN

The King, very amiable and well meaning and possessed of sound understanding and common sense, was invariably well disposed toward me and desired honestly to facilitate my mission. In spite of the small amount of power which the British Constitution gives the Crown, the King can, by virtue of his position, greatly influence the tone both of society and the Government. The Crown is the apex of society from which the tone emanates. Society, which is overwhelmingly Unionist, is largely occupied by ladies connected with politics. It is represented in the Lords and the Commons, consequently also in the Cabinet.

The Englishman either belongs to society or ought to belong to it. His aim is, and always will be, to be a distinguished man and a gentleman, and even men of modest origin, such as Mr. Asquith, prefer to be in society, with its elegant women.

British gentlemen of both parties enjoy the same education, go to the same colleges and universities, and engage in the same sports—golf, cricket, lawn tennis and polo. All have played
cricket and football in their youth, all have the same habits, and all spend the week-end in the country. No social cleavage divides the parties, only political cleavage. To some extent of late years the politicians in the two camps have avoided one another in society. Not even on the ground of a neutral mission could the two camps be amalgamated, for since the Home Rule and Veto bills the Unionists have despised the Radicals. A few months after my arrival the King and Queen dined with me, and Lord Londonderry left the house after dinner in order not to be with Sir Edward Grey. But there is no opposition from difference in caste and education as in France. There are not two worlds, but the same world, and their opinion of a foreigner is common and not without influence on his political standing, whether a Lansdowne or an Asquith is at the helm.

POLITICS AND SOCIETY

The difference of caste no longer exists in England since the time of the Stuarts and since the Whig oligarchy (in contradistinction to the Tory county families) allowed the bourgeoisie in the towns to rise in society. There is greater difference in political opinions on Constitutional or Church questions than on financial or political questions. Aristocrats who have joined the popular party, Radicals such as Grey, Churchill, Harcourt, and Crewe, are most hated by the Unionist aristocracy. None of these gentlemen have I ever met in great aristocratic houses, only in the houses of party friends.

We were received in London with open arms, and both parties outdid one another in amiability.

It would be a mistake to undervalue social connections in view of the close connection in England between society and politics, even though the majority of the upper ten thousand (482)
are in opposition to the Government. Between an Asquith and
a Devonshire there is no such deep cleft as between a Briand
and a Duc de Doudeville, for example. In times of political
tension they do not foregather. They belong to two separate
social groups, but are part of the same society, if on different
levels, the centre of which is the Court. They have friends and
habits in common, they are often related or connected. A phe-
monomenon like Lloyd George, a man of the people, a small solici-
tor and a self-made man, is an exception. Even John Burns, a
Socialist Labour leader and a self-taught man, seeks society re-
lations. On the ground of a general striving to be considered
gentlemen of social weight and position such men must not be undervalued.

In no place, consequently, is an envoy's social circle of greater
consequence than in England. An hospitable house with friend-
guests is worth more than the profoundest scientific knowledge,
and a learned man of insignificant appearance and too small
means would, in spite of all his learning, acquire no influence.
The Briton hates a bore and a pedant. He loves a good fellow.

NOTE 5

Translation

I speak not of the tooth of time,
The tooth's own time is drawing nigh.
Is Jenkins then within this clime?
Time and its tooth I will defy.

Mrs. Wagner wrote at the same time:

DEAR MR. JENKINS: My husband sends you his thanks in words
and tones, but I will not let the score of his greatest work go to
your address, without adding how much I am obliged to you
for having come to him, and I hope you kept as good a remembrance from our house as we did from your visit.

With best regards to you and Mrs. Jenkins I renew the expression of my thanks.  

CosiMA Wagner  
Bayreuth, October 9, 1879.  

NOTE 6  
Translation  
Dear Mr. Jenkins:  
In remembrance of our mutual hope and with this token of friendship, I cry to you, Long live America!  

