NEW BOOKS.

Bismarck's Love Letters.

It is a new and unexpected aspect of the Iron Chancellor which is disclosed in an English translation of "The Love Letters of Bismarck" (Harpers). The letters cover a period of some forty-three years, beginning toward the end of December, 1846, when a request for the hand of his daughter Johanna was addressed to Herr von Puttkamer, who, apparently, was not at first disposed to look with favor upon the writer. From a worldly point of view, Bismarck was not a desirable match for the young lady. Upon this point he refrains from touching, but he assures his correspondent that a great change has come over his religious opinions, and that, whereas he was formerly a sceptic, he had become a sincere believer in Christianity and in the efficacy of prayer. The result of this and a second letter was the father's consent to an engagement, but the marriage did not take place until July, 1847. The first love letter is not particularly interesting, for, although it begins "Angela Mia," it expresses profound regret at the miscarriage of certain sausages. It is evident that the young lady was of a dark complexion, for her lover addresses her in various letters as "dearest black one," "black sun," "Jeanne the Black," and again, "Jeanne la noire, la chatte." Other salutations are "dear heart," "Dearest, only beloved Juanita, better half of myself," "Jeanne, la mechante" and "My poor sick kitten." Concerning the epithet "black sun," the lover discourses as follows: "How can black give light? Only in the form of polished ebony or lava. Smooth and hard as that you are not; therefore my metaphor of the black sun is false. Are you not rather a dark, warm summer night, with fragrance of flowers and heat-lightning?" It seems that some one had sown a grain of distrust of her lover in the young lady's heart. Of course, Bismarck is indignant: "Somewhere it is written," he says, "he who does not love his neighbor whom he sees, how shall he love God, whom he does not see?" I should like to say the same thing in reference to confidence instead of love. We have, even in the distrustful legal system, the adage, 'Let every one be accounted good until he is proved bad.' So that, if you wish to be nothing but a hard-hearted judge to me, you should trust me until you have learned by experience that I deserve mistrust. But, if you love me, you should forgive me seven times seventy times, even if I have actually sinned against you. Will you be able to do that? Four hundred and ninety times! I shall not require it so often as that, at least for gross offences."

A little later Bismarck writes: "You remember, perhaps, that, in Zimmerhausen, I wondered at your courage in accepting me, a half-stranger, in the character I still sustain; but that you know me so little that you regard me, a born spendthrift, as avaricious, shows that you have surrendered yourself in blind trust, in trust that can only be inspired by a love for which I kiss your hands and feet. How little you know the world, my heart!" It seems that the young lady had expressed regret for a letter she had written. Her lover reassures her: "I found nothing in it that was not dear to me, or that could have been dearer. Were it otherwise, where should you in future find a breast on which to disburden your own of that which oppresses it if not with me? Who is more bound and entitled to share suffering and anxiety with you, bear your sicknesses, your faults, than I, who have obeyed my impulse to do this, voluntarily, without being compelled to it by the obligation of relationship or other duty?" Again: "My dear, dear Johanna, must I tell you once more that I love you, *sans phrase*, that we ought to share with each other joy and suffering—I your suffering and you mine; that we are not united for the sake of showing and sharing with each other only that which gives pleasure, but that you may pour out your heart at all times to me and I to you, whatever it may contain; that I must and will bear your sorrows, your thoughts, your naughtinesses, if you have any, and love you as you are—not as you ought to be or might be? Make me serviceable, use me for what purpose you will. Ill treat me, without and within, if you have the wish to do so. I am there for that purpose, at your disposal, but never be embarrassed in any way with me. Trust me unreservedly, in the conviction that I accept everything that comes from you with profound love, whether it be glad or patient. Do not keep your gloomy thoughts for yourself while you look on me with cheerful brow and merry eyes, but share with me in word and look what you have in your heart, whether it be blessing or sorrow." Once more: "Never be faint-hearted with me, and if anything in yourself appears to you inelegant, simple, depressing, reflect that everything of that kind is present in me a thousand times more, and that I am saturated with it far too thoroughly and deeply to look upon such things with contempt when seen in others, or to become aware of them in you otherwise than with love, even if not always with patience."

In one of her letters Miss von Puttkamer had intimated that she did not regard a locked-up heart as a very bad thing, but thought it should only be laid open to the eyes of intimate friends. Bismarck answers: "The dividing line between reticence and decent, or even unusual frankness, it is not always easy to draw, and every one must act for himself as he can answer for it. In ordinary intercourse, politeness imposes dissimulations enough, and a certain degree of perfection in these seems to me very desirable. Toward those who are greatly troubled and anxious when we are sick our love leads us to employ such dissimulations, to spare them pain; still oftener a lack of confidence is the occasion in cases where this is regarded very unfavorably, particularly toward parents." The writer goes on to note that "nearly every mother sheds secret tears during the period when she must perceive that her children gradually—perhaps again—their wish, and while struggling for the contrary are estranged from her heart, and become colder and more reserved, even towards her who formerly directed or knew every emotion of the childish spirit—a sort of fall of man repeated in every child in that it comes to feel that it must cover its faults before its mother and veil itself."

