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# BY THE WATERS OF GERMANY

BY  
NORMA LORIMER

AUTHOR OF

"BY THE WATERS OF SICILY," "BY THE WATERS OF CARTHAGE," "BY THE  
WATERS OF EGYPT," "BY THE WATERS OF ITALY," "THE  
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WITH A PREFACE  
BY  
DOUGLAS SLADEN

*WITH A COLOURED FRONTISPIECE BY MARGARET THOMAS  
AND SIXTEEN OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES  
BY MARGARET THOMAS AND ERNA MICHEL*



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TO YOU  
AND YOURS

Dedicated  
TO  
LOUISE  
AND  
OUR GERMAN  
FRIENDS

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## PREFACE BY DOUGLAS SLADEN

THIRTEEN years ago Norma Lorimer wrote "By the Waters of Sicily," which has the fragrance of "Ships that Pass in the Night," and is the most human and delightful book ever written about Sicily. It was followed by "By the Waters of Carthage," "By the Waters of Egypt," and "By the Waters of Italy"—the first two notable books with their stories strengthened, one by the clever study of the Mohammedan religion and institutions, and the other by a deeper study of the religions and institutions of Ancient Egypt.

The latest book in this delightful series, "By the Waters of Germany," is on an entirely different scheme. The *waters* are there—the historic waters of the Rhine, and Pegnitz, and the Tauber. The reader is hardly ever out of sight of a river, but the book, instead of being the outcome of a lengthy pilgrimage, is the record of a summer holiday on which Miss Lorimer went with a young German girl who was returning to her Fatherland. It shows for how little money a most delightful holiday may be taken in Germany. Every penny the two women had to spend is set down, every necessary experience of finding lodgings, and economising in food; yet the book moves lightly and rapidly to its proper task of describing the glories of scenery and old architecture, chiefly Alsatian and Bavarian, which were

the principal objects of the holiday. On fourteen pounds each they went from London to Rothenburg and back—taking in on the way Cologne, with its famous cathedral and antique churches; Nordeck, an unspoiled Hessian village—a typical bit of country Germany; Marburg, with its ancient university and its memories of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary; Karlsruhe, more as the gate of the Black Forest than as the capital of Baden—the Black Forest, with its glories of mountain and dark fir wood, and romantic ruins like Allerheiligen, and gay summer resorts like Frauenalb and Herrenalb; Baden-Baden; Strassburg, the pathetically beautiful capital of forlorn Alsace; Stuttgart, the complacent capital of Württemberg; Nuremberg, the immortally mediæval; Rothenburg, the cloistered sister and rustic rival of Nuremberg; and Frankfurt, the venerable cradle of Goethe and the Rothschilds.

In the Black Forest they made a digression to little Freudenstadt, to see the extraordinary friezes of its bent church, which recall, to the few who have ever seen them, the famous friezes on that hospital at Pistoia.

This is a bare and frigid enumeration of the chief places visited by these two champion economists in their tour *by the waters of Germany*.

Miss Lorimer, with her accustomed skill in weaving books, half tale, half travel, gives us a succession of delightful vistas of some of the loveliest scenery and most romantic architecture on the Continent, lightened by the naively disclosed love-story of her youthful German companion.

The story is a combination of simplicity and sparkle,

calculated to please the reader, who asks, in the first place, to be entertained, more than any of the series since "By the Waters of Sicily." And those who desire an ideal cheap holiday in Germany could not do better than make "By the Waters of Germany" their textbook.

DOUGLAS SLADEN



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# By the Waters of Germany

## CHAPTER I

### CROSSING THE GERMAN OCEAN

NEITHER of us had any money, but I had more than Louise—of that little which was almost less than nothing. That did not prevent us from starting off on a walking tour through the Black Forest. Which part of the Black Forest I never stopped to consider. I only knew that in the Black Forest of my imagination there were giant pine trees, and there was perfect quiet.

We made no plans beyond the fact that somehow I was to see Rothenburg and Nuremberg, and that Louise was first to visit her relations in Nordeck, a little village in Oberhessen, the reason being that the visiting of her father's sisters was the excuse she gave her parents for asking for her return ticket to Nordeck. And the reason proved sufficient, for her father paid all the expenses of the journey. Our only other plan was that if her "girl's mite" ran dry before we reached the city of Rothenburg, she would accompany me there as my guest, for without her I could not have gone anywhere, as my knowledge of German is limited to "*Wie viel?*" "*Verboten*" and "*Danke sehr.*" But pitted against the knowledge of a language which is hers by right of birth, I possessed the very practical asset of knowing how to travel cheaply. Even to her economic Teutonic mind, I was, in this respect, a revelation.

Somewhere in the house we found three old Baedekers, the youngest of which was about eighteen years old; but as we were never likely to patronise any hotel advised by that Herr Professor of middle-class travel, I stoutly refused to buy any others until I had compared the information which I knew I should require in the copies I possessed with the same subjects in the later editions. I went to a bookshop, taking my copy of "Southern Germany" with me.

I asked to see Baedeker's "Southern Germany." I turned to Rothenburg, only to find that the information regarding that most mediæval of cities was identically the same in both copies, except for the spelling of Rothenburg. In the latest edition it was spelt Rotenburg. It was scarcely worth buying for this. Cab fares would not affect us, as we were never likely to engage one, and the question of how to get to and from the various points was to be a mere matter of inclination and weather. If it rained, we were not going to tramp through a dripping forest just because we had planned to do so. And that reminds me that it is not so easy for a woman to make use of her liberty, even when she has got it. An American friend told me that all her life she had longed to get away from the chains of domestic duties. She had been married when she was sixteen, and had had a very large family. It was only when she was a grandmother that she found herself in a position to do what she had always wanted—to move about from place to place just as the spirit moved her. The greatest difficulty she found in her new life of absolute freedom was the breaking of plans. If she had arranged to go the next day to Viterbo, she found it extremely difficult not to do so when the morrow came and the weather proved unpropitious, or other more de-

lightful and suitable things suggested themselves to her mind.

To return to my narrative. If it rained we were to seek the nearest town and spend our daily manna of pfennigs on music.

I may here add that these ancient Baedekers had one splendid quality : I could leave them lying about restaurants and railway carriages, and no one ever took them away in mistake for their own.

As our determination to leave England was a very sudden one, we fortunately had very little time to devote to buying unnecessary articles of travel, which otherwise we might have been tempted to do at the advice of experienced friends.

In a small hatbox, which we dispatched to Nordeck, we put changes of under-garments and a very few outer things and some books. I cannot explain why, but I never can travel contentedly unless I take with me a few familiar books. My common sense tells me that I shall never find time to read them ; and I never did. Still, I took them to ward off mascot-sickness. As the registration fee of that box from Liverpool Street to Giessen only came to one and tenpence, the size of it can be imagined.

The rest of our luggage consisted of a handbag for Louise, and a small dispatch-case for myself. As I packed mine I said to myself, " What woman will ever speak harshly again of modern dress when she comes to pack as many things as I am packing into a twelve by sixteen dispatch-case ? " The dispatch-case, which I afterwards called my " Handpäck," I carried with me wherever I went, as Louise did her brown bag. The hatbox we only met at Nordeck, Nuremberg, and Frankfurt.

The way we managed our income was this : We put in



the hatbox three circular-notes, which we could not cash until we reached Nuremberg. This was to insure ourselves against complete insolvency in that popular tourist-spoilt city, which we feared might be ruinously dear. In her bag Louise carried the duplicate of my signatures for the circular-notes, so that the notes, if lost or strayed, could not be cashed without them. The rest of our small fortune we took with us. Louise carried the purse, and into it we each put an equal amount to start with, which, when finished, was replenished by us equally again at the same time. If either of us bought any personal effect, we had to pay for it out of our privy purse. We were scrupulously honest to each other, even to the matter of half-pfennigs. I always paid for it out of my private purse, if, for instance, at tea-time I was tempted to eat a double portion of wild strawberry tart, a delicacy I never can resist, perhaps because it was at Verona I first tasted it; and to this day my perverse memory associates that city of the Capulets and Montagus not with Juliet, but with wild strawberry tart. But I may be forgiven, for was it not an American of my acquaintance whose vivid memory of Rome was centred in a boot-shop in the Corso, where she got half a dozen pairs of "haf-shoes" made for her for half of what they would cost her in New York? I wish my story had been about one of my own countrywomen, but it was not, and never could have been, for I doubt if any Scotchwoman could bring herself to order six pairs of boots at one time.

Well, these modern clothes fitted into the dispatch-box so accommodatigly that we had even room for three bundles of sandwiches—one for our supper on board the boat, one for our breakfast the next morning, and one, which we fortunately had kept in reserve, stood us in good stead on our cold journey from Cologne to

Giessen. We were so afraid that our money would not be enough to go all round that we began by being very, very economical, which was a good thing, perhaps, for nothing is ever wholesome and cheap until you have left all trace of England well behind you. My only regret now is that we did not travel third class from the Hook of Holland to Giessen, for travelling third in Germany is fresher and cleaner than travelling second in most other countries. Being economical makes one wondrous mean ; at the end of each day it amused us to see what our rate of living had been. When it came up to six marks, which was very seldom, we had always had what Louise called a " wild debauch " at one of our three meals.

For travelling we wore blue serge skirts, white crêpe blouses which needed no ironing when they were washed, blue golf jerseys, and close-fitting black hats which in front afforded us good shade for our eyes, and—most important item of all—brown leather walking shoes with very wide soles, and sportsmanlike tongues turned over the fastenings. These fringes of leather I had hitherto looked upon as mere " swank " on the part of those who wore them. I now discovered their value ; never once in the three weeks did my laces come untied, a joy I had never experienced hitherto. Before starting we took the precaution to wear our " get-up " for a whole day, to make sure that it was perfectly comfortable—that we could, so to speak, go to sleep in our shoes, and that our hats would not become unbearably heavy by the end of a very long day—and some of our days were of a very respectable length, often beginning at 5.30 a.m. and ending at 11 p.m. When they began at 5.30 a.m. we always determined, while dressing in the morning, to go to bed at 8 p.m. ; but we never could, for the moors invited us to come out and smell the pine-scented air,

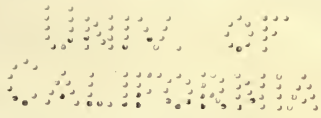
and the woods had secrets to tell us which they would not reveal in the daytime, when motorists might disturb them ; and at night my mind flew to the stillness of the African desert. The stillness of the forest is as intense, as primeval, and as overwhelming.

When we arrived at Liverpool Street there was darkness over the face of the earth, for a really absurd thing had happened : the electric light had failed, and the man in the ticket office could not see to issue tickets. A very fatherly porter, whose bibulous nose suggested a communion with the spirit which, coming from without, unlocks the innermost chambers of the heart, consoled me as best he could by telling me that if my daughter could not return to school, I should have her with me for a little while longer. Not feeling consoled, I suggested to the dispenser of tickets that he should issue tickets to somewhere, and let us take our chance. Continental tickets, of course. I was in a perfectly open frame of mind ; I would willingly have accepted a ticket to St. Petersburg in lieu of my ticket to Giessen, or I would have been contented with one to Hamburg, which would have cost much less than the four pounds ten and tenpence which I was going to pay for my return ticket to Giessen. But, being a man of no imagination, he did not accept the suggestion.

Then suddenly, as though some voice had said, " Let there be light," there was light, and with the coming of the light a general stampede to the booking-office, Louise being one of the foremost, and I meekly following my friendly porter.

Now, I would have you know from the very beginning that to the outward eye Louise is everything that is not





THE COURTYARD OF A PRINCE'S CASTLE

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt,  
of Lauterbach

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN



German, while it is the desire of her heart, or at least she says it is, that she should be considered typically so. When my confidential porter told me that there was one and tenpence to pay on the box, because in Germany—he said the word with a sniff of his bibulous nose—you are allowed no free luggage, except what you can carry in your hand and take in the carriage with you, and expressed his opinion upon the subject very freely, Louise gave him a freezing look, and halved the tip she had meant to give him.

I have never yet discovered how she would have treated the man or woman who volunteered the information that she looked typically German—for, I ask, is it the way that even a sausage would like to look?

Louise's father was to have met us, but he failed, because he could not get back to the unreasonable spot in England in which he has chosen to naturalise himself at a reasonable time of night—or, indeed, at all. And so he remains in total ignorance to this day of the manner of woman into whose hands he entrusted his eldest born.

Louise and I knew each other pretty well, but one week of travel reveals characteristics in human beings which may lie dormant for three-score years and ten in their natural surroundings. When Louise writes the story of our journey I shall learn what she thought of me. A mutual friend of ours, who has a very vile temper, has always had it excused by her lover, who has not yet seen her in one himself, by the fact that she is "temperamental"—her "hatefulness," as Louise calls it, is not the hatefulness of a thoroughly spoilt, ill-natured woman, but the outcome of a highly strung, artistic temperament. Someone else once defined people of artistic

temperament as "people who thought about nothing but themselves." Our mutual friend is very good at that.

Louise, who can be quite fractious at times, and has a tendency to Teutonic stubbornness in her character, promised that she would suppress all "temperamental" qualities until our trip was over; and here let me add that at the end of our forked-lightning tour through her Fatherland, as her cousin called it, she was only highly "temperamental" twice. Once it was when I refused to let her have sausages for supper, after having had sausages for breakfast and sausages for lunch. On the subject of sausages Louise is typically German. I was disappointed with her appetite for beer, although I was told by a friend—a male one—that she had a Bavarian mouth! And so, when we arrived in Bavaria, I kept a sharp look-out for examples of "typical Bavarian mouths." I did not often see one like Louise's—perhaps because she does not like beer. Hers much more strongly suggests a weakness for strawberry creams.

In the writing of this narrative I know my digressions will digress in a wholly inconsequent manner, but the story of our journey I will always try to take up at the point I left off when I rambled on ahead.

I forgot to mention that on our railway journey to Harwich we entered into conversation with a very pretty young woman who was going to meet her husband, an English naval officer at Hamburg, who was sailing for China from that port. This little woman, who looked like a girl, but was—I have only her own word for it—the mother of four schoolboys, had lived in China during the late revolution; she had travelled alone backwards and forwards four times from that country to her home in Devonshire; yet she was pathetically afraid of going

alone to Hamburg. She knew no German, and was as stoutly British as people are who live in English communities in the Far East. I often wondered, as we walked in silence through the peace of those wonderful woods in Germany if that little woman had found her husband—if he was there to meet her; her great fear was that something would prevent him from being able to do so. Her perfectly complacent remarks about her life in China during the rebellion, although she really grieved that it had sent up the cost of living, made me think that the suggestion has some truth in it that if a mouse had been set loose in Mrs. Pankhurst's cell there would have been an end to all forcible feeding.

But this is another digression, for that pretty little woman, with the nut-brown hair, and browner eyes, goes no further in my narrative than the Hook of Holland—not so far, indeed, for I lost sight of her directly we got on board the boat. In all probability she had engaged a berth, and Louise and I had not. We never engaged anything that could possibly cost anything which we could do without.

Having failed to secure berths, because we had not reserved them, on the same level of the ship as the ladies' saloon, which was just at the bottom of the companion-stairs, we were offered one which was going a-begging, "down below," as the stewardess expressed it. Louise being one of those, less fortunate than myself, who cannot go "down below," we refused it. She thought we were quite "down below" enough.

We determined to spend the night on the sofa of the nice, airy saloon, but the moment we put our feet up, although we had taken the precaution to rob them of our travelling-shoes, and put on soft slippers—an act Louise sorely regretted the next morning, when she had to stoop



down to put her shoes on again—the stewardess literally sprang at us.

“Begorra, you mushtn’t do that,” she said. “I can’t have me taphesthries spoilt.”

She spoke with a strong Irish accent which no North Sea had robbed of its richness. I assured her that my feet were perfectly clean.

“But ye mustn’t lie there,” she said, “ye’ll be sick. We’ll be coming into a bit of dhirty weather, and I can’t have me taphesthries and me carpets spoilt, indeed I can’t!”

I assured her that I had never been seasick, nor was I the least likely to be so, and that it was not necessary for her to alarm my friend about the “dhirty weather,” for I would see that she did not spoil her precious Gobelin. I saw her look at us very critically.

“Ye’ll be English ladies, both of ye,” she said, “so if ye’ll sit up straight until I get rid of all them dhirty foreigners, I’ll bring ye sheets and pillow-cases and a blanket.”

This was too much for Louise, who sat bolt upright for a very different reason. I think she was on the point of giving the woman a bit of her “dhirty foreign” mind, when I said, “Hush! Do remember that Paris was worth a Mass. The sheets and pillows and blankets will be very comforting,” for the night was cold.

At this, Louise, who is as fond of comfort as a cat, and knows by instinct the most sympathetic chair in any room, curled herself up again, muttering “Dhirty foreigners, indeed!”

But truly experience was justified of her children, for long after the Prussian cat was asleep I saw something of the foreigners our Irish hostess had alluded to, and I cannot say that I think her adjective was either harsh

or misapplied. No sooner had we passed into the "dhirty weather," which came very soon after we had crossed the bar, than they came up in twos and twos from "down below." Where they had come from before they had arrived on board that ship I do not know. Perhaps they were refugees from the Balkan States.

The first to appear were a mother and daughter. Rebecca was a beautiful Jewess, after the manner of her kind, of about sixteen years of age. Her two long cables of black hair hung on either side of her pale face, down almost to her knees; her tragic eyes stared into space as she swayed into the saloon like a somnambulist. Her dress seemed to be composed of Turkish antimacassars. She was following her corpulent mother, whose Semitic face looked ghastly under a turban of red cotton, which she had twisted about her head out of an ample pocket-handkerchief. She was in the last stages of seasickness, and now indeed "me taphesthries and me carpet" seemed in imminent danger. I wondered what would happen. But the next moment, like a vulture after its prey, the Irishwoman sprang at her.

"Ye'll be going down below," she said, "and not coming in here. No one has ever been sick on me carpet, and no one is ever going to be."

But the turbaned Oriental was past caring what became of anything in the whole world, beyond the desire to fling herself down on the sofa and give vent to her feelings. As she did so, the stewardess implored Rebecca to help her to move her mother.

"She'll be far bbetter down below," she said, "for she can't be sick here, at all. She'll s spoil me taphesthries."

Rebecca, who knew that her mother could and would be sick anywhere, took no notice of the woman's remarks; her somnambulistic expression did not change. She was

probably aware that if she bent forward she would be in even a worse condition than her mother. Driven to despair, the irate Irishwoman literally bundled the mother off the sofa, and drove them both downstairs.

Soon after this vision of the Orient had disappeared I felt drowsy, but I never really reached that blissful state of unconsciousness when hours pass with the blinking of an eye, because ever and anon I was brought back to the unpleasant realisation that the ship was vainly struggling for breath after a bigger plunge than usual, and that her brave effort to keep her nerves under control was diminishing, that the righting of her engines was now taking place in my own head instead of in the heart of her being, by the same old cry from the stewardess, "Ye can't be sick here. Ye'll sphoil me carpet and me taphesthries. Ye'll be far bhetter down below."

Through my half-closed eyes I could see other "dhirty foreigners" staggering into the saloon; things from the ghetto of London returning to their ghetto in Hamburg had come up to try to breathe the purer air of the saloon; but this was not to be. They were successfully hustled out again before any of them had time to give their souls to the fishes.

. . . . .



## CHAPTER II

### BY THE WATERS OF COLOGNE

AND so we reached the Hook of Holland. When we landed on the quay it was raining in torrents—a condition of things I had never contemplated, for I always think that one of the chief reasons for leaving England is to get away from the weather. And, after all, it had been fair in England when we left. It is quite unreasoning of me never to expect rain when I have left England behind me, for I have seen a more persistent rain in Venice than I have ever experienced at home; and for really wetting rain I have never known any to equal that which deluged the country when I was making a tour of the Etruscan cities in Etruria. In the tomb of the Tarquiniæ the September rain poured down the steep stone staircase into that noble family vault like a cataract. To get out of the wet I had to take up my seat beside one of the heads of the family on one of the stone sarcophagi which are placed on a wide stone shelf all round the subterranean room. The head of that family, whom Macaulay's genius has given an undying place in Roman history, was reclining on a couch holding a cup of pure Etruscan shape to his lips. As I sat beside him, watching the rain come down the stair, because, I may add, we had left the door open, carrying with it drenched insects, whose little day of summer bliss was o'er, and mauve petals of wild thyme, which drifted about the chilly air like pale butterflies, I said to myself, "You have the best of it, my friends, for though you may have

‘suffered wrong’ in your day, you have not to face this rain and thunder as I shall have to do when I leave your hospitable board.”

But to return to the Hook of Holland, where we had our first delicious cup of coffee and our second packet of sandwiches. How pleased we were, in spite of that rain, to know that our holiday had really begun! How good the coffee was, and how delighted we were to find that it cost us only thirty pfennigs each! We had resisted the ship’s boiled tea, because we wanted to keep our thirst for our first coffee in a land where they know how to make it.

We made that coffee spin out for a very long time, because the windows in the restaurant car were so much bigger than the windows in our own carriage.

We had not been long in the train before we passed Rotterdam, which looked very Dutch, and at six o’clock, which to us seemed about midday, we stopped at Dordrecht. I wanted to get out there and walk under the trees of a long, long avenue which I could see, stretching across the country, because a very long avenue of trees in a very flat land always carries my mind back to that greatest of all avenues, with its endless procession of camels and lean, brown figures, which leads you to the Golden Sand of a God’s Acre which holds the mightiest tombs of the world’s mightiest kings.

But at Dordrecht the hay harvest was going on, and sony black and white cows were feeding in luscious green meadows.

As the train sped on we passed canals, bordered with stumpy trees, and big barges, and little brown-thatched villages, and more long avenues, and picturesque windmills, with high tiled roofs, and real dogcarts, worthy of their name, bringing into the villages milk from the black



and white cows which fed in these water-intersected meadows. I registered a vow, of which Louise fully approved, that if this holiday was a success, we should journey together one day through Holland on a barge. My only Dutch acquaintance at present, alas! is a bulb-seller, who pays us half-yearly visits, and always succeeds in making me buy bulbs, which, loving the moisture of Holland, apparently do not fully appreciate the health-giving qualities of my gravel-soil garden in Surrey.

During that two-hours' ride through Holland I did not see a single flower; not being the bulb season may explain the reason. But there were two things I was burning to know about Holland. One was, what is "trio," a word which we saw pasted up on every hoarding and at every railway station; and the other was, if the Dutch porters and railway staff generally paid for their own bright green uniforms, or were provided with them by the State. They were as vivid as Robin Hood's doublet. If the State provided them, why cannot our railway companies supply their officials with uniforms as attractive and cheering on a wet day? I also wanted to know if it was a law, enforced by the State for the safety of the communities, which necessitated a tiled roof being placed below the picturesque thatch on the cottages and farmhouses. But we were in Germany before I had time to find out.

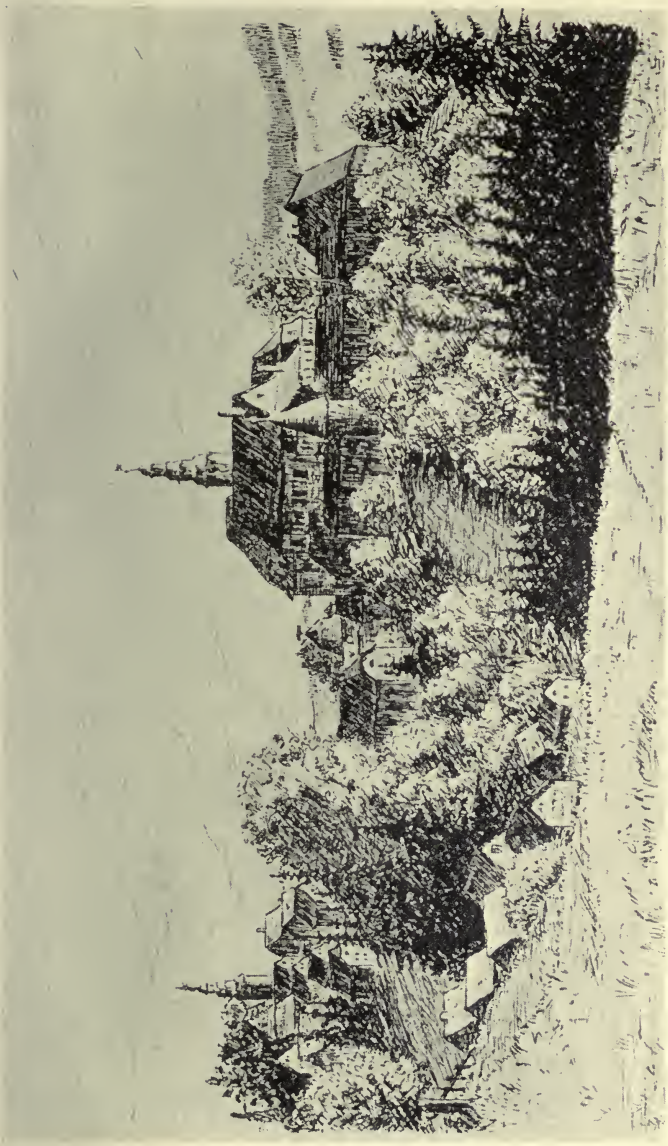
It was still raining when we had our hatbox examined at the frontier, and it was still more than raining, for there were added to it thunder and lightning, when we passed the town of Cleves. I have Baedeker's word for it that the town is beautifully situated on the side of a wooded hill, but from the station it looked so bleak and dismal that I felt sure that the "Flanders mare" must have been dull and heavy, and a glow of sympathy awoke

in me for the polygamous Harry, whose Queen was sent over to him like a pig in a poke. But then Düsseldorf looked no better, and are we not told that it is a great art centre? As we passed it I recollected that all the world over railway stations seem to have a depressing effect upon the quarter of the town in which they raise their sinister heads. I thought of my first arrival in Florence, now how many years ago I should not like to say. I had been reading on the night journey Ouida's "Pascarel," and although my common sense should have warned me that my entrance into the city could in no wise be similar to that of her hero and heroine, who approached it at dawn from the hills, still, I was not prepared for the shock I received. I felt that all the world was a fraud if this indeed was Florence—this the city of lilies! with its grey sky, its rain, and its hideous modern houses.

At 11.45 we reached Cologne. That cradle of German art looked still more depressing from the railway station, and I tried not to think that all the beauty which I had stored up in my memory in connection with the city, which can still show a portion of the wall which surrounded the settlement of Roman colonists, whom Nero's mother established there, had been entirely wiped out by the progress of the Fatherland. We were cold and hungry, but even with the miserable outlook we were not daunted. At Nordeck, which was to be our first real resting-place, it was certain to be fine. Cologne was merely a halting-point between the arrival of one train and the departure of another. Louise and I had both visited the city before.

How thankful we were for our cover-coats! I had purchased mine only a few minutes before leaving England; and here let me mention that I never wore it again, be-

THE CASTLE OF BIRSTEIN



THE CASTLE OF BIRSTEIN—THE RESIDENZSCHLOSS OF H.S.H. PRINCE ISENBURG

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt, of Lauterbach

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cause I never required it, until we reached Frankfurt on our homeward journey.

Determined to be brave, we went off to see the *Dom*, whose elevated position is due to the fact that it is built on a heap of ancient Roman remains. A river of water was running down its steps. The verger, who met us at the door, told us that it had been running like that for the last six weeks.

When we entered, I was glad to find that I remembered the building so well. Its exterior I was only able to peep at from under my umbrella. The reason why it was still fresh in my memory, perhaps, may have been because before seeing it as a girl I had visited only two other cathedrals in the world, Canterbury and Chester, and it came back to me, as I stood under its splendid Gothic arches, how I had said to myself all those years ago, "I am glad that it is Canterbury that is ours," and my opinion had not changed, glorious as it looked even on that dull morning, and notwithstanding the fact that it is described by some authorities as probably the finest Gothic edifice in the world.

It was too dark to see anything but the main architectural features of the interior, so I did not ask the verger to show me the great "Dombild," which Dürer records in his diary as having paid his two "weiss pfennigs" to see; and as it was also too dark to read my ancient Baedeker, I was ignorant of all the treasures of art which there were to be seen, so we let the guide take us to the various chapels and tombs. The chapel of the Three Kings used to hold "the Bones of the Magi." Frederick Barbarossa deprived Milan of these priceless relics by presenting them to Reinald von Dassele, who had them transferred from Milan to Cologne. It is scarcely possible to realise to-day



what the Milanese must have felt when such a valuable asset to the prosperity of their city was taken away from them.

When we were looking at the bells—they always interest me in an ancient building—I thought to myself, “The French people who live in Cologne must hate to hear the *Kaiserglocke*,” for when it rings they can never forget that it was the French guns which went to the making of it in 1874. It weighs twenty-five tons. There is sarcasm, indeed, in the fact that the guns which were built for the carnage of war should be used by Christians to call them to the worship of the Prince of Peace. In most religions there is the same curious lack of good taste shown by the most ardent.

In looking at the *Dom* of Cologne, it is difficult to realise that the building which Meister Gerard designed in 1248 should only have been completed in our own day—that the crane which was placed on the south tower for the commencement of its construction, and which had been a landmark in the city for four hundred years, was only removed in 1868. It was not until the year 1888 that the last stone of that same tower was placed in its position. It could not have been without emotion that the masons of our own day took down the scaffolding for the building of a tower which their fellow-masons had put up in the fifteenth century—before Martin Luther flung the inkpot at the devil.

From the *Dom* we came out again into the rain, and paused for a moment to consider if we were brave enough to go and see *St. Maria im Kapitol*, the oldest of the two hundred churches in Cologne. It did take some courage to start out, for it was raining cats and dogs, whatever that particular sort of rain may be. I have often wondered really what it is like, and how the ex-

pression originated. We knew that we had to walk across a considerable portion of the city to find it. Louise, however, with her instinct for understanding maps and plans and German directions, did lead me in a quite direct manner to the unexpectedly picturesque old building, which at once proclaimed its age by the Romanesque arching that decorated its high apse like a border of lace, and left very little doubt in my mind that it had been built, as tradition declares, on the site once occupied by the Roman Capitol. At the very first glimpse of it my mind was carried to South Italy, and even further, for it was at Cefalù in Sicily that it rested for a moment. There the great cathedral, with its jewelled interior of mosaics, rises up on a bastion of rock, just as this elegant thirteenth-century church rises up above the surrounding buildings in Cologne. The original church on this same elevation was consecrated as early as 1049 by Pope Leo IX.

In the interior restorations of the most complete order have effaced all sign of age, but in the crypt lies the body of the woman who was the mother of Charles Martel, Plectrudis, the wife of Pepin of Héristal. Since the picturesque facts of history are the only ones which ever cling to my woman's memory, the moment I learnt this my thoughts flew to *El-Azhar* in Cairo, that most important of all Moslem universities. They flew there because, was it not Gibbon who said that but for Charles Martel's victory over Abd-ur-Rahman "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught at the schools of Oxford, and her pupils might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet" ?

In the crypt of *St. Maria im Kapitol* I tried to visualise our English Oxford as an *El-Azhar* in England.

The verger told us that it is said that the mother of this man, who "rolled back the surging tide of Moslem conquest" in Europe, built the first church on this site, of which nothing now remains.

As we came down the steep flight of steps we caught sight under the rim of our umbrellas of a little Gothic arch which spanned the street. It was made of painted carved wood, and its glorious colouring had been left to the hand of Time to soften. In its niches there were the Virgin Mary and two saints. I wondered how this gem of mediæval art had escaped the hygienic hand of the cleaner. Perhaps it looked all the more beautiful to us as we unexpectedly came upon it in that grey and drizzling rain.

How glad we were to get back to the inviting shelter of the railway station restaurant! And there we had the first of our many midday meals of *Halberstädterwürstchen* (sausages—by the size of the word it might seem indigestible), brown bread and beer. Louise, of course, was faithful to her coffee.

It may have been because we were so very hungry and cold that these particular *Halberstädterwürstchen* remain in my memory now as the best I ever tasted. I was surprised to find what I learnt was a general custom afterwards, that instead of bringing your edibles first and what you are going to drink afterwards, German waiters do the reverse. All through Germany, at every meal and at every restaurant, when we gave our order, my beer and Louise's coffee always came a long way in advance of anything else. Louise says it is because Germans are always too thirsty to wait until the food is prepared.

When I discovered how excellent the sausages were, and how delicious the beer, and that our lunch only came to sixty pfennigs each, I began to see visions of an ex-



tended tour. This was cheaper than even my beloved Italy, although I must confess to having once lunched in an inn on the Campagna for twopence. At that lunch I had two eggs, deliciously cooked in butter in a way I had never seen before—egg-balls, I think one might call them—and an abundance of *salami* with fresh home-made bread. Still, that was out on the Campagna, where they are free from the city *octroi*, and this was in the city of Cologne, beloved by English tourists, in the first-class portion of the railway restaurant.

Once in the train we soon left flat Germany behind us and began to climb through beautiful pine forests. We passed the ruined castle of Blankenberg, and every now and then quite modern black and white villages, as tidy as model dwellings in an exhibition, but extraordinarily attractive.

So we continued to climb and climb, and as we got higher and higher we could feel the heavy heart-beat of the mighty engine. German engines impressed me greatly, they are so enormous and so solemn as they steam into the stations. Of course, they are made to look all the more imposing by the lowness of the stations, which have no platforms such as we have in England; and so, when the train comes in, it seems monstrously huge.

At eight o'clock, after popping in and out of the forest, and passing crops of wheat and oats, irretrievably ruined by the six weeks of almost uninterrupted rain, we arrived at Giessen, where we hoped to meet some cousins of Louise. But they had proved unequal to facing the elements; and I little wondered. But we comforted ourselves with the thought that they would be at Allendorf,

at which station we were due at 10.30. We also comforted ourselves with ham sandwiches and more beer. I had not been a whole day in Germany before I understood why drinking so much beer makes Germans fat, but never drunk. In what other country can you get a big jug full of anything half so good to drink for one penny?

At Allendorf we searched the station for Louise's relations, but again they were not to be found. Our outlook was a very dismal one, for the rain had made a river of the mountain road, which we had to climb, and it was a dark and starless night. Louise was distressed. She thought that I should be terribly vexed when I discovered that there was nothing else to be done but to walk into the blackness of the hills above us. As there *was* nothing else to be done, and I promised myself a glorious to-morrow, I did not really seriously mind how the last of that bitterly cold July day was spent. So we handed over the box to the care of the stationmaster, and started off. But we had gone only a very little way before we heard a conveyance of some sort coming at a mad speed towards us through the darkness, and as it drew nearer voices called out, "Louise! Louise!" and something else which I could not understand, and Louise, in a voice of delight, called "Ja! Ja!" and a lot more that I could not understand. The horse pulled up with a splash, and in the darkness I saw a low-set, rather dilapidated, early Victorian victoria, full of figures wrapped up in mountain cloaks, which covered their heads as well as their bodies. I saw only one woman in a hat while I was in Nordeck.

In the darkness Louise was kissed and gathered into arms and laughed over. In a few minutes I was welcomed with obvious sincerity. In the darkness they



could not see what the child Louise had grown into as a woman. The boy who was driving, as inconsequently as a Neapolitan cabman, was obviously vibrating with curiosity. He was the son of the landlady of the inn at which I was going to stay. Louise was to visit her cousin.

We seemed to drive on and on, without getting any nearer to our destination. It was uphill all the time, with the rain beating on our umbrellas and dropping off the hedges. Again we were told that it had rained almost without ceasing for six weeks. We, however, were quite cheerful, and remarked, "*Wenn die Engel verreisen, so weint der Himmel,*" a German proverb which is often transposed, "When Angels travel, the heavens weep." And did not the great St. Gregory himself mistake us for angels? Besides, though I was very sorry for the farmers, I was very glad to hear of this continued rain for our own sakes. It betokened good tidings for our tour. To begin it at the end of a long spell of wet was to insure its being carried out through fine weather. It would have been a much more risky thing to commence it at the end of a long drought.

When Louise explained what I was saying to her, and how unshaken my faith was in to-morrow's sunshine, they laughed and expressed a hope that Germany would do its best to extend the *entente cordiale*.

When the horse at last stopped in front of the only house in the street which seemed to show any sign of light, for it was now nearly midnight, we were instantly surrounded by friends and relatives of Louise, and again it was "Louise! Louise!" from every quarter out of the darkness. I stood aside and watched, while out of the rain and night came more strange figures, all in the simple Hessian costume. Then I was remembered, and

I can see myself now, as I look back upon that strange scene, shaking hands with men and women, and girls and boys, who all looked at me with kind, welcoming faces; for was I not the English friend of Louise, whom they had not seen since she was a girl of fourteen, the friend she had brought with her all the way from London?

When we reached the brighter light of the inn parlour Louise was inspected more fully. Fine men, sunburnt and strong, came forward from where they had been playing chess, and, it is needless to add, drinking beer.

Again I heard "Ach! Louise!" and big hands were laid upon her shoulders, and someone looked into her face critically. That was the schoolmaster, Louise said to me, when the big man let his hands drop from her shoulders. "He used to be so good to me. When I first went to his classes I could not speak a word of German, and when I left I had almost forgotten my English."

I saw the big man looking at her, as much as to say, "And so that was my little Louise!"

Followed by what seemed to be pretty well half of the small village, we went upstairs and inspected my bedroom. It was a dear country room, as fresh and clean as a nun's cap. The daughter of the landlady, a strapping, dark-eyed Amazon, was to attend to my wants.

