

HIS DAILY LIFE.

HUMAN FEATURES IN A GREAT MAN'S CAREER.

The following extracts taken from a letter written a few months ago by Henry Haynie, the San Francisco *Chronicle's* Paris correspondent, will be read with interest at this time, as they give the reader a glimpse of the human features of the deceased monarch's life.

It is the custom for every Prussian prince at his tenth year to become a lieutenant in the army. In the case of the subject of this article, the time was anticipated by a few days. His father, King Frederick William III., appointed him as an officer on New Year's Day, 1807. "On your birthday," remarked his father, "there will be no opportunity of regularly appointing you, for you must go to Memel. I therefore at once appoint you an officer in my army." On the table was the uniform of a lieutenant in the Guards, and the prince was dressed in it and taken to his regiment. But the commission was not dated until his birthday, the 22nd of March, 1807. It was not long before this time that occurred one of the most important incidents in the history of this long-lived man. His mother, the Queen Louise, who saved the Prussian monarchy at Tilsit, had for her children a love which was all the more powerful from the fact that she looked on them as the future avengers of the disaster of Jena, where Napoleon gave the Prussians such a terrible drubbing. Out of the more than 100,000 of the enemy engaged, the finest troops in the world, not a man was saved except King Frederick and a few squadrons. It was a few days after that memorable battle when Queen Louise, abandoned by all, was flying toward Memel with her children. The road was deserted, relays were few, and houses were to be seen only at rare intervals. The carriage which was conveying the fortunes of Prussia was moving at full speed, and was the advance guard of the route that extended from Berlin to the Polish frontier. Suddenly one of the springs gave way, and the queen, who dreaded the curses of the people had not the strength to drag herself to the next relay station. She seated herself on the roadside. Her children were clustered around her.

"I am very hungry, mamma," cried the Prince Charles, the youngest of the royal group.

The Prince Frederick William, his brother, six years his elder, did not cry, nor did the present emperor-king, who was then but 10; but they showed by their looks, that they, too, were in need of nourishment; and on that day, the woman whom Napoleon said was "the only man in the family," wept. In the haste of the departure the provisions had been forgotten; there was not a morsel of food in the vehicle. Then, in order to calm the impatience of her little ones, the queen sang one of those old songs, the refrains of which make children laugh when they are crying. A wheat field was close at hand, and she sent the two oldest boys into it to gather some of the blue cornflowers, and with these she made wreaths for the long hair of those little blonde heads, and which was tied up behind in courtly queues. The sons of that good queen never forgot this scene, and the blue flower of the wheat field has ever remained the emblem most loved by the present monarch.

HIS TASTE FOR BLUE.

In 1848, the palace in which the emperor and empress now live would have been burned down by the mob had it not been labeled "property of the nation." It is, as palaces go, a small, plain house of stuccoed brick—one which cuts a much less imposing figure than many mansions of retired merchants in England and America. It stands on the great avenue known as Unter-den-Linden, and is opposite the university and the opera house. It was built for the emperor when he was only a prince, newly married, and living on a rather small income. He has never been willing to change this residence for one in the old castle, for he has always liked to have a simple home where he could live without ceremony. His palace has but few rooms, but it is comfortable and full of objects of art and taste, articles for the most part connected with the emperor's eventful life. The entrance to Wilhelm's rooms is a hall decorated with ancient and modern arms of every kind and description. The ground is covered with huge bears' and wolves' skins, and round the walls run brackets of wood on which are placed models of the soldiers of the different regiments, made of bronze, and not only painted in proper colors, but wearing their proper uniforms. The next is a reception-room, and is called the blue salon, because there are in it many splendid lapis lazuli vases, clocks, candelabra and other articles made from this, the favorite stone of the emperor. Numerous embroidered cushions, carpets, footstools, tidies, etc., are to be seen in this room, all presents from different court ladies on his birthdays and at Christmas, and showing, most of them, the simple blue cornflower of his hungry days in their patterns and color. The walls are hung with masterpieces, which the emperor himself has chosen at different German exhibitions. As I have said, the prevailing color is blue, and so well known is the emperor's love of this color that ladies at the Prussian court often dress in it in order to attract his attention. Travelers who have visited Charlotteburg will perhaps remember the impression that

the statue of Queen Louise produces when it is bathed in the flood of blue light that shines through the stained-glass window. A minister, and by no means the least powerful in his day, had, so it is said, nothing in his favor but a preference for blue color. The story, which dates back only a few years, is to the effect that Von Boettiche was chosen by the emperor to help Bismarck simply because he wore blue spectacles, but of course there is no truth in it.