At the same time Mrs. Wagner wrote:  
Dear Mr. Jenkins:  
My husband sends you his very best regards with the American March. I join with him and give you my thanks for all nice things which come from you, for the fun in Eva’s album which contains such a serious meaning, for the excellent oysters, but before all for your and Mrs. Jenkins’s kind feelings to us.  

I hope you are all quite well again and enjoy if not spring coming, at least the vanishing of winter.  

C. Wagner  
February 9, 1879  

NOTE 7  
Translation  
He only deserves liberty like life  
Who daily must achieve (erobern) it.  

The word erobern suggested to the secretary, who apparently imperfectly understood German, the idea of robbery, or he attempted a poor pun.  

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LIEBER SEHR GEEHRTER HERR UND FREUND!

Es kommt mir so vor als ob mir bald die Geduld im Betreff meiner Hoffnungen auf Deutschland und seiner Zukunft ausgehen und ich dann bereuen dürfte, den Samen meiner Kunstwerke und Ideen nicht längst schon einem fruchtbärerem and hoffnungsreicherem Boden übergeben zu haben.


Mir kam nun die Erinnerung, dass Sie, in freundschaftlichem

Wollen Sie gütigst hierüber ein wenig mit sich zu Rath gehen, und falls Ihnen dieses gut dünkt, Ihre Ansicht mir mittheilen.

_Translation_

_Dear and much esteemed friend:_

It seems to me as if, in my hopes regarding Germany and her future, my patience would very soon be exhausted and that I might then repent not having long ago confided the seeds of the ideas embodied in my art creations to a more fruitful and promising soil.

I do not regard it as impossible that I might still conclude to emigrate to America with my latest works and my entire family. For this, since I am no longer young, considerable advances from across the ocean would be necessary. An Association would have to be formed which would offer me, upon condition of my permanent settlement there and as an indemnity once for all for my exertions, a sum of one million dollars, of which one-half would be placed at my disposal upon taking up my residence in some State of the Union with favourable climate, the other half being invested as capital in a Government bank at five per cent. Thus would America have bought me from Europe for all
time. Furthermore, the Association would have to furnish funds for the annual special performances in which I should gradually bring all my works in model form upon the stage. These would begin immediately with the first performance of my most recent work, "Parsifal," which up to that time I should allow to be given nowhere else. All results of future labours on my part, whether in superintendence of performances, or in direct art productions, would, by reason of the sum made over to me, belong for all time and without further compensation to the American Nation.

Now it occurred to me that on your last visit here, in the enthusiasm of friendship, you offered to assist me in case I should ever wish to make a so-called artist's tour in America. You will therefore find it natural that I should turn to you and to no other to explain my very much more far-reaching ideas. A mere artist's tour, to make so and so much money by concert giving and then return to Germany, would never be an affair of mine. Only a permanent emigration could have for me any significance.

Will you take a little counsel with yourself in regard to this matter and, if it impresses you favourably, give me your opinion.

In warmest friendship, yours faithfully,

Richard Wagner

February 8, 1880
Naples, Villa Angri, Posilipo.
NOTE 9

Translation

Kiel, February 18, 1902

My dear and much esteemed colleague:
The friendly relations subsisting between America and Germany, which have recently received a new impetus through the visit of Prince Henry, lead me to believe that a portrait of our most gracious Emperor would not be unwelcome to you.

I allow myself therefore, to send you, as a token of my great and abiding gratitude, the accompanying portrait, for which I beg your kindly acceptance.

In greatest esteem, your grateful and obedient

Dr. Friedrich von Esmarch

NOTE 10

B. 18. January 79

Stand forth, thou successful lecturer! and receive thy reward. Every one was pleased and instructed. The plan was excellent and excellently carried out. Your lecture was a fine painting and a just judgement; for England appears in history a grand, noble & mighty element. A friend of mine, some time ago, made a speech at a public dinner in London, and said: You accuse us Yankees of being a bragging people; and we admit the accusation; and what we most brag about is that we descend from you.