When Louise had seen that I had everything that I required for the night, and had warned them that I should want *einen sehr grossen Eimer voll heisses Wasser* in the morning, I was left to my own devices, while she was escorted through the village and up the street which climbed the mountain-side, on whose brow hung the old baronial castle of the Freiherren von Rau, by a crowd of figures, of whom as yet I could make not head or tail. I could hear their voices high with excitement; the whole scene was so picturesque and unexpected that

I could scarcely collect my senses to know who I was. This mountain village in Oberhessen appeared to consist of one vast family, who all wore the same country costume, and who all seemed, in some stranger manner still, to be relations of my English-looking Louise.

As quick as lightning I got into bed. My thoughts must sort themselves out to-morrow; but the bed was another Alice in Wonderland absurdity. Was I expected to lie all night long with a most mountainous mattress of feathers on the top of me? I got underneath it, to try how that would do. But as I caught the reflection of myself in a mirror opposite, which had a place so high on the wall that its only use could have been for that purpose, I laughed until the tears came into my eyes. They are supposed to be a nation without humour, but even a German would have seen the humour of the situation. My poor head was quite lost in the pillow, while this billow of turbulent feathers in a white bag completely hid my body.

I next tried lying on the top of it, but the mountain air was chilly, and there was not another scrap of clothing on the bed. Then I got under it again, and tried to resign myself to the fact that in Germany you must sleep as the Germans sleep. But how was I to know that they did sleep under a mattress which looked as inflated as if it had been blown out with a bicycle pump?

However, I went to sleep, and the next moment I was wakened by the crowing of cocks, and the quacking of geese, and the lowing of cows, and, behold! a riot of sunshine was pouring into my bedroom window.

I scrambled from underneath my mattress. I must be up, for if the geese and cocks were quacking and crowing I knew it must be past seven o'clock, for into



my memory came a story an English girl told me of her experience on a German farm. Overnight the *Hausfrau* told her that a pig was going to be killed in the morning. My friend, who disliked the idea of hearing its screams, said :

“ If you will tell me exactly the time the execution is to take place, I will put cotton-wool in my ears and shut my bedroom windows.”

“ But there will be no need to, Fräulein,” the woman said ; “ the pig will not scream. You will hear no noise.”

“ But how do you know ? ” my friend said. “ Pigs always squeal when they are killed.”

The *Hausfrau* shook her head. “ But not in Germany, Fräulein—the Kaiser has forbidden it ! ”

I was sure that in Nordeck the cocks and geese and cows would never be allowed to crow and quack and low at any time but that decided by the Emperor. In their houses it would be written, “ *Es ist verboten,* ” and, like good subjects, they would obey. I must admit that I was longing to see someone break some law. Surely they could not all be kept ?

In at my windows the sunshine streamed. It was determined to see what manner of woman I was ; and to let it see, I bathed in its warmth, and thanked God that I had had faith.

### CHAPTER III

#### AN UNSPOILED GERMAN VILLAGE—NORDECK

WHEN I was eating my breakfast, which consisted of coffee, two fresh-boiled eggs, brown bread and butter, and delicious honey, in solitary state in my little dining-room, Louise popped her head in and said, "Well, how are they treating you?—all right?"

When I pointed to the empty shells of the two eggs, and to the generous dish of honey, and the country-looking butter, she smiled

"Pretty good for three marks a day, don't you think?"

"You must have made a mistake," I said. "It was much more likely three marks for bed and breakfast. And so I mean to eat as much as I safely can."

"It may be," she said, "but I don't think so, for they said pretty definitely that altogether it would cost you three marks a day."

"Then," I said, "this will probably be my most substantial meal in the day, so I am glad I have made the best of it, and I am going to make the best of it still more, for it may be another of their Alice in Wonderland habits to breakfast at afternoon tea, and dine on the following day."

I was beginning to attack the honey again when Louise said, "Oh, do stop eating and come out! It's getting so exciting; the sky is gloriously blue, and everything smells so delightfully fresh after the rain. I want to take you up to the castle. It's such a darling; you couldn't see it last night, it was too dark."



I could see that Germany was "doing on her," as the Manx women used to say to me in my girlhood when I felt the spring stirring in my blood—"Ah, but the spring's doing on ye, *chil' villich*. Sure enough it's doing on ye"—and understanding just how the sight of all the dear familiar things and people were "doing on her," I gulped down the last remnant of my breakfast and went out with her into the village.

What a transformation the morning had brought! The black and white timbered village, whose age it was impossible to tell—the reason for which I discovered later on—lay basking in the midsummer sunshine. It consisted of one long street, which in a Clovelly-like manner climbed a steep hill. It was bordered on either side with snug little farms. I use the word intentionally, for each house had its own farmsteading circling round it, which gave them all a very "self-contained" look, as land agents' advertisements have it. And not the least important item of each was the tidy manure heap, kept in its place by high boards. For some of these middens there was a sunken square, furnished with a drain, into which they were piled. That Germans, with their exquisite sense of cleanliness and decency, which is everywhere so noticeable a feature in the country, should not yet have banished these useful but unsightly objects of farm use amazed me. But evidently they were not yet *verboten*. The tidiest and newest of these black and white farmhouses had always their manure heap right under the noses of the occupants.

The date of these houses began to puzzle me more and more; by the tone of the timber some of them were obviously very old, while others, which were built in exactly the same style, were as obviously perfectly new. And it goes without saying that the old ones were kept



A TYPICAL GERMAN VILLAGE

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt,  
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in perfect repair. The whole village appeared to belong to one era. I asked Louise about it, for these new houses were, to my mind, not at all the sort of houses which practical common-sense German minds would naturally build in the present day.

“They certainly aren’t,” Louise said. “They’d build atrocities if it were left to themselves. But they are not allowed to.” She smiled. “*Es ist verboten.*”

“Hurrah!” I said. “That’s a *verboten* I thoroughly approve of.”

“My father was the only inhabitant who broke the law,” she said. “I’ll take you to see our old house some time, if you like—or what was our house, for when we came to England we sold it to the son of the people who lived up in the castle.”

“Why, things grow curiouser and curiouser,” I said. “You are the strangest family I ever heard of. Some of you live like the people, and some of you build houses which are coveted by the sons of millionaires.”

“Mark millionaires,” she said, “mind you, not pound ones.”

“Still, millionaires,” I said, “and that’s good enough to set them well apart from the dear simple people who farm and work their own land in the national dress of the country. Yet, like the proverbial birds in their little nests, you all agree.”

She smiled. “Nordeck can do something better than that, for our local swineherd is a baron, and quite a genuine one.”

“Then, pray, what title has the rat-catcher? But, seriously,” I asked, “where is this titled swineherd?”

I scented visions of romance. Of course he was going to fall in love with Louise. But then I remembered her own polished nails, her absolute horror of uncleanness,



and her English love of the morning tub, and linked with these her German instinct for order, and I questioned if she would find these qualities united in the person of a swineherd? If this were Italy, and he were a goatherd, I could imagine his captivating her by the music of his reed-pipes, for there again she is wholly German. The romance of her nature is bound up in music.

"If we are out and about quite early in the morning we shall see him marching through the village, leading the pigs and piglets belonging to the various farms to green pastures far up the mountain-side. At sunset he returns with them. The pigs know their own sheds, and scamper off to them."

"And while they are feeding I suppose he writes poems, or reads Heine, or does something as wholly unpractical? He sounds a very romantic personality."

"He is not in the least," she said; "but swineherding must be a paying business, for since he has patronised the profession he has opened quite a good little shop in the village—you know the sort, which has a small stock of everything, from school exercise books to cheap tooth-brushes."

"But to return to the subject of the houses," I said, "in what way did your father break the law? Is his house not black and white?"

"No," she said, "it is quite ordinary. I mean, it is built of stone or brick, or whatever they do build modern houses of. Father's German enough to put comfort and convenience before everything else when it is a matter of the house he is going to live in himself. Besides, he built ours before it was forbidden."

"And who did forbid it?" I said. "I have the greatest respect for the man, whoever he was."

"Of course you have," she said, with her Prussian-cat



smile turning the corners of her Bavarian mouth ; “ it was our Emperor. His *verbotens* have sense in them, after all, you must admit.”

“ I do admit it,” I said, “ and I think his taste is excellent in the matter of new buildings, and in this law that old-fashioned villages should not be spoilt by the hand of the jerry-builder ; and that one house after another may not be built with exactly the same architectural details. But I do not agree with him in the matter of spring cleaning and varnishing glorious old pictures and Gothic wood carvings, and in the rebuilding and complete restoring of ancient buildings, whenever they show the soft and mellow hand of Time.”

“ Well,” she said, “ look at another law of our village. Every householder must keep clean the portion of the street which faces his own house. And as there are houses all the way up the street, the village is always as tidy and self-respecting as you see it to-day.”

“ About German cleanliness,” I said, “ I have nothing but admiration to offer. It has endeared the country to me already, for if this had been a mountain town in Italy, do you think that, however tired I was, I could have taken it for granted last night that everything in my bedroom would be cleaner than it is in my own room at home ? It would have been a very different story, getting underneath that ocean of feathers, I can tell you.”

“ And that is your beloved Italy ! ”

I know Louise puts down cleanliness as next to godliness, but I am not very sure that I can honestly say I have ever desired to be next to that particular quality, so I said, “ Yes, but if this were Italy you would be falling in love with every other man you met, and that youth sitting in his cart ”—it was shaped like

the upturned skeleton of a whale—" would not be reading the newspaper. He would be pouring out his heart in some masterpiece of Puccini's in a voice that you would think not very far short of Caruso's. And these windows would not be nearly so clean, for their frames would not come in and out, so as to enable the good housewife to scrub them each Saturday, but hanging from each would be a bright orange or red bed-quilt, put out to air. These mere accidents of colour would make this village look as though the Kaiser were expected. And the women working in the fields would be wearing gay handkerchiefs tied round their heads, with just the correct touch to show off their dark eyes and slender throats."

"But you like the costume of the Nordeck women, surely?"

"I like it, my dear," I said, "because, as Max says, 'it's so silly'!"

Max is a mutual friend of ours.

The costume of the Nordeck women resembles the dress of the Newhaven fishwives, but instead of wearing a white cap and a creel on their heads, they wear the strangest mediæval little head-dress, which reminded me of a Corean priest's hat. It is difficult to see that they have any hair at all, from the manner in which it is scraped off their heads and hidden under this tiny little black object, which is kept in place by two wide streamers folded closely round their heads and tied under their chins.

I do not believe that there are any girls of any nation under the sun except Germans who have little enough vanity to consent to wear such an unbecoming form of head-dress.

"But, mind you," I said, "I am glad they do wear it, because it is so absurd and unpractical. It almost makes

up in the scenic effect for the lack of the nuns and monks of Italy."

"Some of them are leaving off the old costume," she said, "but they have such infamous taste when they wear modern dress that you will think it a pity when you see them."

"The butcher's daughter has left it off," I said. "At least, the head-dress, and no wonder! I saw her bring some veal up to the inn this morning, and her hair was indeed her glory, and so was her complexion."

"She is the beauty of the village," Louise said. "One of my cousins used to be. She is quite young still, but her mother-in-law has made an old woman of her. She has lost her health and looks through hard work. When a German woman is mean, she knows how to be mean better than any Shylock in the world, and poor Charlotte's mother-in-law simply uses her as an unpaid servant. And they've lots of money—for Nordeck, at least. You'd be surprised how well off some of these hard-worked-looking people are."

"Then why does she live with her mother-in-law?"

Louise looked at me. "Because she must. It is the custom here, and one which I don't think will ever die out, that if a girl marries an eldest son she must take up her home with his people. I believe the whole community would be up in arms against her if she deserted her husband's mother, just as they are up in arms now against the woman's meanness to her daughter-in-law."

"Moral—be contented with a younger son. The patriarchal system may be admirable, but as a free woman I should never advise any girl to love an eldest son well enough to become a slave to his mother."

While we had been talking we had left the village behind us, and climbed up the hill, past the dear old church;



which had but one fault—that, not being Catholic, it was, of course, closed to prayer, and therefore we could not see inside it. We inspected the picturesque grounds of the castle, every inch of which had been familiar to Louise in her childhood.

The castle, without being really fine or great, according to the standard of German castles, was old enough and stern enough in its outline to lend a fine note of dignity to the village which lay beneath it. Above the castle were the woods, whose pines, after the drenching rain, scented the air with their delicious resin. The red-brown leaves on the ground threw into relief the greenness of the tall trees overhead. Here and there bright scarlet fungi peeped at us, and now and then wide stretches of beech trees, delicately tall and slim, broke the solemnity of the unbending pines. The heavy rain had made the barks of the very tall trees look almost black, and where they were closest and blackest, the soft soil at their base was always rich and brown.

While we were walking under the more ancient trees, I was quite sure I liked their dignity and solemnity best, but when we suddenly came out into the lighter world of beeches and spruce, all young, but very tall, I gave my vote in favour of their slim youth.

Through the forest, which is quite a considerable one, and which whetted our appetite for the days which were to come in the Black Forest, there were red crosses painted on white backgrounds, to mark the way for travellers. They were like the red crosses one sees on ambulance cars. I afterwards learnt that there is quite a language of such signs all through the Black Forest. They are put up at every crossing which might cause a stranger to lose his way. How easily that way could be lost I was afterwards to find out.

As we had only skirted the forest, after crossing a high, black bridge, from which you could look down in the most romantic way upon the very tops of tall trees which soared up from the ravine below, we passed into an opener mountain country, where very soon I saw a view spread before me which was amazingly like the view of the Tay valley, as you look down upon it from the height of the Kinnoull hill of Perthshire.

On our way back to the village we crossed open moorland country, where the wild flowers were glorious. There was blue borage, finer than I ever saw it in England, little pink pinks, very bright, and almost as plentiful as heather on a Scotch moor, and sky-blue chicory. Above these in height was a bright yellow plant I did not recognise, something like a glorified hemlock. And here again, as in the forest through which we had just passed, were purple Canterbury bells, much larger than one ever sees at home. In the woods, of course, they were smaller than those growing on the sunny moors. These Nordeck moors were delightful, with their gardens of wild flowers, bravely disporting themselves wherever the soil best suited their needs, and growing as luxuriously, both in colour and size, as though they were receiving the expert care of a garden-lover, who understood the arrangement of colour effects in a herbaceous border.

On this moorland country we came upon a strange little cemetery. I was interested in it at first, because I thought to myself how much I should prefer to be buried under the clear sunshine and open skies of this little God's Acre, on the flowering moorland, than to be put away in the tree-darkened cemetery of a conventional Protestant churchyard. Like the ancients, I have a longing to let my bones rest in a sunny spot.



As I came closer I saw that quite a number of the inscriptions on the tombstones were written in Hebrew. Louise saw me looking at them.

“This is a Jewish cemetery. I remember when I was quite a little girl going to a Jewish funeral here. It was the custom then, as I suppose it is still, to get a Christian to watch by the grave for the first night, when it is always left open. This unpleasant occupation used to be the privilege of the swineherd.”

“What an extraordinary custom,” I said. “What is the idea?”

“To see that there is no bacon thrown upon the grave, or other insults offered to the dead person.”

“Are there many Jews in Nordeck to-day?”

“Only two families, I think, and they are always called ‘the Jews.’”

When we got back to the village it was almost time for our midday meal. Little Jacob—I have never yet discovered whose child he was, for every woman in the village, I think, yearned to claim him—was striding up and down the street with a small companion who was obviously his subordinate. They were playing at being soldiers, and were receiving their orders from a big, gruff man, who looked the hard man of the village, but I discovered afterwards that really he had the heart of a little child. It was perfectly obvious that Jacob was the darling of the community, although he was not in the least a pretty child, judging by the standard of the other Nordeck children. Some of the little girls looked delightful toy-children, in their long skirts of gay green which came down to their ankles, just as their mothers’ did, and with the same close-fitting bodices worn over white guimpes as their elders wore. Even the very tiny ones wore the ridiculous head-dress of the country—that is to say, when

they were going any distance from home. But Jacob, who looked like a youthful Bismarck, and as self-reliant and independent in thought as that great man, wore no fancy costume. The way he strode up and down the street, and the way he followed a rebellious cow which was being broken in to harness by dragging behind it one of the long forest fir trees, caused endless affectionate laughter from the neighbours. He might, indeed, have been the captain of the parish. In the future I know I shall never think of Nordeck without the sturdy little figure of Jacob throwing itself before my vision.

I was just going into my lunch when Louise introduced me to another cousin, who had married the son of the aunt with whom she was *not* staying. The house in which Louise was staying, I only then discovered, was the delightful farmhouse just opposite my own inn. The night before when I heard her going up the street it was to see the aunt who lived higher up the hill.

This cousin to whom she introduced me was a great surprise to me, because, besides Louise and myself, I had thought that there was not another English-speaking girl in the place. She is only a year older than Louise, yet she has been married for two years, and is the mother of a fine boy. She has married her cousin, who is a school-master in Frankfurt. They were spending his vacation with his people in Nordeck. She lost no time in making Louise promise that we would pay her a short visit in Frankfurt after our trip through the Black Forest.

It was quite delightful for me to meet someone who could speak English. Her husband, unfortunately, can speak only German, although he can read a little English and knows quite a number of English words.

Before I left England I had imagined that every other person in Germany would speak English more correctly

than myself, for I seemed to have heard just as often the remark that almost everyone in Germany spoke English, as I have heard that every German officer knows every country lane and by-road in England intimately. At Nordeck, at any rate, it was not so, for except when I was with Louise I had to hold my peace. It did not take long to discover that, unlike Italian, it is no use making a "shot" at a word in German, and that as a nation they are not very quick at picking up the language of signs. I shall never forget the difficulty I had in making the maid at the inn understand that my blue serge skirt was damp, and that I should like her to hang it near the kitchen fire. Eventually she carried it off, and I rescued it a few minutes later from a bath of steam, which was coming from a dish of turnips which were cooking on the stove. She had hung it from a hook, which was used for holding a pot gipsy-wise, over the same opening in the stove as that upon which the dish of turnips was set. It took the strong air of the pine forest to completely purify it.

As I ate my lunch in silence I thought of the delightful invitation which had been offered to me by the pretty little mother who was not much more than a child herself. How interesting it would be to stay in a modern flat in a big city with the son and daughter-in-law of these old-fashioned farmers of Nordeck! Louise's cousin has been educated in England, and has spent the greater part of her life here, but she has evidently an unusually adaptive nature, for there in Nordeck she was absolutely one of this closely united family, and obviously highly approved of by the most old-fashioned of them. Not many English girls, I think, could have accommodated themselves so simply to the situation, for she had been to a conventional boarding-school, and, so far as I know,



her English home life must have been extremely unlike the picturesque but hardworking lives of the people of Nordeck.

She had also given us an invitation to have tea with her mother-in-law, where I should meet her husband, Martin by name. Certainly in that little mountain village there was no lack of hospitality or cordiality shown to the Englishwoman.

My lunch was delicious. I only regretted that I had to eat it alone, and that it did not sport a menu, for then I should not have helped myself quite so heartily to the boiled beef, which was served with turnips which were not turnips, but something far nicer; this beef followed the most delicious soup, into the making of which I had thought that the best part of a chicken had been bestowed. I was, however, wrong, for I learnt that there was no meat in it at all. After that came veal cutlets, which I have since learned to call *Wienerschnitzel*, with a crisp salad, dressed with cream and oil, and also fried potatoes. My pudding consisted of a very creamy sort of white shape, served with most beautiful wild raspberry syrup. I leave my readers to imagine if it seemed likely that this abundant and appetisingly cooked meal could be included in the charge of three marks per day!

I wondered how Louise was faring, and what she would have thought of my "wild debauch." I know that smiles kept creeping round the corner of my mouth, for I saw them in the gold-framed mirror opposite to me as I asked myself why I was sitting alone in this little village in Oberhessen, when I could not speak a word of its language, for there seemed to be no very strong reason why as a tourist I should have travelled so far from home to find this little mountain town. But how glad I was that I had come, and that Louise had



relations there ! For the whole atmosphere of the place was fresh and novel, from the baron blowing his horn to gather the swine from the various farms to a couple of dear old ladies in mediæval-looking costumes who had put the memory of their greater days far behind them, days when they, like the swineherd, had sported a " von " before their name, and had made up their minds to live contented, dignified lives, tilling the land and garnering in its fruits with their own hands, after the manner of their husbands' people.

After lunch I went up to my bedroom, and hung my head out at the window, with my arms resting on a pillow on the sill, and watched the village life in the street below. There was one thing very noticeable, that although everyone works very hard in Germany—even young girls have very little time for idle nothings—no one appears anxious or careworn. The old women certainly look as though they had worked hard, but they also wear a look of being satisfied with the result of that work, and, after all, that is everything. —Perhaps it is the simplicity of their wants which bestows upon them that much-to-be-envied air of independence and content. Certainly these peasants of Nordeck are much more naturally genteel than the same class would be at home. They are refined enough to be simple.

The cow we had seen being given its first lesson in subjection was being brought back to its byre a wiser and more law-abiding subject. Its work for the day was over, and little Jacob, with the big staff in his hand, was acting as overseer to the farmyard generally. As I watched the two men leading the cow which had borne the yoke quietly away, I thought of one early day in spring when I had watched a similar scene between two monks and a bull. It was at the Villa Mondragone, near

Frascati. I was writing on the beautiful terrace which overlooks the gardens, when the quiet was disturbed by two monks leading, or trying to lead, a bull, which they wished to harness to a long, low cart. It was a comical sight, and one in which the bull played the more dignified part, for the two brothers of the Church were very soon compelled to tuck their frocks round their waists and practise some of the agile feats of a toreador.

A woman in a very bright green dress, made after the old order which changeth not in Nordeck, was coming down the street, carrying a huge burden of sticks on her head. She had been up in the woods, providing for the rainy day. Every farmyard in the village has its neatly piled woodstack, which grows higher and higher as the autumn advances. Wood-cutting and wood-carrying in these mountain villages is a noticeable feature amongst the inhabitants. They glean the woods as Ruth gleaned the corn.

A grand big ox-cart came next, piled high with luscious fodder for the beasts. A group of children, who had decorated it all over with wild flowers, were seated on the top of it. Little Jacob, it is needless to say, was employed in a more dignified manner. The house which adjoins Louise's aunt's had a little stair up to its front door, where the black and white portion of the building began ; under the broad, grey eaves a vine found its happy way, and purple petunias hung from the window like a curtain. This house would have been quite at home in my well-beloved Lombardy. I was admiring the balance of a long board, daubed all over with flat, round rolls of unbaked bread, which a girl was carrying on her head, when Louise came into the room. Putting her elbows on the soft pillow and placing her chin in her hands, she said :

“ Well, what are you doing ? ”

“ Doing what I love to do in Italy,” I said, “ and what I always find I never tire of doing—looking out of the window. You learn such a lot if you only look long enough.”

“ Too much,” she said, laughingly ; “ but it seems to be a Scotch habit, as well as an Italian one. What about the window in Thrums ? ”

“ But no Scotchwoman ever put a pillow on the window sill to proclaim to the whole world her idleness and curiosity. She sees everything while she appears to be doing something else.”

My eyes were following the pats of white bread down the village street.

“ They are going to the bakehouse. It was my aunt’s turn to-day to light the fire and use the oven first.”

“ Is it a public bakehouse ? ”

“ All the villages have one, and the women take turns to light the fire and get the oven in proper working order for the baking of bread, and they draw lots for the order in which they shall use it. That woman will find the oven left all ready for her by the last woman ; she will only have to put her bread in and keep the fire going for the woman who comes after. And isn’t the bread good ! ”

I agreed with her that the white baps looked good, but I was not quite sure that I really liked the strangely flavoured brown bread I had eaten for my lunch. But I was determined to go on with it until I did like it, for I remembered the day when I actually did not like olives !

I don’t know what the German equivalent is—in words—for *dolce far niente*, but we enjoyed it to our heart’s content until Louise said that it was time to go to tea.

“ At least,” she said, “ though it may not be tea-time,



THE HEART OF THE ROCK—A QUARRY IN THE VOGELSBERG



THE HEART OF THE ROCK—A QUARRY IN THE VOGELSBERG

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt, of Lauterbach



1941  
1942

it is time that I went back to my people, if we are to leave them for our jaunt to Marburg to-morrow."

I agreed we should go ; but what I learnt about that village from my bedroom window would fill a book—a book which might not interest anyone but Louise and myself, for the reader would not see the sunshine and the colour or breathe that good mountain air which would have to fall one thousand feet before it reached the level of the sea. I asked Louise if she had seen anyone interesting—the swineherd, for instance, or anyone, in fact, with whom she could start a romance—a romance which might even be concocted for my sake. She shook her head, but something like a blush crept up to the white of her forehead as she said, " Oh no, I have only spoken to the schoolmaster."

" And does he still want to be ' very good to you ' ? "

" Look at that man over there playing with little Jacob. He used to be one of Krupp's head men. He has a pension, and being an old Nordeck boy, he has returned to the place. He loves it, and all that is in it, especially little Jacob."

She had turned away her head. The man might be quite interesting, but certainly the remark had served its purpose.

" Come, let's see the *Waffeln* cooked. My aunt said we might, if you like. We are having them because I adored them as a child. You needn't dress yourself up ; they'll all be just as you have seen them."

And off we went to the tea-party, at which I should not be able to speak to either my hostess or her daughter. It is trying to have to trust to other people's interpretation of your polite speeches, when, as everyone knows, politeness really comes from the manner in which things are said, and not the words. Never have I been so com-

pletely beyond my depth in the matter of making myself understood. Even in Japan I found it easier, for there the language of signs and looks is better understood than the language of words, which, after all, was given us to hide our thoughts.

The making of the *Waffeln* took place in an odd little kitchen, which we had entered by crossing a very farmy farmyard. We all stood round a little stove, which was much more like an Italian cooking-stove than an English kitchen grate. Our grates are, I believe, always a subject of wonder to the economical German housekeeper, and I am not surprised, considering how much coal a cook has to put in a grate to boil a single potato. With a smile and a nod our hostess greeted us. She was, at that very moment, pouring some of the liquid into the funny little pan in which *Waffeln* are cooked. The exciting moment was to see the lid of the pan, which acted like an iron, closed down on the batter. Would it sizzle over or would it not? This depended on the accuracy of the hand which had measured the liquid. The next exciting moment was to see if the lid, which had been squeezed tightly down, had left its goffer pattern on the pancake. In most cases the design was perfect.

When our impatience to test their quality made itself too evident, our hostess carried off the old blue dish piled high with them upstairs to a low-roofed, heavily timbered living-room. Her house was delightfully old. The long, wooden table was pulled close up to the window, and I sat next to Louise's English-speaking cousin, on an oak settle which ran against the wall.

Very soon we got into an interesting conversation, an all-engrossing one to a housekeeper, on the subject of German recipes and German methods of economy. She told me she had been that very day, with the help of her

mother-in-law, bottling fresh vegetables of almost every sort for the coming winter, and making syrups out of wild fruits which her husband had gathered for her in the woods above, to eat with puddings such as I had enjoyed at lunch. "In Frankfurt," she said, "where living is very expensive, these things make a lot of difference. And here they cost me nothing but the very little trouble expended upon bottling them."

What I thought was, how few English husbands would go into the woods to pick the wild fruits which they themselves would enjoy eating!

But what I said was, "How had she learnt to do all these things?"

"When I got engaged to Martin I knew nothing about housekeeping. I had only an English girl's education, which seldom includes domestic economy," she smiled, "or any other kind of economy, according to our ideas. So I went to Fräulein —— at the castle, a friend of my aunt's, and asked her if I might learn from her cook. She consented, and I got a splendid training, and it is not her fault if I don't know how to do all the things a German *Hausfrau* ought to know. We like to know how things are done, even if we don't need to do them ourselves."

I noticed that when she spoke of Germans she always said "we." She is much more German than Louise in appearance, and although her mother is English, and she was brought up in England, she speaks our language with a German accent, and often halts for the use of a word.

Louise sat between her aunt and her cousin, Martin's youngest sister, who is almost stone-deaf. It was odd to reflect that she was Louise's cousin. She seemed old enough to be her mother, and yet that is scarcely possible, unless my hostess was the eldest of a very



large family! The mother and daughter were a great contrast. The former has one of the brightest and most sympathetic faces I ever saw. Being almost a certificated doctor, she has acted as "the neighbour body" to the whole village for many years. I do not know if Nordeck sports a doctor, or if women, in their hour of trial, have to depend entirely on a "neighbour body." An old Scotch woman, on being asked whether her daughter had engaged a doctor for the expected advent of her first child, said, in a confident voice, "Oh no, she'll just trust in God and a neighbour body."

In Germany "neighbour bodies" who act in this capacity have to appear before a board of examiners every few years, to prove that they are still qualified for their profession.

Our hostess has assisted at the birth of so many children in Nordeck that she looks upon them all with the eyes of a mother.

I longed to speak German so as to be able to hear some of the village tales I knew she could tell me, for I could see that very little would pass her intelligent eyes, whose glint of humour must have lightened the suffering on many a pillow.

Her daughter, who lives apart in a soundless world, looked at Louise with eyes of longing. How hard it must have seemed to her that her two cousins, Martin's wife and Louise, should be able to enjoy life so fully, the one as the mother of a beautiful boy and the wife of a devoted husband, and the other as a self-reliant, self-supporting, healthy-minded girl, who had justified her parent's effort to give her a liberal and modern education, while she had to live a life cut off from companionship, a life within herself. I discovered afterwards that she had

taught herself to read English perfectly, although she had not the slightest idea of the pronunciation of the language.

Our short tour, which was, of course, one of the topics of discussion during our eating of the *Waffeln*, certainly held out the enchantment and distinction of absolute freedom. When we had managed to make the tea-table look a little sorry for itself, Louise and her cousin (Martin's wife) and I started off to walk to Londorf, a village of very much the same character as Nordeck, except that it lies on the plain. It is in Hessen-Darmstadt.

As we walked we talked about many things, and naturally our conversation veered round to the subject of England and Germany and the attitude of the two countries towards each other. I thought it better not to argue the point, which was obviously a very definite belief in my new acquaintance's mind, that it was entirely owing to England's aggressive attitude that the two countries did not love each other. She said that Germany, like a stronger brother, was quite willing, and, indeed, would love to stand by and help England in her troubles. She even went so far as to say that England owes its existence to-day to her beloved Kaiser. I thought it was wiser to talk about domestic affairs.

At Londorf, Louise paid some visits to old friends, who lived in spick and span black and white houses, which all sported fine timber at their eaves and gables. When I admired the gables in Nordeck earlier in the day, Martin's wife said, "Wait till you get to Rothenburg, you will be gable-drunk."

These Londorf people were simple and unpretentious, and all of them, of course, were very interested to know what we were going to do and where we were going, and

also why had Louise's mother not come with her. Most of them looked at her as much as to say, "Long ago we used to know you, but now you are quite *English*"—not pronouncing it, as we do, *Inglish*. They even went so far as to tell her that she spoke German so correctly that no one would think she was a German.

The two most picturesque characters in the village, to my mind, were the mother and daughter who kept the post-office shop, and be it known here that that is the sort of shop which has a peculiar fascination for me. Is it because this was the only sort of shop I ever knew until I had almost passed out of my teens? In the Isle of Man I used to spend all my pennies at a village shop called "Mrs. Jick's." Mrs. Jick always took the same knife to shake Manx "humbugs," a form of strong peppermint, out of a bottle as she used for serving customers to salted herrings, which were kept in a large barrel, or for cutting portions off strong Canadian cheeses.

At Londorf this particular mother and daughter had managed their business so successfully—perhaps *Sauerkraut* took the place of salted herrings, although I did not see any—that they had been able to pay for a college education for the only son. The father, who was a college professor, had died when he was quite young.

The daughter was a remarkably handsome girl, not the least like my preconceived idea of any German. She was very dark, with great handsome eyes, strong, straight features, and magnificent hair. Her carriage and strength and her warm smile reminded me of the sunburnt, upright women of the Roman Campagna. She was dressed as simply as any of the other village girls, in a print frock of black and white check, with a big white apron. I wondered to myself how she would look in fashionable clothes—perhaps too heavy, or, it might be, magnificent.



She had lately become engaged to a young man in Giessen, and she spoke of her coming marriage and her happiness so naturally, that I was very much drawn towards her. I could not help thinking that the young man was to be heartily congratulated upon his choice. And I wondered also what he would be like. Some quite dapper young sport, no doubt, who would be totally unlike her in every way, and possibly her inferior. The Amazon type of woman generally becomes a slave to a whipper-snapper.

After we had been entertained for a little time in the living-room we were taken out into the garden, which was as well stocked as the shop with fruit and flowers of every sort. And there we had a splendid time among the gooseberry bushes and currant trees.

I like recalling to myself the personality of that girl, with her calm, wide brows and superbly fringed eyelids, standing in a green garden under that bright July sunshine.

She told me that she looked after the garden herself, and I could see that it was planned by someone who loved and understood flowers. As we went back into the shop I took a canny, Scotch look all round it. I wanted to see what it contained, for I could not understand how such a modest stock of goods could bring in an income sufficient to support three people, and one of them at college, even though I was now being hourly initiated into the mystery of German thrift.

We stayed with them for at least an hour, and very loath we were to say good-bye. It was sad to know that these picturesque people, whose plucky independence had made both the mother and daughter the women they were, had come into my life only for this hour in a summer afternoon.



When we got back to Nordeck it was supper-time, and after supper we were to go early to bed, for on the morrow we were starting off on our first expedition at 8 a.m.

My supper consisted of an excellent omelette, more English than Italian in its construction, but made of real eggs, a thing worth stating nowadays, when the butter we cook with is oftener than not made of nuts, and our coffee is made of bananas, and our custard of "Bird's Powder."

I had only been one whole day and one night in this village, and already I felt quite an old resident. The strange medley of people who had greeted us in the darkness the night before had sorted themselves out, and were taking their proper standing and position in the mountain community in a way in which I should never have dreamt twenty-four hours ago. So soon does the strange become familiar, that I even took it for granted that I should lie under instead of upon the top of the bloated feather mattress in my spotless bedroom.

When I was under that mattress I did not open my eyes again till the daughter of the landlady knocked at the door. I called out "Come in," but she did not come in; then the feeling of my "foreign" surroundings affected my senses, and I called out "Avanti," but she did not advance; and then, remembering that the foreignness did not belong to a Latin but a Teutonic country, I jumped out of bed and opened the door. A tin milk pail full of water was handed in, with the words, "*Heisses Wasser.*"

## CHAPTER IV

### PILGRIMS TO MARBURG

IT was at 8 a.m. on Friday, the 25th July, that we left Nordeck for Marburg. Our reason for going was this : It so happened, one day before we left England, that I told a friend of mine, who is a good Catholic, that we were going to Nordeck. She asked where Nordeck was. Louise had to tell her, for I could not.

“ It is a little mountain village which lies half-way between the two university towns of Giessen and Marburg.”

Louise had studied at Giessen. My Catholic friend said, “ How lovely to see Marburg ! It is St. Elizabeth of Hungary’s city.”

This settled the question for us. We would go, for I dearly love a pilgrimage city, and in my profound ignorance of Protestant Germany I visualised that city in Hessen-Cassel, quickened by the spirit of the girl-saint, as that most romantic of sanctified cities in Umbria is quickened by the spirits of the Poor Little Man of Assisi and Saint Clare.

We had broached our departure diplomatically, for Louise’s people were jealous of letting her out of their sight. We had come for only three days to Nordeck, and of these three we were going to spend a day and a half in Marburg. It did seem hard, I admit, but Nordeck is one of those places where you might just as well stay one day as a week, or one week as a year ; for each day you would repeat what you had done the day before. And

the spirit of adventure was in us ; we wanted to discover what we could both see and do in three weeks on our absurdly small income. Personally, I should have been charmed to settle down for the whole of that time in Nordeck, and it was a terrible temptation to do so, but as Louise, with her young wisdom, truly remarked, " Was it necessary to pay four pounds ten and tenpence to see one little village up in the mountains ? "

I agreed with her, but I have marked Nordeck out as one of the many spots in which my old age is to be spent.

We had to be at Ebsdorf by 10.15, and it meant walking, so we determined to leave ourselves plenty of time, as this was to be our first effort at carrying our *Handpäck*s and our way was to be an enchanted one, through pine woods and past villages, with quaint old churches, which would be sure to invite us to linger.

One of the people who saw us leave the village, to which we faithfully promised to return the next evening in time for more *Waffeln*, was the tall schoolmaster. If only I could have spoken German, I should have asked him to accompany us on our journey, for I felt sure he would be able to tell me the names of all the wild flowers we should pass by the wayside, but Louise did not appear to see the light of suggestion in his eyes. For her years, she has a fine experience in what to see and what not to see ; in two or three similar instances I have admired her calm.

The night before I had actually heard her ask for news of a certain friend named Freedy. As a rule, Louise waits until things and people turn up ; she does not give her interest in men and matters to the neighbours to peck at. When she heard that he was at the Marburg University, and that he had not been in Nordeck during the vacation, I suppose she at once grasped the fact that he was taking



a special course there instead of coming home, for I saw that Marburg now held more—in her eyes, at least—than the *St. Elisabethenkirche*.

This said Freedy I afterwards discovered to be the son of the clergyman at Winnen, whose little churchyard we had to pass through on our way to Ebsdorf. I am just at the age when a woman loves aiding and abetting romance in other people, so I tactfully showed the schoolmaster that I did not think that Louise had at all the proper temperament to make the most use of the gay sunshine in the summer woods. Poor man! the friendship which he had been able to show her when she was a little child was restricted now to a certainly gracious but very distant *Guten Morgen* and *Gute Nacht* from Louise, and rather shy and short responses on his part. Six years had changed the schoolgirl into a woman, but they had not changed the teacher of twenty-eight years into even a middle-aged man. Besides, if Martin's wife could come with us for two miles along the road, why could he not come to bear her company on her way back? But this was the reason why he was not to do so, for I should have talked to the English-speaking cousin, and he would have had to walk with Louise. What a little time it takes for that mysterious something to communicate itself to the heart of a woman—that something which tells her that journeys end in lovers' meetings.