THE GREEN ROOM.

The next room after the blue salon is called the green room, because all its ornaments, such as vases, clocks, etc., are made out of malachite. The furniture is furnished in green velvet and damask. The malachite objects came to the emperor from different Russian rulers—that is to say, from Nicholas, his brother-in-law; Alexander II, his nephew; and from the present Czar. There are in this room, a pair of pillars of oriental workmanship, thickly inlaid with colored stones and carrying huge candelabra in crystal. The room contains many miniature models of cannon, rifles and shells, and when the emperor is taking with an ambassador—it is in this room that he receives them—he is in the habit of playing with these warlike toys. It is also in this room that the Prussian guards have the privilege of depositing their flags. When the regiment turns out for a review or other purpose it halts opposite the palace while the color-guard marches into the palace to fetch the flags. The emperor always superintends the ceremony, he himself usually removing the colors from the rack and handing them to the officer. The third room is the emperor's workshop or study, and which by sofas and table is divided into two compartments. In the left-hand corner, near the window, stands the emperor's writing-desk, on which are an inkstand made out of half a cannon ball, the heads of horses killed in battle, and which serve as paper-weights, penholders made from splintered Uhlan lances and presented to the venerable monarch by his "children" of the army. The walls are covered with drawings, photographs, sketches and maps; also paintings of some of the Hohenzollern family, of the Queen of England and Prince Albert, of the present Emperor of Russia, of the King and Queen of Saxony; and last, but not least important, one of the Princess Elizabeth Radzwill, the first and great love of the imperial occupant of the room. It was in this room that the venerable emperor lay after the balls and shots of the would-be regicide had been taken out of his body by the surgeons in the adjacent blue salon. At that time all the chairs and tables were removed and the famous iron bedstead was placed in the middle of the room, and on it the emperor remained for many days suffering with a dangerous illness. Now there is a large table in the room on which the emperor places all the birthday presents that his grandchildren give him.

APPRECIATED PRESENTS.

Here, too, are some old-fashioned easy chairs, on one of which are placed two large embroidered cushions, a round bolster covered with red silk and a fine rug. In this chair, which has a high back and footstool belonging to it, the emperor generally takes a short after-dinner nap. The room after this is the library, and in it is a high bookcase with glass doors, on top of which are a great number of tankards, goblets and cups, which have all been presented to the emperor. The entire walls are covered with wreaths and bows of ribbons which have fastened bouquets sent the emperor on his birthdays and other anniversary occasions. He wishes all these tokens of love and affection carefully guarded, and when the leaves and flowers have faded and fallen to pieces, then the wreaths and bows and ribbons are fixed to the walls, where they now form a thick tapestry. In this library the emperor takes a frugal second breakfast, which generally consists of slices of brown bread buttered and thin pieces of sausage or cold meat. The bread is cut into narrow slips, each about a mouthful; and the emperor, while partaking of this meal, to which a glass of good beer is added, walks slowly to and fro in friendly conversation with one or the other of his aids-de-camp. From this library a narrow staircase leads up to the emperor's bedroom, in which he sleeps on his narrow iron bedstead, with blankets under and over him just like those that are in the knapsacks of any private soldier. It is the identical bedstead that he bought at his first battle—the action at Arcis-sur-Aube, Feb. 27th, 1814—where he received his first decorations for personal courage, the Prussian Iron Cross and the Russian order of St. George.

KINDNESS TO PETITIONERS.