And now for the faults. Brace yourself up like a man and listen. The bad feature of your lecture was that you omitted to mention another instance of Anglo-Saxon enterprise. You spoke of the brave navigators who vainly sought the pole thro. the perils of the arctic regions; and the explorers who, through the dangers of the burning desert, had sought the sources of the

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Nile; but you said nothing of the skill and daring of another adventurer who, 17 January, 1879, in the city of Dresden, in the Kingdom of Saxony, successfully sought the very best subject for a lecture and treated it with greater success than has attended polar expeditions or explorations in Africa.

Now I say go on, and let us have another lecture.

With congratulations & Grüss to all

Sincerely Yrs.

Theo. S. Fay

NOTE II

Paris, January 12, 1911

Dear Leonard, dear Satia, dear Helen, dear John:

At last, after the greater part of the European correspondence necessitated by the celebration of my 70th birthday has been attended to, I catch my breath and sit down for a letter to you, as a most agreeable change from the other style of correspondence. There are still loads of letters and cards to be written, but the most pressing ones are behind me.

I knew that my dear colleagues were preparing surprises for me, but I had no conception that they would distance all previous records of such festivities. For some months the committee of the Am. Dental Club of Paris, of which body Dr. Hirschfeld was secretary and moving spirit, had been making plans to have it go off nicely, and everything came off exactly as planned.

The banquet hall was of itself magnificent, but the arrangement of the table was admirable, being a long table with a T at each end, so that the men were as near to each other as possible and no one sat with his back to another. And the ornamentation of the table was worthy of the splendid hall. We were eighty
men at table and the guests were interspersed between the members of the Club. I sat at the middle of the table, at the right of the president of the Club, and at my right sat the son of my dearest friend, Abbot, even Cape himself. Opposite to me were the most renowned colleagues in France and everything was so cleverly arranged that every man could feel that he occupied a seat of honour. I am sending you a menu, into which that blessed Mumps has written lots of things which couldn't be printed beforehand and from which you will get some idea of the overpowering character of the honours and tokens of regard which were heaped upon me. In all the history of my profession nothing equal to it has ever occurred before, but you must not conclude that it was all personal. I chance to represent one of the few survivors of the pioneers of American dentistry abroad, and the younger men and the European colleagues were glad of a chance to show their appreciation of what the men of my class have done. But there was enough of the personal element in it to lend light and colour and to excite the emotion which is the fine flavour of such a festival. Indeed, it was good to see how sincerely they all seemed to feel towards me. I knew, in a general way, that my colleagues were well disposed towards me, but I did not before suspect that they had so much real affection for me, and to be made to realize this gave me as pure a feeling of happiness as is possible in this world I do believe.

The honours were great and unprecedented and the gifts were royal and I was glad of them, but to experience such evidences of loving friendship was divine. Love begets love, and I knew that all the men present and the innumerable colleagues who were with us in spirit, had never known me to do or say anything nasty behind any man's back, or had ever received any-
thing but kindness from me, but I did not dream that my regard for them would ever be repaid in such abounding measure.

I shall collect the speeches and print the whole proceedings and you will see when you read it what I mean.

The gold medal from the Société d'Odontologie de Paris is the greatest dental distinction obtainable in France and has been but very rarely given. Indeed, all the distinctions were of an overwhelming nature in number and quality.

And the gifts!—Well, I never dreamed of possessing things so rich and rare. It was lovely of the givers of the stately tea service to engrave it with Mumps' name also. The Mummerys selected the tray and candelabra of Sheffield plate to suit Thorwald. It is very unusual to find good pieces of old Sheffield in our day, and these beautiful pieces are of the best period and all worked by hand. It is more valuable than silver. And the silver gilt plate, presented by Ottolengui and Rhine and the two Tracys and Ash and van Wurt and Schmidt and Davenport and Gillert and McManus and our own dear Gaylord, is the most beautiful piece of the kind that ever was. And the watch is really the finest and most practicable repeater I ever saw and it has already been a great comfort to us in the stilly night.