And so we started off, leaving the big man wondering how he was to fill up his day.

On our way to Ebsdorf, when we had left the village of Winnen behind us, where a baby sister of Louise lies buried, a village which lives and has its being under the same wise rule as that of Nordeck—that the picturesque old houses of black and white shall not be replaced or put to shame by villas made of half-baked bricks, or out



of any other cheap and nasty substance used for modern building—the greater part of our road lay through pine woods—woods light enough to allow of flowers growing in vivid patches where the undergrowth was clear, in the stretches of beeches and oaks which every now and then interrupted the deeper forest of pines.

Near Ebsdorf station there is quite a fine old castle.

It was evidently a cheap-ticket day to Marburg, for we saw numbers of country people going to market in their very best Hessian costumes. The full round skirts of working-days were made gay by two bands of bright flowered ribbon round their hems, and the ridiculous head-dresses on the younger women were covered with very fine silver-bead embroidery. It is becoming the custom, however, for the women to dress completely in black, and, to my mind, their old costumes were even more picturesque in black than when composed of many colours.

The station at Ebsdorf provided us with very fine examples of the varieties of the national dress. The men of the old school, some of them extraordinarily handsome, wore blue smocks, quite short, like a woman's cotton blouse let loose at the waist. Some of them were elaborately smocked with white round the neck and sleeves. But it is a much more general thing for even the old men to wear the ordinary dress of to-day, while all their women-folk, even to the tiny girls and pretty maidens, cling to the ancient Hessian dress.

We were very excited when we arrived at Marburg station, because the beauty of the town was evident as we saw it circling round its precipitous *Schlossberg*, and with its clear river, the Lahn, flowing through the greenest of meadows. The city lies encircled in hills. All our high expectations of St. Elizabeth's city seemed to

have come true, and, like the pilgrims to her shrine, were we not to enter, even as they had done, by the " Barefoot Gate " ?—those pilgrims who used to come to the city in such numbers that the Landgrave Philip caused the bones of the blessed saint to be removed and interred in an unknown spot in the church which bears her name and was built to hold her shrine. This same Philip—uneasy lie his bones for the disturbing of the saint's !—founded the Marburg University. His desire was evidently to make the city a seat of learning rather than a place of prayer.

It was very evident to us that the Landgrave Philip succeeded in his endeavour, for we had only to walk a very few paces, after leaving the street of the Barefoot Gate behind us, to learn that Marburg is above all things a university city, that the saint has been ousted for the student—students with absurdly shaped caps of spotless white, so spotless that we wondered if they had orderlies to clean them as soldiers have to clean their gloves and uniform facings—and *Studentenmützen* of the ordinary shape of blues and yellows and greens as bright as the plumage of paraquets. To me these grand *Studentenmützen* resembled glorified smoking-caps of the early Victorian day. More noticeable even than the students' caps were the slashes on the students' faces, for Marburg University is famous for its duelling. I had thought that this disfiguring of their faces was quite a thing of the past. I had seen good-looking youths made hideous in Heidelberg long ago, when I was no older than Louise is to-day. But until I reached Marburg that morning I never imagined that such a mediæval form of " swank " could possibly exist amongst twentieth-century young men.

Before we reached the *Conditorei* (I persisted in calling

it *Condottiere*, owing to the association of the word with mediæval cities in Italy), which I insisted upon entering to buy some of the wild-strawberry tarts we had seen in the window—a mere pretext for asking the woman if she let rooms to wayfarers like ourselves—we had seen students to the right of us and students to the left of us with cuts on their pink faces as deep as the ruts made in rolled bacon where the encircling string has been removed from it after boiling.

I said to Louise, "I think they are positively disgusting. I don't see how any girl could ever kiss any one of them."

She did not answer, so I took it for granted that in this respect she was German enough not to share my views. Perhaps at last my duty as chaperon might be called into need!

At first she objected to going into the *Conditorei*—that is to say, if I insisted upon *her* asking the woman if she took in wayfarers for one night.

"Why should a pastrycook take travellers in for one night? Why should she have rooms to let when there wasn't any notice up to say that she had?"

"Because," I answered, "it's a University town, and it's the vacation time"—although I admitted it did not look like it—"and because she has a very big house for the selling of strawberry tarts and cakes, and, best of all, because I want her to."

"I wish you could speak German," Louise said. "I think it is the maddest idea I ever heard."

"But you have yet to prove," I said, "that at least the half of my mad ideas won't prove very sane. Even with pastrycooks you never know your luck. Anyhow, I am going in," and in I went.

I asked her if she spoke English. With the jolliest



smile she said, "No." While I was smiling in return I saw Louise's eyes change from cold indifference to positively childish delight, for there, spread before her, like the fair kingdoms of the earth, was a procession of every sort of tart imaginable—bilberry tart, strawberry tart, sliced-apple tart, fresh apricot tart, and red-currant tart.

We began trying to make our choice, but it was a difficult matter. The only thing to do would be to try them all.

"You could have a different tart for every meal if we could get rooms here," I said.

The hint was enough. Louise plunged into a flow of German, which I suppose only meant, did the woman know of any rooms to let in the neighbourhood? Nothing surprised me more during my first days in Germany than the discovering of how much talking had to be expended, and how many words it took, to ask the simplest question, or receive the scantiest piece of information. It really seemed about as long as in Japan, where it is etiquette to spend the greater part of an afternoon with your publisher before you may venture to broach the subject which both of you are there to discuss.

"She says she does not know of any rooms."

It was now my turn to do some conversing by sad smiles and by eye-beseeching. I looked upwards to suggest that her house was tall, and Louise, seeing the woman smile encouragingly, said, "I suppose you haven't any yourself?"

"Oh yes, I have," she said; "how many do you want?"

Again, in what seemed a great many words, she was made to understand that we wanted two, and replying in as many, said we could have them. To me Louise merely said one word, "Ripping!" How brief and expressive



our slang is one never realises until moments such as these.

The woman spoke again, and Louise interpreted. "She has a garden, and we can have our meals there."

"Tell her to send out two cups of chocolate, with plenty of whipped cream, and a selection of these tarts for us to choose from, and while the chocolate is being prepared, let us go and inspect the rooms."

We followed her up many steep stairs, almost to the top of the house. We had asked for high rooms on account of the view. She opened the doors of two very large bedrooms, with polished floors and fine old-fashioned furniture, and asked us if they would do. I said they were charming. "But," I said to Louise, "ask her how much they will cost."

Poor Louise was having her first lesson on the unpleasant side of economising. I must admit that I myself was surprised when the woman said one mark and a half a night. Our breakfast the next morning, with two fresh eggs and honey and brown bread and butter, was to cost seventy-five pfennigs each.

When we had deposited our *Handpöcks* in our room, which was the sign manual that splendid as they were, and airy as they were, and beautiful as was the view from them of the quietly flowing Lahn and the blue hills beyond, they were ours for the sum of a mark and a half, we found our way to the arbour in the garden where steaming hot chocolate, frothing with cream, and wild-strawberry tart were awaiting us.

It was a dear garden, almost as picturesquely untidy as a bit of Italy. The arbour we sat in was at the top of a green bank which overlooked the flowers. Our long walk through the forest made that light lunch, which only cost us fifty pfennigs, seem a feast for the gods.

At the moment there was no one whom either Louise or I envied.

As we passed through the shop on our way out, we told the smiling landlady that we would return to her for our evening meal, and perhaps for tea. She said it would be necessary to give the order for our evening meal then, as she would have to send out for it. She suggested cold ham and boiled eggs, with anything we liked out of her shop when the time came. We thought the idea capital.

“ You have come on a good day to see the city,” she said, “ for it is the anniversary of the founding of some of the *Vereine*, the medicinal, the musical, the theological, and so on.”

“ Then that is why we saw so many students. They weren't all overworked youths who give themselves no holidays,” I said.

“ Oh no. There would be a few students remaining all through the vacation, but plenty of others have remained here for this festival, and I suppose great numbers have come from all parts of Germany. Did you think that a German university city lived in a permanent state of being ready to welcome the Kaiser ? ”

Once out in the town, Marburg seemed a very, very long way from Nordeck, although our journey there had cost us only forty pfennigs and a health-giving walk through the forest, which had taken us less than two hours. But when I come to try to describe Marburg, I find its individuality eludes my pen, for its first and lasting quality is enchantment, and enchantment could not be if it were possible to bring it down to the limits of a compositor's press, just as the infinite cannot be brought down to the limited imagination of mortals.

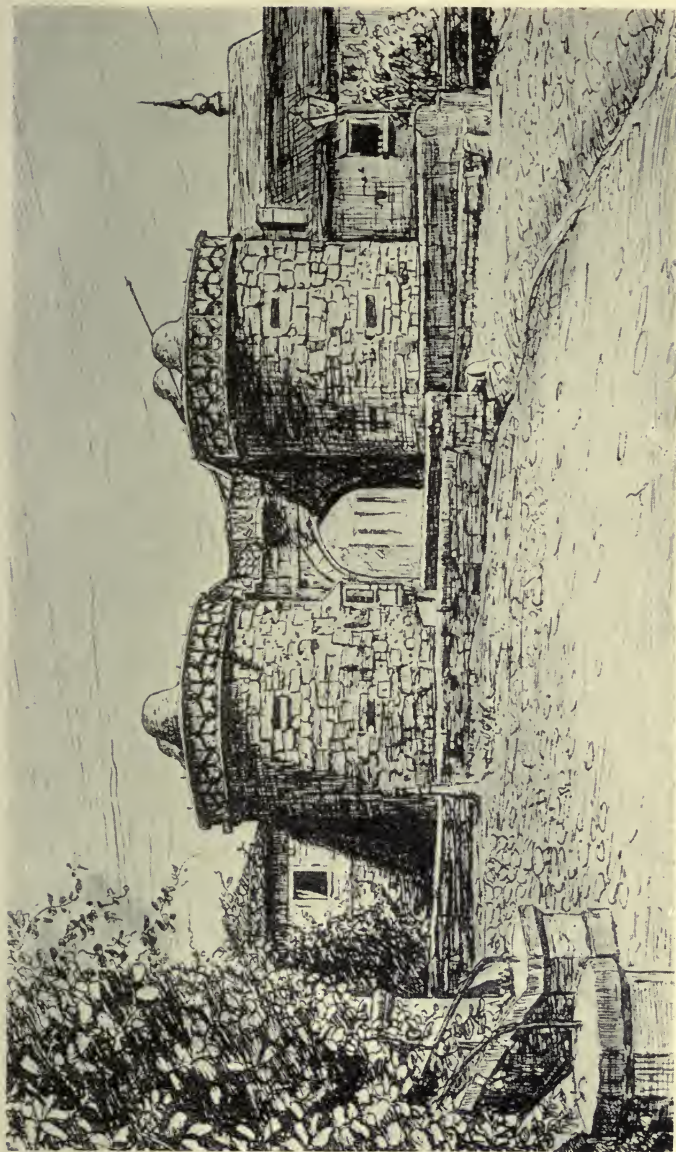
## CHAPTER V

### BY THE WATERS OF MARBURG

MARBURG is fair, and green, and peaceful—a university city whose bent streets, in their hoary age, are vitalised by the flower of German manhood—students who, ever since the days of the Landgrave Philip, have bestowed upon her a romantic intellectuality which sits like a diadem on her brow. It is not necessary to read the names of “Herr Professor This” and “Herr Professor That” on the doors of her most desirable houses, or tablets to the memory of this scholar or that scholar of distinction, who once occupied old houses dotted about the town, to know that you are in a city whose character and personality have been evolved from long centuries of thought and learning. Luther, with his Titanic mind, and controversial activity, is one of the personalities which no modern thought will ever erase from the individuality of Marburg. It was at Marburg in 1529 that he met Zwingli, and the other Swiss divines, in the famous Conference on the Eucharist, in which he so obstinately “and with not too much generosity of temper” maintained his peculiar views on the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper.

Very soon after our entrance into the city, which but so short a time ago had for me rung with but one name, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the memory of this great reformer was forced upon our minds, for the *Lutherischekirche* is one of the principal landmarks of the city. There are four great buildings which form very





“THE JERUSALEM GATE” OF BÜDINGEN

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt, of Lauterbach



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distinct points in the landscape—the *Elisabethenkirche*, with its twin spires of three hundred and twenty-five feet, the *Rathaus*, with its mediæval gables and high dormer roof, the grim *Lutherischekirche*, on its picturesque terrace, and the *Schloss*, exquisite in its German Gothic, rising above the city as the Parthenon rises above Athens.

As the *Elisabethenkirche* lies on the plain almost on the outskirts of the city, and the saint's name had, for the time being, become overshadowed by the reformer's, we decided to leave our visit to the church until later on in the day. Behind us now lay the newer portions of the city, in which the houses are built so much in keeping with the older part, which we were approaching (for the same wise law appertains to Marburg as does to Nordeck), that in many instances it was difficult to identify the date of the finest buildings, or to say where the new-old left off and the genuinely old began, for Hessian winter snows and summer suns can do a great deal in fifty years to mystify the stranger. And never shall I forget the charm of these modern houses in Marburg, with their long gardens, shaded with acacia and sumach trees, that bordered the wide streets, which, like fine avenues, lay in the environs of the city. They seemed to be houses built for delightful people, who appreciated the dignity and repose of this sixteenth-century city of Gothic gables and flowing Renaissance details—a city whose every height was touched with green, and whose every corner was invaded by gay students—students whose caps and coats lent the dark streets as much colour as the doublets and hose of mediæval Italians lent the stately Gothic cities of their hills.

Although all the students who were parading the town, which was gaily decorated for their midsummer

festival, were in the highest spirits, I must do them the credit of saying that they never let their good spirits exceed the bounds of good breeding. If they had been Italian students, and Louise had been no more youthfully attractive than she is, I do not think we could have wandered about that town as we did, stopping every minute to gaze at some fresh point of beauty, or inspect post cards, with the desire of finding out what objects of interest there were in the town which were not obvious to the eyes of tourists, and which our ancient Baedekers, in their limited paragraphs, did not mention. I have not forgotten the day when a young Italian art-student became enamoured at first sight with a girl who was travelling with me in Italy. He had never spoken to her, but at the end of a fortnight his persecutions became so intolerable that we could not allow her to go out alone, even for one moment to the post office, which was just across the street, in case she should be kidnapped. When I told Louise about all the trouble that desperate youth had given me, and of the letter he had written offering the girl his hand and heart, and of the paintings and poems he contrived to get delivered to her, she said :

“ Nothing half so romantic will happen here. Germans may be sentimental, but where matrimonial intentions are involved they are cautious. Even students are well aware of the wisdom of the ‘ dot and carry one ’ system, and you know that, as far as a *dot* is concerned, I am thoroughly English.”

Then my thoughts flew to a strange old-world university in Nova Scotia, which lies near the green meadows of Evangeline. When I stayed there all its students were engaged to someone, no matter whom. This was because the professor of literature, whose ardent disciples they were, made the art of love-making a cult among his

pupils! He treated it as though it were one of the subjects which the students must take up for their degree. He himself had passed with honours.

The nearer we drew to the heart of the city, whose centre seemed to me to be the *Marktplatz* with its Town Hall, as it is in most ancient cities, the more paintable and picturesque the streets became. Some of them were mere flights of steps. The perspective of these mediæval streets was delightful, hung as they were with gay buntings, displaying the crests and colours of the city and the university corps, while every moment the caps and the coats of the students became, in my eyes at least, sillier and sillier, but I am sure that to Louise even the concertina caps, as she christened the particular variety of cap which telescoped over towards the forehead and ended in a little round crown like the end of a concertina, had a meaning which invested them with a dignity that was hidden from me, just as the slashes on their faces may have thrilled rather than disgusted her.

When we arrived at the market square, and I was making ejaculations equivalent to *wunderschön*, at the first sight of its old-world beauty, a group of students passed us in the most fanciful colours. One of them was dressed almost entirely in yellow, with a resplendent cap of black velvet, overweighted with a monstrous tassel of white silk. I was calling attention to the statue of St. George and the Dragon, which stands on the top of a high stone pillar almost opposite the Town Hall, but Louise did not hear me, nor did she when I suggested that we should eat our lunch in the fanciful old sixteenth-century inn which makes a striking corner building to the square. I turned to see why this last remark, at least, had not appealed to her. One of the gayest of the



students had detached himself from his companions and was obviously coming towards her. I grew excited.

For a girl of her age, Louise has a fine command of her emotions, or senses, or whatsoever one may please to call the properties we own which betray or conceal our feelings, so she was able to return his elaborate salute with a dignified "*Wie geht's?*" It was only I, who had probed her physical manifestations of emotion, who knew that Louise has two methods of blushing; the one and more usual she did not betray on this occasion; the other, the dyeing of her eyes a deeper violet, I did see.

With a woman's instinct for romance, I assumed an interest in my Baedeker, whose three paragraphs on Marburg I already knew almost off by heart. In one of them it tells you that there are many old interesting buildings in the town, a fine timber house in the *Steinweg*, which I afterwards discovered meant the Stoneway, and one in the *Ritterstrasse*, which means the street of the Knights—the Teutonic Knights, I imagine, because the church of St. Elizabeth was completed by the Landgrave Conrad, who was the Grand Master of the Teutonic Knights, for the Knights of his Order. But instead of thinking of these things, and really studying the delightful mixture of Gothic gables, crow-footed and exceeding high, and the foolish little tourelles projecting from every angle, which looked like the children of the more dignified towers, towers whose Renaissance decorations were introduced to soften the severer Gothic, my mind flew to the schoolmaster, whom we had left wondering how he should fill up his day in Nordeck. When I was again trying to fix on my memory the exact attributes of the local St. George, on his very spirited horse, whose upraised foreleg and sweeping tail

were silhouetted so boldly against the glory of the sky, Louise touched my arm and said :

“ May I present Herr Stumpf ? He knows my people in Nordeck.”

The white concertina was removed with a sweep of the right arm from the very fair hair of that sword-slashed student, and a pair of heels were brought smartly together with a military-sounding click, as he said :

“ How do you do ? ”

I said I was glad that he spoke English.

“ So very little, I am sorry, that it is almost nothing. I have forgotten.”

He looked at Louise to explain. “ Herr Stumpf used to speak English to my mother in Nordeck, but now he has no time to study it, and no one ever speaks to him in English.”

“ You must speak to Louise in English,” I said, and, as I spoke, I looked round to see if his friends were waiting for him. They were not in sight.

“ If she will be so good.” In German he added something which seemed to suggest that I was to be asked if he might come with us. But there was more than that, I could see, and so I again became deeply interested in the architecture of the city. And truly there is a fantasy and foolish elegance about that Marburg Gothic which is wholly delightful, and which seemed to me, as I first saw it on that gay summer morning, admirably suited for the illustrating of German fairy-tales, whose settings are in German cities. It made me understand better how it comes about that the so-called stolid Germans should have been the writers, above all others, who have given us our visions of fairyland.

We refused Herr Stumpf's invitation to have some beer or coffee or ices with him, or, indeed, whatsoever

form of refreshment appealed to us most strongly at the moment, on the grounds of having had a very good light lunch only a little time before. But I suggested that if he had nothing more important to do, we should be delighted if he would accompany us.

“German beer is so delicious,” I said, “that I must not begin the habit of drinks between drinks. I must reserve the pleasure of a good jugful for my evening meal.”

Louise had to explain what I meant by the expression “drinks between drinks”—it was beyond his limited knowledge of our language.

“Ach so! It is the ‘drinks between drinks’ that are the pleasure of drinking. With our dinner and supper we very often do not drink at all.”

“In England,” I said, “we think it is the ‘drinks between drinks’ which do all the harm.”

“That is very unhappy for you. In Germany, to spend the time agreeably, we meet our friends in some club or drinking-hall, and while we talk, or play dominoes, we drink beer. It is not so harmful.”

The way he expressed himself, and his accent, I cannot convey, but his words were to that effect.

“That is just it,” I said; “if we drank beer it would not matter, but we are not a beer-drinking nation. Our climate, perhaps, urges something more stimulating.”

“Ach so! your climate. It carries so many of your sins on its back. Now it is the whisky. But I think it is not too ugly to drink the beer, for it is cold also in Marburg.”

“Yes, there are worse things than the English climate, so perhaps it is that our beer is not so good. Personally, I do not find it so digestible.”



“And why is that?” he said. “Is it not flavoured with hopes and mice?”

I smiled, and Louise laughed outright. Herr Stumpf looked abashed. “Please to explain, what have I said? Is my English too bad? or is it that you have no mice in your beer? We like mice, it gives the good flavour.”

“You mean hops and maize,” Louise said, but as no glimmer of humour changed the expression of his face, she saw that he was still in the dark as to the mistake he had made. And I said to myself, I suppose I do not hear the small degrees of difference in their pronunciation of German. Words like hops and maize must sound like hopes and mice in their ears.

We had been walking up to the castle. Our way, which was steep and stone-paved, was bordered on our right by a high old wall of delightful colouring, from whose ancient mortar sprang snapdragons, as deep in colour as red roses, and little bluebells of the true Scottish clan, swinging on stems so delicate that they might have been made by a spider. On our left, over a lower wall, there was the view of the city roofs, grey and gabled, and walls of rose-hued brick. As we climbed still higher, we looked down upon the tower of the Lutheran church, standing in the dignified quiet of a leafy terrace, which, like a bracket, projected over the city.

I had to keep my enthusiasms to myself, for Louise's and Herr Stumpf's, I could see, belonged to other things than Gothic architecture and ancient walls. It was obvious to me that their “*Weisst du noch?*” referred to the “Do you remember?” days; and surely this Marburg student, with his concertina cap, did remember; for if ever pleasure was expressed by any human being, it was in his eyes, and smile, and whole being. Yet,



considering the fact that he had met by the merest accident the friend of his youthful days, whom his wise parents had so eagerly wished God-speed as she left their village, because on her account their son had scouted their encouragement as his future wife of a girl whose fortune, I afterwards learnt, did not lie where Louise's did, but in the very fruitful lands which she inherited—considering, as I say, the pleasure of the meeting, I must express my admiration of Herr Stumpf's attention to me, in my trying position of chaperon. He was quite worried, indeed, because he was unable to tell me many of the things I wanted to know about the city. Yet, after all, why should he have known, even though he was a medical student, whether there was any portion still remaining of the two hospitals which St. Elizabeth founded in the city? One of them was at the very foot of the hill on whose summit soared the castle which belonged to her husband; the beautiful Elizabeth never lived in the castle of Marburg. Indeed, it was only after her husband's death that her history is personally connected with the city, and by that time she had become so fanatically austere that she lived in a little hut, close to her hospital, which she had dedicated to St. Francis. After a short time she even renounced that hut, because it was in the centre of too much worldliness, and went to live in a little village called Wehrada, about a mile from Marburg on the banks of the Lahn.

Yet Marburg was the scene of her saintly labours, and it was in the hospital which she founded that she used to feed the poor, and wash their feet, and tend to the sick and the dying. Even in the heat of summer she looked after their meanest wants, and scarcely allowed herself any rest.

If Marburg had remained a Catholic city, every building

which had been in any way connected with the saint, whose canonisation at Marburg took place only four years after her death, which shows that at no time was her name forgotten, would have been preserved and converted into a source of revenue for the Church. The little hut near the hospital would have become to Marburg what the Casa Santa Caterina is to Siena.

But to-day, as in the day of Count Montalembert, that enthusiastic biographer of the saint, the divine breath is not in the city. Count Montalembert reached Marburg on the saint's nameday. "He found her forgotten, and her shrine neglected, by a Lutheran people." With great exactitude, he followed her footsteps, "wheresoever she had trod," and afterwards wrote her biography, which he compiled with infinite care and labour from the memorials of the saint's life which he discovered in the great historic collections of Germany. This biography is to-day the foundation of all other biographies of the saint which have been written in English, just as his work depended very largely upon the life of the saint which was written by Theodoric of Thüringen in 1229, two years before the death of Elizabeth.

Speaking of his visit to Marburg, Count Montalembert says, "I do not regret the institutions which have perished, but I do bitterly regret the divine breath which animated them."

Truly, it is not the divine breath of Saint Elizabeth which animates Marburg, but the very living breath of the great reformer, who gave the city its rebirth after the saint's bones were no longer allowed to be visited by thousands of unhygienic pilgrims. One asks oneself, did these devotees smile through their tears at the title of "Magnanimous" which was bestowed upon the despoiler of her shrine?

As we walked up the hill to the Landgrave's castle, I said to myself (I would not give my thoughts to Herr Stumpf or Louise), that if this were Catholic Italy, and the divine breath of the saint did still animate the city, as the divine breath animates Subiaco and Assisi, quite another breath would animate this road, and it would not be the breath of flowers, as it is to-day. For all those who know Italy, and even those who love her, must admit that her unfrequented streets and sheltering city walls are made foul by the depositing of unmentionable filth. In Marburg I could have rested my back against that wall, and stretched out my limbs on the stony way with the same delightful sense of cleanliness as I did on the sands of the desert.

In the castle itself there are three great features of interest—the Gothic Chapel, of 1288 ; its splendid gateway ; and the Hall of the Knights, whose glorious architecture, at least, remains just as it was when, under its vaulted roof, which is supported by gigantic pillars, Luther, Melanchthon, and Zwingli wrangled and argued, and finally lost their tempers over that much-disputed question, the Holy Eucharist. But, alas ! as is usual in Germany, the hand of the restorer was busy in 1866.

The view from that famous *Rittersaal* was worth climbing the hill to see, even if it does not interest you to stand on the scene of that world-famed dispute. I personally did not see the words, *Hoc est corpus meum*, which Luther carved on the table, being the sum total of that hair-splitting argument which ended in the great division of the Lutheran Established Church.

To my twentieth-century mind it seemed well-nigh impossible that such fine distinctions should have roused such fierce antagonism and un-Christian dissensions in men of gigantic intellects. The Lutheran Church rejected



the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, as well as of the Mass, namely, the constant renewal of the sacrifice of Christ, and merely taught that through the power of God, and in a way not to be explained, the Body and Blood of Christ are present "in, with, and under" the unchanged bread and wine, which is consubstantiation. Zwingli held that the Lord's Supper was a mere commemoration of the death of Christ, and a profession of belonging to His Church, the bread and wine being only symbols. Luther, with all the vehemence of his masterful nature, opposed the symbolical view. Zwingli's doctrines were more uncongenial to him than the deeper mystic of the Catholic doctrine. Calvin sought to find a middle road out of the difficulty, the road which the Presbyterian Church followed.

Louise and Herr Stumpf were not, I must confess, overpowered by the ghosts of these reformers who changed the face of Europe, for they were standing in one of the windows of the big hall, apparently lost in more personal discussions, when I approached them and asked Louise to come and interpret some of the words which were flowing, like pearls before swine, from the guide's lips. She laughed, and, turning to Herr Stumpf, said, "Her Scotch mind digs out theological disputes like a dachshund grubs out truffles."

"Are you then Scotch?" he said. "I am pleased. I admire the Scotch very much. Our university has one Scotchman connected with it, who took part in the great work of the Reformation."

I asked who it was.

"Patrick Hamilton," he said. "Do you know his name?"

When I told him that the Scottish martyr's picturesque personality was the subject of a book written by a



Scotch professor called Lorimer who was not, however, my uncle, the Professor Lorimer of Public and International Law at Edinburgh, whose name he knew so well, he was greatly interested. It made a link between us, and the more so when I told him that my uncle's daughters had lived for some years in the house of a Marburg professor, whose daughters in after years lived in Edinburgh with my uncle.

From the Hall of the Knights we followed our guide into the chapel, where I pictured to myself the figure of the Thuringian *Landgräfin*, whose title to English minds must sound strangely reminiscent of Anthony Hope, spending long hours in ecstatic devotion; but I was wrong, for the saint died in 1231, and this pure Gothic chapel was not built until 1288.

From there we went to the Hall of the Archives. This room was intensely interesting, full as it was of documents written on time-mellowed parchments, bearing names of immortal renown. The document relating to the canonisation of St. Elizabeth, which was effected by the influence of Siegfried, Archbishop of Mainz, who sent an account of the numerous miracles which had been wrought at her tomb, having first had them authenticated by a juridical examination, was an exquisite piece of Latin manuscript, showing the huge red seal of Pope Gregory IX, who performed the ceremony of her canonisation on Whit-Sunday, 1235. On that eventful day for Marburg her relics were enshrined in a rich vermilion case, and placed upon the altar of the church belonging to the hospital which she founded and worked in. The great Emperor Frederick of Hohenstaufen was present, and he it was who put the stone upon her grave, and who placed his own crown of pure gold upon her shrine.

Another document bore Luther's handwriting, which

was characteristic of all that he has stood for in the history of Europe, and endless others, illustrious to all Germans.

Herr Stumpf thought I should be interested in many names of which I knew little or nothing, names connected with the archives of Fulda and Hanau, and I think the Seven Years' War and the Peasants' War, representing nothing to my mind but the sound of words which were familiar.

After leaving the castle—which I was very loath to do, for in a country where you cannot speak the language it takes a long time to discover even a little about the things you want to know, and I dreaded making myself a bore, both to Louise and Herr Stumpf; and I was really unfortunate in this respect, for, although the guide could speak French, he was asked not to do so, for the other people of the party which he was conducting round could not understand him, and Louise had again good-naturedly offered to victimise herself for me—we sat in the gardens and talked for a little time, or rather, I should say, Herr Stumpf talked and Louise listened. She is a good listener, which means, to all who know it, that most men pronounce her extremely interesting and very intelligent. The intelligence of Louise, I have reason for knowing, can go one better than that, but a woman's intelligence to a man is generally gauged by her appreciation of his.

As we sat there we rested our eyes on the green hills covered with pine forests which lay beyond a cityful of short and tall grey-slate roofs, covered with large or small dormer windows, projecting with the regularity of pigeon-holes, and gables with fantastic curves and innumerable crockets. We had left serious subjects alone, and Louise was translating for me Herr Stumpf's really

humorous descriptions of his university life. I noticed that he was reticent on the subject of the girl students, who now form part of it. When I told him that we could not give any more of our time in Marburg to the castle grounds, and that I thought we should descend the hill by the way of the Lutheran church and eventually find our way to the church of St. Elizabeth, he seemed to take it for granted that he might come with us, and very useful he proved in finding the house of the man who kept the key.

My chief objection to churches in Protestant lands is the limited idea their pastors seem to possess of the use of a church as a place of prayer. In Italy every church is open at every hour to every poor wayfarer, except the midday hour of repose. Anyone weary and seeking rest can find it in his Father's House, but here, in Protestant Germany, as in England, the church of the nation only opens its doors at stated hours. After much seeking we found the verger, who was a shoemaker, and a very intelligent man. He grew quite eloquent upon the age of his church, which Baedeker had misrepresented.

"There are parts of it," he said, "as old as the *Elisabethenkirche*, although much of it was built in the fifteenth century."

I could not tell him what I thought—that if that was true, those in authority ought to be ashamed of themselves for the sacrilege of having made it look as clean and new and hard as though no *Landgraf* or other princes of German renown could ever have been laid to rest within its walls. Monuments of these very exalted personages rise before you as you enter the building. At that moment I doubt if either Herr Stumpf or Louise approved of my scorn of the complete restorer. But this was not always to be so with Louise, who grew to



have even a fiercer tongue than my own when she discovered the greater beauty of unspoiled buildings of the Middle Ages.

Domestic buildings in Germany do not suffer so cruelly as the ecclesiastical ones ; some of the oldest houses in Marburg, splendid specimens of carved timber-work, are actually allowed to show signs of dust and hard wear. But I felt sure, as I looked at them, that many a cleanly German mind must hunger to be at them with swab and paint and whitewash. I told Herr Stumpf that I was anxiously waiting for the time when I should come across a German boy or girl with a dirty face, for then I was sure that I should at last see someone arrested for breaking one of the many laws. The human boy is still, I hope, human in Germany. As I spoke, I saw him look at my hat ; I wondered why.

“ Tell her,” he said to Louise, “ that in some provinces that is *verboten*.”

“ What ? ” I said, “ the wearing of hats ? ”

“ To wear the *Hutnadel* so far out that they may do damage to someone’s face.”

Inside the church there was another instance of German cleanliness. The sixteenth or early seventeenth-century organ (I am not quite certain which), an instrument of considerable architectural beauty, had been painted and varnished in the most glaring manner, and the two large angels, blowing long trumpets, one on either side of the pipes, were painted dead white, as also were the pipes. Against the brown woodwork of the instrument the effect of these cherubims or seraphims can be imagined. When I asked if the white was only a coating for the gold which was to come, the man said, “ No, unfortunately there is not enough money for the gold. They must remain white.”



My face evidently expressed what I felt, for he said, by way of apology, "Oh, but the gold was so very old."

From the Lutheran church we found our way back again through the town to the church of St. Elizabeth. My first feelings on approaching the building were of bitter disappointment. I had read scarcely anything about the building, beyond Baedeker's brief statement that it had been built in 1235 in the early Gothic style, a very few years after the death of the saint. All that he has to say about it is condensed into two paragraphs. It is true that the twin towers and spires had from the distance looked aggressively new, but I had surmised that they, perhaps, had really necessitated a complete restoration. I was not prepared for the shock which the newness of the whole building gave me. Outside it looked so sharp and lately built that many times, I should imagine, since 1860, the date of its complete restoration, it must have been cleaned and pointed, and deprived of any token of its historic fame and dignity of years. I am sure that no one passing that church, and being in ignorance of its true date, would turn to look at it because its beauty spoke of hallowed centuries and weather-softened stones. Yet the building was completed in 1283, and the pilgrims whose feet had worn hollow the stone steps round the tomb of the saint were contemporaries with the pilgrims who visited the tomb of the Blessed St. Francis of Assisi. St. Elizabeth was administering to the sick and poor in Marburg while St. Francis was carrying on his work in Assisi. She always wore the habit of his Order under her ordinary dress. This saintly daughter of a Hungarian King was born one year before St. Francis renounced the world and exchanged his costly clothes for the habit of his Order.

I suppose this fine church was built on the site of the

BRITISH MUSEUM  
LONDON



ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY IN MARBURG

By Margaret Thomas

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old church of the hospital where her body was first laid to rest—that same chapel which afterwards received her relics in the rich casket of silver, on that Whit-Monday when they were translated by Pope Gregory IX, who also performed the ceremony of her canonisation. To quote Alban Butler's words, "St. Elizabeth's son, Hermann, then Landgrave, and his sisters, Sophia and Gertrude, assisted at the august ceremony, also the Archbishops of Cologne and Bremen, and an incredible number of other princes, prelates, and people, so that the number is said to have amounted to above two hundred thousand persons."

If there is anything of the original edifice existing, we were not shown it by that wholly disinterested verger. The present church had been the scene of the pilgrimages to her shrine for three hundred years.

Writing the word "canonisation," has reminded me of one evening in Rome, and of how I saw the ceremony of canonisation in St. Peter's. A French saint, whose name I did not even know, was being raised to the altar, so the Whites in Rome said, as a sop to the French.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, and, surprising to relate, I found not the least difficulty in getting into St. Peter's to see this rather unusual ceremony. No tickets had been issued, and there had been very little talk about it amongst the visitors in Rome. The greater portion of the building was in complete darkness. The ceremony was to take place in the space which is covered by the great dome. Suddenly, after having waited for about one hour without anything happening, a thousand lights blazed forth. I have never seen such an amazing effect of electric illumination before or since. The whole of the stupendous dome was scintillating with countless stars. Somewhere an unseen hand had created an infinity



of light ; this was to announce that the Holy Father had entered the building.

The rich tapestries, upon which the arms of the Pope and of the saint, or, perhaps I should say, her province, were embroidered in gold and silver, were hung on the pillars and walls. The cardinals who assisted the Pope officiated in white. The gorgeousness of the scene, centred as it was under the dome, was intensified by the complete darkness of the rest of the building. A service which lasted no longer than Benediction, and which much resembled it in my mind, completed the whole affair. Of course, the beatification of the saint had already taken place.

It seemed to me a strangely modern and uninteresting ceremony. There was, alas ! no Frederick of Hohenstaufen to place a golden crown on the shrine ; I afterwards learnt that the rather vulgar display of light is one of the recognised features of the ceremony of canonisation.

I have no doubt that this modern saint as truly deserved her honours as St. Elizabeth, if the making of a saint depends upon the authenticity of the miracles worked at her tomb. According to the Church of Rome to-day, one hundred years must elapse between the death of a saint and his or her admission into the calendar, and it is extremely adverse to promiscuous canonisation. " A few miracles reported to have happened at the tomb are not enough, as they were in olden times, to give the inmate a claim to have his or her name inscribed in the Canon of the Mass among the members of the happy." Originally, none but martyrs were supposed to be admitted into the category of saints.

Alban Butler says that St. Elizabeth's husband, who was almost her equal in piety, and of about her own age

started off with *Barbarossa* to Palestine to fight in the Holy Wars, but that he died at Otranto before he set sail. Montalembert, in speaking of the death of her husband, to whom the saint was deeply attached, says "when her husband's bones were returned to her they were as white as snow, which in those days was regarded as a sign that the husband had preserved an inviolable fidelity to his wife."

Alban Butler must have meant the great Emperor Frederick of Hohenstaufen—him who placed the crown of gold upon the saint's shrine on the day of her canonisation, taking it off his own head to do so. To me, the very fact that this brilliant personality wished to marry the saint after her husband's death vitalised my interest in her.