The emperor's life is as regular as an old-fashioned eight-day clock in a New England farmhouse. He rises early and dresses at once, always in his military uniform; dressing-gown and slippers are unknown to this warrior sovereign, excepting only for the few moments immediately after leaving his bed. The only exception that the emperor's tailor makes from the clothes of actual officers in the army is that he furnishes the ruler with a white waistcoat. Most of the servants and officials of the household have grown old with the emperor, nearly all of them being more than half a century in his service, and his majesty is full of kindness and regard for them. This is particularly the case

with the valet of the monarch, the one that always dresses him and brushes his hair. His hair has become very thin; some of it at the back of the head has been allowed to grow long and is carefully spread over the top of the cranium and taken together over one ear, where it is tied with a small piece of string. Time was when the valet used a black string for this purpose; but, after his hair had turned gray, the emperor, who invariably handed the string to his servant, remarked with a smile that perhaps it would be in better taste to take white cotton in the future. After his toilet, the emperor takes a breakfast of white rolls and butter and a cup of tea or cocoa. Then the day's work begins by reading the letters, to which Wilhelm adds marginal remarks with a pencil regarding the answers to be made to them. It is easy to understand that a great many requests are in these letters from all classes of people, and that the monarch is asked for help and support in the most pressing and varying matters. Though the private purse of the German crown is not a very large one, the emperor is always ready to grant these requests if real need is proved, and the presidents of the civil and military cabinets, as well as his private secretary, are frequently commissioned to make private inquiries into the circumstances of those families who have thus appealed for help. The emperor in this respect follows the traditions of his royal forefathers, and everybody is allowed to approach him and to defend his cause personally. The poor people often stand opposite the palace, near the monument of Frederick the Great, waiting for the moment when the emperor will make his appearance at the corner window, which he does very frequently when in his study. They then try to attract his attention by holding up some papers, and presently they are ordered to enter the hall where an aid-de-camp is detailed to hear requests and complaints, who eventually carries them to his imperial master.

SEEKING HIS ADVISERS.

Since the different attempts on his life, the police have been very careful that the kindness of the emperor should not be abused by wicked intruders, but his majesty has never liked to be protected by police measures. During the forenoon different ministers and officials and army officers are received in audience in order to make the reports, etc. The emperor is a very old man, but he still takes the greatest interest in all political and military matters, and he is anxious to learn the true public opinion about all important questions. He has a special secretary who reads all the papers and who cuts from them the interesting articles, which he lays before the emperor, who is thus enabled to keep track of the news of the day and to "make up his mind" without the intervention of his ministers. It is a well known fact that the ministers have very often a hard struggle to induce his majesty to change his views, and they sometimes are obliged to yield to him when he believes that the cabinet measure proposed would be against the welfare of state. But when it is found that the measures in question are necessary and for the public welfare, then the emperor is not selfish and yields to ministerial advice. The whole forenoon is thus occupied, excepting on those days when troops have to be reviewed or when the winter shooting parties take him into the provinces. Precisely at one o'clock the emperor takes his place at one of the windows in order to watch the march past of those troops which have to go on guard near the palace and castle. A great crowd is always assembled in the Unter-den-Linden, and frequently welcome their sovereign's appearance with loud cheers. When the weather is fine the emperor likes to drive out in an open carriage drawn by two black horses. Formerly he was alone in this Thiergarten excursion, but now he is accompanied by an aid-de-camp. The police know the way which his carriage will take, and shortly before the emperor leaves the palace two roundsmen and two detectives patrol the road. When the Grand Duchess of Baden, his only daughter, stays with her parents in Berlin, she always rides with her father, to whom she is very lovingly devoted. The grand duchess was thus driving with the emperor when the miserable Hodel made his assassin attempt, and the wonderful fortitude and bravery which she showed at the dreadful moment, won to her the hearts not only of the population of Berlin and Germany, but of all other civilized people.

SIMPLE HABITS.

All the details of the imperial household are controlled by the emperor, and the masters of ceremonies receive their instructions almost every day from his majesty. Economy is practiced, but of course a royal state is observed in all things. Whenever great state festivities are to be held or royal guests are to be received, the emperor gives personal instructions about the lodgings of his august visitors, while the empress herself inspects the rooms held in readiness, to see that the linen, etc., is all right and in place before the guests' arrival. She is very fond, too, of looking through all the cupboards and closets to see that the china, ware, table and bed linen and all such articles are properly taken care of by the servants. The emperor and empress dine early, and every day just before 4 o'clock, when the soup for their table is ready, a certain number of poor women are allowed to enter the kitchen with basins, and to each of them