So you see that it was a "glorious golden party," and that Mumps was behind a screen and saw and heard it all, herself unseen.

But the most delightful of all was the dear letter from you all four and the letters and gifts from Nora and Leslie and Daislein. The dressing gown was really superb and at the same time most practical. And that Daislein sent me the sweetest of letters, but she had a lovely photo of that Mumps when she was a girl enlarged, and I received it before I was out of bed in the morning.
Perhaps you will send this letter to Nora. Not the menu, she will have one of her own.

It will still be some days before I can begin to write the American colleagues. I can’t even write Gaylord and Hosley yet, for I must keep to my plan or I shall never get through. I was much pleased with Hosley’s tribute and Gaylord sent me a most lovely telegram.

Sometime it may be that I can come down to prosaic things again, but for awhile I must think chiefly of the responsibility and delight of having a seventieth birthday.

With most dear love to you all, I am

**Das Geburtstagskind**

**P. S.** But the most important thing I have forgotten in the turmoil in which I am writing; the *Geburtstagskuchen* and my new title. The Kuchen was great! It was a true work of art. It came with its seventy-one candles and was, of course, a large cake in consequence, but French art had made it look graceful and small. I had it displayed at our reception on the afternoon of the twenty-ninth and it excited much interest. On the thirtieth there was a great luncheon at Hirschfeld’s especially for the Germans and I had the cake lighted there and a very pretty and well appreciated sight it was and we all ate of it abundantly and with much gusto.

It was also very nice of the King to make me a Geheimer Hofrat. It is the first time that a Zahnarzt has been made a Geheimrat and so my colleagues of the German persuasion, who understand what it means, are much elated. There are many reasons why I am particularly pleased, but I dread being obliged to ask for an audience to say “thanks.” It will give me a certain prestige and influence which may be of use in many
ways and anyway it is a sign and symbol of the favour of the Crown and the goodwill of my Dresden friends, which is pleasing to the soul.

NOTE 12

In the course of my prolonged life I have known twenty-two wars which have had results leading to, or influencing, conditions which have made possible the terrible World War. There have been numerous other wars as well during this long period of time, staining with blood all the continents and the islands of the sea, but as they have been chiefly of local significance, I will not venture to enumerate them. The twenty-two wars referred to are as follows.

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SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT ROYALTIES

Upon arriving in Europe I possessed the ordinary American conviction regarding monarchical forms of government. America had come triumphantly through the Civil War. Slavery had been abolished. The movement of a few thousand seasoned American troops to the Mexican border and a polite, but emphatic note from the American Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, to the government of Napoleon III sufficed to hasten the departure of the French army from Mexico, leaving poor, deluded Maximilian to the inevitable fate he met at last so gallantly.

By Americans of that time monarchs were regarded as more to be pitied than feared and as certain to be at last eliminated through the general growth of political enlightenment. Some monarchs also had their usefulness. Without Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi would never have seen a united Italy. Without King William, Bismarck could not have overthrown Austrian influence in Germany. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were regarded as friendly to the Federal Government during our Civil War, while the British aristocracy were almost a unit in favour of the Confederacy.

I came therefore to Germany with an open mind. If there were any advantages in a monarchical form of government, I was willing to concede them.

Our first impressions were favourable. Upon landing on German soil, we could not but admire the order, cleanliness and system which everywhere prevailed. The country was cultivated like a garden. There were no slums apparent in the towns and no wretchedly poor in filthy and tattered raiment to be seen anywhere and no open drunkenness. Rich and poor lived together in the same houses in the great cities, the latter inhabiting the
cellars and the upper story, and felt a common kindly interest in each other.