It is curious that this most brilliant monarch of the Middle Ages should have wished to marry two saints, for it is well known that he offered his hand in marriage to Agnes of Bohemia, who refused his offer because she wished to become a Franciscan nun. On hearing this, he exclaimed, "Had she preferred before me any man on earth I would have been revenged, but as it is God whom she prefers to me, I have nothing to say."

Elizabeth also refused him because, she said, she was already wedded to the Lord. Montalembert says, with regard to his love for Agnes of Bohemia, "Yet this is the man who shut himself up in a shameful *seraglio*, surrounded by a company of Saracen concubines!"

It was rather interesting to turn from his opinion of "this cosmopolitan in the time of St. Louis" to John Addington Symonds, who sets him forth in his truer light in his delightful essay on Palermo: "The strange history of Frederick, an intellect of the eighteenth century born out of date, a cosmopolitan spirit in the age of St. Louis,

the Crusader who conversed with Moslem sages on the threshold of the Holy Sepulchre, the Sultan of Lucera, who persecuted Paterini, while he respected the superstitions of Saracens, the anointed successor of Charlemagne, who carried his harem with him to the battle-fields of Lombardy, and turned infidels loose upon the provinces of Christ's Vicar—would be inexplicable were it not that Palermo still reveals in all her monuments the *genius loci* which gave spiritual nurture to that phoenix among kings."

Dante places him in hell among the Heresiarchs, and truly the splendour of his supposed infidelity found him a goodly following.

Of whom was it, I wonder, that he sang, when he wrote his famous canzone, "Of his Lady in Bondage," perhaps the earliest of all love poems written in Italian? For Frederick, the darling of the gods—pagan that he was—and not Dante, was the true father of Italian and its poetry. Some authorities suggest that "this anointed successor of Charlemagne, who carried his harem with him to the battle-fields of Lombardy" was alluding in this poem to the Church held in bondage by the Pope. It takes, I think, the same kind of mind to believe that King Solomon's ardent Eastern love-songs were also addressed to the Church.

Yet I doubt if Frederick II was addressing our Elizabeth in his poem, for the subject of it obviously deals with the woman's loathing for the man who held her in bondage—a bondage not in any way similar to the worldly-wise treatment she received from her brother-in-law, who really must have had a very great deal to put up with, for there was much truth in his retort, when she implored him to give her some portion of her son's kingdom, over which he was acting as Regent, where she could



live apart from the world and devote her life and energies to the poor. His retort was, "If I gave you the whole of Germany you would give it away to the poor."

To lovers of poetry I will quote some of the verses of this poem, to which I have been alluding, from the translation of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—the firstfruits of an Italian tongue.

"For grief I am about to sing,  
 Even as another would for joy ;  
 Mine eyes which the hot tears destroy  
 Are scarce enough for sorrowing :  
 To speak of such a grievous thing  
 Also my tongue I must employ,  
 Saying : Woe's me, who am full of woes !  
 Not while I live shall my sighs cease  
 For her in whom my heart found peace :  
 I am become like unto those  
 That cannot sleep for weariness,  
 Now I have lost my crimson rose.

" 'Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this :  
 It is a very weary thing  
 Thus to be always trembling :  
 And till the breath of his life cease,  
 The hate in him will but increase,  
 And with his hate my suffering.  
 Each morn I hear his voice bid them  
 That watch me, to be faithful spies  
 Lest I go forth and see the skies ;  
 Each night, to each, he saith the same ;—  
 And in my soul and in mine eyes  
 There is a burning heat like flame.'

"Thus grieves she now ; but she shall wear  
 This love of mine, whereof I spoke,  
 About her body for a cloak,  
 And for a garland in her hair,  
 Even yet : because I mean to prove,  
 Not to speak only, this my love."

If my digression has led me too far out of my path, which should have been leading me onwards on my



journey, I must plead, for my excuse, the fascination of this man, who, as Symonds says, "More than any other of mediæval times contributed, if only as a memory of a mighty name, to the progress of civilised humanity."

I found it much more difficult to realise in that Lutheran church at Marburg that the great Hohenstaufen had ever stood beside that silver-gilt shrine than I did to realise that his own bones lay in the porphyry sarcophagus in Palermo Cathedral, one of the monuments which "surpass for interest all sepulchral monuments—even the tombs of the Scaligers at Verona, except only, perhaps, the statues of the nave of Innsprück."

It seemed a very far cry from the Palermo of Frederick, the Wonder of the World, as he was called, the Palermo which still retains much of the Moslem spirit of his age, to Marburg, and even though the church of St. Elizabeth still contains many priceless objects of mediæval art, a very far cry also from the day when the beautiful Landgräfin was a familiar figure in its streets.

So absent is the spirit of Time in her building that it was, for instance, very difficult to distinguish between the age of the new pulpit and the very effective and finely carved Gothic pinnacle which is over it, and the really ancient, regilded tabernacles which are here, as elsewhere, one of the features of these German Gothic ecclesiastical buildings. This is, of course, saying a good deal for the present-day art of German wood-carving, but not too much. The wooden chancel-screen, I am thankful to say, has been spared the vandal hands of the restorer. It expressed all the accumulated beauty of lenient years in its exquisite colouring. When Louise saw it she understood why my tongue had been acid upon the subject of perpetual restoration. It has scarcely been touched

since the artisans of the fifteenth century lavished their love of beauty upon its making.

If all the objects of beauty in the church had been allowed to show, as this screen did, that softened mingling of bright colours which centuries alone can bestow, how glorious the church of St. Elizabeth would be ! Protestant though it is, the divine breath of the saint would not be so wholly absent, for it still contains behind its grille her treasured shrine, and the little fourteenth-century figure, whose girlish beauty is familiar to all devout Catholics. This statuette is made of painted wood, and represents the saint bearing in one hand a model of the church, whose twin spires rest against her head and shoulder. In the other she holds a scone of bread. Her Franciscan habit of rough homespun falls in delightful folds to her feet, and above her coif, which partly hides her fair features, there is a crown. The whole thing is tender with the beauty of youth and piety.

Many times during our stay in Marburg we were tempted to buy a copy of this statuette in wood, but we resisted ; we had vowed to each other to be strong-minded upon the subject of buying, because our luggage would hold nothing in addition to what we had bought, and the money which would buy the statuette would show us more objects of beauty.

I was surprised to find how extremely little there was to buy in the way of literature relating to the saint in the town. In English there was practically nothing ; and if it was there, I did not see Count Montalembert's famous biography of her, else I doubt if I could have resisted it.

The chapel which contains the monuments of the Hessian princes and Knights of the Teutonic Order—Conrad von Thüringen, Elizabeth's brother-in-law, being

amongst their number—is, no doubt, of extreme interest to all who know their German history. Mine is so limited that I could merely admire them as objects of beauty. They date from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Louise apparently attached some meaning to their names, which I thought was highly commendable, and I am sure Herr Stumpf did also ; and what is more, he expected that I should too, for at this point of the proceedings they ceased to interpret the guide's dull flow of information.

When we left the church, Herr Stumpf parted from us, as it was long past lunch-time, and he had to join some fellow-students who were going to march through the town and do something which I did not quite understand, but which related to the day's festive ceremonies. I did not hear any word about meeting again. Perhaps words had not been necessary to convey the information.

Not far from the church we discovered a little restaurant which looked simple enough and clean enough to meet our wants. It looked "ussish," in fact, as Louise said, but in no way did it represent one of the old pilgrims' inns which must have stood near the church to house the devout who came in hundreds to the shrine ; but it had little tables out of doors on a wide verandah.

As we had ordered ham for our evening meal, I protested against sausages, even though my soul hungered for them with the hunger of four hours' sight-seeing. So there it was that I again tasted *Wienerschnitzel*, which, be it known, are the excellent German equivalent of *escollope de veau*. They were so delicious that I began to think the restaurant must be French or Italian ; but it was not so, and these savoury, tender *Schnitzel* were almost as typical of German restaurant food as sausages.

With bread and cheese and excellent brown beer they



made a very fine midday meal, the cost of which was one mark fifty, including black coffee. I could see that our day's expenses were not going to exceed five marks, if, through indulgence at tea, they reached that sum. This was encouraging, for Marburg is not a village with village prices, but a city with every appearance of great wealth and prosperity. And we had ordered our lunch trusting entirely to the man's honesty as regards the price we should have to pay.

As we ate and discussed the events of the morning, bright-capped students kept passing up the steep street in front of us. There were so many of them all going the same way that evidently they were gathering together to see some procession. Things grew exciting, and as the excitement increased with the number of the students, our tiredness, which had been quite evident, disappeared.

We paid our modest bill, and followed the students up the hill ; and we were not the only women who formed an admiring audience, for there were plenty of neat girls all in white, slim and trim, and not too smart, as so many young girls in England contrive to look. Some of them may have been fellow-students, for, though I did not know it at the time, Marburg University has opened its doors to the superior sex. It has always been in the advance guard of civilisation.

As I watched these girls in their summer muslins I could not help contrasting their attractive appearance with the heavy-figured *Mädchen* I remembered having seen in Germany many years ago, and I said, " This is another instance of Germany's progress. These girls, who seem to know the nice point of ' smartness ' at which to stop, are as charming as any girls who have not the Latin blood in their veins which converts smartness into *chic*." Their fairness gave them a delightful appear-



ance of freshness, which went well with their light frocks and white hats.

Surely they are an instance of how modern thought can affect even the shape of a woman !

As we reached the busier streets the students seemed to melt into thin air. It is difficult to say what became of them, unless they flew in at the dormer windows, but there was certainly no vast assemblage of them, and nothing very exciting taking place. I learned afterwards that they went to different club-houses in the country, or famous inns, where they made merry in their various fashions. Germany is delightfully lenient to her university students. In a university town little notice is taken of what in England would probably be sufficient to "send them down." The wildest and maddest pranks are forgiven, and no one ever dreams of complaining when they really become rather a nuisance—or, metaphorically speaking, "paint the town red." It is their *lustiges Studentenleben*, and that is excuse for everything. Considering the very strict code of laws which the ordinary public observe as a matter of habit, it is rather delightful to learn that to the student all things are forgiven. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and there are more students in Germany than in England.

Finding that we wayfarers could not enter into any of the hidden festivities of the day, we turned our steps towards the university, which meant going down towards the river.

Looking back upon the university, the new building of which was designed by Schäfer, and opened in 1879, I have a very poor memory of all that I saw. But one portion stands out very clearly—the big hall which had its walls decorated with fine modern frescoes by Professor Jansen, the subjects of which related to the history of

the city. St. Elizabeth, of course, was a conspicuous figure. In one picture she is on her knees scrubbing a floor in a very hygienic hospital ward which I am sure in no way resembles the one which she built and in which she spent so much of her time. It is a very charming modern painting, all the same, and in it the saint looks an adorable nurse.

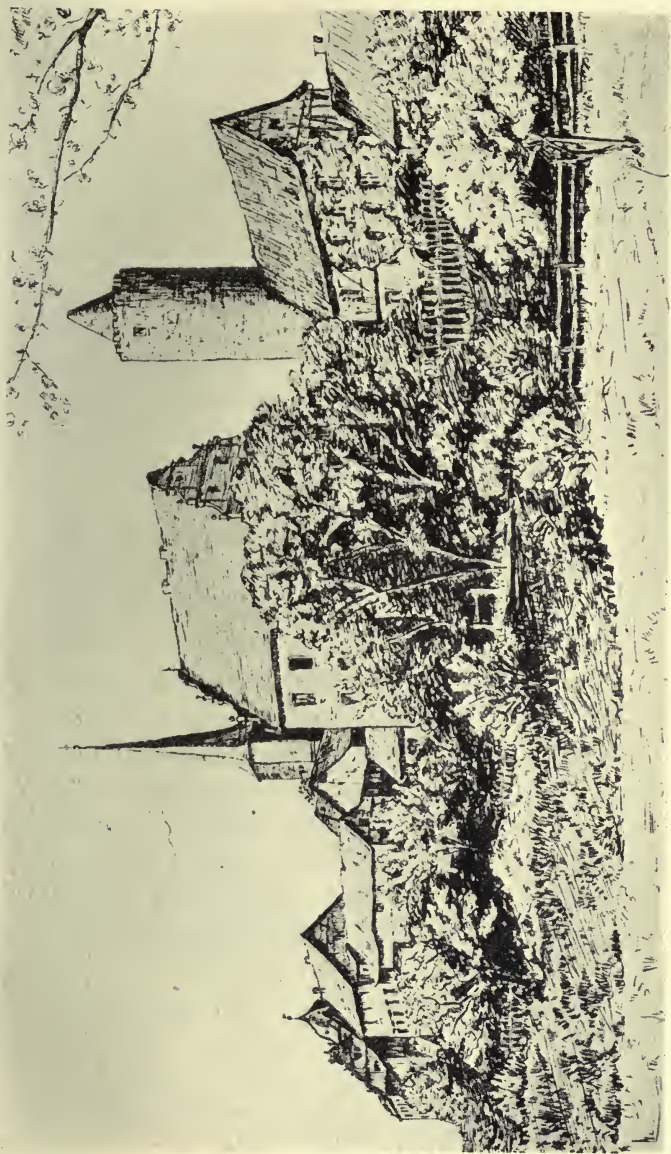
The other feature of the university which remains in my memory is the delightful Gothic cloister which encircled a quiet little garden. We sat in the cloister, and watched with growing interest the coming and going of the girl and boy students up the wide stone steps which led from the street. The greatest good-fellowship seemed to exist between them, and quite student-like some of the girls appeared, and at the same time extremely attractive. It was a holiday, of course, and that may have in a measure accounted for the way in which they were "pal-ing" together, and enjoying each other's society, and if their talk was not wholly of intellectual matters, was it to be wondered at? As I watched them going off in twos and twos to sit in a little garden, or join in some of the festivities in the town, I thought to myself, changed indeed are the days since students such as Tyndale and Patrick Hamilton and (as I have learned since) John Fryth, and many other lights of the Reformation, flooded these halls, men who fled to the newly founded Protestant university to get away from Catholic persecution, so as to be able to carry on their controversial disputes on the Eucharist. To us, Fryth is an interesting and important figure in English ecclesiastical history, if he had not the personal charm of Patrick Hamilton, for he was the first to maintain and defend that doctrine regarding the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood which ultimately came to be incorporated in the English Communion

Service. Twenty-three years after Fryth's death as a martyr to the doctrine of that office that Christ's natural Body and Blood are in heaven and not here, Cranmer, who had been one of his judges, went to the stake for the same belief, and within three years of Cranmer's death it had become the public professed faith of the entire English nation.

I wondered if the spirits of these great martyrs, for all three, Tyndale, Hamilton, and Fryth, died for their faith, ever mingle with the twentieth-century students who fill the lecture rooms and corridors of the university which the magnanimous Philip founded, and which must have been in its infancy when Luther and Melanchthon and Zwingli looked down upon it from the windows of the great hall in the castle above.

Naturally, it was only the names of my fellow-countrymen, and the other reformers of world-wide fame, which gave my mind food for reflection. With Louise it must have been otherwise, and naturally she had not heard of Patrick Hamilton, the protomartyr of the Scottish Reformation, a title which does not suggest to one's imagination the winning personality which that youthful and high-born martyr possessed. I do not know whose spirits she saw or felt as we sat there, our eyes following the comings and goings of the students of both sexes. But I do remember that quite suddenly she gave a little start, and then quickly turned her head from the direction in which she had been looking. Instinctively I turned my eyes to the point from which hers had been withdrawn, and there I saw Freedy Stumpf walking with a girl who was not unattractive enough to allow Louise to continue her ruminations at peace, and yet, in my impartial eyes, not good-looking enough to deter Freedy one moment longer than he could help from joining Louise and myself.





THE CASTLE OF THE CELEBRATED GRAF GÖRTZ

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt, of Lauterbach



NO. 100  
MAY 10 1900

There is a certain form of plainness which is attractive to the male eye, but I do not think Anna Schmidt possessed it. She was not ugly enough. Hers was just the ordinary type of face which misses being pretty by quite a little—but that quite a little, how much it is! To Louise, whose eyes were not impartial, she must have appeared to possess that quality which to me she obviously missed, for she said, “So that’s why he had to hurry off.”

“My dear,” I said, “did you call it hurrying? We had the honour of his company for at least three hours. I know the character of every sword-cut on his face.”

“Well, anyhow, that’s why he couldn’t stay.”

I was silent for a moment.

“She’s studying medicine.”

“How do you know?” I asked.

“Because he told me so.”

“Then you know who she is?”

“Yes; she is Anna Schmidt, the girl he is going to marry.”

“So he is engaged!” I looked surprised.

“Well, he is going to be.”

“Did he tell you that, too?”

“No; but I know who she is, and I know that his family want him to.”

“But does he want to? I shouldn’t have thought so.”

“She does, so that’s enough. She came here to study medicine just because he’s here. She will never practise.”

“If they aren’t engaged, it may never come to anything.”

“Oh, they’ll become engaged. She will see to that. And in Germany engagements are as binding, almost, as marriages. It is not like England.”

“ But surely he has character enough not to ask her if he doesn't love her ? ”

“ Oh, he's got plenty of character ; but then she's got plenty of money, and Germany is Germany in the matter of marriage.”

At this moment Herr Stumpf was about to pass us, but I nodded in such a way that there was nothing left for him to do but to stop and speak to us. Anna Schmidt hung back, but he turned to her and said something which made her come right up to us.

The two girls looked at each other critically. I could positively see their fur go up. It was an amusing piece of by-play. Then Anna Schmidt said, “ You are Louise Molyneus ? I should never have known you ; you have grown very tall.”

The obvious admiration the girl felt was grudgingly expressed in her whole attitude. Louise, who could look down upon her from her superior height, said, “ I should have known you anywhere, Anna ; you have scarcely changed at all,” which said as plainly as words could have done, “ The ugly duckling has not changed into a swan.”

They continued to cover each other with youthful, arrogant eyes.

“ Are you staying long in Marburg ? ” Anna asked, I thought a trifle anxiously.

“ Only until to-morrow afternoon. How I envy your being here ! I always longed to go to a university ; the life must be delightful.”

“ And why did you not go ? ” Anna asked.

“ Because we are very poor, and even a German university education requires money, and I have none.”

I fancied Louise laid rather noticeable emphasis on the

last words, and I think Anna understood their meaning, for she said :

“ Oh, that is a pity, for to a woman who must earn her living a university degree is of great value.”

“ Yes,” Louise said, “ that is how Fate arranges things, that you, who do not need to earn your living, may take your degree.”

“ But I am afraid I shall not, for I am quite stupid.”

I thought her simplicity was rather disarming, but Louise was not to be softened. Old scores had to be wiped out, so she said, “ With money it does not matter. You are enjoying your life here, and what use would the degree be to you ? ”

“ But Freedy urges me to work. He admires the women with brains.” She spoke as though their engagement was almost an acknowledged affair, and turned her eyes, which affection redeemed at the moment from ordinariness, upon Freedy.

They had been speaking in English for my benefit, and as she said the last words I joined in. “ Whatsoever the woman is whom a man falls in love with, that is the type he thinks all women ought to be. That is the sort of woman, for the time being, at least, who is his ideal.”

Louise said afterwards that my remark sounded as though I were telling Anna that Freedy could not be in love with her. Certainly I did not mean it so at the time, for I was in a manner sorry for the girl, who, if she were human, could not but have felt the magnetic current which was very alive between Herr Stumpf and Louise. I could feel it so forcibly that I knew that even though Louise would leave Marburg on the following afternoon, she was accomplishing a life's work in this afternoon. Her visit to Marburg was not going to end when we got into the train at Ebsdorf.



For a little time we talked together about nothing in particular. Herr Stumpf tried to enlighten me on the points of history in his beloved university. Frankfurt, he said, which, on account of its enormous Jewish population, is spoken of in Germany as "New Jerusalem," has created for itself a university which they hope will cut out Marburg and Giessen. Being a very wealthy city, it can afford to pay its professors well, and thereby secure some of the finest scholars of the day. It can also endow fine scholarships. Marburg is naturally very much annoyed, but Herr Stumpf did not think that it has much reason to fear any great depreciation in its numbers, for money cannot buy five hundred years of history.

"It cannot buy all that has happened during these years. To win a Frankfurt scholarship would be very nice, but students will continue to starve at Marburg because of their devotion to her name."

I don't think any student in England, however poor, would believe that it is possible to live on the sums which support some of the students at Marburg, and in many cases it is the students with the longest names who have the shortest incomes.

Suddenly Herr Stumpf said, "Have you seen our prison?"

"No," I said, "have you one? I thought that to the student nothing was *verboden*?"

He turned to Anna and said something, which resulted in our following him up some stairs and along some passages. The prison, as he called it, was about the size of a monk's cell; it had been, no doubt, in former times, one of the students' studies. To-day its only piece of furniture was a hard stretcher bed, made of wood, without any clothes. But the walls of that lock-up were as interesting as though they had been papered with pages from "Punch"

at its most brilliant period. Of course, I could not read the jokes and humorous verses which were written under extremely clever pictures, and when they were translated I must admit that the spirit of them did not seem to be there. I am convinced by this time that German does not translate well. These particular jokes seemed to translate as baldly as Heine's poems, passages of which Louise has more than once tried to translate into English for me, to show something of their real meaning. But she always ends by saying that the real essence of their meaning, the inner distinctive nature of the verse, can only appeal to one who knows the "perfume," so to speak, of his own language. And I agree with her, for any translation I have ever read of Heine would give him no place in the poets' corner of my heart—the treasured place which I know he holds in the hearts of the sons of the Fatherland.

I said to Herr Stumpf, "I don't think I should very much object to spending a few days in this cell with that view always spread before me, and all this wit and wisdom on the walls to amuse me.

"Do you know our English proverb 'Stone walls do not a prison make'? In this high room, looking across a city full of beauty, I could find liberty for thought and freedom for study."

I was forgetting that Time, that lenient god, had not bestowed the philosophic mind on Herr Stumpf, or on fellow-students of his kind, who had been confined to barracks in this little room.

As it was obvious that Anna Schmidt was becoming anxious to leave the university, and that she still more obviously did not wish to leave Herr Stumpf in our charge, I suggested to Louise that we should return to our pastrycook and have some tea and a long rest, if we really meant to parade the city by night, and see the

illuminations and festivities which might be going on. Louise agreed, and with quite a pretty dignity said good-bye to her old playmate and to Anna Schmidt, who could not possibly have thought that she minded doing so in the least. Louise must have seemed to her the sort of girl to whom the pleasures of the chase had already rendered the capture of mere Marburg students small game.

After a delicious tea in our private garden I spent the hours before supper in making notes from my bedroom window. The evening light over the city was lovely—a city which scarcely showed one blemish from my high vantage-point, for even in the streets, where ordinary factories were springing up, there were chestnut trees planted, and the architecture was in keeping with the original date of the town. The house just opposite to ours had a charming garden, green with willow trees, and showing paths where it would be delightful to wander; and in and out of the big gate came slim girls in white, and eager *Studenten*, carrying tennis-rackets, and, at intervals, high-speed, opulent-looking motors drew up at its gates and deposited older visitors, whom only one week ago I should have pronounced as too well dressed to be German.

As our house was on what I called the station avenue, there was a constant coming and going of private motors, conveying visitors to and from the town. Marburg was doing herself very well, and she had good reason to be proud of the boys and girls who met each other in that avenue, for they were certainly pleasing to look upon. Being a university city, no one looked “shoppy,” which is the only word I can think of to express the look I so much dislike, which is so evident amongst English



girls of the same class when they are sporting their *dernier cri*.

The remainder of our evening fell rather flat, because, I suppose, we had expected some sort of fête, and there was nothing—nothing, that is to say, for mere wayfarers like ourselves, but many motors were conveying bevvies of students to different parts of the town. No doubt there was a great deal of dancing and fun going on behind the beautiful old walls of many of the houses. I did not express to Louise my curiosity as to how Herr Stumpf was spending his evening. Dancing with Anna, no doubt, and wishing that she were Louise—or, let us hope, imagining that she was Louise, which would be more satisfying to him, and far more enjoyable to Anna. For, after all, is it not our imagination which gives pleasure to our actions? To the unimaginative the straight road of virtue must be easy and amusing; but what woman will not admit that imagination feeds her love far more generously and dangerously than the active caresses of her lover? With a man it is otherwise. Being a creature of less imagination, it is the living presence of the beloved which acts as a stimulant to his adoration. A woman's love is fed on imagination, while a man's dies from starvation.

Although I dawdled to bed, because it was very hard to tear myself away from the high night view of that peaceful city, which, even now, as I run my mind quickly over all the cities that we saw, stands out distinctive and apart in its charm and atmosphere, it was quite early when I found myself under my feather mattress.

It may be that for Marburg, being the first romantic city in which we slept, I have a partial affection. But I think not, for who would not have loved her, as I saw her, lying under her canopy of night blue, encircled by



her green hills, as she encircled the castle? Standing up clearly above all other buildings were the three telling features of the city's story—St. Elizabeth's church on the plain, Luther's church on the slope of the hill, and, high above all, the castle.

I liked to feel, as I stood there, thrusting my head out of my dormer window like a pigeon from its cot, that, in the centre of the town, where its heart throbbed, the old streets were just the same, and the magnificent houses just as they were in the days before Luther changed the face of Europe.

## CHAPTER VI

### A ROMANCE OF A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

By half-past eight the next morning we had drunk our coffee, and eaten two eggs each, with plenty of good bread and butter and honey, and had paid our modest bill, which, for three meals and our room, came to three marks and seventy-five pfennigs each. I have the actual bill before me as I write, of that "Bäckerei, Conditorei, and Café von Konrad Raabe, Marburg, Wilhelmsplatz."

Our hostess seemed very pleased that we were pleased, and invited us to leave our *Handpäck*s in her little office, and call in for them on our way back to the station.

How simple it all was! No tips to be thrust into eager hands, no extras of any kind to be examined in the bill—just an exchange of "Good morning" and "Thanks," and we were off.

We had the day before us, up till two-thirty p.m., so we determined to spend part of the time in wandering about the oldest part of the city, and eventually to find our way up to the castle gardens. The evening before we had seen a most inviting restaurant, so high above us that it seemed to be suspended by ropes over the city. On its wide verandah there were tables and chairs, which invited us to eat our lunch there the next morning, so that we might gaze for our last hour on the exquisite view of the city which lay at our feet.

"If it looks too expensive when we get inside," I said

to Louise, "we can always fall back on bread and cheese and beer," for that is one of the pleasures of travelling in Germany—it is a land without snobs in that sense of the word, for no matter how select a restaurant may be, or how much patronised by the wealthiest people in the town, there will always be plenty of customers in it to keep you company if you order the most modest viands you can think of. Bread and cheese and beer—and let me say, it is always of the best—is good enough food for any man in Germany, if he so fancies it at the moment. I believe the most Prussian of Prussian officers could walk into a hotel or restaurant of the first order, and not astonish the waiters by ordering this simple fare.

I have asked myself the question, Is it not, after all, because they are such big snobs that they pride themselves upon being able to do just what they please?

As we walked through the town, I adopted my usual habit of scanning the post card shops very carefully. There was one thing I discovered that we had obviously overlooked in the town—an early sixteenth- or late fifteenth-century crucifix, carved in stone, standing on a stone pedestal of five steps under a spreading tree in the churchyard of the *Elisabethenkirche*. It looked so interesting and mysterious that we started off to find it. When we came upon it, it seemed strange that we could have overlooked it, with its background of odd, sixteenth-century houses. I think it must have been because the outside of the church looked so new that I had felt annoyed, and had not paid sufficient attention to its surroundings.

• About the history of that strange crucifix I could not find one single word, but it was the first of many famous stone crucifixes I was to see in Germany. In the churchyard we sat on its steps, while we examined the exterior



of the building, whose purity of style is really remarkable ; and it is interesting as having been the first church in all Germany in which the pointed style, which we call Early-English, was used. As it was in the year 1833 that Montalembert visited the church, and it was not restored until 1860, it may be that the particular stone used in its building has a strangely enduring surface, for, in speaking of the interior, he writes, "The stranger wandered through its vast aisles, now desolate and deserted, but still fresh, with all the sharpness and exquisite finish of its earliest days." . . . "Upon deserted altars, the dust of which no priestly hand now ever came to cleanse, he examined with attention, some half-perished ancient pictures on wood, some mutilated sculpture, but both the one and the other deeply impressed with the charming simplicity and grace of Christian art."

If the biographer of that blessed saint had seen, as I did one day—in Rothenburg, I think—a woman with a pail of water and cloth and scrubbing-brush hard at work upon an ancient golden tabernacle on a disused side-altar, would he have been better pleased, I wonder ? To-day there is no neglect or dirt or lack of care bestowed upon this beautiful monument to Saint Elizabeth—merely a Lutheran coldness towards the true spirit of the Catholic saint. I saw no "time-worn steps" which Count Montalembert could have kissed so tenderly before leaving the desolate building, and to-day the famous little figure of the saint, which, I doubt not, is the one he saw so neglected, is well guarded and highly prized for its great intrinsic value.

The Lutherans do not permit either the devout or the beauty-loving wayfarer to wander round their churches, as they may wander round the famous churches in Italy,



gazing upon objects of ancient splendour, and only being asked to pay for a guide when a guide is desired. In Germany there is a fixed charge for entering all historic churches to-day, which, being Lutheran, guard within their walls world-famous objects of art, executed by devout Catholic hands, for the glory of their God and the enjoyment of His people.

We took a regretful farewell of the church we had travelled so eagerly to see—quite forgetful of the fact that the *liebe St. Elisabeth* of Catholic Germany no longer lives in the heart of the people. Indeed, I doubt very much if there are many people in Marburg to-day who know so much about her as Louise and I do, for, being inspired by the traditions of her beauty, we have searched, not altogether in vain, for more intimate details of her life than we managed to acquire in the city of her canonisation.

It was Louise who pointed out the bitter sarcasm that the Wartburg, so closely associated with this one of Germany's greatest saints (for it was in the Castle of the Wartburg that she lived until she became a widow), should have been the place where Luther three centuries afterwards translated the Bible, and that Marburg, the scene of her greatest trials and canonisation, should have been the place where Luther, at the invitation of one of her descendants, held his famous conference on the Holy Eucharist.

The facts which provoked my interest into further activity were very human—the first, that she was sent to her future husband from her father's palace in a silver cradle, which sounds nearly as pathetic as the child-marriage of Marguerite, the only daughter of Maximilian I, who was carried to the ceremony of her marriage (which was one of suitable splendour

for the uniting of the daughter of Maximilian I and the Dauphin, Charles, son of Louis XI, and heir to the kingdom of France), in the arms of Madame de Sèrge. The second was that either her saintliness or her beauty made that dazzling personality, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, wish to marry her. Ever since I first visited Sicily, the character of Frederick of Hohenstaufen has acted as a torch to my imagination. I always place him intellectually among the giants of the Renaissance, and not in the Middle Ages. The third was that Elizabeth was the heroine of Charles Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy."

That Frederick II loved her, or, at least, desired to marry her, after the death of his own wife, Yolande, the daughter of the King of Jerusalem, serves to prove what I always thought, that holy women have the same effect upon men of Frederick's virile temperament as very bad ones. The saint or sinner is equally exciting to masterful natures.

These three facts, far more than the extravagant piety of the lady and her unnecessary renunciations—for so they seemed to us—made me hunt up Montalembert's biography, and learn from him what I could about her. It is needless to say that, good Catholic as he was, he lauded very highly even the most ecstatic behaviour of the saintly Landgravine. And Alban Butler would have us believe that her brother-in-law, and, indeed, all her husband's people, treated her scandalously after she became a widow. It is scarcely possible to believe that even in that strange age, which produced the most saintly of saints, and the most impious of sinners, any community could have behaved so cruelly to a beautiful princess who was giving her life and youth to the service of the poor, as the citizens of Marburg behaved to Elizabeth

who, after all, was a king's daughter, all beautiful without, as well as all saintly within.

Where to-day, I wonder, is that silver cradle, which travelled with the bride-elect, who was but four years old, and a lordly retinue of knights and dames, from the court of Hungary to the castle of the Wartburg in Germany?

It seems to have been a custom in the Middle Ages to send a bride-elect while she was still a child to the home of her future husband, to be educated and brought up amongst his people.

Where, too, I wonder, is the worn-out mantle which St. Francis took from his own shoulders and sent to the Duchess "as a little token of his affection"? It is surely still a beloved and valued possession of the descendants of her bosom friend, upon whom Elizabeth bestowed it at her death, as her "most priceless treasure"?

We talked of the saint, and the persecutions she endured, as we sauntered up the castle hill, because Louise was reading aloud to me extracts from a little book written in German which we had bought, and which gave a brief outline of her life.

I agreed with Louise's practical verdict that the saintly *Landgräfin* must have been a sad trial to her husband's family. And really, when one considers the life which she led, and the way in which she lived, with the cold-blooded vision of the twentieth century, one feels that there is a great deal of truth in the answer which the Landgrave Henry gave to Count Banfi, who was sent to the Wartburg by Elizabeth's father to demand an explanation of the scandals which he had heard concerning the disgraceful treatment of his daughter, and to find out if it was true that she was always dressed like one of the humblest peasants in the town. The



Landgrave Henry's retort was, "My sister has become a perfect fool."

Nevertheless, when Count Banfi saw Elizabeth, she looked so dignified and beautiful that, manlike, he forgot to notice that there was anything peculiar about her dress. I think this proves that the beauty and feminine charm of the saint must have been very great.

There was one fact, however, which annoyed me exceedingly about her—that she should have allowed a humble priest to rule her life, and dictate to her upon all worldly as well as spiritual matters. He may have been a very godly man—probably he was, because it was her husband who appointed him as her confessor—but, after all, Elizabeth was the daughter of a royal house, and the wife of the Landgrave of Hesse, and it was hard lines for her family, who were not by any means saints, to be set aside for a parish priest, especially when he told her to do such ridiculous things.

She had three girl-friends of about her own age, devout and charming women. He told her that their friendship was interfering with her complete surrender to Christ. One of them had beautiful hair which Elizabeth admired very much. The girl was told to cut it off. Even the physical beauty of her own husband she was not permitted to admire. And there is a story told of how, when she found that she had been admiring his beautiful head and hair while he was kneeling beside her in church, she was so horrified with herself that she rose instantly from her seat, and taking her crown from her head, laid it on the chancel steps, while she flung herself down in an agony of supplication.

One night, when she was walking through the streets of the city, she heard a service going on in the monastery church of St. Francis. She instantly entered it, and asked



the monks to sing a *Te Deum* of praise and thanksgiving for her, because she was permitted to suffer persecution and poverty and cruelty. This was at the time when the citizens, who had once loved her, had turned against her, and were treating her as abominably as her brother-in-law.

Those were indeed strange days, when the guardian to the heir of such vast possessions was permitted to banish the mother of the heir, and shortly afterwards the heir himself, from the castle which would one day be his ! But to understand either the saints or sinners of those days, it is necessary to steep oneself in the history of their period, as Montalembert did—so much so, that when one reads his biography of the saint, one feels that the life of the Middle Ages was as familiar to him as the life of his own day.

I had to remind Louise, who was apt to quote the Landgrave Henry's opinion of his sister-in-law, that but for the saints of the Middle Ages, the world would not possess one half of its most glorious treasures. And, fanatical as their behaviour may seem to us, it was their high ideals which elevated the Church in the darkest hours of its history. Only three years after the death of Alexander VI, under circumstances which made it seem likely that the Papacy would never rise from the mud again, was born the saintly Francis Xavier, after Francis of Assisi the most widely accepted among other sects, of the Roman Catholic saints—the Apostle of the East—the first of European immortals to touch the hermit shores of Japan.

“That all sounds very well,” Louise remarked, “but, all the same, Elizabeth's behaviour as the *Landgräfin* of Thüringen must have been considered by the worldly-minded of her own day every bit as mad and fanatical as the behaviour of the most militant of suffragettes is



THE CASTLE OF EISENBACH

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt, of Lauterbach

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pronounced by those who are unsympathetic to their cause.”

The hour we spent in the castle gardens was one of our most delightful in Marburg. As gardens, they are beautiful and interesting, and it pleased me to see that the work done in them was by women, who looked almost as picturesque in the landscape, in their blue-cotton prints and big sunbonnets, as the field-workers in Italy. I do not know if these women were flower-wise, or if they were merely employed to cut and roll the grass and to do the manual labour of the place, but it was good to see yet another piece of industry being put into the hands of women. Some garden-lover and experienced hand was, of course, responsible for the charm of the gardens, which reminded me in a manner of the Pincian gardens in Rome, and the view from them was almost as enchanting. There were fields of golden corn in the foreground, upon which the sun was playing divinely, and beyond the fields the green hills which encircle the city, while rolling up to us on the height of the *Schlossberg*, came the deep, mellow bells of the *Elisabethenkirche*, which must ever remind the Lutheran citizens that it once belonged to Catholic days. For there is no mistaking Catholic bells; they suggest the emotion and passion which is the secret of the Church's power over the hearts of men. Protestant bells seldom soothe—they far more often accuse. The spirit of the Catholic Church is to soothe and forgive; its bells are the essence of its spirit.

There was another thing in the castle grounds which interested me, and that was a species of wild cherry, with branches as long and pliable as the wands of a weeping willow. Swaying about in the breeze, covered with deep crimson fruit, they looked delightful. There were

borders of tall, pink spiræas, as strong and tall as thickets, and hedges of banksia roses, which made the garden as romantic as any in Italy. Here, in Hessen, at least, there is no trace of that too formal hand which belongs to my memory of the German gardens of long ago.