We must find room for one more quotation. It is from a letter penned on March 7, 1847. "You hurt my feelings somewhat in being so much surprised when people like Lepsius and others respect and love you, &c., for you thus insincerely express the opinion that you esteem me a man devoid of taste, since I entertain for you much stronger feelings of—respect is too weak a word for me, worship untrue and sacrilegious. You must, on the contrary, look with contempt upon every one who does not know enough to appreciate your merit, and to every one who has not yet proposed to you, or would not at least like to, you must say, 'Sir, the fact is that Herr von B — loves me, and this proves that every male person who does not adore me is a blockhead without discernment.' Why should not Lepsius worship you? 'Tis the duty and obligation. Don't be so insultingly modest, as though I, after wandering around among the rose gardens of North Germany for ten years, had finally grabbed at a buttercup with both hands." The epistle ends as follows: "Gather, then, from this very imperfect letter, first, that I am tired; second, that I am in good health; third, that, last Friday morning, you did not write inesdiy stuff; fourth and sixth letter, fourth, that I did not intentionally to myself anything that you said, and most heartily believe that you do care for me; fifth, that, if we were together now, I should fall at your feet, seize both your hands and cry, 'Jdaemmlich i ib hie dier' sixth, ch' io ti voglio ben' assai; seventh, that I love you in English; eighth, que je t'adore, mon ange; ninth, to-morrow morning I go to Magdeburg, hold a long conference with Gerlach, dine there, buy little trees under whose shade you shall sometimes sighs—ditto vinars and other little things." In the list of the letters written before marriage Bismarck says: "Our banns were cried today for the first time in Schönhausen. Does it not seem strange to you? Last Ubad inserted your name so badly that I could mention only Johanna Eleanore. The other, to you, must teach me better. Farewell, my heart!" To the letters penned after the marriage we pay recur on another occasion. S. W. H.

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The reader who wishes a story to open in a lively manner will hardly be disappointed when he comes to "Without a Warrant," by Hildegard Brooks (Charles Scribner's Sons). This Miss Perry, who went out with a rapier and a pistol into the dark hall of a lonely house in the pine woods of southern Georgia in order to "defend the honor" of the highly nervous old man and semi-invalid, Murray, or McGuire, had indeed a heart-shaking experience of the first order. She fired down into the darkness at the proper

Continued on Eighth Page.

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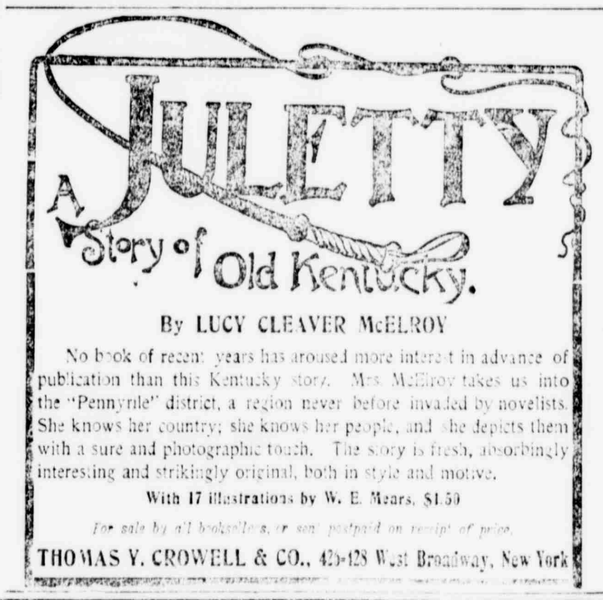

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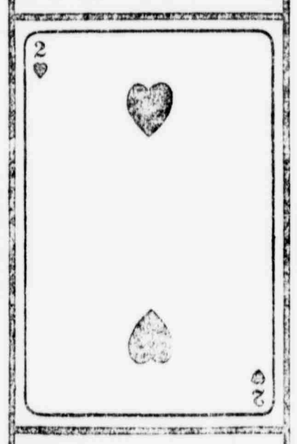

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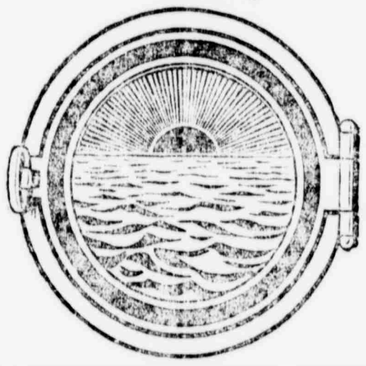

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