Municipal government seemed wholly apart from partisan politics. It was a joint stock company business, existing only for the common good and none of the funds of the municipality were lost, wasted or stolen. It was a profession to be a mayor. He was chosen by the Municipal Council, whose interest it was to obtain the best man possible and to keep him as many years as he was efficient. He and the sub-mayors were well paid and they had no chance for malfeasance in office and no incentive to it. I remember when the Dresdner chief mayor, Photenhauer, announced that upon a certain date he would resign on account of failing health, that a somewhat demagogic newspaper suggested calling the chief mayor of Chemnitz to Dresden, because he was of a distinguished citizen family and a man of fortune and had shown great ability in managing the affairs of Chemnitz during years of rapid development. He was also in the prime of life and it might be hoped that he would continue to serve for many years. At once the proposal was acclaimed and the new mayor, Stübel, served long and well. He became my patient and friend and helped me to understand something of the theory and practice of the Saxon system of municipal government.

During Stübel's term it was determined to build a new bridge on the Elbe to connect the rapidly expanding sections of Alt- and Neustadt. The Council decided to send to Italy for masons and paid double the wages given to native stone masons, for the reason that the Italians were better workmen. This was a tradition with Dresden, for the beautiful old bridge of nearly 500 years ago was built by Italian workmen and when it was replaced a few years before the war by a more convenient struct-
ture, it was found fit to stand for a thousand years had it been necessary.

An American engineer, living in Dresden during the building of the bridge in Stübel’s time, told me that, in the long summer twilight, the Italian workmen would come out after supper and, with folded arms, stand and regard their work, planning to do even better, if possible, the next day; for, to a man, they were artists and rejoiced in the work of their hands.

When the graceful structure was finished, no one was justly able to find fault either with the design or the execution of the work, which was completed three weeks before the time contracted for and for which the cost was three hundred thousand marks less than the estimates.

There were innumerable evidences among the Saxon people that they were content with their government and devoted to their Royal Family. The laws were just, but were administered with a sort of fatherly benevolence, which was often most touching in its kindly consideration of the ignorant and the poor. Criminals from the educated classes were, however, more sternly treated. I remember an incident of a certain rich criminal, to whom the judge, when pronouncing sentence, explained that the heaviest penalty of the law was visited upon him, because he was rich, powerful and in an exalted position and, therefore, his guilt was greater than would have been the case with an obscure man.

Everywhere evidence of the consideration of the Crown for the people was observed. When we were living in Dresden, its largest park was royal property, in the center of which stood a palace, which Augustus the Strong had built to minister to his rather objectionable pleasures. In King John’s reign the palace had been used as a museum, and palace and park were freely
open to the public. Everything was kept in beautiful order, wholly at the royal charge and the worthy burghers enjoyed it to the full, much more than if they had been obliged to pay for it themselves. Not that the Dresdeners were not generous in the care of their own parks; they were not only generous, but prodigal in their gifts. Some generations ago, the owner of the most important newspaper left in his will a large sum, the interest of which was to be devoted to the cultivation of flowers in the small public parks—this bequest had made Dresden, with the possible exception of Paris, the city most distinguished for the beauty of its floral decorations. But indications of the kindly intent of the Royal House were everywhere in evidence. Not only the famous Royal Picture Gallery was open to the public, but innumerable other priceless Royal collections as well, under conditions which enlarged their usefulness and preserved them from injury and intelligently increased their value by new acquisitions and improved scientific arrangement, such as private ownership and public responsibility would most naturally provide.

There was also the appeal of the Royal Opera and Theatre, which reached the whole people. I love to recall those years before 1870, when there was no Dresdener so poor that he could not hear the best music or behold the rendering of the great masterpieces of dramatic art of all ages, through the wise beneficence of the King.