The time came too soon to descend the hill, for we had to find the street entrance to our restaurant, whose tempting belvedere we had seen from the low level of the city the evening before. Only Louise, I am certain, could have found it. We did not know its name, and judging by its entrance, you would never have imagined that the inviting little tables on that overhanging verandah belonged to this very ordinary-looking hotel. But it was so, and I went boldly in, while Louise murmured, "You have a lordly nerve. This is the sort of place where a glass of beer may cost you a mark. I should think it is patronised by rich Americans," but she followed me through the dining-room and out on to the balcony.

There were only two persons there, so we selected the most inviting table—the one which gave us the best view. Then we proceeded cautiously, ordering bread and cheese and beer, with coffee, of course, for Louise. First came the little grey felt mats, which would tell a stranger that he was in Germany if he were dropped down unexpectedly from a balloon at the hour they were laid out on the window-ledges to dry, and then the beer, in big, tall, heavily-lidded jugs. Louise's eyes smiled. "That looks encouraging," she said.

I agreed that it did, and by the time the bread and cheese had come, a party of students in high spirits had entered the balcony. Of course, they noticed Louise, but again I was reminded that we were not in Italy.

After we had eaten for a few moments, and Louise

had corrected my geographical gymnastics as regards the view which lay before us, some more students came in, and then more and more, all of whom seemed to be in the highest spirits, and as gaily caparisoned as the day before.

We noticed that as they all knew each other, they had evidently made an arrangement to meet at this special café at this special hour, and they insisted upon all drinking at one special table. So, gradually, all the smaller tables were placed together to form one very long one. But that was only enough for a short time, for many more students came, and, to our surprise, mothers with their daughters, and students with their sisters, and each time a fresh batch came in there was an amazing amount of low bowing and cap-lifting and shuffling and scuffling of chairs, and at last a sort of horse-shoe table was formed, which went almost all round the balcony. I hoped, for their own sakes, that they were going to spend the greater part of the day there, for never did I see so much waste of time expended upon the seating of guests to drink some beer.

After a little time, Freedy Stumpf came in, followed by Anna, and some middle-aged chaperon, the sort of woman whom Anna will surely grow to be like. Freedy, I thought, looked distinctly bored—at least, until he saw Louise, and then he turned crimson, as did his sword-slashes, and he saluted elaborately. I noticed, however, that by a neat little bit of diplomacy he contrived to change his place, so that he would not have to face Louise, whose presence seemed to be so disconcerting.

Louise tried to appear engrossed with the charm of the view, and as the room was full, and as there was much noise and merry-making going on, it was easy for her not to look self-conscious—or was it easy? for how diffi-



cult a thing it is for a woman not to look something which is not quite natural when she is in the same room with, and yet not talking to, the man who cares enough about her to blush when they meet unexpectedly.

She explained to me some of the toasts they were drinking, and we speculated about the prettiest girls, and wondered why some of the frumpy ones had ever been invited. And that was not because either of us is unkind, but because we know the utter selfishness of mankind.

Then Louise said, "Did you notice that one of the students left the lid of his jug open? He'll have to pay for a drink all round. Look! they are piling all the empty jugs on the top of his." I looked and laughed, for truly the sight was absurd, but it is one of the drinking traditions, and it held good.

When we rose to go, Herr Stumpf jumped from his chair and followed us through the dining-rooms to the exit on the street.

"You are really going away?" he said, "back to Nordeck?"

"Yes," Louise said, "now, this very moment. I must say good-bye."

"And after Nordeck, where are you to go?"

"To some small place in the Black Forest. We have made no plans."

"There is one most beautiful place you should visit," he said eagerly. "To me it is wonderful. I go there to study very often."

"Where is it?" I said. "The Black Forest to me at present is all a meaningless space of pine trees. I suppose there are towns in it?"

"There is not a town, only one hotel, and the ruins of an abbey, and seven waterfalls, in the place I am speaking of."

"Then we will go," I said, "if Louise can find it. I leave all geographical details in her hands."

"I will do my best," she said. "It sounds perfect—the seventh waterfall appeals to me. But what is its name?"

"It is called Allerheiligen," he said, "and you can find it if you look in 'Woerl's Black Forest Guide-Book.'"

"Good-bye, Herr Stumpf," I said, "we really must be off, for almost the only binding reason for making us do anything in particular during this holiday is the promise I made to bring Louise back this evening to her aunt's house in Nordeck in time for supper."

He lifted his *Mütze* with the customary *Studenten* salute, and said, "*Auf wiederseh'n*. Please will you take with you my love to Nordeck?"

Knowing well that we should have done so, even had he not made the request, we promised to carry that coveted commodity, and sent him hurrying back to Anna.

I wondered if she was observant enough to notice what he had parted with, and what we had taken away.

## CHAPTER VII

### THROUGH THE FOREST TO NORDECK

I CANNOT help thinking that people who say they are not afraid of such things as severe thunder and lightning storms must be lacking in imagination.

On our homeward journey to Nordeck, as we crossed a portion of open cultivated land, we saw a curtain of darkness descend lower and lower in the heavens, until it met the horizon line. Obviously a storm was coming up, so we hurried on.

Now, on the low level I am as good a walker as Louise on a long-distance march, but she can climb hills at a speed which, even in my golden days, left me breathless and exhausted. As we neared the forest very vivid lightning began to fork its way from the black heavens to the very earth at our feet. I was horribly frightened, for I have to admit that Nature built me a coward about most things—the fear of mice only being excluded. But I dared not let Louise know this, for to her it was glorious and splendid; and right in front of me was a little child of not more than nine years of age, burdened with all the splendour of her best Hessian costume, toiling along after her mother, who was a no less resplendent figure. She had a huge market-basket, full of household belongings, poised on her head. The child's sturdy, fearless walk made me ashamed of the exhausting starts I gave as each flash of lightning seemed to strike deep into the earth.

Louise was far ahead, for our way, which was now



through the pine forests, had steepened, and she had adopted a plan of hurrying on, and taking a rest at the top of the hill while I followed at my leisure. All through the wood the lightning had been unattended by thunder, and no rain had fallen. But suddenly, as we got to the crest of the hill and into open country, the heavens seemed to open so as to vomit forth both torrential rain and nerve-racking thunder.

As all shelter had disappeared, with the exception of a few plum trees by the wayside, we determined to rest under one which was more outspreading than the others. We sat on our heels, like the miners I have seen in villages in Scotland. The little child with her mother passed us again. They had stopped to turn two of their many very full skirts over their shoulders. The number of the skirts they wear surely indicates the wealth of the wearer?

I could not help contrasting their skirts with ours, which were so narrow and uncumbersome that, as we sat on our heels, there was nothing left of them to get wet—they were more like men's trousers than women's skirts. And yet they had been ideal as far as looks and comfort in walking were concerned.

We put up our umbrellas, which we had carried with us for the sun, and sat like human mushrooms under them. But as the storm increased, so did my imagination. Had I not heard that it was dangerous to sit too near to trees? Also, would the steel handles of our umbrellas attract the lightning? What if Louise were to be stricken dead in this open country? And I, who was so stupid about locality, would never find my way back to Nordeck, nor should I be able to tell anyone if I met them on the way about the tragedy of the girl lying dead under the plum tree. Then I pictured to myself my very belated arrival at her village, with Martin's wife

probably in her bed, and all the neighbours asking me where I had left Louise.

However, she did not die, and we arrived home just in time for our evening meal, which I ate alone in my little parlour under the scrutinising gaze of a commercial traveller, who looked as if he thought an Englishwoman the most extraordinary thing he had ever seen.

Arriving in Nordeck was like coming home. It seemed quite a long time since we had left the little mountain village. In these two days we had seen so much, and our imagination had carried us so much further—for surely travelling is not limited to the actual distance one covers in mileage? Its true distance reaches to the boundaries of the lands you have visualised, under the incentive of the beautiful objects you have seen. Had not I, at least, in spirit been to Palermo, and to that little grey city of the scarlet gown in my *ain coundree*? And had not the Marburg students melted down the years between my girlhood's visit to Heidelberg and my sojourn in their city?

And now, sitting as I was in the peace of the evening, after the storm, in the very farmyard of the aunt of Louise—which, by the way, shows by the construction of my sentence the influence on my mind of the Teuton—I was carried back to Japan, for the village was preparing for its "Cherrydance" the next day. The last cherry-dance I saw was at Kyoto. It is a relief to find that these Lutheran peoples allow amusement and merrymaking on the Lord's Day. Luther evidently did not kill the Catholic spirit so completely in Germany as Calvin did in Scotland.

Louise had disappeared, and I was sitting with Martin's wife, who was interpreting for me the things I wished to tell them, and all that they wished to ask me about my

visit to Marburg. I did not refer to our meeting with Herr Stumpf—caution guided me, and something warned me that Louise would forget to mention the fact.

Presently I saw her coming down the hill from the woods, with the schoolmaster at her side. I could have told him, poor fellow, that my visit to Marburg had shown me that he had not the slightest little chance in the world—that his old pupil, who had carried Herr Stumpf's gift to Nordeck, had not delivered it up on her arrival there, nor had she the slightest intention of doing so, and that she was only thinking now of how she could get rid of the man at her side.

An opportunity afforded itself in the figure of little Jacob, who was still ordering the village in the way it should go. He had spared no more time for us than one brief salute on our arrival. Seeing that Jacob would have none of her, Louise joined her cousin, and asked me if I should like to come with her and her aunt, and pay an evening call on the *Baronin*, who lived in the house which her father had built, and in which she had spent her childhood. Of course, I went. Every fresh insight into this odd village life was delightful.

Louise's aunt wore the simple Hessian costume, without any additional adornment, which she had worn during her busy day. Before we reached the *Baronin's* house we called upon another relation of Louise's—that pretty cousin who spends her weary days as a drudge to her mother-in-law. It was evening, and she was milking the cows. We went into the cow-byre, followed by the sour-faced mother-in-law, who was not going to allow her son's wife to waste her time talking to such a fashionable-looking girl as Louise.

A sweet face, so thin and sad as to be truly pathetic, set off with masses of unattractively dressed auburn hair,



greeted us from the flank of a cow. We stood and talked with her for a little time, while the warm milk streamed into a pail which she held between her knees.

"She has been working since six o'clock this morning," Louise said. "Isn't it cruel?"

It was so cruel that I turned to go. I felt that I should be rude to the woman who could so abuse her power. But above all things I felt furious at the son who allowed his mother to so treat his wife.

"There is something wrong in the state of Denmark, Louise," I said, "to permit this condition of affairs to exist. He ought to be set upon by the most militant of militants."

When we got to the *Baronin's* house Louise's aunt did not stop to ring the front-door bell, but walked quietly in. She was evidently on very intimate terms with its occupants. That aunt of Louise has a simple, reserved dignity which is very telling.

We followed her through the hall to the door of the sitting-room, where the *Baronin* greeted her with German cordiality, and looking beyond her, and seeing both Louise and myself, invited us to come in. When it was made clear to her who the tall, English-looking girl was, there was the same old "Ach Louise-ing" as I had heard the first night, and then she was asked if she would like to go all over the house, and visit the familiar scenes of her childhood.

While we did this the *Baronin's* husband, Herr Ganghofer, a good-natured, rather florid type of German sportsman, showed us with a childish pleasure, which was at once charming and naïve, the electric light which he had installed in the house since Louise's day. He ran on before us like a boy, and turned off and on the lights at various points. He really seemed

as proud of it as though he himself had invented electric light only the night before. "And yet," as Louise remarked afterwards, "he is really quite wealthy, and has always been accustomed to modern conveniences."

I admired the common-sense architecture of the house, but truly the furnishing of it was not beautiful. It in no way differed from the old style I had seen in my girlhood, but I suppose they found it comfortable, and comfort is a great god in Germany!

We were most hospitably entertained with cakes and wine—and, if the tale must be told, Louise shocked her aunt not a little, and the whole village of Nordeck enormously, when they heard of it the next morning, by accepting quite naturally, and smoking, the cigarettes offered to her by Herr Ganghofer. He was not at all shocked, and I think he was extremely sorry when our visit came to an end, for it cannot be every day that Louise Molyneus' drop down from the blue into the homes of that Hessian people.

When we returned to the inn, I found it very gay with the preparations for the festival on the following day. Its big hall had been cleared, and musicians were practising dance music.

It was not so simple a matter getting to sleep that night, for my bedroom was on a level with that hall, and after the waltzes had been rehearsed which were to be danced in the open next day, folk-songs were freely indulged in. One song I heard so often repeated, and its air was so charming that I thought I should never forget it—but not a line of it could I hum to Louise the next morning.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BY THE WATERS OF FRANKFURT, THE CITY OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPERORS

OUR getting away from Nordeck at eight o'clock on Sunday morning was due principally, I think, to my refusal to believe that the leisurely landlady ever would bestir herself over so really unnecessary a thing as our departure. But we did get off, in plenty of time to catch the train at Allendorf. I had taken the precaution to ask Louise to pay my bill the night before, and for the benefit of those who may wish to follow in our footsteps, I will give the name of that hospitable hostess of the inn. My bill, which came to thirteen marks and ten pfennigs, and which included our carriage coming and going to the station, was headed "Heinrich Stelzenbach, Nordeck, Oberhessen."

As we drove away, the village looked enchanting in the morning sunshine, and, owing to the storm of the night before, there was a depth of colour in the landscape which made it seem all too short a drive to Allendorf. In the fields the meadowsweet mixed with the purple loosestrife, and Canterbury bells grew by the little channels of water, as though it were an order in Germany that the meadows must be made to look like gay flower-gardens. And, in the distance, tall poplar trees marched in single file at the foot of the pine-clad hills, and where the soil was turned up it was as rich and red as the soil in Devonshire. Under the blue heavens the world indeed seemed a very pageant of summer!



We had even a few minutes to wait at the station, and again I was struck with the smartness of the railway officials. The stationmaster, for I imagine it could be no other than he, looked like the colonel of a crack regiment in his perfectly fitting Prussian-blue coat and scarlet cap. He wore *pince-nez*, and was as carefully shaven and brushed as any clubman in St. James'.

When the train came in sight, someone waved from a carriage window. It was my handsome, Roman-looking girl who, with her mother, kept the post-office shop at Londorf—the same girl, but with what a transformation! The village maiden in her apron and cotton gown had been converted into a handsome woman, in a very modern but extremely well-cut and perfectly fitting, though simple, dark blue serge coat and skirt. Her glorious hair was partly hidden by a neat little hat, quite the latest thing, and the correct one to go with a tailor-made costume. It suited her perfectly, and showed off the regularity of her profile. In her hand she carried some garden flowers done up in white paper. We got into the carriage with her, and Louise asked her where she was going.

“To Giessen, to meet Fritz.” As she spoke a warm blush deepened the sunburnt warmth of her skin, and again I said to myself, “That Fritz, whoever he may be, is a jolly lucky fellow. This young Juno of Londorf looks even more pleasing in her modern walking costume than she did standing amidst her flowers.”

I let Louise tell her about our visit to Marburg, and more than once I heard the name of Freedy Stumpf, which revealed to me, as I half expected, that this Amazon maid was in Louise's confidence. Three years had not wiped out the friendship of their schoolgirl days.

We were to change at Giessen, for now we were really starting off to find the Black Forest, and Martin had

advised us to go to Karlsruhe, by way of Frankfurt, for Karlsruhe is a favourite starting-point for excursions into the Forest. Before we reached Giessen we passed a fine old castle on a hill-top which reminded me of the dear hill cities of Umbria—pimple-towns, as I used to call them. Louise said the castle was called Gleiberg. Anyhow, it was one of the beauty spots of the world, which bestow with their beauty a quick heartache at the thought that you will never see them again.

My heart also ached for the poor farmers, for the storm of the night before had put the finishing touch on ruined crops—such devastation I have never seen in any harvest fields. I puzzled my brain to think how the straw, which looked as if it had been beaten down with sticks, could ever be lifted up again, even for the use of fodder. The fruit crops also had been ruined—there was not a plum to be seen, and of apples in the country I was told there were none.

At Giessen I kept a sharp look-out for the young man who was to receive the flowers, and I was glad when I discovered that he was by no means either a country bumpkin or a small town clerk or shop assistant. I had only time to shake hands with him; but there is much in a handshake, and I felt confident that the good-looking youth, who was his fiancée's very opposite in the matter of colouring, was quite nice enough for her. As they walked away together I thought what a well-balanced pair they looked.

After leaving Giessen the forests began to grow thinner, and we passed into open country where the glorious sunshine seemed to mock the devastated crops it was so gaily smiling upon.

The train was full of soldiers, and I had my first glimpse of German military uniforms.

Soon the forests began again, and on the right we passed Neuheim, which lies on the slopes of the pine-covered Taunus mountains. The town has saline springs, which attract many invalids, but Louise and myself it did not attract—from the station, at any rate. It looks a regular English-spoilt health resort; while Friedberg, which lies only a mile or two away, is a charming old red-roofed town with a towering castle—I should have said city, for Friedberg was once a free imperial city. I cannot help smiling at the number of free cities there must have been in Germany in old days. Were there bond cities, I wonder? But even to-day the tradition of these free cities places them amongst the aristocracy of towns, and their former importance has set the stamp of dignity upon their buildings.

At Frankfurt, where we arrived punctually at 11.10, I again realised that it was Sunday, and that on Sunday in big German cities every citizen who can, from the oldest to the youngest of both sexes, finds his or her way to the station, to take a train into the country. Frankfurt station presented a scene which only Paddington during Henley week in England can compare with.

We got out of the station as quickly as we could, taking our *Handpöcks* with us, for we felt very certain that we should spend most of the two hours which we had between our trains in putting them in the depot and taking them out again. Besides, we always paid twenty pfennigs for leaving them, and I had determined to be extravagant and take a taxi to the cathedral—so that meant twenty pfennigs off its fare. Louise urged me not to take one.

“You are breaking your good resolutions,” she said, “and if you fall once you will fall again. That is how a woman is made.”

This, however, was not true, for I only fell once again



in Germany in that respect, and that was on the occasion of our last afternoon in the country, when our hatbox had to be conveyed to the station.

That Frankfurt taxi was so superbly fitted that it was quite like a private motor, and we felt oddly luxurious as we drove through the town. We soon left the handsome new streets behind us, and got into the narrower and more picturesque ones that lie near the cathedral, which, of course, is in the ancient part of the city. Some of the fifteenth and sixteenth-century houses were very charming.

The cathedral itself, which is late Gothic in style, I thought looked much finer from a little distance than close to. As we saw the tower rise picturesquely up in front of us at the end of the *Marktstrasse*, whose very old houses were timbered and richly carved, and are counted amongst the sights of Frankfurt, we felt highly elated, but our enthusiasm dwindled when the whole of the building lay before us; and as to its interior—it was a shock. Although it is still Catholic, it has not escaped the hand of the restorer.

We did not stay long in the building, or even in its precincts, because its spell did not hold us, and as we had promised Martin's wife that we would spend a few days with her in Frankfurt on our way back to England, I determined to leave any detailed examination of the cathedral to chance. Our present brief glance round the town was only being taken as a sort of guarantee that we would return to it. For, as Louise said, "If we don't take the trouble to spend the two hours we have to wait here in seeing it now, the Fates will so arrange matters that we shall never return."

So we retraced our steps to the *Römerberg*, the ancient market-place, which is one of the most delight-

THE MARKET-PLACE OF FRANKFURT, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL



THE MARKET-PLACE OF FRANKFURT, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL

By Margaret Thomas

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ful *piazzas* I have ever seen, for it is surrounded by stately buildings, half Gothic, half Renaissance, in style, whose charm of line and detail must appeal to even the most blasé traveller. We soon spied a modest-looking restaurant, with tables and chairs placed under its shaded verandah, just opposite the famous *Römer*, which, I supposed, was the ancient *Rathaus* of Frankfurt. We afterwards discovered that the equally modest-looking restaurant next door to us is exceedingly famous, and that there was scarcely an hour of any day in the week in which it is not crowded with people of all grades, who go there to drink its famous cider and eat its savoury sausages; probably Goethe ate his sausages here—prosaic ambrosia for a demigod—although the present building is not of his time. There is no hour at which sausages are not eaten in Frankfurt, and we understood why as we ate ours, in that superb old square, into which no Jew was permitted to enter, until the end of the eighteenth century. Which, considering that Frankfurt is now known as the New Jerusalem, seems a bitter sarcasm to the persecutors of that ubiquitous race.

It was in this *Römerberg* in the Middle Ages that the great fairs of the city used to be held at Easter and in the autumn. These fairs, which created its wealth, brought the city to the height of its commercial prosperity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They were among the most important privileges it possessed as a free city of the empire. In the year 1240 Frederick of Hohenstaufen sanctioned the first autumn fair, and as I thought of this I tried to visualise this space in front of our restaurant, and the scene it must have presented in his day, when the autumn fair was filling it. And it was not such a difficult matter, even though the *Römer* itself, old as it looked, was not built until the first years of the

fifteenth century; and as most of the other buildings showed Renaissance features, they could not have looked down upon the fair until long after the days when Frederick "the Wonderful" was a king among men.

I have seen many fairs in many lands, and they have all had an irresistible attraction for me, so much so, that I have often thought that an interesting book might be written upon the fairs of nations, their history and origin. I wonder if Frankfurt still permits these fairs, which flourished so exceedingly and did so much for her growth as a city, to gladden her ancient square every Easter and autumn.

Louise had counted out our money and paid our bill, and I had restored into the common fund the thirteen marks and ten pfennigs which she had paid out of it for my board and lodgings in Nordeck: for our meal of bread and cheese, sausages, beer, and coffee we had paid one mark twenty pfennigs each, and it was time to be off.

We picked up our *Handpäck*s and strolled across the square, happy in the thought that we were to return to it in three weeks' time, and entered the ground-floor arcades of the *Römer*, which is, I suppose, the finest building in Frankfurt. We had noticed a good many flags flying in the city, and in the *Römerberg* there had been a generous display of bunting. We seemed to have a knack of arriving in cities upon festal days. We were, however, quite unprepared for the glorious effect the old building presented as we entered it under the vast, pointed doorway. Its inner walls were hung with splendid tapestries and crimson cloths, while flags, both of old and new Germany, hung from the Gothic arches of the roof. White hydrangeas curtained the balcony of an inner courtyard, which was a mass of richly carved timber-work. As the building was of late Gothic date, its

decorations and many of its architectural details were delightfully expressive of early Renaissance feeling. The atmosphere of the place was so dignified, and so well in keeping were the decorations with the spirit of its date, that we felt that Time had indeed rolled back, and that these embroidered portières, and crimson cloths and banners, and heavy laurel wreaths, were put there to do honour to the election of some sixteenth-century Emperor. From the year 1152 most of the German Emperors were chosen at Frankfurt—Barbarossa and Frederick II were elected here, although the latter was actually chosen at Nuremberg while he was still in Sicily.

To this day neither Louise nor I know why Frankfurt was *en fête* on that particular Sunday morning, but we thanked the gods that it was so. Nor did we at the time realise how very greatly these decorations added to the effect of its beauty, until we saw it stripped of them on our return journey.

I liked the names of some of the streets through which we passed on our way to the station—*Höllenstrasse* (Hell Street), for instance, was naturally quite close to the cathedral, to bear out the old adage that the nearer the church the further from God. And the *Liebfrauenstrasse* (Street of Our Lady) I liked, which led you to the Roman Catholic *Liebfrauenkirche*, whose very translation shows how untranslatable German is.

When we got back to the station it was still crowded with holiday-makers, and I was again amazed at the length and size of German trains—they seem so much more imposing than the English in every way. Our train was much longer than any excursion train I have ever seen in England, and it was extremely comfortable. Although we were only travelling third class we had little tables to eat at, and the unupholstered seats were wide



and well adapted to suit the comfort of women, at any rate. I do not think men and women ever agree on the point of comfort as regards seats. There were double racks, one big one to hold the luggage, and one small one for the umbrellas, and actually pegs to hang our cloaks on, which were really very necessary, for there never was such a people for wearing travelling-cloaks as the Germans.

I was thankful on that hot day that the seat was free from any kind of upholstery, and for the fresh-air installation, which is fixed in the roof, along with the electric light. One of the other good points about German railway travelling is that a stewardess attends to the comfort of the passengers on board, just as a ship's stewardess does at sea. She tidies up the carriages after messy meals have been eaten from baskets, and keeps the corridors free from dust and papers, and generally looks after it, until it is no difficult matter to arrive at the end of a long day's journey in almost as dustless and fresh a condition as one started out. The simplicity of travelling in Germany, compared with Italy, again amazed me.

I remember once in Italy suggesting to a railway attendant, who came into a carriage in which I was travelling, to mop one of the windows, that it would not be a bad plan if he lifted up some of the cushions and gave them a good brushing. He looked at me dubiously, as though he wondered if I really meant it, and I knew afterwards that that look was meant to convey, "*Signora*, let sleeping fleas lie." I lifted up one of the cushions, and never shall I forget with what result. Fleas do not bite me—they merely make a sort of race-course of my person—but the friends with whom I was travelling cursed what they termed my "Celtic charwoman's mind."

Our first stop after leaving Frankfurt was at a station right in the pine forest, which seemed encouraging—to me

especially, since I had not the least idea how far we had to travel before we could begin our walks in the forest. The only way in which Louise could bring geographical distances to my mind was by telling me the cost of our ticket. This one had cost six marks fifty, from Giessen right through to Karlsruhe, and I must admit that I was surprised when she told me that we were nearing Heidelberg. When we did arrive there it was hard to believe that the romantic city of my girlhood had been converted into a place of factories and modern suburbs, with a station which seemed as large and busy as Paddington.

I was glad that we had made no plans to stop there, and I am doing my best to forget how it looked from the railway, in case it should obliterate one of the beauty spots from my memory. When I hear the word Heidelberg in the future I do not want to call up factories and suburbs, but a glorious castle on a mountain-side, and quiet old streets shaded with trees, and students as bright-capped as the brightest at our enchanting Marburg.

The scenery was very ordinary after we left the valley of the Neckar, for such, I suppose, it was, and nothing of any interest happened until we reached Karlsruhe at three-thirty.

## CHAPTER IX

### KARLSRUHE, THE CAPITAL OF BADEN

KARLSRUHE, which is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden, seemed to us a very big, modern, go-ahead city, and we felt just a little anxious as to where we should find a place to lay our heads, for, as Louise truly said, "It is only for that purpose that we want an inn; our entire days are spent in the streets." But the gods had not deserted us, and we did find excellent accommodation at the "House of the Golden Ox." We had walked some little way down the very wide streets, with never an old building or picturesque feature to recommend them, but a very great deal of bright, clean, modern prosperity, before we saw it.

I must admit that from the outside the "Golden Ox" did not hold out any great inducement, but it did not look like an hotel patronised by tourists, and it had cleanliness and unpretentiousness to recommend it, and over the door was a notice to the effect that rooms could be had there for two marks a night.

We debated for a few moments as to whether it would be "quite all right" (I think that just occasionally Louise felt the hand of the White Slave Traffic laid across her face when I invaded places of whose character for respectability we knew nothing, and which might indeed have gobbled us up, without the world or our friends being any the wiser—for it must be remembered that no one in the wide world, except our two selves, knew where we were at the moment). But the personality of the master



of the "Golden Ox" was encouraging, and he showed us to rooms which were so dainty and fresh that I could scarcely believe that we were in a cheap commercial hotel in Germany.

When I expressed my admiration for the taste with which they were furnished, he said that he was glad we admired them, for he had just done up the whole house in the same manner, and he was very desirous of increasing his business. I certainly felt that his efforts deserved more reward than we should be able to give him.

Having decided to take the rooms, we quickly deposited our *Handpäck*s, which we were always extremely glad to do, and went downstairs to the really attractive dining-room, and ordered coffee and bread and butter, and then Louise said, "Do let us have some cakes," and so she ordered some, but to our bitter disappointment two packets of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits arrived; and here let me warn the tenderfoot in Germany that the word "cake" represents just dull biscuits to the German mind.

While we drank our coffee we asked the quite nice-looking waitress where she would advise us to go to hear some good music. She at once got the Sunday paper, and began looking through it. But there were no good concerts in Karlsruhe during the summer season, so she advised us to go to the *Stadtgarten*, where an excellent band was advertised to play from half-past three till half-past six.

As there was absolutely nothing of any interest to detain us in the city—it dates only from the eighteenth century—we determined to go to the *Stadtgarten*, and as we walked through these streets, so expressive of modernity and twentieth-century prosperity, we felt very far away indeed from our little mountain Nordeck. Still,

to me at least, it was extremely interesting, seeing a big German commercial city, which, at the same time, has ever since the beginning of the eighteenth century been a residential city of considerable importance.

Being highly pleased with our good fortune in having discovered the "Golden Ox," which was so modernly appointed as to have plate glass over its polished dressing-tables, and blankets and sheets on its beds instead of mattresses of feathers, we talked eagerly of our next day's excursion into the forest, and of the good music we hoped to hear. But, alas! that music was one of the few disappointments we had in Germany. The band was a most ordinary affair, and we were charged sixty pfennigs each for entering the gardens—a fact which roused a storm of indignation in Louise's breast.

"We shall have to order coffee or beer if we wish to sit down upon a chair," she said, "when we do get inside; and just look at the hundreds and hundreds of people there are, all drinking something!"

And so there were; I think that they must have run into thousands, for they were seated under the trees, and by the side of the artificial lake, and down the avenues, and round the flower-beds—all at little tables, drinking either beer or coffee or lemon squash.

What surprised me most was that the majority of the women looked quite well dressed and attractive in their light summer dresses. Only here and there I spied one or two of the real old Germans of other days—heavy featured, heavy figured, and heavily dressed; and also, here and there, one or two travellers, but not like ourselves as regards their travelling costume, for the German, be it remarked, in a holiday costume is a very serious person, and he wishes everyone to know that he is on a walking tour. He is the funniest sight imaginable. To

begin with, he hangs about his person everything which can be hung. Round his waist he rolls a hairy-tweed cloak of vast dimensions ; on this he rests a grey linen knapsack, which is hung from his shoulders, and which looks ample enough to contain sufficient fodder and clothing to last him a month. The shape of that knapsack when it is full is really indescribable. Above it is his water-bottle, while hanging at his side is his Kodak. The Grimm's fairy-tale-like hat, which at other times I suppose he wears on his head, in spite of its idiotic little feather, he fastens below his chin like a bib ; his coat—which, I omitted to mention, he never wears, the real holiday spirit forbidding it—is also slung on the top of his knapsack, generally by a bit of cord through the buttonhole ; and in his freckled hand he grasps a lusty alpenstock. To meet a creature such as this in one of the very modern streets of Karlsruhe was just a little startling, but the creature was much too serious to notice our look of surprise. Its gaze was fixed on something far ahead, and its steps were so hurried that you would have thought the devil was chasing it. The first of its kind I saw was in Karlsruhe, because it is, I suppose, a starting-point for the forest. But I saw many of them, and I thanked God for having been able to do so, and for His having put in my way something really funny that cost me not one pfennig to look at. Germany, indeed, would be no longer Germany without its alpenstocked tourist hurriedly striding through his own land. I sincerely hope that the hand of the restorer will do nothing to convert him into an ordinary civilised, twentieth-century tourist.

There is nothing more to say about those town gardens in Karlsruhe, except to mention the fact that this was one of the few occasions upon which Louise showed signs of



becoming "temperamental." She had looked forward to hearing some really good music, and she had got nothing better than we could have given her in any public garden in England! She had paid sixty pfennigs to enter these town gardens, which she considered should be free to all German citizens, and she had paid another sixty pfennigs to be permitted to sit on a chair and order a lemon squash when she did not in the least want to drink, and listen to a band playing music which it made her angry to hear!

I took her to the zoological gardens, which, I must admit, were thrown in with that sixty-pfennig ticket; but she was not to be appeased, and her good humour only returned as we ate our evening meal in a most amusing restaurant, which was fitted up with a strange assortment of automatic contrivances for the saving of labour, and the supplying of customers with food and plates and knives and forks and glasses by the penny-in-the-slot system. It was the cheapest meal we ever had, I think, and one of the most savoury. Of course, sausages came into it, and there were an omelette and salad and bread and cheese and beer, the whole of which cost only eighty pfennigs.

CHAPTER X  
IN THE BLACK FOREST—FRAUENALB  
AND HERRENALB

WE left Karlsruhe at 8.20 the next morning, after paying our bill, which came to three marks forty-five each, for bedroom, afternoon tea, and breakfast, and started off on our way to walk into the forest.

Here, again, the god of chance was kind, for I was tempted to buy a set of post cards, which in no way related to our tour in Germany, but were of the order which you can buy in tobacconists' shops. That tobacconist's name was Louise Dimpfel. I recollect the name well, because I warned my Louise that in the future, if she persisted in showing hers so provokingly I should substitute the tobacconist's name for her more aristocratic one of Molyneus.

Well, that tobacconist advised us not to attempt to walk through the dull, weary suburbs of Karlsruhe to get to the forest, but to go by a secondary railway to Ettingen, and at Ettingen take another train to a village called Spinnerei, which was right in the forest.

At Ettingen, which is a busy little industrial town, where wall-papers, velvets, and cotton shirtings are made, we had some time to wait, so we spent it in sitting in the public gardens, which were just outside the station.

Directly after leaving Ettingen the scenery became lovely, for we had entered the forest. But even there I saw factory chimneys and other indications of industrial prosperity.

When we arrived at Spinnerei we knew that we had reached the actual forest, and we also understood why the village was called by that name, for through the sweet-smelling woods came the hum of many spinning-mills, and, strange as it may seem, the sound was so pleasant and musical that it suggested to me the idea that Mendelssohn might have composed the famous "Spinnerlied" as he sat at a little table outside that village inn, just as we sat listening to the song of the mill, and drinking in the life-giving air of the forest.

It was a dear little spot, and as its station had no ticket office the tickets were sold at the inn, which seemed an excellent plan. The long line of factories, which, I must admit, were the cleanest and least unsightly factories I have ever come across, lay by the banks of a splendid stream. The public-house was directly between the factories and the small settlement of workmen's houses which lay a little further up the valley; this also seemed to me a very wise idea, from a business point of view, and reminded me of the Japanese tea-houses, many of which you have actually to pass through as you travel along mountain roads or cross mountain bridges.

It was lunch-time, and so we ordered our meal to be served under the trees, which were close to the inn, and which, being on a bank, overlooked a little footpath along which the workmen and workgirls had to go to reach their homes from the factory. It was midday, and I knew by the bell which was ringing that they would soon be passing, and I was interested to know what Black Forest factory "hands" were like. The industries of the village are shirting and tapestry.

We had an excellent lunch, which did not vary much from our usual menu—*Schnitzel* of veal, sausages and



beer and bread and cheese—and while we ate it we watched all the factory workers passing along the road which lay below us. The young girls and the women were examples of neat cleanliness; their blue and white check cotton dresses being almost entirely covered with perfectly fitting white aprons, which look like what Americans call “one-piece gowns.” I thought they were, until Louise pointed out the fact that they opened up the back, and could be put on just like aprons.

These forest mill-hands used none of the ordinary Hinde’s curling-pins to crimp their splendid hair; they all carried a piece of crochet, which they worked at while they walked leisurely home. I thought that the men looked harder-worked than the women, and more like ordinary factory toilers in their physique. The little children who were playing by the roadside were as clean as dolls, and very handsome. I am sure that the average of good looks in Germany is very much higher than it used to be, or else my taste has changed. Certainly, for workers in factories, these Black Forest mill-employees seemed to be ideally circumstanced.

After our leisurely lunch, which cost about one mark ten pfennigs each, we started off to walk to Herrenalb. This was really our first serious walk in the forest, and Herrenalb was the particular spot we had selected as our first sleeping-place. Our road lay along the Albtal, and a very hot and sunny road it was, even though on our left there was the cool-looking forest, but it, alas! afforded us no shade. In that forest there were factory workers, men and women, either eating their midday meal or resting luxuriously on the pine-scented ground, on a height which enabled them to look right across the green valley, where the stream flowed between meadows as smooth and green as English lawns. We envied them their

siesta as we walked along the road on that midsummer noon under a midday sun. How we longed for the time when the road would suddenly lose itself in the deep forest! even though by doing so we should no longer have the exquisite view ahead of us. I had not dreamt of high roads or green valleys, and, least of all, of factories. My preconceived idea of the Black Forest was a close world of trees, with narrow paths traversing its inky darkness.

After we had been walking for some time I saw a big, empty waggon going along the road in front of us, and as there was no turning off that road for as far as the eye could see, I knew that it must be going, for some distance at least, the same way as we had to travel.

So I said to Louise, "Let us walk a little quicker and overtake it. The man will be delighted to give us a lift if you ask him in quite your nicest manner."

She demurred. "Do you think he really would? I don't like to. Besides, we have only walked a little way. If you are going to give in so soon, whatever will happen?"

"Please do ask him," I said. "I know that if he is a human man he will be delighted, for he must be quite dull, and his two big horses won't feel our weight."

"But what about our walking tour?"

"We aren't hardened yet. Wait until we have lived in this air for a day or two, and we shall not mind the hard highways. Besides, what is the use of being uncomfortable when we can be luxurious? Just think of the joy of sitting in that big lumber-waggon and seeing all the beauties of the earth spread before us!"

We had instinctively quickened our pace, and, as luck would have it, the waggon stopped. Louise asked the carter if he would give us a ride. He instantly invited

us to get up, which was no such easy matter when we came to try, for modern skirts were not meant for such gymnastics. The waggon, which had been carrying fir trees, was sweet to our nostrils; and, ah me! how delightful that drive was as we followed the winding stream on and on through a valley of smiling meadows, which lay, guarded by towering forests, soft with the blue heat-haze of summer. A new electric railway ran through the meadows, close to the road, but it was such a toy concern that it did not destroy the repose of the landscape.

