

ness were in themselves just a little discredit. To this hour, the King, who has become by successive accretions of wealth one of the richest princes in Europe—perhaps the richest in personal income—thinks it no shame to send to a city in distress which he keenly desires to conciliate, 5000 thalers or £750 and would feel genuine surprise if informed that the sum was not very great. In the midst of incessant battles with Parliament for money, the Schloss treasure—£7,000,000—has never been touched except for war, and the State commences a grand campaign, the greatest of our century, with a loan which London would take up at a bite and forget in a day. The extra amount of public money expended as yet in this war by Germany is not £20,000,000, and though £16,000,000 were recently asked for, the Departments have found time to reduce the demand to twelve. A part of this economy is due, no doubt, to the practice of levying requisitions, taught by the first Napoleon to Germany; but its main support is a thrift so determined that the plunderers have given up the game in despair, and as a Prussian official once said to the writer, "Our Treasury is not afraid even of a dockyard." This rigour not only continues under the present Administration, but is slightly intensified, "many small peculations having been suppressed," and pushed in some departments almost into cruelty. The Prussian hospital service, for example, is penurious to an unjust degree. There are not enough surgeons, no comforts are allowed, not even hospital clothes; men with broken limbs still wearing their cheap rough uniforms. Quinine, chloral, good wine, everything that costs money, is always the international surgeons report, wanting, and the disuse of chloroform is partly due to a dislike for an expense which a little more "fortitude" in the victims of war would render needless. No General, however high, makes a fortune; Baron Von Dreyse receives a modest wage, and we doubt if Sir Joseph Whitworth would reckon Krupp as rich. The State in Prussia accepts your services, it does not buy them, and yet those services are exceptionally well rendered. There is not so far as we know, an instance in Prussian history of a State servant having been rewarded as Marlborough was, or Wellington, or even Lord Hardinge or Lord Dalhousie. A sum was voted after Sadowa to the King to distribute amongst his highest servants; but Count Bismarck who had given Prussia the supremacy of Germany, received only an estate, large indeed in acreage, but not worth £50,000 in an open market; and Baron Von Moltke still less a sum, if we remember rightly, of about £15,000.

Nor in this channiness of money made up by and lavishness of honours or carelessness in social discipline. The King is in the last resort master of every man, and accounts have been published, obviously correct, of the great Chancellor's dangers from a group of legitimist old ladies, who constantly, by their influence with the King, thwarted his best-laid plans. If the world is not utterly misinformed, he has had to resign once or twice, and even now he remains just what he was, Count Bismarck Schonhausen—master in one way of the world, but hopelessly unable to contend with the stern old officer who is indebted to him for supremacy in Europe, for a position which fulfils the dreams of German legend-makers, and might make Frederick the Great leap under his stone shroud with exultation—chief among the statesmen of Europe, but still the "faithful servant of my august" and not very intelligent "master." It was widely rumoured after Sadowa that Count