The Saxon Royal Family was Roman Catholic and yet this seemed to be a matter of indifference to the mass of the Saxon people, who were largely Lutheran. I am writing of the days when the proletariat had not been debauched by the specious philosophy of Marx or by socialism and materialism. The Royal Family was deeply religious and the Court austere and free
from scandals. Many members of the Court came to me as patients and they were in sharp contrast to members of other courts I knew, being sedate, serious, gentle in spirit and manners and giving no evidence of practising constant intrigue.

But officials of every royal court were unanimous in regarding their own King as the wisest and best of monarchs. I remember one day when I chanced to be visited by three gentlemen having the same rank at different German courts. They had all been my patients for some time and it was a curious coincidence that all of them had appointments with me on a day when all Europe was excited over some royal scandal, the nature of which I have now forgotten. But I well remember the Saxon telling me that such disgrace could not come to the Saxon Court, for it possessed a blameless King, whose like was elsewhere not to be found. The gentleman from Hanover and the gentleman from Prussia offered me the same grateful information almost in the same words, each of them insisted that his own King was the brightest example of royal virtues which an unworthy world had ever seen. This was no pretense; they actually believed it. The King of Saxony and the King of Hanover had been humiliated and the latter monarch had lost his throne, but they had borne their sad fate with great dignity and had preserved their own self-respect, as well as the respect and affection of their people. The King of Prussia, however, posed as the disinterested Liberator of Germany from the Austrian reactionary influence and all his courtiers seemed to believe that he was the man destined by Almighty God, because of his virtues, to finally bring about the unity of the German people. King John had returned from Austria to his capital the day before we arrived in Dresden. I was told that his people had thronged the streets and given him every evidence of sympathy and devotion. At one
point, when the royal carriage had paused for a moment in the throng, a sturdy peasant said to him: "Landesvater, wir theilen dein Leid und bleiben dir treu." ("We share the pain of the Father of our country and are faithful to him.")

Gradually I came to have some royal patients and found them very much like other well-bred people, except that they spoke with greater frankness and had a wider range of curiosity and information regarding most diverse subjects, and all of them seemed to possess the traditional "royal memory." Later, when I came to know something of the education of princes and what stress was laid upon training the memory and learning the art of conversation, I came to understand how important these were to a royal personage. Even one but slightly gifted could be made presentable through such training and to really intelligent princes it was of great advantage. By royal command a learned scholar, or any eminent man, could be invited to court, where, in private audience, or at the royal table, or at any time and in any way convenient to his host, he would have the highly appreciated honour to talk about the subject upon which he was an authority. Aided by a reliable memory and skilled in asking leading questions, the royal personage could obtain all he would need to know upon the subject, in the shortest time and with the least trouble. This is only one method I have had opportunity to observe through which royalty could easily gain acquaintance with new theories, systems, inventions and discoveries with which a monarch should please to concern himself.

It is therefore not surprising that I should come to believe, even if monarchical government must finally pass away and democracy reign in its stead, there was much to be hoped from the more enlightened monarchical governments working in harmony to modify the great change, that it might not come with

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violence. Great Britain was governed by the Liberal Party, Gladstone advocated Home Rule for Ireland, Brazil had become a republic almost without shedding of blood. Her wise Emperor was content to be an exile and would not intrigue against the Republic. The morning light was breaking and kings and emperors would finally recognize that their night had come.

I was not much affected by the glamour of royal state. It was too evident that it was designed for the illusion not only of the people but of royalty itself. It was a cardinal principle that royalty must believe in its divine mission. The smallest potentate was taught from the beginning that he alone could represent and guard the interests of his insignificant principality and that those interests, as he understood them, were of supreme importance to his people and the world. It was reported that a monarch occupying an important position, the kindly, honest King Friedrich August of Saxony, whose goodness of heart had endeared him to his court and personal attendants, when told he must abdicate upon the breaking out of the Revolution, consented less unwillingly than might have been expected, but wondered how his people could get on without him. Whether the report was true or false, in character it was true to nature.