Our waggon-master soon got into conversation with Louise, and told her of points in the landscape—a huge water-pipe, for instance, which looked like some Roman wall covered with earthwork, which ran along the top of the wooded bank on our left and supplied the factory with water. He said that even in this peaceful valley there were envy, hatred, and strife, for one wealthy mill-owner was offering such high wages to his workmen that the smaller factories could not compete with him, and therefore could not get men to work.

He was such a pleasant fellow, that carter, that he added greatly to the pleasure of our journey, and I witnessed one token of his good nature. A fellow-workman had fallen asleep on a cart which was carrying long forest fir trees. He woke the man and made him speak to him, explaining as he did so that any man would do the same for him, for it was *verboden*. When I gave my English smile he said, "And very justly, too. If that man were to fall off his seat and get killed, or any accident were to happen, and he had a wife and children, the State would have to support them. So it very wisely imposes a high fine upon any driver who falls asleep while he is in charge of a vehicle."

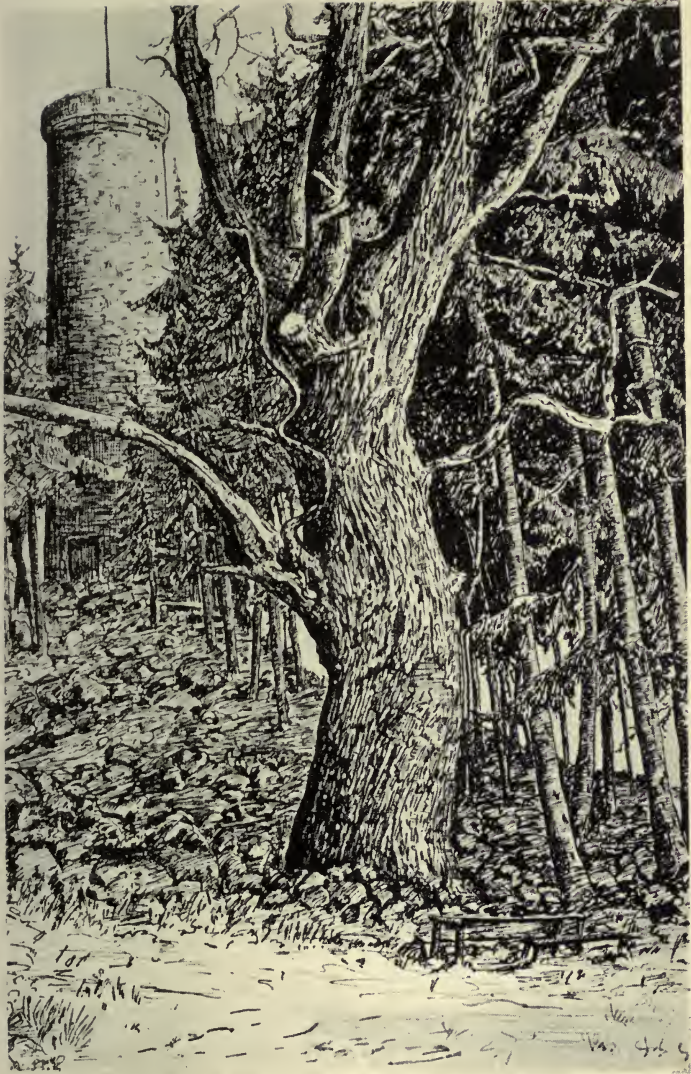
As the sun grew hotter and hotter, we congratulated



ourselves upon having secured so comfortable a form of travelling, for it was hot enough to make even a company of soldiers retire into the wood for shade, while their youthful officers ate a daintily arranged lunch, which was spread on a little camp table, in a thicket of young beech trees not far off. They had selected a delightful spot, and they looked very picturesque in their bright uniforms amongst the green trees.

Already we were sufficiently in the *Schwarzwald* to see evidence of the great timber trade, which is, of course, the staple commodity of the country. The even rows of felled pines, which lay on the steep banks of the forest, humiliated and robbed of their branches, ready to be taken to the nearest stream, which would carry them from there to the Rhine, and from thence, as large rafts, to Holland, were to me a pathetic sight. These dead articles of commerce had once been living things, soaring into the blue; they had once formed part of the architecture in the cathedral of Nature, whose aisles gave the inspiration to Gothic art. Many times during our days in the forest did we speculate and wonder how the people who owned these trees knew them, and how the woodcutters managed to fell them in the dense forest without doing the slightest bit of injury to any of the surrounding trees—their length seemed so enormous. Since then I have read a good deal about the *Schiffergesellschaften*, which means in English the great timber merchant companies, whose profits are divided in shares called *Stämme*. And I have also thought very often about the honesty of the *Schwarzwald* peasants, who never apparently dream of carrying away any of the smaller logs of wood, which are cut in such neat, even pieces and piled into unprotected stacks by the roadside.

Only once during our drive in that long-bodied cart



A ROAD IN THE FOREST

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt,  
of Lauterbach

NO. 1000  
ANNEXED



did we stop at a wayside inn, while the carter drank a big jug of beer. And here I must admit my cowardice again, for I was extremely relieved when he returned to his horses, which were far too fine animals to remain in a passive condition under the cruel attacks of the horse-flies.

Soon after that we came to the parting of our ways, and with some temerity I put a mark into his hand—and it really took courage, remembering as I did that I was in a land in which barons become swineherds, and where one of the most important *Schiffer* might as likely as not choose to drive his own timber waggon. However, he was not a baron, for he told Louise that he made his five daughters get up every morning soon after sunrise. When she looked surprised, he said, “If you let them grow accustomed to indulgence they will soon become lazy, and then they will find it much harder to work for their living.”

He thanked me for the coin, which we had spent so well, and wished us good luck on our journey. Frauenalb, he said, was no great distance ahead, which proved to be true, though we doubted his word at the time, for a German's idea of distance was not ours. Never shall I forget how hot the remainder of that journey was! If we could only have crossed the valley—but that, alas! meant crossing the bridgeless stream—we could have walked in exquisite shade. The Almighty had intended the road we were on for morning pedestrians, and the road across the valley for the afternoon, but this we did not know at the time we left the village of Spinnerei, and we had seen no bridge since.

Frauenalb, which was quite a charming village, in point of its surroundings, was just the sort of place we wished to avoid, for it was a regular summer resort, with

some villas which were not bad of their kind, but a greater eyesore to me in the forest than the busy factory at Spinnerei.

We crossed the river, and had tea in what we imagined to be an "ussish" sort of place, but on this occasion it proved a failure, and we should have done better to have gone to the more expensive hotel. Our tea, which was very poor, cost eighty pfennigs each, in a garden made dirty by unhealthy-looking poultry.

For the first time we felt just a little disappointed. Was Frauenalb typical, we wondered, of all the villages in which tourists find a resting-place in the Black Forest? We earnestly hoped not, nor did it seem likely, for the atmosphere of the place was suggestive of German family life in their country villas—the sort of villas where people wore expensive summer frocks and read cheap novels.

Very grudgingly we paid our eighty pfennigs, and turned our backs upon the hotel to climb a steep hill, because we saw a ruined church on the side of it, and architectural objects are a welcome adjunct to forest scenery. But there was very little which was worth examining in that building, for scarcely any of it was earlier than the sixteenth century. After looking at it for a few moments we caught sight of a delightful road in the forest above us.

I said to Louise, "I wish our road lay that way. Can't we change our plans, and make it do so? for it doesn't really matter what we do, so long as our days are beautiful."

Louise's eyes were fixed on a map she had opened of this particular district of the Lower Black Forest.

"I think we can go this way," she said. "What a mercy we came to examine the church!"

Her judgment was again right. We walked along that perfect mountain road, breathing in the resinous air of

the pines, where huge trees lay to the right and to the left of us, shorn of their bark, and glittering like gold where the sunlight fell upon them in the opener parts of the road. It was there that we felt for the first time that we were really in the forest of our imagination. It was a glorious feeling, and every moment our bodily fatigue grew less and less, and our sense of exaltation increased. If we continued to expand in this manner as the days went on, walking like human beings would certainly not content us. But, alas! the evening of that same day gave us a severe shock, for Herrenalb was much more of a summer resort than Frauenalb, which was only about half its size, and at Herrenalb quite a number of the shops and hotels had their notices written in Yiddish! This was really too much for Louise's feelings!

"Let us get out of it," she said, "as quickly as we can. How could Martin have advised us to come here!"

"He was so afraid that he would lose his pretty cousin," I said, "that he was determined to keep us within close touch of civilisation."

"That depends upon what you call civilisation," she said. "Look at these awful people—look at their awful clothes—look at their more awful noses! All sitting herded together in beer gardens, playing bridge in the *Schwarzwald!*"

"Don't be down-hearted," I said; "people like that, thank God! always do herd together. You could encircle them in a ringed fence; we shall probably have the place all to ourselves if we walk half a mile away from the hotels."

We succeeded in getting delightful rooms in a butcher's shop for one and a half marks a night. It was only a little distance from the railway station, and any travellers must pass it on their left as they approach the town from



that side. Considering that Herrenalb is a popular health resort, we thought this a miracle of cheapness, especially as we had been warned that the prices in the Black Forest were no longer what they used to be. And we were the more delighted, too, because those big, airy rooms, with polished floors and good old furniture, faced the most beautiful view in the whole valley. Gone were the Yiddish signs, gone were the holiday resorters, and what was left was the deep green valley, the winding stream, and a high rampart of precipitous cliffs, which seemed to form a mediæval fortification for the peaceful valley. Surely no other butcher's shop ever possessed such a view? We had to admit that even Herrenalb itself, lying in the distance at the foot of forest-clad hills, which rolled fold on fold away into the mist-softened distance, was, even in its modernity, charming to look upon.

We forgave Martin, and gloried in our good fortune, for the *Hausfrau* was delightful, and did not conceal her amusement at our obvious dislike of the new villas and big hotels. She said that she herself preferred a homely house like her own, or new houses built after the old style of the Black Forest houses, but that in Herrenalb they were unpopular—in fact, they were not allowed. She evidently considered her own plain, big, simply furnished rooms not in any way grand enough for the summer visitors to the place. All that she seemed to expect were occasional pedestrians, like ourselves, who had not grand clothes suitable for the hotels.

Her husband, too, was highly delighted when we invaded his little farm and garden at the back of the house, which was overshadowed by the mountains on the left side of the valley and perfumed with the breath of meadowsweet and other field flowers.

In the Black Forest almost all the villages and small

towns lie in the gentle green valleys, which break up the forest at intervals—valleys whose river banks are greener than English tennis lawns, and whose rivers babble like Scotch burns.

Our butcher-landlord said that the grandly dressed ladies who came to Herrenalb for the summer would turn up their noses at his house because he had pigs and cows in the farmyard, but that he thought we showed our good sense in not minding them, for they were considered very healthy neighbours.

After depositing our hand luggage we started off to see the sights of the place, for we did not feel inclined to remain in it any longer than one night. It was exquisitely lovely when you turned your back on the town, but we preferred to save our time for dawdling next day in the forest itself. So we determined to see all that there was to be seen in that one evening, and I must admit that the more we saw of the town the more awful it became. My ancient Baedeker, which I had not with me at the time, having sent it on in my box to Nuremberg, puts its population down at six hundred. But it seems to me, upon looking back upon it, that there were six hundred tourists in every beer garden, and they were many.

The shops were typical health-resort shops, full of distressingly vulgar bric-à-brac, and the pensions and hotels seemed far less select than such places would have been in Margate. I do not think that there was one redeeming feature in that little semi-Jewish town, which has vulgarised one of the most beautiful valleys I have ever seen.

We wondered why such terrible people went to such beautiful places, and why they could not have vulgarised some other place as ugly as themselves, for they never

seemed to walk beyond the grounds of their hotels, or if they did, it was only to idle under a shaded avenue for the sake of displaying their elaborate frocks. We sat on a seat in one of these avenues, just outside one of the hotel gardens, and listened to an excellent band which was playing quite a nice selection of music. We were determined to get something out of Herrenalb without paying for it, and we did, for it was a very good band, as Louise said it was likely to be, for Jews and Germans have an excellent appreciation and knowledge of music, whatever they themselves may be like.

It was quite amusing to sit and watch the rich young German boys and girls flirting and "playing the fool," if I may use the expression, along that avenue while we listened to the music. But how very far removed they were from the types of boys and girls we had seen at Marburg, although the girls' clothes were infinitely grander! Some of them, indeed, were very enviable, and not a few of the young Jewesses were picturesquely handsome.

When the band stopped playing, in time for the visitors to dress for their evening meal, we retraced our footsteps back to the town, for we did not feel like risking our small fortunes on any of the hotels in our gamble for an evening meal, and all the humbler and smaller restaurants were situated near the centre of the town. We were not very fortunate in our selection, however. We had drawn a blank this time, as Louise said, for, although the place looked quiet and unpretentious, it was certainly not cheap. The uppish young waitress paid very little attention to our orders when she found that we were not going to dine at the *table d'hôte*, but wished instead to have eggs and bread and jam and coffee at a little table all to ourselves under the trees in the garden. In that restau-



rant everything was mean and skimpy, and, as Louise remarked, there was scarcely any hole in her cup to hold the coffee, and my beer cost twenty-five pfennigs for a small half-bottle. How different from the large jug for one penny of draught beer which I had grown accustomed to expect!

However, as the fates had been so kind to us in the matter of our bedrooms, we determined not to grumble about anything else that might happen to us in that tourist-spoilt health resort.

“If we had only known enough,” Louise said, “we’d have ordered supper from the butcher, and eaten it while we gazed upon those adorable cliffs.”

After our supper, which had really annoyed our ardently economical minds, we examined almost every corner of that village-town—the ruins of a Benedictine abbey, which was founded by a Count of Eberstein, and had in its churchyard a fifteenth-century tomb of the Margrave Bernhardt of Baden, and some remains of a thirteenth-century cloister—but, owing perhaps to the unsympathetic atmosphere of their surroundings, we were not sufficiently thrilled to linger very long over them. Even a fine pointed doorway caused us no emotion.

It was none of man’s handiwork in the green valley which endeared the place to us. We wanted to forget man’s connection with it, and only remember God’s ramparts of grey stone which towered above the dark fir trees, and the curving lines of the gleaming stream—that little stream which bestowed so much greenness and prosperity on that peaceful land. We looked down upon the valley and the town from the height of a hill, upon which a new, but not unlovely, Roman Catholic church had been built. And, when the world had grown cooler, and the sun’s absence had tolled the hour of parting day,

we felt justified in returning to our own quiet part of the town.

The night had not yet folded the hills in its mantle of mystery, though the greyness of twilight had succeeded the afterglow in the sky, when Louise lighted a little lamp and got out her small stock-in-trade of maps and forest plans.

"Where are we going to to-morrow?" she said. "You can lie on your bed and rest while I read aloud to you the places which are possible."

Looking back upon that night, I have since wondered if Louise, who could have led me anywhere she chose, was keeping Allerheiligen as the *pièce de résistance* which nothing must brush aside.

Her suggestion suited me admirably, so I did as she advised. Our windows were wide open, and never have I, except in Switzerland, tasted such good air. I use the word significantly, for I swear that you can taste, as well as inhale, the beauty of that *Schwarzwald* air.

Presently, after murmuring a few names and tracing her finger over maps and plans, and looking up the cost of tickets and the position we were in as regards the nearest railway station of any importance, for Herrenalb was at the end of a secondary railway from Karlsruhe, I heard Louise mutter "Strassburg" and "Baden-Baden."

"What did you say about Strassburg?"

"It is not really very far off."

I jumped off my bed. "How far is it?"

"I don't exactly know, but I *do* know that we should have to walk a long way."

After a moment's silence she said, "The railway ticket would only cost two marks fifty, but that is after we get to Baden-Baden."

“ And how can we get to Baden-Baden ? ”

“ Only by walking a considerable distance.”

“ Then let’s walk,” I said.

Louise smiled. “ Your energy is unbounded,” she said, “ when you are sitting on the edge of your bed in the cool of the evening visualising a Gothic cathedral. But what about the reality ? Supposing we don’t pass a waggon ? ”

“ I am going to Strassburg. Fancy seeing Strassburg for two marks fifty ! ”

“ It means leaving the forest, you know.”

“ Walking one way in the forest is just as good as another,” I said.

Louise’s head was buried again in her maps. She was really as delighted as I was at the thought.

“ I can’t tell you just how far it is,” she said, “ but I know it is a possible walk to Baden-Baden, and we could start early. Shall we really do it ? ”

“ If you can find the way,” I said.

“ We can’t very well lose it if I follow all the directions on the finger-posts. There is quite a lot of literature about the forest written on them.”

“ Then let’s go,” I said. “ In my wildest dreams I never thought of including Strassburg.”

“ You are just too funny,” she said. “ You never have the vaguest idea where you are. I could lead you to any place I liked.”

“ That’s true,” I said, “ but so long as you choose a pretty place we won’t quarrel. But I trust to your honour that you’ll try to find Strassburg, and not take me back to Marburg.”

“ Why Marburg ? ” she said, though the question was unnecessary and instantly contradicted by the blush which swept over her face.



“ But you will come back to the forest ? ”

“ Of course,” I said, “ if you will plan it.”

“ I suppose you know that we are darting about like forked lightning ? ”

“ If this particular fork is only going to cost two marks fifty, what does it matter ? Put away the books, and let us get to bed. But, first of all, do tell the woman that we want our breakfast at seven-thirty. We must get away by eight, for even that will only allow us three hours before the day is too hot for good walking.”

But going to bed meant hanging our heads out of the window in between the discarding of each garment, and going into fresh ecstasies every time, for the beauty of the night increased as the moon sailed up and up in the heavens, until it shone right over the old house which stands on one of the highest points of the natural rampart, and new stars were flashing into being with each blinking of our eyes.

That night, when Louise was dreaming her youthful dreams—not, I am sure, of the Strassburg we were to see, but of the dear Marburg which we had seen such a little time ago, and which was to be pushed into the background of my memory, at least, by the greater glories which were in store for us in the two Gothic cities of the Middle Ages, the *raison d'être* of my tour—I stood at my window and listened to that silent forest world, whose stillness was only broken by the noise of the rushing water, for sleep would not come. I am glad now that I could not sleep, sorely as I needed it at the time, for my midnight vigil gave me a deeper and fuller impression of Herrenalb than I ever could have carried away if I had spent the night in my bed.

But my sleeplessness troubled me, for I knew that I had entered into that particular phase of insomnia from

which I always suffer when I spend long hours in the fierce sunlight or live in very high mountain air. I had it in Egypt, and I have had it in Sicily, where it had nothing to do with physical exhaustion, for if the days had been grey, and I had been very much more tired, I could have slept soundly.

## CHAPTER XI

### BY THE WATERS OF BADEN-BADEN

WE breakfasted in a little arbour in front of the house, just opposite the famous view. I could not help thinking that the day must come when some hotel-keeper will realise that this butcher's shop occupies one of the best sites in that valley for a summer hotel. From its windows the view is incomparable, and yet it is not far from the station.

It was so cool and the air was so crisp that we were tempted to linger over our breakfast, but we knew that it was wiser to be off without any dawdling, for walking in that invigorating air would be a delight, and we ought to get as far on our journey as possible while it lasted. Already little children were returning from the picking of wild raspberries and strawberries. They had been wise in their generation, and had caught the early worms. So, with their examples before us, we paid our two marks twenty each for the bed and breakfasts and, picking up our *Handpöcks*, departed.

Our intention on starting off was to walk all the way to Baden-Baden, and from thence to take the train to Strassburg. It seemed such an easy thing to do in that exhilarating air, and our way was perfect. At first, after leaving the town, there were green, green valleys where hay was being cut and where dear little burns lent that irresistible charm—the noise of many waters—to the scene. These oases in the forest were always an unexpected joy to me. But, as I have said before, when I



came to know it better, I realised that it was only in these valleys that the inhabitants lived and had their being. There are no "clearings" such as I had seen in Canada—I suppose owing to the law which insists that wherever a tree has been hewn down a fresh one must be planted. A forest-tree plantation is a common sight. The young trees live in these plantations until they are old enough to be transplanted to the forest.

I had imagined that I should find little villages right in the woods themselves, built upon ground which had lately been cleared of stumps—villages such as I had seen in Nova Scotia and the far west of Canada.

How different was the reality from my imaginings! The villagers live in valleys, bordered on either side by mountains, valleys which lose themselves in the precipitous heights of forest mountains. Even when the sun became bright, the air remained deliciously cool, and we knew that we should reach the sheltering darkness of the forest before the noonday heat became unbearable; still, it was warm enough for butterflies to be dancing their ecstasy of love in the clear light before us, and travelling ever with us as we walked. Wood pigeons were wooing with their seductive cooings, while into the morning air drifted the breath of the pines as they whispered their secrets.

We did not talk, because Nature was speaking to us very ardently, and what she had to tell us we should, perhaps, never hear again. And that is where the pathos comes into all that is most beautiful—the knowledge that pleasure is ever on the wing—that it never stops, and that you cannot even capture it to examine its meaning.

Giving ourselves over to the great nurse, Nature, who was so generously feeding us with her bread of emotion, taken from her secret store, we unconsciously mounted

and mounted from the depths of the valley to the lofty heights of the forest ranges. Still our road was broad and good, and very white. At intervals it was crossed by woodland paths, leading into mystery and darkness. At all these paths there were marks painted in different colours on the trees, which corresponded with the directions in the Black Forest handbook.

As I write, I can see before me portions of that road where, looking down on our left, we saw the exquisite chequered light and shade of a beech-tree forest, while on our right there was a steep, high bank of pines; and then again it turned to a forest of such unearthly darkness, and of such thickly growing pines, that we were able to realise that there was some truth in the remark which a friend of mine made to us before we left England.

“Good-bye,” he said, “and take care of yourself, don’t get lost in the Black Forest. It is quite an easy thing to do.”

We had rather smiled at his advice earlier in the day, when the forest seemed a delightful playground for the elfs and goblins of German fairy tales. That was where the lower branches of the well-trimmed pines had been lopped off to admit air and light. But in this particular portion, to which I am alluding, the trees were much smaller, and none of their lower branches had been cut—they had blackened and died for want of air, and whichever way you looked it was as dark as a coal cellar. It would have been absolutely impossible to have found your way if you strayed a hundred yards into it. This was, indeed, the actual *Schwarzwald* which I had longed to see. No birds lived in it, for even they could not have endured its oppressive melancholy.

On another portion of the way I can see a mountain-road, with a soaring pine forest on one hand, and on the

other a drop of precipice upon precipice, thickly wooded, which bore down with awful suddenness to the green valley below. On the far horizon, over the tree-tops, was a soft world of heat-hazed mountains which lapped and overlapped each other into the infinity of God's unknown.

And again there were portions of the road from which we could gaze down upon a labyrinth of pine trees as one can look down upon the pillars in the nave of a Gothic cathedral from the gallery of the clerestory.

Nature, on that July morning, displayed for our benefit an infinite variety of her most sumptuous moods. I can recall a thousand beauties and delights for which I can find no expression in words, for words cannot paint the emotion of light and shade, the grandeur of solitary passes, and the peace of that stillness which always seemed most still when the rushing of waters was at its strongest.

At ten o'clock we looked down through an opener part of the wood upon the valley of Löffenau, whose village reposed in the sensual beauty of a purple haze of heat. That heat mist was like a sea, which at midday hours was purple, and in the fuller heat of the afternoon turned to grey. But a steep forest lay between the village and the road—our road, which was made cheerful by a border of rowan trees, whose ripe red fruit sent my thoughts on wings to Scotland and to the Falls of Foyer, where last I saw rowan berries shaking their heads over waters as peat-brown and white-frothed as Dublin porter.

We dropped down upon the village of Löffenau at 10.45. Such a dear little unspoilt village it was! consisting only of one long street, which climbed up a hill, with black and white timber houses of questionable age on either side of it.



The *Teufelsmühle*, I think, is the name of the most striking feature of the landscape—the mountain which contains the Devil's chambers.

Being very ready for an early lunch, we determined to have some in this rural village, which really was a village and nothing more.

We had been walking since 7.30, because our landlady had been even better than her word, and had given us our breakfast half an hour earlier than we had ordered it. So the very first inn we passed in that long street we invaded. It was a typical Black Forest inn of the good old-fashioned order, plenty of which existed in the days before motors and trains spoilt one of the most delightful holiday grounds in Europe.

A very surly-mannered innkeeper served us, but his fare of bread and cheese and beer was generous, and so good that we forgave him his want of smiles. We could have eaten a pound of his fresh butter had we been so minded, and just as much cheese and bread as would go agreeably with it, and we did our best to try. And a very good try it was! for the crisp mountain air had added to our appetites. We never succeeded in making him smile, even when we took him into our confidence about our holiday and waxed enthusiastic over the beauty of his woods and his village. But if he did not smile, we certainly did when he demanded only forty-five pfennigs for our two lunches, and I had drunk excellent beer. We had got to such a point of economy that I had grown to resent the charge of more than a penny for my beer, and anything beyond a mark and a half we considered extravagant for our night's lodging.

We did not idle very long in that inn, with its flowering fuchsia trees and sweet-scented geraniums, because our real idling hour was to be when the day was at its hottest,

and we had many miles yet to make before we reached Baden-Baden.

After leaving the village we had to face a hot and shadeless road, which was not inspiring after the glories of the forest. The only thing we passed which caused us any interest was the most elaborate signboard I have ever seen, a thing framed in wrought-iron and painted in gay colours. It showed the arms of Baden, and next to it was a similar one with the arms of Würtemberg. They looked very official and very German, and extremely decorative, but all they told was that this was the boundary line between the Grand-Duchy and the Kingdom.

So we journeyed on, always hoping that the forest would capture us again, and very soon it did—one of the deepest and densest portions of it. And as we walked through it—on the very fine road, I mean—Louise told me some German legends. I had been saying to her how very different the woods in Germany were from the woods I knew so much better in Italy and the Far South, where the gnarled trunks of ancient olive trees and the silver-grey of the rocks are steeped in the atmosphere of the classics. The Black Forest is not classic. Its atmosphere is much more of the Middle Ages. It is reminiscent of folk-lore, and sets your mind thinking of Undine, who might quite well have come from any one of the rushing streams of which you are never out of earshot in the *Schwarzwald*; or you could see Oberon and Titania dancing in the woods, where the sun shone through the wider openings in the trees. It is not the gods who have trodden their stillnesses, as they have trodden the fields of Enna in Sicily. But I could quite well picture to myself the great Barbarossa himself living in one of its mighty tors, for Louise had just told me that well-known legend

in Germany of how he is supposed to be waiting in the heart of some mountain until, in the day when Germany is in her direst need, he will come forth and save her. For legend says that he has never died, but has sat all these years in the inner hall of his hidden fortress, with his elbows resting on a stone table, through which has grown the long red beard that gave him his name. In the outer hall his soldiers are waiting, and his horses are saddled and ready to answer to the call as promptly as the horses of a fire brigade. For his scouts he employs ravens, which fly out into the world and bring him back news of his empire. Some day, when the ravens return, it will be with the news that Germany has need of him, and then all the king's horses and all the king's men will ride out with Barbarossa to put the kingdom together again—that kingdom which is the lineal descendant of the Holy Roman Empire, of which he was elected Emperor in the very hall in which we stood in the *Römer* at Frankfurt.

But if the immortals were not for me in that German forest, there was that nearness to Nature which brings the human soul very close to God. Looking down upon a world of stillness, a world whose far horizon was bathed in a purple mist, and whose nearness was all black and emerald-green, one could have as little denied His presence as in the moments when the Divine Voice (that gift He denies no man) will not be stilled, will not give up its attempt to accomplish its sacred trust, for the duty of the Divine Voice is the upholding of the Divinity which is in all men. Nature, in her most majestic moods, and the Divine Voice in our crucial moments, are the strongest briefs for the indisputable directorship of the personal God.

As our day's march extended Louise became quite an



adept at cutting off corners by climbing down steep forest sides to the white road we could see below, and at crossing fields, over whose generous and flowery sweetness we could see the road we had to take, winding its way.

When we had achieved some good cut it was encouraging to look back upon the distance we had saved; climbing down a very steep bank often made the difference of three-quarters of a mile. It was fortunate for us that our hottest hours that day were to be spent in the dense part of the forest which lay between Löffenau and Gernsbach. It was so beautifully shady that we never found any need of our sun-umbrellas. I think it was one of the most invigorating and inspiring walks we had.

During part of it Louise said to me, "You see, Martin was quite right. I knew you were disappointed in not getting quickly enough into the real blackness of the Black Forest—into the real foresty part; but if we had left the travellers' roads, by which we could have avoided these little townships, what would you ever have seen but the sky above you?"

"That is quite true," I said, "but I must own that I felt rather as I did when I went up in a balloon for the first time. I thought I was going to get really inside the balloon, whereas we only sat in a little basket hanging on to it."

This seemed funny to Louise, who perhaps had not heard sung in her childhood, as I had, the old song of "Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon; there's nothing half so jolly, boys, as being up in a balloon." I naturally thought that the fun consisted in all being in the balloon together, and rolling about. I did not think it a bit funny, looking down upon London and seeing it no larger than a map—one of those raised maps which you see in museums,

but never look at. It was amazing and interesting, but not in the least what could be described as funny.

But what Martin had advised had more sense and meaning in it than I had thought when we started off, or when we came upon Yiddish hotels in Herrenalb. In the forest it is from the post-roads and in the frequented villages that you get the most magnificent scenery. Martin knew that if we kept to the forest roads, making them the thread of our journey, so to speak, we could do as much as we liked in the way of exploring and detouring. We soon learnt that if we lost our thread we should in all probability spend our days with nothing to look at but the trees which were to the right and the left of us. It is really amazing how splendidly planned and intersected the forest is with roads and paths for pedestrians. Louise said, "Unless you are a fool, or deliberately turn your back on all the directions, which are written up for your benefit, and walk into the primeval forest, where you would as likely as not walk round and round in circles, you really could not lose your way."

I think she would scarcely have made the same remark at the end of our tour, unless she had wished to be deliberately rude.

The literature in the German forest which is printed for the benefit of tourists is very considerable, and the only time we ever saw alpenstocked pedestrians halt on their way was when they stopped to read it. Occasional motors passed us, full of much be-veiled Americans, or un-veiled wealthy Germans. But we did not envy them, for what could they see of the height of the precipices over which they were travelling, or the variety of light and shade which played over the valleys below, or the rosy pinkness of the tall spruce-pines when the sun warmed their barks? And what could they feel of

Nature's soft breath, as it stole up to caress our cheeks from the mists in the valley below? But, saddest of all! what could they hear of earth's many voices, which only speak to those who have leisure to hear? With the opulent motorists, the song of Nature must ever be drowned by the song of speed. And it is a consolation to know that Our Lady of Poverty keeps something up her sleeve for the toilers who have little to spend.

It was twelve o'clock when we reached Gernsbach, which is a pretty little summer town, full of villas which do not offend, and gardens which must attract. It has some really handsome modern houses, too, and many older ones which we did not see, for it is an ancient town, and has not yet got the character of a health resort, although I believe its pine-cone baths, *Kiefennadelbäder*, have been celebrated for centuries; they do not sound a very comfortable sort of bath.

We did not stop in the town, which used to be, and probably still is, the headquarters of the *Murgtal Schiffer Gesellschaft*, which, as far back as 1884, owned sixteen thousand acres of forest.

We had by chance noticed a level crossing as we entered the town. Louise, with her instinct for localising the essential features of a city, informed me that the station was probably quite close, and that there might be a train going about that time to Baden-Baden, as there were likely to be about three in the day, and one of them would be a midday train.

"That is the road," she said, "out of the town, which we shall have to take if we walk."

I looked at it and wondered if my flesh ever would climb it, however willing my spirit might be—and at that moment it really was not willing at all, for the road looked very hot and very winding. There was no forest



near it, only a sun-baked mountain, with a road like a white tape zigzagging up to its summit. That was our road.

“Let us try for a train,” I said, “and if there is not one, we can stay in Gernsbach until the day grows cooler. It really doesn’t matter what time we reach Strassburg, so long as we arrive there to-night.”

A workman, who came out of one of the villa gardens, told us that we should reach the station in a few minutes, if we walked straight on on the road we were going. When we reached it we discovered that we had only twenty minutes to wait for a train. It was a sort of secondary railway, and the train we got into pulled up at every station. But the scenery was quite charming as soon as we had left the town. There were golden hills of corn, and a wide, cool river, and the women who were working in the fields looked picturesque in their blue cottons, and the long waggons, with sides like ladders, and drawn by cows, reminded me of Lombardy with its fine oxen-carts. Yet the irresistible charm, which is the Italian peasant’s birthright, is absent in Germany, even if, owing to their simplicity, they are a more pleasing feature in the landscape than the peasants of my own country. But the perpetual song, and the *joie de vivre*, is as absent as the beauty of the sunburnt women. I had, over and over again, a heartache for the melancholy and laughter of Italy, and for the poetry and passion of her people—the more so, I think, because I was very surely letting my affections go out to this land which is our mighty rival.

We congratulated ourselves that we were in the train as we looked at the road, for as the day went on we could see the heat-mist turning greyer and greyer.

At Restatt we changed from our small train for one of greater importance, which took us to Baden-Oos, There

we had to change for Baden-Baden. At Baden-Oos our waiting was not wearisome, for there was really a magnificent group of officers standing on the platform. As two of them wore full grey cloaks with collars, Louise said they must be men of high rank in their profession. I have certainly never seen such high collars, or such very black helmets, or such very golden eagles. The younger men were extremely smart, in their perfectly fitting dark blue uniforms, piped with red, and their white and grey silk sashes, with immense silver tassels, encircled really very slim waists. One of them in particular, who was evidently an aide-de-camp to the most important of the two older men, took my fancy. He was as agile as a Marathon runner, and his manner of clicking his heels and saluting was spirited and distinctive. Not once, but many times, did he disappear from the group, only to return again with some fresh piece of information which his superior had sent him to find out. He did not, I admit, equal for elegance and grace the youthful Italian *tenente*, in his full war-paint and feather, whose slimness and beauty of limb have come down to him as a birthright through long centuries of beauty-loving people, but if the German youth is not so godlike, his manhood is not so painfully obese. Anyhow, I was grateful to that group of officers for the beauty spot they made in that dull station.

At Baden-Baden, where we arrived at ten minutes past two, the first thing we saw was a group of Englishmen, waiting for the train to Baden-Oos, with golf-clubs.

Before leaving the station we took the precaution to find out the time of the departure of our train for Strassburg. I think we had about two hours in Baden-Baden.

What I saw of it reminded me of the English-frequented

towns on the Riviera, but I am quite ready to believe that it has many secret charms which would reveal themselves to the lover of Nature who looked for them, for its situation is undoubtedly beautiful, as it lies among the picturesque hills in the rich valley of the Oosbach.

It was odd to see English-looking grooms, and English-looking dogcarts! They, together with the wealthy aspect of the place, were suggestive of the extravagant upkeep of things generally, which follows in the wake of all English householders, wherever they settle. I am sure that Baden-Baden would prove a delightful place if you were lucky enough to be rich, but it did not, to us, hold out many attractions, nor did it even suggest, with its well-ordered villas and splendid hotels, that the city has quite an ancient history of its own, for its extremely mild climate and health-giving waters made it very popular with the wily old Romans, who ever had an eye on desirable places where they could get rid of the effects of having overeaten themselves in Rome, so as to put them in a fit state to begin to overeat themselves again when they returned to it in the winter. It was a descendant of one of these patricians of whom I told the story in my "Waters of Italy." His wife said to me one day, "I always know when Luigi must go to Wiesbaden. When I see his neck get fat enough to roll over the top of his collar, I immediately write and engage our rooms."

But Baden-Baden has other characteristics in her history, for it was the seat of the Lord and Keeper of the Marches of Baden, which I really think sounds a rather finer title than *Markgraf*, which is too nearly associated in my mind with the word margarine, and their castle there dates from the thirteenth century. But, as I said, these features of the place do not suggest themselves to you as you walk along the bank of the cool river, which flows



by the side of the public gardens, and as you look up at the white villas, closely guarded with green shutters, or as you search in vain, which we did, for some unpretentious hostelry, where we could find both cleanliness and comfort. We were hungry and thirsty, as we well deserved to be, for since 10.15 a.m. we had tasted nothing, so we invaded a bread shop, and asked the woman if she could give us some coffee and bread and butter. She said she could not, but she would show us a place where we should find all that we wanted at a moderate price. So we followed her down a back street, and through the open door of a building, and across some passages, until we reached a charming verandah in the front of a house, which seemed to us one of the most desirable of the quieter hotels in the place.

Behind this verandah there was a *Conditorei*, which contained the most tempting assortment of cakes and tarts I have ever seen. It is nice to look back upon such perfect enjoyment as we experienced, while we ate a portion of bilberry tart, drank brown coffee, foaming with white cream, and discussed as we ate the perfection of the day we had spent in the forest.