Bismarck would receive the little enclave, which is still, we believe, kept in some way separate from Prussia, and would be Duke of Lauenburg, but Prussians only smiled at the report. He serves the Hohenzollerns, they said, not Napoleon, and so it proved—honour enough to him that the King accepts his advice. The routine observed towards the Chancellor is intelligible—for after all he only makes history—but, we confess, fully as we had recognized the policy of the great German dynasty in this matter of remarks, the cold thrift of honour as well as money which makes every star so valuable—we have felt a faint surprise at the measure meted out to Von Moltke. He wins campaigns. He is the greatest in the field which the King best knows. The precise place which General Von Moltke will hold in military history is still perhaps uncertain. He has never yet, either in 1864, or in 1866 or in 1870, been opposed to a reasonably good tactician, an equal army, or a formidable strategist. Beating the Danes, when they had only muskets, was poor work and Benedek, perhaps hampered by secret instructions proved but a feeble opponent; while in France he has never met a strategist of any sort, and only once a General. We rather think, writing only as observant civilians, that on that occasion he was defeated, and that August 16 should be credited to Marshal Bazaine, who, had he but powder, would have retained the honours of the day. Bad generalship must be judged by its results, and judging by its results, no Sovereign ever had such a servant as General Von Moltke, who having first reorganized an army in which no soldier had ever seen a shot fired, having formed a school of generals and remade the scientific services, so guided that army as in a campaign of seven weeks to strike down the Austrian Empire, and then in a campaign of three months to subjugate the greatest of military monarchies. So far as close and scientific observers can detect, General Von Moltke has been in this tremendous campaign the Providence of the great German army, has planned everything, foreseen everything, has never thrown away a life, has never missed a spring. His single brain has been worth a hundred thousand men, worth all Napoleon was to the French army, and on his seventieth birthday the King of Prussia makes his mighty General a Count, promotes him one step in the social hierarchy—as it were in recognition *en passant* of sound advice lent to him—the King—in his management of war. A few days afterwards he makes two Princes of his own blood who, doubtlessly have fought well and succeeded, but who are nevertheless only efficient instruments in Von Moltke's hands as Field-Marshal, the superiors in the military hierarchy of the genius who had led them to victory and empire. In that realm of thought which of all others he understands, in the very moment of supreme triumph, with his whole soul subjected to the advice which yet he will not reward, the greatest prince in the world coldly and deliberately prefers to the claim of genius that of blood, and signifies to mankind that if his Generals master earth, they remain his family servants still.

There is something galling to men who believe that the tools should go to the workmen in such a distribution of honour, but while we protest, we are not blind to the strength manifest in such acts. They show that the terrible weakness of all new Governments, the necessity of buying support, is absent from the Prussian monarchy. The State, and the King as its representative, have no need to conciliate any individual,

not even the man who seems to work out victory as if it were a problem in the Calculus. He is bidden to work it out, and what higher inducement could there be? Had a Republic employed Von Moltke, it must have dreaded his ambition. Had he served Napoleon, Napoleon must have loaded him down with honours, and wealth, and territories, have filled him fat with spoil to bind him to his side, and even then must have dreaded in him a rival, a foe, or a successor. The King quietly admires and trusts. He has no need to bribe. He can be endangered by no rival, threatened by no enmity, undermined by no individual opponent. He is there, master by right of birth, in victory as in defeat too strong for even the semblance of hostility, as far beyond assault as if his power were self-derived, able to acknowledge aid, or to reward high services, or to abstain from rewarding them, and sure, whichever he does, to be held to have acted as became a King. If he hangs up his worn-out sword in the place of honour, lo! what a gracious King, if he flings it away, lo! what a master of the sovereign statecraft. Von Moltke has done his duty, and what can the King say more? It is difficult to read of this Courtship without a slight feeling of contempt for such niggardliness in the bestowal even of honours, or without a deep respect for the organization which is so strong that it need scarce be just to a seldier, at whose name the fighting world grows pale.

An order was sent last week from the Horse Guards for the various regiments in Ireland to forward the numbers of their rifles preparatory to exchanging them for the newest pattern, with which they are to be provided with.

The *Carlsruher Zeitung*, one of the largest papers of South Germany, advocates the forcible annexation of German Switzerland. Speaking of a performance of Schiller's "William Tell" in that city, it condemns the theatrical manager for bringing such a piece before the public, for it says the drama is only a political glorification of the secession of one of her finest provinces from the German Fatherland.

The Admiralty has determined to award pensions to the mothers and sisters of those officers who were lost in Her Majesty's ships Captain and Slaney, and who did not leave widows, provided such mothers and sisters were dependent on the officers who perished. Gratuities will also be awarded to the relatives of the men who did not leave widows, under similar regulations. The widows and children of the officers will be awarded the usual pensions, and the widows of the men the usual gratuities will be granted.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favorite. The *CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE* remarks:—"The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homœopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately favoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold by the Trade only in 1lb., 3lb., and 11b. tin-lined packets, labelled—JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.