is given about half a gallon out of the very same soup boiler from which their imperial majesties will soon be served. Baked meats and potatoes are added to the soup by a second cook, and in this way six poor families are made happy. The emperor and empress have dined together only during the past five or six years. The dinner is laid in a room next that of the empress's private boudoir and is served on a small oval table. Her majesty sits in a red velvet chair, with a red silk cushion at her back; on the emperor's chair is a red leather cushion. The venerable couple used, when they dined alone each to have his and her own cook. The empress likes French cooking, while the emperor is fond only of German dishes. It is true his chef de cuisine is one of the few great living masters of the culinary art, but, for all that, he sticks to homely fare, and especially the national dish called saurkrant. Precisely at 4 o'clock dinner is served, and, when they are alone, it consists of only four courses, and the dishes are served without ceremony. The courses are very simple, often consisting of boiled beef or mutton, potatoes, cabbage and fruit. His imperial majesty is not, however, wholly averse to the finer delicacies of the cuisine, and is particularly fond of lobsters and salmon, two dishes which have very often caused much uneasiness to the old "leibgard," Dr. Lauer, as he has to look out for many cases of indigestion. Very often there are invited guests at the dinner, and on these occasions the emperor always pleases his visitors immensely by his cordiality and condescension. The conversation is lively, and the emperor tries to keep it general. On these occasions he lights a cigar, it is more as a signal to his guests that they may smoke than for the pleasure which it gives him; and after a few puffs the weed is laid down. The great state dinners are given in the White Hall of the old castle, where the tables are always splendidly adorned with flowers, silver ornaments, etc. The bill of fare, however, at all these ceremonies is simple, and shows never more than eight courses at most, everything included, so that the whole ceremony is generally over in an hour. One of the greatest of these grand affairs is the Ordenfest dinner, on the 18th of Jan., of every year. This dinner is given by the emperor to all the men of every class of society who, during the preceding year, have been rewarded with a decoration. Here at one long table with their emperor are seated, without regard to rank, the honored guests of one whose decorations they wear. They are at present knights of the Black Eagle, of the Red Eagle, of the Garter and of the Legion of Honor, wearers of the iron cross, life-saving medals, the general badge of honor, and best of all the "Ordre pour le Merite," so eagerly longed for by everybody in Prussia, and which I would much prefer to the famous red ribbon. Sometimes as many as 1500 guests will be present at this Ordenfest festive, and yet no matter how many there may be, each brace of feeders will find a waiter in livery behind their chairs ready to minister to their every want. Letter carriers and cab drivers sometimes take part in this dinner and have been known to be seated next to a minister of state or a field marshal in the army. When the dinner is about over, the emperor rises to his feet and proposes, as a toast, the health of the decorees, and then all leave the table.

A SPLENDID SOLDIER.

There is no doubt about it, the emperor is a splendid soldier, and he has retained the most perfect composure throughout many actions where the Prussians narrowly escaped coming to grief; as, for instance, in the beginning of the battle of Konigsgratz and at the end of the battle of Gravelotte, and he would never be accused of cowardice, for Bismarck had often to beg him to get further away from the enemy's fire. It is to his credit that he never interferes with the commander in the field, neither when playing at war nor when engaged in the dreadful reality. He kept the late Von Roon at the head of the army, and authorized him, in defiance of Parliament, to prepare the magnificent military machine which worked so effectively at Sadowa and Sedan. He chose Von Moltke and gave him complete control over the forces during two great campaigns. One of the German princes applied to the King of Prussia during the French war for an additional force of cavalry. "That man," replied Wilhelm, pointing to Von Moltke, "disposes of every soldier in France, and I am thankful to him because he has not yet taken from me my bodyguard." It is because the monarch has shared all their dangers and fatigues that the troops like him so well, and legends by hundreds are going about which tell of his heroism. To fully understand the relations between the royal house and the army, I may state the following: Every year, early in the spring, a battalion of infantry has to be formed out of men selected from all the regiments of the line, and these picked troops are instructed by the best officers in the whole school of drill. Afterward the non-commissioned officers and men of this battalion become instructors in the different regiments, and thus the same rule of drill is observed throughout the entire army. Shortly after this battalion has been formed a festival takes place in its barracks, opposite the new palace at Potsdam, where the crown prince and his family reside in the summer. The emperor, surrounded by all the imperial and royal princes and princesses, and by a large staff of generals, as well as all the foreign mil-