Louise ate only one piece of that bilberry tart, and I ate two, and I believe the knowledge of this fact will irritate her to her dying day, for I am sure that with women it is the things they have left undone, and not the things they have done, which cause regret when their "number is up" for this world. She was afraid that the very select air of the place would put a prohibitive price on that bilberry tart. I felt sorry for Louise, that she had not allowed herself to be tempted from the path of virtue, when we discovered that our very generous portions cost us only twenty-five pfennigs each. Considering that her lunch had cost her twopence, I do think that she might have succumbed

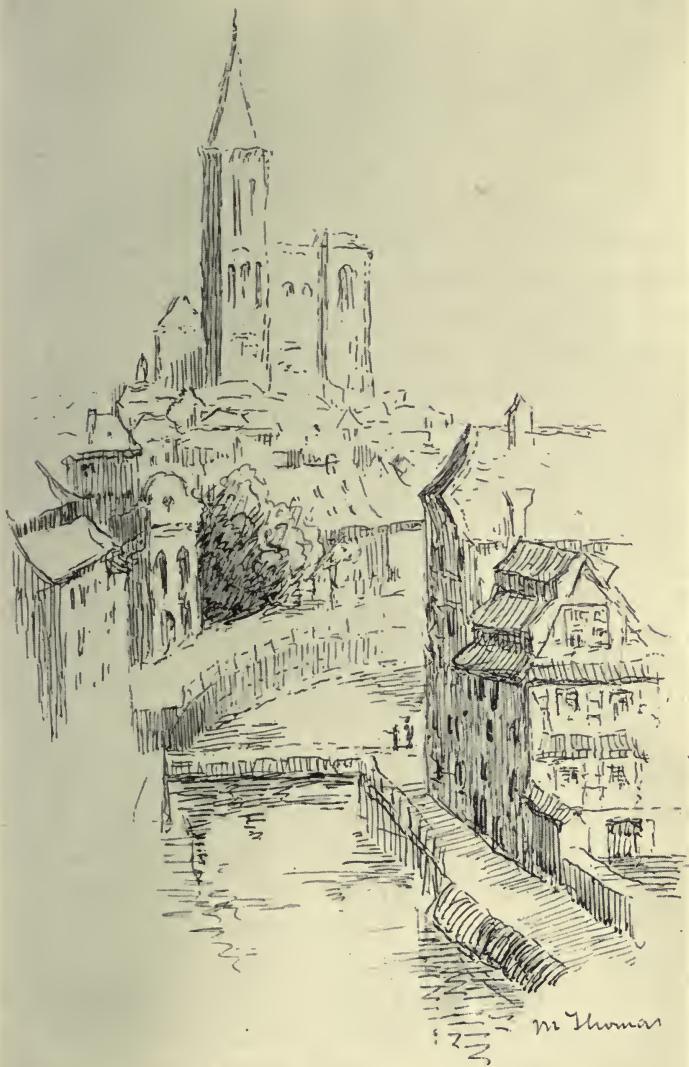
to the indulgence, but she had ever before her the thought that Rothenburg could only be within our grasp if our funds were elastic enough to carry us there. And she also knew that my knowledge of £ s. d. was not much greater than my knowledge of latitude and longitude.

We rested in that quiet and most un-“ussish” hotel for as long as we could safely do so and get back to the station in time to meet the Continental express to Oppenau, where we changed again into a slow train for Strassburg.

On that journey the country was flat and agricultural, with forests in the distance. So far, I had not seen any pasturing land in Germany, and therefore no sheep. Mutton, certainly, they never eat—but what about Berlin wool?

After passing Kehl, we crossed the Rhine at a very wide and rapid point. Now we knew that we were not far from Strassburg, because Kehl, so a fellow-traveller told us in the train, was built by the French in 1688 as a *tête-de-pont* for Strassburg. When Strassburg was besieged in 1870, Kehl was horribly damaged, and as it owed its entire existence to Strassburg, it has suffered with her and for her during her strange vicissitudes of fortune.

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BY THE WATERS OF STRASSBURG

By Margaret Thomas



TO THE  
LIBRARY OF

## CHAPTER XII

### BY THE WATERS OF ALSACE—ROMANTIC STRASSBURG

STRASSBURG at last !

Of the glory of its *Münster* what words, I wonder, will my pen write, and which of all my memories of its beauty will suggest themselves to whoever may read my journal ? To attempt to describe it is so well-nigh impossible that I feel inclined merely to write the words, Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, and lay down my pen. For the use of architectural terms will not convey its nobility, nor the quoting of guide-book statistics suggest its effect of vastness.

Let my reader rather conjure up for himself his ideal of a divinely inspired Gothic building, and he will come nearer the truth. But, mark you, it must be no such Gothic as Milan Cathedral can show, in spite of the fact that Ludovico il Moro, Regent of the Duchy of Milan, after having seen Strassburg, requested the Magistrateur of the city to send him an artist capable of directing the construction of Milan Cathedral. Not with all its fantastic enchantment can Ludovico's cathedral compare with Strassburg, nor does it boast of one object of such pure Gothic beauty as the Pillar of the Angels, which was conceived in the thirteenth century. Nor has any other cathedral which I have visited so called up the emotion of tears upon my first entering its vast nave.

In the choir niches and the transept, which is the earliest portion of the building, the part which belonged to

the old church, begun by Bishop Conrad I in 1179, before the Gothic spirit had reached Germany, you see the Romanesque style, almost uninfluenced by the transition period. In the succeeding portions there are deeper influences of the Gothic spirit, which was quickly travelling to Germany by way of France, while in the nave, which seems to constitute the entire building, when you first enter it, you have the pure Gothic, for which the cathedral is so celebrated. All this early portion of the church was finished before the end of the thirteenth century. In the nave, with its upper and lower rows of gorgeous windows, full of what seem to be jewels, instead of glass, Wilhelm Meister's name is ever on the verger's lips, for it was he who built it, and it is not until you reach the great façade, which is the crowning glory of Strassburg, that the immortal name of Erwin von Steinbach becomes first familiar to you. It is not difficult to see how much his art was influenced by the Gothic of France, for instantly St. Denis suggests itself to your mind. Erwin von Steinbach completed his work about the year 1318; it not only consisted of the façade, with its world-famed rose-window, which—sad to relate!—we did not see, because it was hidden from our view by scaffolding erected for the detestable work of the restorer, but he heightened the body of the church, more particularly the upper windows and the vaulting. After his death, his son John carried on his work, and after his son, his daughter Sabina. It was Sabina who decorated the Romanesque south portal with statues. This fact pleased me extremely. It is encouraging to think that in the fourteenth century women were doing work which placed them on an equality with the master-builders of the world. There has been a statue erected in modern times to the said Sabina on the south portal.



In the study of the cathedral, it is helpful to notice that its growth was from the east to the west, and that you can follow the development of its styles and their transitions as you walk from the choir to the west end.

I think I must go back and give the details of our first magic hour in Strassburg. The great bell, which was founded in 1596, and is one of the few not destroyed by the revolution, had already performed its civil duty, and rung out the hour of six before we arrived at the façade of the building, and stood looking up at that exquisite tower, which has been waiting for its twin to be built for more than six hundred years. At that moment it was doing just what Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini said it was doing when he saw it—"trying to hide its head in the clouds."

I had never dreamt of the building being shut until daylight had closed, and so my spirit sank when I saw a benign old verger pulling the big keys out of the lock in the west door, and turning his back on the building which was his to guard by day.

We hurried up to him, and I broke into English in my anxiety to persuade him to unlock the door and let us go inside, if it were only for five minutes. I knew too well by this time what effect the revealing hand of daylight has upon the most ancient of German buildings. Experience had told me that it was wise to get our first impression in the lenient light of the *Dämmerung Stunde*. He shook his venerable head—dear, kindly, good-looking man that he was, dignified enough to be an Archbishop—and said, "But, madame, it is now much past six o'clock."

"Yes, I know," I said, "but do please open it."

"Are you, then, leaving Strassburg this evening?"

"No," I said, "we are not, but please grant this re-

quest, and let us go in for a little while. We have walked a very long way to see it."

"You can come at nine o'clock in the morning. It is open from nine to six."

"Yes, I know," I said, "but I want first to see it in the half-light."

I remembered at that moment how thankful I have been that an artist friend of mine insisted upon my postponing my first visit to the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Ghizeh until the hour of sunset. He took me carefully to them, advising me not to look at the Sphinx until the afterglow had transfigured the desert, and illuminated those tombs of the Pharaohs with a light that never was on land or sea.

So I urged the old verger by saying, "You want me to love your *Münster*, don't you?"

He smiled, and I felt that we had won. "Well, madame," he said, "I will take you in for just ten minutes."

Those precious ten minutes, although they extended themselves into forty, under the spell of Louise's—shall I say enthusiasms?—how quickly they flew, and how indelibly they have printed themselves on our memories! Will either of us ever forget the beauty of that high nave, with its seven great arches, as it first broke upon our view, or the inconceivable magic of its light, which was filtering through the masses of jewelled glass which filled its marigold windows?

As I stood there, I remembered a post card I had received at Nordeck from one of my oldest and dearest friends in England. It contained but one sentence, "Do not miss Strassburg; it is glorious."

When I read her message, I little dreamt that Strassburg would be included in the compass of our tour.

As I stood, breathless with emotion, I kept repeating to myself her words, "Strassburg is glorious."

And now, I suppose, I should speak of the clock, and of its wonderful age, and ingenuity, and of the amazing patience exhibited by the man who, after its brutal destruction by the French, gave twenty years of his life to the study of its mechanism, and another four to the restoring of it. For it is wonderful, I know, and one of the sights of Strassburg, but somehow there is something lacking in me for the full appreciation of such a mechanical contrivance. I did like the heathen gods which figure on it as the seven days of the week, but why were they permitted, when, in an upper recess, there is the figure of Christ, before whom, at twelve o'clock, twelve Apostles strut out, and make obeisance? I should like to have seen, too, the very ancient cock which, at the same hour, flaps his wings and crows. These are only one or two of the main features of this scientific and astronomical clock, of which I had heard all my life. I was really glad that it was still to be seen, for, alas! gone are all the storks from the roofs of the Strassburg houses. In my childhood I had heard a great deal about the clock and the storks of Strassburg, but, alas! nothing at all of the glories of its ancient *Münster*.

But it must not be imagined that the population of Strassburg has diminished, if storks no longer come to its houses. There is another legend which may account for this, which relates that all the Strassburg babies come from the *Kindelsbrunnen*, which is the name given to a miraculous spring of water which is to be found in the chapel of St. Catherine, and which is used to this day for the baptism of all the infants in Strassburg and



its neighbourhood. Tradition, which is the true mother of History, tells that this same spring of water, which has been used by the *curés* of Strassburg and its environs for six hundred years, was also used by the Druids for their ablutions, for the chapel of St. Catherine, which is one of the oldest portions of the church, covers the site of a Druids' temple. St. Rémy himself blessed this sacred well, from which the little children of Strassburg are told that they come into the world.

As Strassburg Cathedral is still Catholic, I am glad to think that the little children who are baptised in its waters may still have faith in the legend, for faith dies hard in the Catholic bosom, for which perhaps Our Dear Lady of Poverty is again to be thanked.

That venerable custodian told us that the Lutheran population had tried very hard to secure just one little portion of their vast cathedral, but that they had failed.

"If they have need of more places in which to worship," he said, "why do they shut the doors of their churches all day long? There have been services for the worship of God held within these walls every day for six hundred years. My friends"—he always called us his friends—"I love my *Münster*, and I am thankful to say that the true Church owns every stone of it."

And then again he said, "My friends, we are not Germans," when Louise forgot that she was speaking of the capital of Alsace-Lorraine. "Oh, but you must not be disloyal to the Fatherland," she said, with the Teutonic spirit bristling up in her; "you surely do not call yourself French?"

"Oh no," he said, "we are a free city."

"You *were*," Louise said.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Yes, but we always like to think that we still are."

While they spoke, I said to myself, "So far, Karlsruhe is the only city that has suffered the indignity of being held in bondage."

Here, again, Louise had had to insist upon the fact that she was German, and it was with another shrug of his shoulders that he pretended to accept her statement, but I am perfectly certain he thought that she only wished him to consider her German because she was either infatuated with the German opera, or in love with some German soldier. His whole being, dignified as it was, expressed "I ha'e me doots."

But to return to the cathedral itself. When I shut my eyes for a mirage of its beauty to rise up before me, I can see a hundred objects of whose ancient wonder I cannot attempt to speak—examples of the thirteenth-century Gothic carving which beautifies German churches and cathedrals. In England we have no such Gothic furniture—if I may use the expression—in our churches. Did Thomas Cromwell, I wonder, destroy it all? or did the delicate and fantastic Gothic, which we see on German shrines and tabernacles and angel pillars, never flower in England?

But in that mirage, most clearly of all I can see the Romanesque portion of the building, which, to me, was so happily reminiscent of the buildings of southern Italy, erected in the great Byzantine era.

I think now that the interior of the building gave me more joy than the outside, although I am aware that judges of architecture tell you that Erwin von Steinbach's façade is the most admired portion of the building. For lack of words of my own to adequately suggest its richness and elaboration of detail, I will give Dr. Whewell's idea that "it looks as though it were placed behind a rich open screen or in a case of woven stone."

Here again are words which suggest its wealth of detail. "The gigantic mass, over the solid part of which is thrown a netting of detached arcades and pillars, which look like a veil of cast-iron, contains a circular window of forty-eight feet in diameter, and rises to a height of two hundred and thirty feet—higher than the towers of York Minster."

Now the effect of all this elaboration of carving was to me bewildering. I liked it better from a little distance—in fact, from where we sat at dinner that night, in a restaurant opposite the building, but across the square. From there you can see its tower, which Erwin von Steinbach never lived to see completed, and which was not even completed according to his plans, with its head actually in the clouds, while you are far enough off to lose the Chinese-puzzle-carving effect which that screen Dr. Whewell speaks of suggests. From there you can admire to your heart's content the figure of Clovis and Rupert of Hapsburg, who sit astride their chargers under their Gothic niches in the first gallery of the façade just as they have sat ever since they were placed there six centuries ago, long before the great equestrian statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni was erected in the quiet little square before the church of Zanipolo at Venice.

Things are very old in Germany.

When I look back upon all that we saw and did in our glorious three weeks, I realise that Strassburg *Münster* stands out in my mind more clearly than any building we saw, even in Rothenburg. The evening was so glorious that we sat on and on, rejoicing in the fact that happy chance had sent us to Strassburg, and that nothing, come what might, could ever deprive us in the future of the power to visualise the glory of its *Münster*.

The cool summer night after the heat of the day, the



realisation of the beauty we had so looked forward to as we tramped through the dark woods—how it all rushed the hours into the night ! Ten o'clock had long since struck by that same bell which, at the same hour, used to announce the closing of the city gates ; and half-past ten had come before we left the square. And that reminds me that a strange story is told of one of the nine bells, five of which are used for civil purposes for the town and four for religious. One of the former, which was called " Napoleon " by the inhabitants, and which was placed in the tower in 1805, split on the very day when the news reached the city of the Emperor's abdication.

As we wandered round the square, leaving all minute examination for the morrow, we kept looking back at the famous Renaissance houses, the most beautiful of which is known as *Altes Haus Kammerzelt*, and comparing it with the *Frauenstein* house at Frankfurt. It was hard indeed to say which was the more beautiful of the two. The Gothic fore-gable of the Frankfurt house was more gracious in its lines, but the pitched roof of the *Kammerzelt* was higher, and it had an exquisitely carved dormer window projecting from it, which Louise said looked like a tiny house built on the roof of another house for some fairy princess to inhabit. You might wait to see her pop in and out of it at any moment. I think the casting vote ought to be given in favour of the Strassburg house, for it certainly is much larger and more resplendent, but it has none of the delicate Renaissance designs of fruit and flowers which are carved on the dark timber front of the Frankfurt house. What dream houses these German Gothic buildings of that particular period are !—that period when the main structure had not yet shaken off the high-pointed Gothic gables, but had mingled with them the new spirit which was bestowing upon all domes-

tic architecture a sensuous grace borrowed from classic days—a grace which, in its turn, was to die of its own hyper-exuberance.

Reluctantly we said good night to the *Münster*, and left it in the keeping of the summer moon, and the adoring stars, and wandered leisurely through the old streets, which were full of the glamour of the Middle Ages.

The modern part of the city, I remember, was very gaily lighted and thronged with people, and in the shop windows there were models of storks of every conceivable size and in every conceivable attitude, and put to every conceivable purpose. This struck me as really ridiculous, considering the fact that it is with the greatest difficulty that they can persuade one family of storks to patronise a roof-top of their city. The other great article of commerce for sale in the windows was *pâté de foie gras*. As I looked at the little jars and big jars full of this commodity, it struck me as a little disgusting that so many thousands of geese per annum should be compelled to suffer from liver trouble to satisfy the greed of the wealthy. It is said that there is a goose-coop in almost every house in the city, where the wretched birds are kept shut up while they are being fed in such a brutal manner as to produce enlargement of the liver. Truly, man is vile, where his appetites are concerned. “And yet,” as Louise pertinently remarked, “do not forget that it was man who created the *Münster*, and God who created the man who eats the goose’s diseased liver.”

We had, I remember, forgotten to look at the name of our hotel, and although we had never doubted that we should recognise it again the moment we saw it, it was really rather puzzling to know it from the four or five we had looked at before we decided upon the hotel *Elsässer Hof*. And here I may add that although

Frankfurt is called New Jerusalem, we met with more Jews and Judaism in Strassburg.

Our rooms cost us two marks twenty a night, and our *petit déjeuner* one mark. This, of course, was quite moderate, but then it had taken us some time to find so inexpensive a place.

As we wandered about, looking for our hotel that evening I had once or twice to put on one of my most severely "chaperonish" looks, though this was the only time that I found it necessary to do so in Germany.

Tired as I was that night, sleep did not come easily, because right below my bedroom window was the noisy square which is the rendezvous of all the trams in the city, and, as it led to the station, there was a constant hooting of taxi-horns, conveying travellers to and fro. I had experienced rather bad luck with my bedrooms in the respect of noise; at Karlsruhe I was unable to sleep because the portion of the restaurant where the dishes were washed up was directly below my window—and oh! that terrible washing-up! it lasted until two o'clock in the morning; then with the advent of daylight came big carts, full of beer-barrels, which were taken off and hurled, by what means I do not know, into the bowels of a cellar which was underneath my window, and then, just as I was getting off to sleep, a commercial traveller, who had his room next to mine, was waked by a very loud banging on his door. It was five o'clock and his coffee was ready. As he drank that coffee and dressed himself, he stumped about the floor, making strange German noises, and shouting to the waiters to take down his luggage. When I keep an hotel, I shall write on the back of every door, in very large letters, "Please respect the sleep of others."

At Herrenalb the high atmosphere and the effect of the



sun had driven sleep completely away. I doubt if there is any other being in the world who can remain healthy and do with as little sleep as I can, so I managed to feel quite cheerful when Louise suggested that we should attend High Mass at the cathedral at nine o'clock the next morning. How glad I am now that we did attend it, because it necessitated our sitting quietly in the building for that length of time.

We placed our chairs just near enough to the Pillar of the Angels to see the sunlight falling across it, while we faced the Romanesque transept.

When the Mass was over, we got one of the guides to take us round the choir. He was not our ecclesiastical-looking person, or personage, of the night before, but a much less intelligent being, who refused to show us over the crypt, which is one of the rare Alsatian crypts, and one of the most important. It is pure Norman, and belongs to the church which was built by Bishop Werner. I felt so annoyed when he refused to admit us because it was not the hour for seeing over the crypt, unless a large enough party of tourists were gathered together to make it worth while, that I did not care to listen for a second time to a history of the clock. So we wandered about the building, seeking out the rest of its treasures for ourselves.

It was then, I think, that we saw the figure of Our Lord in a *Pieta*, dressed in a flowing robe of lace, and His Mother in a white satin gown. But unless my reader can picture to himself something of the might and majesty of Strassburg Cathedral, and the beauty of some of the objects of Gothic wood-carving which decorate its interior, the appalling taste of so dressing the figure of the crucified Christ and the Mater Dolorosa can hardly be appreciated. I wondered if the same devout Catholic who had presented that lace garment, which did such violence

to the sacred figure, had ever worshipped in this beautiful edifice, and if the beauty of the fifteenth-century pulpit of Jean Hammeren, or the Romanesque arcade which decorates the transept, had appealed in any way to his sense of beauty. It seems impossible to believe that anyone could have seen Strassburg and then thought it meritorious to put lace flounces on the dead figure of a Christ.

I must now leave the inside of the cathedral, and mention just one or two impressions which I carried away of the statues which adorn its exterior. Some have been replaced by almost perfect copies, but for the greater part they date from the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and I think that the fact which struck me most about them was their extreme modernity of treatment. I am thinking now of the two Virtues, and of the figures of the Foolish Virgins who are being tempted by a deliciously quaint figure, who is by no means so modern, and also of the female figure, with eyes veiled with a scarf, which represents the Synagogue, or the Old Testament. The "New Testament" has, of course, her eyes wide open. These figures reminded me of some of Gagini's work in Sicily, which is far later. The treatment of the drapery and the poise of the figures were more like fifteenth than thirteenth-century work. But even more than in these early statues, the lack of convention and the breaking away from tradition are shown in the kneeling figure of Our Lord in the famous Mount of Olives group, which reminded me of Thorwaldsen's work, though it dates from the fourteenth century. This group now stands in a corner of the *Münster*, though Nicholas Roeder, a bourgeois of Strassburg, carved it and set it up in the cemetery behind the church of St. Thomas. The kneeling figure

of Our Lord which he carved is truly an astonishing piece of work for the fourteenth century. Detached from its surroundings, it is hardly possible to believe that it belongs to that date.

There is yet another group which causes the same doubt as to its real date—the Death of the Virgin over the south door. In that group it is only the exaggerated size of the heads of the Apostles who have hurried to the bedside of the dying Virgin, which indicates in any way that you are looking at a fourteenth-century piece of work. The figure of the Virgin, whose limbs are clearly distinguishable through their falling drapery, is exquisite, as is the figure of the female relative who is kneeling by the bedside in an agony of grief. Her clinging drapery suggests limbs as exquisite in their grace as the limbs in the little terra-cotta statuettes which are familiarly called Tanagra figures. In this group the sculptor has followed the ancient legend of the Virgin's death, and the haste with which the Apostles have hurried to the bedside is admirably indicated, also the figure of Our Lord, who unexpectedly appeared in their midst. In His hand He holds a little figure, which is deliciously conventional and mediæval in its conception. It represents, of course, the soul of His Mother, which has just left her body.

But am I not writing about things which can only interest those who have seen them? I fear so. And yet, what a very human form of pleasure it is to try to give even the feeblest expression to the ideas which poured into my mind as I looked at the beautiful things which the *ensemble* of the cathedral contains.

History tells us that in 1793 several hundreds of statues were thrown down from it and utterly destroyed. As we looked at its exterior it seemed incredible. How could it ever have supported any more than it does at present?



It is not surprising that Milan Cathedral is overburdened with statuary, if Ludovico il Moro saw Strassburg with its additional hundreds.

After saying good-bye to the cathedral and its beautiful surroundings—we had not attempted to climb the tower, even though it had been for Louise to follow in the footsteps of Goethe, for his name and Voltaire's and many other world-famous personages' are carved on the walls of the tower or its parapet, since they climbed that height to see the Vosges Mountains, and the splendid ranges of the Black Forest, which stretch from Baden to Blauen—we wended our way to the ancient part of the city, where we wished to spend the remainder of our time.

As we walked and walked, we passed many beautiful old buildings, including the Romanesque church of St. Etienne, the oldest in Strassburg, and the thirteenth-century church of St. Thomas, which we tried in vain to enter, forgetting its reserved Protestant habits. And then I remember we crossed a long, long bridge, which spans the Ill, connected with the Rhine by a series of canals. This bridge, which in itself is new, is still reminiscent of old Strassburg, for the four old towers of the original bridge are still standing, and, in looking backwards and across it, you can see myriads of ancient houses, whose high-pitched roofs are literally covered with tiny dormer windows.

The old hospital, with its fine Gothic inner archway, was one of the buildings which delighted us, but we did not attempt to enter it, for if we had begun to linger in that part of the city we certainly never should have reached the station in time.

In Strassburg the domestic architecture is far less restored than the ecclesiastical.

The washing-places we passed alongside of the canals

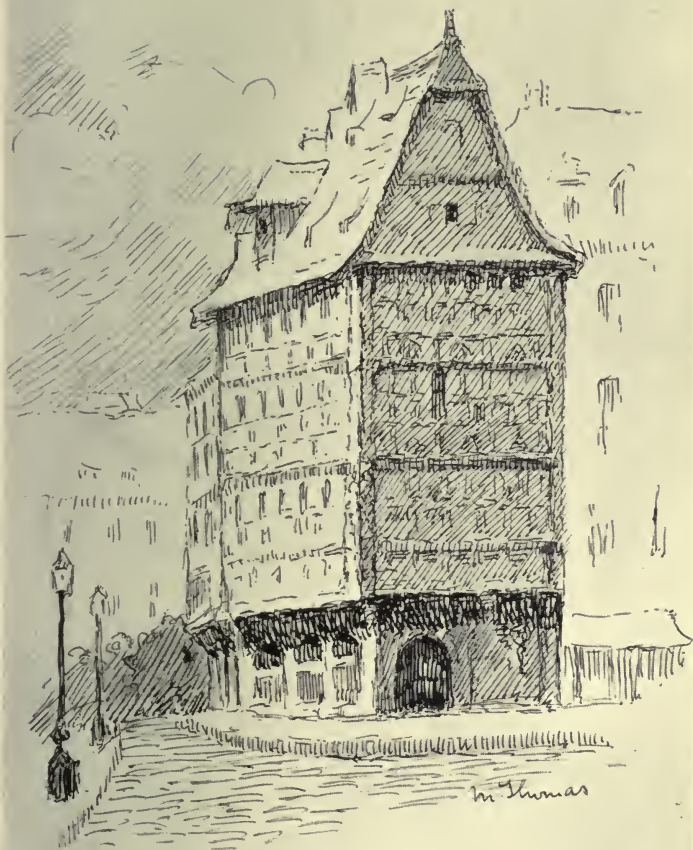
were very characteristic, and in them we saw amusing instances of humble city life. But they were not the washing-places of Italy—Genoa, for instance—although the bending figures, in their light cotton frocks, in the open sunlight or in the half-shade, under grey wooden shelters, throwing out long lines of white linen into the deep water, distributed gracious effects of colour on the landscape.

Gay reflections in still waters work magic upon any city scenery.

In Strassburg, as you walk through its historic quarters, it is not difficult to realise that its importance strategically has been uninterrupted since the day when the Emperor Maximilian, in one of his letters, christened it “the bulwark of the Holy Roman Empire.” In that same letter he commended it for its old German honesty and bravery. If in the Middle Ages its artillery was famous, to-day it is maintaining its ancient character. You can see everywhere that Germany means to keep what she took in 1871. It is the headquarters of the 15th German Army Corps.

The magnificent new buildings in the modern part of the city did not interest us, although the citizens have every reason to be proud of them, and they will tell you, and justly too, that only Berlin can rival them for their magnificence and number. They are principally Renaissance in character.

But Louise and I had come as pilgrims to the cathedral, and nothing more, and the call of the dark woods was urging us not to give any time to the city, so we kept on walking and walking until, by some trick which Louise holds up her sleeve, we reached our hotel, where we paid our bill, which came to not one pfennig beyond three marks twenty pfennigs each for our bed and breakfast. Although it was not one of the sleeping-places which made



"THE MAISON KAMMERZELL" IN STRASSBURG

By Margaret Thomas





us thank the gods for their guidance, it was quite good enough to be of use to other travellers like ourselves. My bill was headed, *Elsässer Hof, Ecke Bahnhofplatz und Küß Strasse, 19*, which, being translated into English, means, *Alsatian Court, Corner of the Station Square and Kiss Street, 19*. What partings and stolen meetings one conjures up at the words !

## CHAPTER XIII

### ALLERHEILIGEN—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF THE BLACK FOREST

I DO not think that there could have been anything very interesting on our journey from Strassburg to Achern, because I cannot remember very much about it. But if the scenery is not exciting, I am always extremely amused by watching my fellow-travellers. There was one girl, I remember, with a clear, pink skin, in a fine Alsatian costume, the like of which I have never seen for mediæval effect. She wore a full skirt of dark bright green, with a little lace tippet folded round her shoulders. She was a dainty little figure ; and it seemed to me, when I first saw her, that a huge black German eagle had lighted down on her fair head with its wings outstretched. What a sensation such a costume would cause at a fancy ball in London !

That fair *Elsässerin's* costume and our good lunch, which we were very ready to eat at the railway station buffet at Achern, are my two vivid memories of that journey which was to take us back to the forest, which, in its turn, was to lead us to Allerheiligen. Louise had quietly settled that this was to be our next point, and had worked out all the necessary details of our journey.

At Ottenhöfen we left the train, which had carried a curious collection of passengers—a priest, with very "glad eyes" and long hair, two Lutheran pastors, heavy with the dullness of their creed, that Alsatian peasant, and some German tourists with as many attributes of



their calling hanging round their sturdy persons as there are baskets and brooms and chairs hanging round a travelling gipsy van. We asked if there was any means of driving to Allerheiligen, for the July sun was mercilessly hot, and we had been using our energies since nine o'clock that morning. We were told that there was only one carriage in the place, but that we could have it if we consented to pay what seemed to us a very exorbitant charge.

How thankful we were afterwards that we had not agreed to satisfy that cab-proprietor's avarice, for our way took us principally through the forest, and that walk to Allerheiligen is one of the most delightful things I have stored in my memory. And I know that I shall walk every step of it over and over again in the days to come. I shall see the blue forget-me-nots peeping at me from the meadows which lay on our right—meadows intersected with tiny streams, which made them as soft and green as the young rice-fields in the flat land round Yokohama—and I shall see the strange crucifixes which we passed at regular intervals as we mounted up a sunny hill. Why crucifixes in a Protestant land I do not understand, but Louise said, "You must remember that we are no longer in a Protestant part, but near enough to the Rhine for things to be still Catholic."

Much more significant of Germany was a public-house whose title was the "Hereditary Prince," and which I well remember, because it was at the exact point that we left the highway and took a narrower path through the thicker forest.

After that we began to mount and mount, and as we mounted the views became more and more superb and the air felt crisper and crisper, and, just as it had on our journey to Herrenalb, our bodily fatigue vanished,

and our spirits rose to such a state of exaltation that there was soon nothing but joy in our beings—that glorious joy of feeling very much alive in a wonderful world—a world of such transcendent beauty that it seemed to us as if the horizon divided the masterpieces of God's creation from the world of humbler things. This passion of purple hills, this terror of gorges, and this sacredness of the earth's stillness, were they the forces used by the Creator to bring the longed-for assurance to the doubting? I wondered.

Very soon the road became so lonely that a little girl of about ten years old sought companionship by my side. Louise, because we were mounting, was far ahead. As the child walked by my side I wondered if this particular part of the forest held some horror for her; she had been gathering wild raspberries, and ought to have been taking them home, but whenever I stopped to admire some spur in the forest, where the rocks caught the sunlight, and the glades were gay with the purple of tall foxgloves, she stopped too, and if I picked fine specimens of Canterbury bells she made a pretence of picking some at the same moment; and if I halted to gaze back upon the beautiful world I was leaving behind me she halted too; but it was never to admire the scenery, for her youthful eyes had grown accustomed to the far-receding hills, bathed in their purple mists, and to the blackness of the forest at their base. The fact was that she had never seen me before, and although people must ever be pathetically ordinary to themselves, she somehow found me in some wise different from the women of her own country. As we could not converse with each other, all we could do was to smile, which we did at intervals, and if perchance I dropped my sun-umbrella, she pounced down to pick it up just as though

she were there for that purpose. It would have been a very lonely walk for the child, who, I have little doubt now, thought some evil fairy was ready to pounce out on her from behind the biggest trees, so she kept close to my side until we reached the highest point on our journey, which Louise told me afterwards was about two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level. At that particular point she gave a quick little curtsey, and darted off just as though she had been relieved of some nervous strain.

Louise and I rested there because there was a seat, and some finger-posts with forest literature written on them for Louise to study. We were drawing near enough to Allerheiligen to feel very excited. What would it really be like? Would the seven waterfalls be so much worth talking about, after all?

Very soon we were to discover these facts for ourselves, for the mountain which had taken so long to climb up took a very short time to descend—to descend as far, I mean, only as to Allerheiligen itself, and we descended, I may state, by a short path of zigzags which was cut out of the mountain-side. The high road, I imagine, wound round and round in a very gradual descent.

As we got to the end of the little path we passed some gardens belonging to the hotel, and after that the old abbey rose up directly in front of us. What a heavenly sight it was! But as yet, of course, we could see nothing of the falls, nor can you from the little clearing in which the hotel lies; you have to walk for another twenty-five minutes further down the mountain before you find them.

Louise nearly fell down the remaining steps of that zigzag path, because her eyes were fixed on the pointed arches and soaring columns, which reminded me in-



stantly, surrounded as it was by spruce pines, of some Gothic ruin in Scotland.

I suppose All Saints is the name which the Duchess Uda of Schauenburg gave to that abbey, which she founded in the year 1196. I could find no name for it, but Louise told me that when the Duchess founded it as a *Prämonstratenser* monastery she dedicated it to All Saints. Anyhow, I know that from the very first moment when we saw its Gothic arches of grey stone trying to rival the trees in their height it imbued us with a great respect for Allerheiligen.

As it was no longer afternoon we resisted giving it more than a passing glance until we discovered whether we could find rooms at the hotel. For what we had thought was a very small village now turned out to be but one hotel and its *dépendances*, with its farm-buildings and the abbey ruins. And so, not without fear in our hearts, we entered the hotel and asked the English-speaking waiter, who afterwards took us under his special protection, if he had any rooms disengaged. When he said that he had, half our fear departed. The other half did not completely vanish until he told us that they would only cost us two marks each per night. Our fear had been that he might charge us almost anything, for it was the height of the season, and he knew that we had travelled on foot and that we should have to travel a good many miles further to find accommodation at other prices, for he knew what we did not know then—that the hotel which lies half a mile beyond the waterfalls, on the road to Oppenau, belongs to the same proprietor as this hotel at Allerheiligen. There is one thing that I am certain of, and that is, that we should have paid five marks willingly if he had asked us.

He showed us two very nice rooms, clean as all bed-

rooms are in Germany, though not of the good old-fashioned order, but built merely for the purpose of accommodating as many visitors as possible under one roof. As they were all that we needed, we said that we would take them, and I must confess that I admired his honesty in not having charged us one cent more than he would have charged us if Allerheiligen had been a health resort which was seeking to make itself known; and it must also be remembered that Allerheiligen lies buried in the forest, and that there is no railway station nearer to it than Ottenhöfen; but, for all that, it is no unfrequented spot, for its beauty is widely known in Germany. During our stay there the main hotel and its *dépendances* were full, and we had the satisfaction of seeing many motors laden with visitors drive away from the door because the host of the inn had told the occupants that there were no bedrooms unoccupied.

I am now convinced that our mode of travelling on foot, with our belongings carried in one small "hand-grip," saved us many, many marks, for Germans are sympathetic towards economy, and not scornful of it, as other nations are, except here and there where they have become demoralised by the contact of other less simple peoples than themselves.

We did not waste one minute in ridding ourselves of our luggage, because we had ordered coffee and bread and jam to be sent to us under the trees, where a row of little tables were arranged against a portion of the old monastery wall which faced the hotel. That wall, I discovered later, once enclosed the monks' garden. It was a splendid place to have our meals, because while we ate them we could see the abbey and at the same time keep a watch on the fresh arrivals who motored up to the door, or who came, as we had done, down the steep zigzag path,

carrying their own luggage to save expense. That first evening we were absolutely delighted with ourselves as we drank our coffee at a little table, with the prospect before us of exploring the beauties of the place at our leisure. We spoke so much of that leisure; Louise even suggested that I should rest for the greater part of the next day, on account of my sleeplessness, and that while I was resting I could make notes about the place. I cannot help smiling as I look back upon what really did happen and upon the manner in which she let me rest. Every minute of the day it was, "Oh, do come and look at this!" or, "Do let us walk down to the bottom of the falls by moonlight!" and that, after having already visited them earlier in the day, and their lowest depth is three hundred feet below the level of the hotel! Or it would be, "Can't we climb the tower, and see the sunset play on the ruins?" Or, "It is a good time now to find out all the rocks mentioned in the legend of the gipsy girl's love," and I willingly consented, for no matter how much we had done, we had always energy left to do more in that glorious mountain air. The difficulty was to sit still.

At the present moment I can think of no other spot on earth to which I would so confidently send an invalid suffering from overwork as to Allerheiligen.

After we had finished our coffee we contented ourselves that evening with wandering about the ruins of the abbey, which, as far as I could discover, must, with its monastery, have occupied almost the entire breadth of the wood, for portions of the boundary wall, exquisitely cushioned with moss, kept appearing and reappearing as we wandered by the side of the waterfalls the next morning. It must have been, I imagine, a very important seminary in the Middle Ages. The famous legend of



Allerheiligen deals with the love story of one of its students, named Junker Joseph von Wessenburg in Strassburg, who fell in love with a beautiful gipsy girl whom he met on the mountain-side above the monastery.

A few moments before our dinner we unexpectedly found ourselves in a beautiful little garden entirely composed of old grey stone and water, which at once sent my thoughts flying to the sixteenth-century gardens I have seen in Italy, such as the water garden at the Villa Lante. In this monastery garden there were squares of water, with a jet d'eau rising out of each, and grey balustrades of soft old stone going all round them. These divisions of water rose, one above the other, in the manner of Italian terrace-gardens. I thought how charming it must have looked in the good old days when the monks, who loved their gardens, filled the stone vases with flowers to decorate the balustrades—flowers which would have reflected their beauty in the waters, as did the blue of the heavens. To-day that water-garden has no floral decorations, and yet it is delightful; as is all Allerheiligen, with its sloping banks, where not monks, but German peasants, were making hay, even far into moonlight hours, and its dark mountains, soaring almost perpendicularly above the little clearing, which the devout disciples of St. Bernard of Cluny stole from the primeval forests eight centuries ago. Allerheiligen has no smooth meadows; it does not lie in one of the peaceful valleys of which I have spoken; it is hidden from the jealous eyes of man in the very bosom of the mountains. But it has, of course, a splendid water supply close to its very doors.