In the education of a royal prince a time always comes when he is emancipated from strict discipline under the observation and direction of his royal parents. He goes into the world as a student, or travels into far countries, or becomes an officer in a crack regiment, but everywhere his surroundings confirm what he has been taught from earliest consciousness, that he is not as other men are. This entrance into the world is the supreme test of character with a prince, even as with a wealthy commoner, except that the former is handicapped by traditions and convictions, from the pernicious influence of which the latter is free.

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It becomes well-nigh impossible for a royal prince, ushered into a world in which the plain truth is never spoken to him except by accident and always surrounded by flatterers and intriguers, to long retain the high ideals of noble living and service which he may have possessed before entering a corrupt and selfish world.

One striking incident, among many, but which occurred rather early in my experiences and impressed me deeply, I will relate in illustration of my meaning. During his studies at the Gymnasium a certain prince was under my professional care, as was his entire family, for a long time. At his last appointment before going out into the world, the ingenuous youth brought me his photograph and, in response to my good wishes, told me something of his hopes. He said that he felt no capacity for public affairs and was averse to a military career and so was determined to become a good man of business and manage his own estates. He saw clearly that the future of Germany was dependant upon the higher cultivation of the land and the development of all possible industries on landed estates as well as in factories and mines, and wanted to have a part in the advance of the great economic wave which was beginning to sweep around the world. With all my heart I wished him Godspeed in his work and rejoiced at finding a prince with such practical ambitions and who was thinking how best to serve his generation rather than himself. In time an event occurred which made it necessary for him to become a member of the Imperial Court. It was his ruin and I have often mourned over the debasement of the character and life of one whose promise had been so bright.

Royalties have always been the victims of the system which made them possible. König originally meant, "the man who
can.” We do not need to recall the far-off history and legends of the ancient East; it is enough for our purpose to remember what savage creatures our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were and how their Mediterranean contemporaries, although possessed of what remains of Greek and Roman civilization, waged their almost incessant wars in the same barbaric way, inspired by the same personal ambitions. He who was, or believed himself to be “the man who can” plotted against and raised armies to cast down his own brother or any one else whose authority and goods he coveted that he might reign in his stead. Even in the religious wars, there was no treachery too foul, no cruelty too horrible, to stay the hand of the assailant or the defender of a throne. What untold multitudes of ignorant and helpless people have fought and been slain in these dynastic wars, or perished in the pestilences which followed them. The ordinary man’s inhumanity to man has always been surpassed by the inhumanity of kings.

We are now witnessing in these early days of May, 1919, in which I am writing, the most dramatic and complete overthrow of the monarchical system of which the wildest democratic enthusiast has ever ventured to dream. And now the startling wonder is, that it has only required two generations of the most base and widespread imperial intrigue and open and secret preparation for war, which has included the perversion of the intelligence and the debauching of the moral sense of a great people, to overthrow the monstrous theory that “might makes right,” under which the human heart has bled ever since the dawn of history.

My children, even the stupendous victory and the resulting liberation of oppressed peoples, and the League of Nations, and the imposing of severe conditions of peace, and the world-wide conviction that the days of monarchical tyranny are numbered

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will not bring surcease of strife in your time, nor in that of your immediate successors. I remember after the American Civil War, the Emancipation Society held a meeting in Boston and dissolved the organization, in the belief that, the emancipation of the slaves having been secured, no further public efforts for reform would be necessary. Do not "lay the flattering unction to your soul." The age-long contest between good and evil, between Christ and Belial, will continue, but ever in new form. I have tried to show you, in my poor way, how the principles of liberty and justice became established in America, and you yourselves have seen how the American Government delayed before entering upon the Great War and then how there came to be, both with the Government and people, a true crusade, undertaken for no selfish purpose, but to prevent forever the forceful enslavement of mankind. America alone had the great vision that this could be made the last of wars, and exactly so far as your generation is inspired by this exalted purpose, just so far will the vision become a reality. In your time also you should see the disappearance of royal and hereditary government everywhere.