itary attaches, is always present at this festivity, which is inaugurated by a holy service in the open park, after which the companies of the crack battalion march past their sovereign. In the meantime tables have been arranged in the open galleries of the barracks, which are adorned with flags, garlands and flowers, and here a dinner is served to the men, the dishes of which are made up wholly of roast pork (no American pigs need apply), stewed plums, boiled potatoes, white bread and cheese. Wine and beer are also plentiful, and while the men sit at the table, the best bands of Berlin are playing patriotic melodies. The emperor and his companies take part at this dinner, tasting from the same dishes as the soldiers. Invariably his majesty gives a toast to the welfare of the army, which is naturally loudly cheered by the hundreds of young men who are, of course, very proud that the highest "kriegsher" messes with them. Now, as every regiment in the German army is represented at this annual festivity, the men, after their return to their own regiment, or to their homes, report with becoming pride about the happy day in their soldier life, the day when the Emperor William dined with them; and this true tale will be repeated to their children and their grandchildren, to whom it will, no doubt, sound as good as a fairy story.

A GOOD MAN.

The emperor is not only a good man, but he is a pious one. He reads his Bible every morning of his life, whether in palace or in field, and he never lays down at night without saying his prayers. Moreover, he fulfills his duties toward the Almighty in a perfectly honest and believing spirit; but he is also enough of a philosopher to understand the opinions and feelings of all free-thinking men. The emperor has always been a zealous Freemason, and is still the head protector of this ancient and honorable order, in which position he is supported by the crown prince, who has likewise embraced the duties of a master mason, and who nowadays represents his imperial father at all great and important ceremonies of the grand lodge. The emperor is a thorough Protestant, and he was never more offended than when Pope Pius IX claimed the right to compel even the Protestant Wilhelm to stand under his (the pope's) supremacy. But the struggle between the Prussian monarchy and the vatican was never much liked by the emperor, as he has always been anxious to remain in good relations with all his subjects. At the same time, however, he has a great pride of his rights of sovereignty, which were violated by the haughty tone that Pius IX assumed against the Protestant German empire. The emperor was thus induced to adopt the measures proposed by Prince Bismarck and Dr. Falk for protecting the rights of the state against the pretensions of the papal power at Rome. But there is every reason to believe that the emperor would be happy if this religious struggle were ended before his death. That his death may be long delayed is the prayer of all good and intelligent people, but in the natural order of things, it cannot be far off. But he has lived long enough to see himself and throne surrounded by three generations. He must, indeed, have been a very happy man, when to his grandson, the Prince William, a son was born a year ago. When I was in Berlin last month an officer of the household presented me with a photograph of a group which includes the emperor, his son the crown prince, his grandson William, and his great grandson. The little boy baby is beaming with joy, but his tiny face is not more brightly lit up with the smile of innocence than is that of the venerable and well-beloved monarch, whose life and daily acts I have thus hurriedly outlined, because of his family surroundings. When the emperor leaves this world it will be with the hope that, after human foresight, the tree of the Hohenzollern family will still long flourish in Prussia and Germany, and with the full conviction that he has done his best for securing to his followers that love and esteem of the people without which no throne is protected in its existence. The memory of this first Protestant Emperor of Germany will be the best bequest to the coming generations.

Society belle—Mother, Mr. DeBrass has proposed and I have accepted. Mother—What? Oh, you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you. Mr. DeBrass hasn't a cent to bless himself with and won't have until his father and grandfather die. "The Mr. DeBrass I am referring to is the grandfather." "Oh! bless you, my children."

Your father is looking very bad," said the teacher; "has he failed in business again?" "No, not quite," replied the smart bad boy, "the creditors got on to him this time and he had to pay 84 cents on the dollar. It broke him all up, and he says the world has grown to be so all-killin' mean there's no inducement for an honest man to go out of business."

"Have you suffered much from train robbers, conductor?" asked a passenger over the Wabash. "Not at all," replied the official. "I haven't seen a director on the train since last November." And only the sighing prairie winds swept plaintively through the windows, and the rattling wheels went clicking monotonously on: "I-cleaned-'em-out; I-cleaned-'em-out; I-cleaned-'em-out."