They were indeed wise and far-seeing, those Fathers of the Church, though they dreamt not of electrical power when they chose that site for building purposes,

but selected it with the thought uppermost in their mind of the chastisement of the flesh. Centuries ago, before the world of railway trains, and before broad roads intersected those mountains which we call the Black Forest, this settlement of monks and scholars must have lived cut off from the world. In those days all communication with the outer world must have been by walking, or by riding on mules or donkeys, which could pick their way over the passes of the forest. And think of the partings there must have been between parents and children when they were dispatched to the monks for their education !

We were wandering back to the hotel, talking of these things, when I felt Louise give a start. My eyes had been looking at things which they were not seeing, because before them had risen up the great monastery of Monte Oliveto, which lies with the cruel desert of Accona between itself and Siena. I was seeing its precipices and its pitiless surroundings, which add to its characteristic beauty rather than detract from it. But, feeling the girl's agitation, I looked for an explanation. To my surprise I saw the figure of Herr Freedy Stumpf coming towards us.

"Ach so," he said, with an elaborate bow and an equally elaborate lifting of his hat, "you have, then, found your way to Allerheiligen ? And it is good, yes ?"

"And you ?" I said. "You did not tell me that you also were going to find your way here ?"

He smiled that very winning smile of his, which always explained to me why he was lucky enough to have made Louise feel as she did towards Anna, and as he smiled he said, "I had only hoped, and it was such a little hope."

"That little hope," I said, "was evidently father to

the deed, and I am very glad you have come, because, although we have not quarrelled yet, Louise and I, we have only had each other to talk to since we left Nordeck."

At my words he smiled again, in such a way that I knew he meant that I might consider myself a jolly lucky woman.

As Louise was looking distinctly embarrassed, which is scarcely to be wondered at, I tried to save her feelings by saying, "If you can spare a little time from your studies each day, will you take pity upon us and show us the sights of the place?"

"You are very kind," he said, "to allow me so much honour. The work I have to do I can finish each day before yours is begun. Then all my time will be at your disposal, if you are kind enough to wish it so."

This remark showed me very clearly that there was no Anna Schmidt hanging like a millstone round his neck at Allerheiligen, and that Freedy Stumpf had very cleverly arranged quite a nice little holiday for himself.

When Louise asked him how long he had been in Allerheiligen he answered her in German, so I could not understand what he said, but I know that it was something to the effect that he had packed up his books and left Marburg the evening of the same day that we had, so that if by any chance we did go to Allerheiligen he could not possibly miss us.

And now I must mention a curious little incident which happened as we ate our dinner that night—an incident which was to bear fruit at a later date on our travels. Freedy was serving me to a portion of the omelette, which, with salad and good coffee, was all that we had ordered for our meal, because we had eaten so heartily of the bread and jam at tea, when the waiter knocked Freedy's pocket-book, which he had laid beside his beer



jug, off the table. He had been looking for a little railway time-table it contained before the omelette had appeared. The waiter picked up the contents, which had distributed themselves on the floor, and Louise handed him back the pocket-book. Then we went on eating our omelette. But, later on, when the waiter appeared again with the coffee, he stooped down and picked up something which he had overlooked and laid it on Herr Stumpf's plate. Louise's quick eye took in at a glance that it was a *Königlich-Preussische-Lotterie* ticket.

"Do you often buy lottery tickets?" she asked. "My father does; it is one of the many silly ways in which he gets rid of his money. I wish I had all the marks he has spent on stupid shares which come to nothing."

"You forget," I said, "what they have done for him."

"What do you mean?" she said.

I then told her what a waiter had once told me in Venice when I asked him why he threw good money away every week on lottery tickets. "Signora," he said, "I am a poor man, but I still can afford to buy a little hope on Monday mornings. It only costs me twenty centesimi and lasts for a whole week."

Herr Stumpf laughed, and Louise said, "It is better than buying the drink of forgetfulness, as they do every Saturday night in London, and not so deteriorating for the race."

Herr Stumpf put his lottery ticket back in his pocket-book, saying as he did so, "I will keep it for good luck. It is the last of three which I bought in the *Königlich-Preussische-Lotterie*. I sold the other two because I so very much wanted some money during this last term at the university."

As I have said before, it is impossible for me ever to write the actual words which Herr Stumpf so ingeniously

employed to convey his meaning in English, for I have forgotten them now, so when he is speaking in my journal the reader must imagine to himself something just as quaintly German in pronunciation as his name suggests.

After that our talk turned to other things, and not another thought was given to the subject of lottery tickets. Louise asked Herr Stumpf about the waterfalls and how to get to them, and together they translated for my benefit portions of the legend relating to the student Junker Joseph von Wessenburg, whose tragic end took place from one of the high rocks overhanging the deepest part of the gorge. I liked the name of Junker Joseph, together with Freedy Stumpf—they seemed to be good enough for the principal characters of a comic opera, but neither Louise nor Freedy himself seemed to see anything particularly funny about them. Louise gaily proposed that Freedy should translate the whole of the legend with her help, for she said that he could write and read English almost as well as she could. I accepted her offer gratefully, because I not only wanted to know the story, but because I thought it would give the couple a fine chance of enjoying each other's society, without feeling that they were neglecting me.

And this is the legend, as I had it hot from the pen of Freedy Stumpf. No one need read it unless he is so minded, for it in no way relates to the practical theme of my journal.

#### THE LEGEND OF ALLERHEILIGEN

When Allerheiligen was still the home of its learned monks, and in possession of its famous school, many noble families sent their sons there for tuition in languages and other branches of learning. It so happened that Junker Joseph von Wessenburg in Strassburg, a scion of

a noble patrician family, spent several years at Allerheiligen as a pupil of the pious brothers.

Joseph was a lively, warm-hearted, richly gifted youth, who highly repaid the care and attention of his teachers, and knew well how to earn their confidence in a high degree. Almost daily he went to the lonely forest in his spare time, quite occupied with thoughts of his future: for the time was near at hand for him to return to his parents' house.

One day Joseph wandered far from the monastery and ventured to climb to the summit of the mountain. Here he let his gaze travel towards his home—there where his loved ones lived, and surely often thought of their distant son. Suddenly he saw below, by the cavern of the dark grotto, where single firs and beeches bent over the wildly dashing mountain torrent, the ravishing Erda, the black-eyed daughter of the gipsy band who had at that time pitched their tent near Allerheiligen. Joseph soon found himself at her side, and the gipsy girl only too gladly opened her heart to the fiery words of the beautiful and virile boy with which he wooed her. From that time the youth went daily to the rock cavern. But the tender ideals of the lovers had no other end in view but to be sanctified by priestly blessing. But first Erda's proud neck must bend to the saving teachings of the Cross.

The lovers therefore decided to confide in one of the monks, who would first instruct Erda in the teachings of Christianity and later baptise her. This, they hoped, would incline the priest to undertake their marriage, and afterwards acquaint the parents of the young man with the *fait accompli*.

The young nobleman owned a costly ring, on the possession of which, according to family tradition, the happiness of the owner depended. Joseph knew well the



secret, but Erda's happiness seemed more to him than his own. To give his chosen bride a proof of his fidelity and love, he made her a present of the ring. At the same time, he bade her wear it hidden over her heart till the moment when the priestly blessing should unite them for ever. Full of happiness and bliss, the eye of the brown maid hung on the glittering jewel.

Highly delighted, she showed it to the aged gipsy mother who had cared for her from childhood, and confided to her the sweet secret of her love. Long and attentively the old one examined the ring. Then, in the solemn tone of a prophetess, she said, "Erda, my darling, do not remove this jewel one moment from your breast until you are bound to the man of your love as wife, because if you decorate your hand with it sooner, the sun of your life will be for ever extinguished."

From now on Erda wore the happiness-bringing jewel on a silk ribbon near her heart by day and by night.

Already the happy day of their union was drawing nigh; for, because of the young man's honest intention and the ardour with which Erda embraced the Christian faith, one of the Brothers consented to be appointed to undertake the ecclesiastical union of the couple, and to prepare them for the solemn and important function.

Full of blissful rapture, the newly baptised Erda sat on the morning of the day, the evening of which would see her a bride, in a sheltered nook between the cliffs, where the lovers had so often held a sweet rendezvous. Only too slowly the time went round, and wistfully Erda gazed at the sinking evening sun, which was gradually hiding behind the high mountains, and he threw his last rays on Erda's shining hair, and filled her heart with inexpressible delight.

At this moment the silly girl forgot the gloomy prophecy

of her anxious foster-mother, and drew the ring from her dress, released it from her neck, and let it glitter in the last rays of the departing sun. Oh! how burningly they caressed the costly stones, like the colours of a rainbow! Then Erda put the sparkling ring on her finger, to see how it would look there; then she drew it off again, only to put it back directly. So she continued her innocent play.

The sun had long vanished behind the mountains.

High up in the cleft of the rocks a pair of ravens were nesting. At this moment they left their nest to fetch food for their young, and with loud caws they fluttered round the high heads of the pines with their black wings. The innocent Erda took no notice of their actions, till suddenly a shadow fell on her hand and the ring, and the shrill voices of the black ravens screamed in her ears. Startled, Erda let the ring fall. At once one of the thieving ravens grabbed it in his sharp beak and carried it aloft to the gloomy cleft in the cliffs.

With a loud cry she sank to the ground, and the rocks echoed her cries. Bathed in tears, she went to meet her bridegroom, who was striding along to find his love in a happy mood. Despairingly she threw herself on his breast, and under a stream of tears she told him of her mishap.

"Console yourself, Erda, and rely on me," said the youth, full of courage and action. "I will get the ring back which you, to my great delight, so highly prize."

Trustfully Erda dried her tears, then she firmly believed that to her lover all was possible, and did not question how. With curiosity and a light heart she watched the preparations which Joseph made to regain the ring for her.

Confidently she hurried away to her tent to dress for her wedding ; but Joseph went to his death.

With the help of two comrades the enthusiast undertook his hazardous enterprise—to climb the Rabenfelsen (Ravens' Cliff), and to take from the thieves the stolen jewel.

He was hanging to the rope quite near to the ravens' nest : he stretched out his hand to the glittering ring, and threateningly the ravens flew away, when his strength gave out and the rope slipped from his nerveless hands. Still he clung, half unconscious, to the branch of a tree. But it broke under his weight, and the unfortunate boy fell from crag to crag, from each of which he received a gaping wound, into the yawning gulf, which received him in an annihilating embrace.

At the appointed hour Erda went in her bridal attire to the peaceful monastery, there at the altar to be united to her lover. As she did not find her bridegroom there she hurried, driven by an anxious foreboding of evil, to the lonely cliff, which she had left such a short time ago full of joy and hope. When she arrived she saw the dreadful thing which had happened. Filled with inexpressible pain, the unhappy girl clasped a tree-stem near by, to look down into the gaping depths at the mutilated body of her lover.

Suddenly the earth slipped away from under her feet and she fell over the moss-covered cliff ridges, from rock to rock, to the foaming granite bed, the tossing waters of which took the lacerated body and deposited it next to the desouled shell of her bridegroom, buried in the depths.

The pines darkened Joseph and Erda's grave, and the torrent in its rushing sang the two in-death-united lovers their last *Schlummerlied*.

. . . . .



If Freedy Stumpf forgot Anna Schmidt that night, as he translated the legend with Louise, is it to be wondered at? For Louise was not the sort of girl to remain wholly unaffected by atmospheric surroundings. The stillness of the woods was very near to them, filling the air with its passion of elemental things: the open arches of the abbey were above them, holding in their old stones the prayers and privations of departed souls—souls who had been starved of the joys of material union: the sudden screeches of the owls from the darkness may have brought them nearer to each other quite quickly. And I, being not too old to remember that it is not always moonlight, found much to occupy my thoughts and keep me at a kindly distance. As I wandered in and out and round about the shell of that old Cluniac abbey, it seemed to me pathetically lonely—it was like the ghost of something bound to the forests, which could not get free.

These buildings, which were created by the fervour and passion of the Catholic religion, would have seemed to me woefully unloved had they been in Lutheran surroundings. Never could they have been reared on the cold food of the reformer's religion. Is there any unbiassed mind, I wonder, which can imagine the dogma of Calvin or Luther inspiring men to create a Strassburg Cathedral or a Westminster Abbey?

As I sat looking up at the high points of the Gothic arches I remembered the old Moslem saying: "Whosoever buildeth God a place of worship, God buildeth him a house in Paradise." There can be little doubt but that these old Cluniac Fathers are enjoying the gardens of Paradise now.

I must not attempt to describe the falls—that is to say, while Louise is alive to read it, for I should have her hurrying to me and telling me that I had forgotten this

or forgotten that, or that my words entirely failed to convey the awfulness of the *Sieben Büthen*, as Freedy called the seven cauldrons, or the marvellous grandeur of the cliffs which rose above them, and most of all should I fail to convey how deliciously absurd I looked in their eyes as I held on to the hand-rail of the little green stone stair which takes you down the precipitous sides of each of these seven cauldrons. I know that I must have looked absurd, because I was so giddy that I had to come down sitting, as children come downstairs.

That gorge in the wood was caused by an earthquake, and the *Gründenbach* literally hurls itself over precipices and giant boulders in its demoniacal haste to reach the valley, three hundred feet below. Seven times on its wild journey is it caught and held in a cauldron of inky darkness, where it writhes and swirls, and surges in a hellish rage, and seven times it leaps out again, only to be flung more mercilessly over another precipice, so gigantic that the white foam of its speed is blown to the tops of the green trees. To pass these cauldrons is to feel their steaming breath, which comes from the underworld, the breath from the nostrils of the god who has his home in the seventh.

I have seen divers waterfalls in divers lands, each one with its peculiar charm which so pleased me at the time that I have said, "This is the most beautiful," and "That is the most beautiful," but Time, who alone can decide the enduring greatness of all things, has arranged them in their proper order, and even obliterated some of them from my memory. One little "Vermicelli" waterfall in Japan, in the heart of a dark wood, has been awarded a lasting place. Perhaps the red camellia flowers which were scattered at its base had something to do with its enduring quality. The classic falls of Tivoli, too, have

endured. These I saw when I was a girl, when their capricious folly played behind a veil of seven jealous rainbows. Vivid, too, are the falls at Terni, exquisite in their mystic woods, where Pan and the nymphs are still playing. What, I wonder, will that lenient God, who can also be so pitiless, do for the seven falls at Allerheiligen?

Shall I ever forget those mad waters in their heaving race to reach the light—the light in that green valley below? Will the little bridges, where I shivered as I stood, exist no more? Will the endless roar of the bounding falls become still? Will the tall fir trees seem less dark as they soar from the heights of the cliffs above into the vault of blue overhead? Will the falls of Allerheiligen ever do anything else but give me joy and fear in the same breath when I think about them?

I find that I cannot give any minute details about our days in Allerheiligen, for in my picture of it I can only see over and over again the hills and the abbey and the falls, and then again the falls and the abbey and the hills. They were our delight, and our food for dreams. If I were to give an account of each visit we paid to the falls, my readers would call out, "Oh, words, words, words!" And, indeed, we used strange words when we spoke about them. By moonlight they were endearing words, which might seem absurd when written in cold blood, but dear indeed were the falls and the hills to us, and our home, which lay like a broody hen hatching her chicks under the quiet heavens in a nest encircled by hills.

But I am going to be practical and mention that we had an excellent lunch off bread and cheese in a little inn which looked down on fold upon fold of green-clad mountains—mountains which lapped and overlapped each other until their outline was lost in the soft





THE RUINED MONASTERY WHICH GAVE ALLERHEILIGEN ITS NAME

By Margaret Thomas

TO THE  
MEMBERS

blue distance. This little inn at Lierbachtal, which lies about half a mile from the falls, was quite full of young mothers with little children, who had obviously come there for the summer holidays. As I have said, they were half a mile from the falls, but I doubt if that would be far enough for the safety of English children, who are not so well brought up to obey the written command of *verboten*.

After our lunch, as we returned to the hotel, we got Herr Stumpf, who had accompanied us, to point out the rocks mentioned in the various legends—the legend of the *Edelfrauengrab*—the Noble Lady's Grave—and the cauldron where the lovers met their doom. And then he told us, as we sat on the *Studentenfelsen*—the Student's Rock—the very charming legend relating to the choosing of the site of the abbey.

Herr Stumpf was doing his best to make us live up to the historical interest of his beloved Allerheiligen. That Student's Rock which he led us to overlooked a world so awesome, and yet withal so beautiful, that the thought suggested itself to my mind that Luther might have used it for his study, wherein to contemplate the wonders of his Creator. It looks over a world of so great a making that mankind feels humbled to the dust, which is a truly Lutheran aspect of His teachings. Even a honeymooning couple, I think, could scarcely feel sense enough of their humanity to make love in such surroundings. The effect it had upon Louise was to keep her very, very quiet, but she talked more gaily again as we sat in the little stone-walled circles, which are placed as seats for the weary at convenient intervals as you journey up from the falls, and reminded me of Druids' tumuli. I do not know if the kindly monks of old built these seats, or how they came to be there, but they are delightfully



picturesque—green, and moss-covered by Time. And what excellent picnic places they make for excursionists!

Calabrian bagpipes were playing in front of the hotel when we got back, and very absurdly out of place they seemed. We had coffee, and bread and butter, and jam, below our favourite trees, and a delightful rest.

As I was anxious to let Louise stay by me, or leave me, just as she pleased, I insisted upon my immediate need to write some letters and post cards. But I had not written many before she appeared again, and urged me to go for "just a little walk." This time it was to be up into the woods behind the hotel, and we should find the Angel's Pulpit and Luisenruhe—Louise's Rest. When I asked her why she did not go and find her rest alone with Freedy Stumpf, she did not answer for a moment, but sat down very suddenly and drew her chair to my side.

"Well?" I said, waiting for her answer.

"Well," she said, "I want you to come, because if Freedy and I are going to go on remembering that there is an Anna Schmidt—and we ought to think of her, you know—we had better not go alone."

"Oh, very well," I said, "I'll come. Why think of Anna Schmidt? After all, they are not engaged."

"Oh, but you don't understand," she said, rising from her seat; "you may fall in love with poor girls, but you must marry rich ones—or, at least, ones with money—if you are a German, and as poor a one as Freedy. And it's no use letting yourself be the one whom he falls in love with. It is not a very dignified game to play, is it?"

Remembering what Balzac said about a woman, that she is a coquette so long as she knows not love, I rose to go with Louise, who was evidently beginning to doubt her powers of playing the coquette with Freedy Stumpf.

“Very well,” I said, “I will come. But who will keep him mindful of Anna Schmidt, with her middle-class figure and middle-class fortune, when the moon is shining on the ruins to-night? For at that hour I really will not consent to be a spoil-sport again. I owe my translation of the legend to Freedy, and we also owe him the whole joys of Allerheiligen, so I shall not be such a mean——!”

Louise smiled. “Sufficient for the hour is the chaperon thereof,” she said; “and sometimes you are quite a dear.”

And I really thought I was rather a dear, considering the fact that my ill-luck in the matter of bedrooms had followed me to Allerheiligen. I was afraid, when I stormed Louise’s bedroom at 2.30 a.m. with this my last tale of woe, that she might look upon it as a sort of growing idiosyncrasy of mine, and truly I must have looked a most ludicrous vision of the night, wrapped up in my bed-quilt—for my *Handpäck* admitted of no dressing-gown—and trailing my bed-clothes behind me, but she was good enough to invite me to share her narrow bed, where we lay stretched out like two mummies in our fear of pushing each other off the edge.

When I told the chambermaid the next morning of my moonlight flitting, she laughed heartily.

“What you say is quite true, madame, and it is the landlord himself. He is too fond of——” She threw back her head with a good imitation of swallowing.

“But,” I said, “I never knew that a human being could make such a noise—of course, I do not know Germany well.”

I then indicated what I had heard.

“Ja, ja, it is like that. His beautiful wife and young children have had to leave him.”

“ Well,” I said, “ there is one thing I want to do before I leave Allerheiligen, and that is, see what such a human monster looks like.”

“ He sits in the office all day long,” she said ; “ you can buy post cards there. It is very sad, for he has a good business.”

“ Which means that he has good servants to manage it for him,” Louise said.

She laughed. “ Ja, so, Fräulein. But, in spite of all, he has a good head.”

I know that it was rather small-minded of me, but for the moment I was rather glad that at last we had struck a thoroughly drunken German, who was a greater brute in his cups than any whisky drunkard I have ever seen in my own land.

The woman at once offered to change my room. “ No one could sleep next door to him,” she said ; “ that is quite true.”

And that is the reason why I considered that I deserved to sit quite still for the remainder of that day and evening. But I did not wish to sit for long, for not only did we visit the Angel’s Pulpit, from which you can see all the kingdoms of the heavens spread before you, but we paid another visit to the falls later on in the evening. And after that we wandered into the abbey, whose tall arches we had to pass every time we went to our rooms, which were situated in the *dépendance* behind the mother-house.

It was quite true what Louise said, that the air of Allerheiligen gives you a sort of fever for perpetual motion : your energies are so stimulated that it becomes irksome to remain still : bodily fatigue seems impossible.

After I had been in my room for some little time—



I had left Louise and Freedy Stumpf seated on the balustrade of the water-garden, having received a promise from Louise that she would look into my room to say good night in about half an hour's time—a knock came to my door, and she entered. I saw that she was in no light humour, and that she had something to tell me.

“Would you mind very much moving on to-morrow morning?” she said. “It would give us one day more in Nuremberg.”

“Not at all,” I said. “I think it would be a very good plan, for this place is like Nordeck—you could be perfectly happy if you spent months and months in it, but you have really seen all that there is to be seen quite easily in two days. But please let us start early, so that we can dawdle as long as we like in the forest.”

“But we must start very early, whether we want to or not, for I have not the slightest idea what time the train starts for Stuttgart.”

“Then is Stuttgart to be our next strategical point?” I asked.

“Yes. Freedy says that we must walk from here to Zuflucht through the forest, and we shall there most probably be able to pick up a post-motor, which will take us to Freudenstadt. But he is not at all sure when that post-motor goes.”

“It all sounds delightfully problematic,” I said, “but it really doesn't much matter. So hadn't you better tell our friend the waiter that we shall want our breakfast at six o'clock, and with it our bill? How glorious the forest will be at that early hour!”

“I will go and tell him,” Louise said, “and it will be just as good as having another day in Allerheiligen, if we spend it in the woods.”

“Oh, that's all right,” I said; “and if you remember,

we were only to give a third day to Allerheiligen, if we simply couldn't tear ourselves away." I looked at her with an expression in my eyes which made her say :

"The tear will be just too awful, won't it? But another whole day would only make it worse."

"And another moonlight night," I said. She appeared not to notice my innuendo.

"And the worst of it is there can be no half-measures in Allerheiligen ; it must be all or nothing."

"Has it come to that ? "

"Oh no ! I mean," she said, "that we can't stay for another half-day, for we must start early or not at all, if we wish to arrive at Stuttgart by nightfall."

"Then good night," I said, "and add one petition to your prayers—that the landlord as well as myself has not changed his room, or that his brother with the equally purple face, whom we saw in his office, has not got his room on the other side of the one I've changed into."

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE MARVELS OF FREUDENSTADT CHURCH

THE next morning we were off and into the woods again by 6.20, after having paid our bill of eleven marks and eighty-five pfennigs each, which covered two nights' lodgings, two teas, and two dinners and two breakfasts each. This was a little more than we had been accustomed to paying, but how marvellously moderate it was, considering the fact that it was the height of the season, and the place was frequented by obviously wealthy people! The waiter told me that for a longer stay than we made families can be taken in for six marks per day.

As we climbed the steep bank which rises above the abbey ruins—the very bank down which we had rushed with so much excitement two days before—to steal one last look at the abbey ruins, and the view of Allerheiligen in all its completeness, because the way which we had to take we knew would afford us no view, owing to the wealth of trees which came between the road and the settlement, we saw a little farm of seedling pine trees. I have never seen such teeny-weeny trees. They had obviously been sown from pine-cone seeds in little trenches, like potatoes. The ground seemed very dry, and the bank was very sunny. I suppose these baby trees belonged to the landlord of the inn, who was compelled to obey the order of replacing all felled trees in the forest with young ones. I saw, of course, hundreds of little trees which had sown themselves in the forest itself, but none of them were visible without



looking for them until they were much older than these minute trees of which I have been speaking.

It was glorious walking through the waking world, which had not a human soul in it but our two selves. Its cleanness and freshness, and the sweetness of Nature, at that hour made the still woods seem exquisitely sacred. We passed through them almost as one walks with hushed steps through a vast place of worship. We had plenty of time to climb the steepest gradient before the heat mist in the valley below began to move slowly upwards. During that time there had been no sound but the petulant rushing of the river, and no movement but the occasional flight of a bee across our sunlit path, or a lifting in the pine trees, which seemed like the waking of sound sleepers, sighing at the advent of a new day.

We reached Zuffucht at 9.15. The place consisted, so far as I could see, of one sanatorium planted down on an open, windy spot—excellent from a health point of view, but to us desperately uninteresting after Allerheiligen. There we drank a cup of good coffee, while Louise interviewed the proprietor upon the subject of going by post-motor to Freudenstadt. He told us that no motor called at Zuffucht till about midday, but that he could send us by carriage to Alexanderschanze (Alexander's Entrenchment), where we could pick up a motor which would take us to Freudenstadt. We accepted his offer, which was to cost us one mark fifteen each.

I remember now how lazy we thought all the guests in that hotel, who were having their breakfast in a sort of verandah covered with glass, through which we had to pass to reach the hotel itself. It was really a very reasonable hour for breakfast, but we were puffed out, like pouter pigeons, with the horrible self-righteousness of early risers.

Alexanderschanze is the highest point in the Kniebis pass. It is about three thousand feet above sea-level. How cold it was, and how desperately uninteresting the place seemed! Anæmic-looking little boys were being drilled in gymnasium exercises, under a group of pine trees, by very tall instructors, while their fat father did hideous gymnastics at a little distance off by himself. Near the same pine grove the womenkind amongst the guests were sitting in thick knitted coats, knitting other dreadful-looking garments. The only people in the place who seemed to be enjoying themselves were three fat elderly women, who were obviously not going in for an open-air cure, but were sitting in a very warm eating-room, playing bridge while they drank coffee and ate rolls and butter.

After we had finished our lunch we went outside and waited for the motor, which presently dashed up, and out of it sprang a very smart and good-looking young man, not at all my idea of a post-motor chauffeur. He was no sooner out of it than we sprang into it, to secure good places, for it was just like an ordinary private motor-car, with accommodation for five passengers inside. But we need not have been in a hurry, for the only other passenger who got in at that point was a German lady, who was on a walking tour with her husband. She had left him behind at some point, I think because she wanted a rest, and he wanted to make a detour. But she was to meet him again that night. And I remember now that the distance she had walked made us feel quite ashamed of ourselves, especially as she was burdened with all the usual trappings of a German on a walking tour.

After we had gone downhill for about five minutes we stopped at another hotel, which constituted a village,

and there we picked up a passenger. This time it was a doctor, who seemed to be very un-German, both in type and dress, although he was not without his big brown hairy cloak. As we watched him say good-bye to his sister, whom he had comfortably settled in this remote hotel with her children for their summer holiday, and had patiently waited until that motor was packed full of, and covered over with, and hung about by, almost every conceivable form of package that even a German mind can manage, we little thought how friendly we should feel towards him before we had parted from him that same afternoon.

As there were only four of us altogether we naturally very soon got into conversation with each other, but I think what really opened up the way to our rapid friendship was the kindness and sympathy the doctor showed towards me in my foolish nervousness as we descended about eight hundred feet. We came down it at a pace which was really horrible, and I, who have never been seasick, even in a typhoon in the Northern Pacific, was suddenly made to understand the terror some people have of a sea voyage, for I was horribly seasick as we turned round the sharp corners. How thankful I was when we got to the bottom of that mountain road, down which I should have so much enjoyed walking! It seemed to me a grim sarcasm that I should be paying three marks for enduring a drive which was mental, as well as physical, torture to me. For have I not already written myself down a coward? But I do not think that the other occupants of the motor-car, even though they did not feel so frightened as I did, enjoyed the sensation of going round these precipice corners on the inside edge of the wheel, so to speak. I kept saying to myself, "Supposing, after all, we are not to see Rothen-



burg, but are just to lie in a crushed heap at the bottom of that dark gully instead? ” And this because we had gone by motor through the woods, instead of, in the good old pilgrims’ way, on foot!

These thoughts were mere cowardice, I know, but at such moments my imagination becomes terribly acute.

If at that time it seemed a sarcasm to me that we should have paid three marks for that motor drive, how much more so did it appear when we arrived at Freudenstadt, and discovered that there was no train for Stuttgart until about four o’clock that afternoon! At first this news sounded very doleful, for there did not seem to be very much to do in Freudenstadt, which is a little manufacturing town, founded in the year 1599 by Protestant refugees from Austria, and which, because of its good air—for it is two thousand three hundred and eighty-two feet above sea-level—has become a summer health resort. Duke Frederick christened it Friedrichstadt, but the inhabitants changed it later on to Freudenstadt (Town of Happiness), because of its prosperity and peace. It is certainly very peaceful and self-respecting, and we saw no disfiguring signs of health-resort hotels or unsightly factories. It lies in the Württemberg circle of the forest, on the right bank of the Murg.

As we left our motor companions the tall doctor said to us, “ There is a very remarkable church in Freudenstadt. Don’t forget to go and see it.” So after we had examined a rather picturesque seventeenth-century fountain in the square, and had given a casual glance over the greater part of the by no means unattractive but not really interesting little town, and had uttered a complaint or two about having rushed through that wood in case we should miss our train, we remembered

the doctor's words, and off we started to find that oddest of odd churches.

How can I describe its peculiar and unecclesiastical charm? To me its interior suggested a beautifully coloured, seventeenth-century casket, its sides covered with a wealth of figures, and fruits, and flowers in high relief. Its oddness consisted, in the first place, in its form, for it has two naves, built at right angles to each other, and in this respect it is surely like no other church on earth—certainly no other church that I have ever seen, and they are many. In the second place, for a Protestant church built in Protestant times it is the gayest and most light-hearted temple of worship imaginable. What the church authorities were doing to allow such a sensuous effect of colour, and such dearly human details in the designs, I cannot imagine, for truly, although the main object of the decoration is to illustrate Biblical scenes, they are deliciously un-Biblical in effect, and the little band of monkeys, and birds, and fruits, and flowers which runs below the deep frieze on the galleries would have found favour even in the eyes of Lorenzo the Magnificent himself.

The interior of the church seemed to me more like a beautiful music-hall, built for some colour-loving Medici, in spite of the fact that a huge stone crucifix stood up at the meeting of the two naves, than a German Protestant church. And one asked oneself the question why a crucifix loomed large in a Protestant church. Was it that happy chance put it in the way of the founders of the church, whose desire was to beautify it by any means, and who accordingly commandeered every ancient object of beauty they could from the monasteries in the neighbourhood, just as it was happy chance which made the architect of the church give it two naves, one for

the men of the town, and the other for the women, because the lie of the land suggested it ?

As we approached it from the outside I said to Louise, " Surely it is a parish school-house, and not a church," for its two deep roofs were well covered with tiny dormer windows, which had a very non-ecclesiastical appearance, and at the gable end of each of the two aisles there was a low, eighteenth-century-looking tower. As I did not know what sort of church we were going to see, I was wholly unprepared for the unusual effect of these two naves at right angles.

We entered by a beautiful porch, half Gothic, half Renaissance. The pointed door is set in a square frame of Renaissance workmanship, which is decorated with an exquisite scroll-work, in stone, projecting from the frame on to the surrounding wall. This scroll-work round the square sandstone doorway was an introduction to the scroll-work which decorates all the windows in the interior of the church. Round the doorway it is in sandstone, and round the windows it is painted in dark brown, which gives the effect of a wrought-iron frame to all the stained-glass windows. This peculiar form of decoration shows up very clearly, because the walls are white, as is all the interior of the church. The effect of this imitation wrought-iron, if I may describe it as such, is charming, if just a little meretricious.

On the outer portals there are scenes in spirited relief, dealing with Biblical subjects ; over the door by which we entered it was the worship of the Child Jesus in the Manger. The eager shepherds were excellently portrayed.

When we entered the church we were both greatly surprised—it was so expressive of light and colour ! And there were the unexpected gallery friezes ! These friezes, in delicate-coloured stucco-work, sent my thoughts



on wings to the square in Pistoia, where the Italian sunshine falls upon that world-beloved frieze. If the Freudenstadt frieze suffers from the faults of its century, one forgets them in one's gratitude for such an adorable mingling of colour and movement. And surely, even to the purist, there can be nothing to cavil at in the gay little band of birds and ripe fruits which borders the gallery frieze? It is not lacking in restraint; it does not show that want of refinement which so woefully betrays the hand of the seventeenth-century master in the features and expressions of the people in the Biblical scenes above.

That frieze is divided by half-life-size figures of the prophets and patriarchs into twenty-six parts. These figures stand upright, and are so spirited that they seem alive as you enter the church. They are in white and gold. The intervening spaces are filled with the usual scenes from the Old and New Testaments, in much lower relief, and coloured in delicate blues and pinks and greens, like the old Gesso figures on sixteenth-century caskets and epergnes. These Biblical scenes are almost as gay in their way as those on the walls of the Riccardi palace in Florence, though I do not suggest that there is the same wealth of gold-leaf beaten on to crowns and spurs and armour-joints on these patriarchs, who stand at even intervals through that pageant of colour, or that the figures are in any way similar to the figure of Lorenzo the Magnificent on his gaily caparisoned steed. The colours on these seventeenth-century friezes are rainbow-tinted, and suggest soft summer hues, not the Byzantine magnificence of mediæval times.

After we had gazed in bewilderment at the interior of this Freudenstadt *Kirche*, a woman appeared and asked us if we would like to see the ancient treasures

which the church contained—treasures brought together for this Protestant building, which had never seen Catholic days, from Catholic strongholds which had dreamt not of perishable homes—homes where the devout Fathers of the Church had devoted their Art each to the making of one sacred object which would be considered worthy of being used in the offices of his Church.

What reverent hands had carved, I wondered, the eleventh-century lectern, which, in all its conventional severity, was such an amazing contrast in periods to the smiling gallery of colour and movement? In this lectern you have the sternest holding to the early traditions of Romanesque sacred art. In it the Four Evangelists, in amazingly straight robes, which fall in close folds to their bare feet, stand with hands upturned backward, for the support of the desk which is to hold the Great Book. And on the four sides of the desk are the symbolical four beasts. In the great cathedral of Monreale, near Palermo, you can see similar types, which the same era in art dictated for the Evangelists, and the same extraordinary beasts. This lectern is carved in wood, and is exquisitely preserved.

We had been examining it so interestedly, for I think I am right in saying that it was one of the earliest pieces of church furniture which Louise had ever seen, that we had not noticed our two motor companions enter the church. When they came up to us we at once greeted the doctor with our heartiest thanks for having put us in the way of spending so unusually interesting a morning. Our lady companion did not stay long in the building, for she had a very long walk ahead of her that day.

The doctor told us that this church had almost miraculously escaped a fire which had burnt nearly the whole

of Freudenstadt, and that it was built in about the year 1604. If it had caught fire, what a woeful tale there would have been to tell, for the groined roof, which is so amazingly effective, is really made of wood, although it is covered with white plaster, to carry out the effect of black and white, which is the predominating scheme in the church. The bosses on the roof have the coats-of-arms of the great German families painted on them. Then there are the galleries, and the beautiful seventeenth-century brown wooden seats with high backs and carved ends, and the exquisite fifteenth-century choir-stalls, all of which would have burnt like a well-seasoned bonfire.

We next examined the fifteenth-century stone crucifix, which stands up boldly over the high altar, carefully screened from a too curious public by a glorious grille of wrought-iron. This crucifix is one of two which are most celebrated in Germany. It is very beautiful, for it has none of the ghastliness in its agony which so pleases the melodramatic Italian, who equally delights in tenderness and horror. In this crucifix the figure of Our Lord is wonderfully divine in His human suffering for the atonement of mankind. It, and the high altar, Gothic-arched and baroque-figured, and the lace-work of iron which surrounds it, make a group of real beauty.

The other truly ancient thing in the church is the eleventh-century font, which is a deliciously primitive Romanesque object. The amorphous beasts, crouching at its base, Louise declared would make a cat laugh at a christening, if they didn't make the child cry, and the water-golliwogs which decorate its basin could not be seen even in that wonder of wonders—the Naples aquarium.

Dr. Hausmann, who has written the only reliable



account—indeed, the only account—of this church, says that one of these monsters represents a female figure. If it does, the artist who carved it could only have had for his model some hellish creature who visited him in his after-dinner dreams, while the beamish beasts, which represent lions, I suppose, are more idiotic in their leering than the most primitive of Comacine lions.

And here I should like to offer up my vote of thanks to Dr. Hausmann for his exquisite book, which you can buy in the church itself for three marks fifty. Alas! it is written in German, but as it is the only descriptive work about the church, I felt deeply grateful to him for having written it. He says he did so as a mark of gratitude to other writers who have done the same thing for unknown churches which he had come across in his travels.

It was in that church that we saw—I think, for the first time—what Louise and I called later on the antler style of wood-carving. We often saw it afterwards over choir-stalls and reredoses. It is fifteenth-century carving, I suppose, although I may be placing it too late, for in Germany you can take it for granted that most things are much older than they seem—except Germans themselves, for the young girls often look like staid matrons, and absolute youths like grave Doctors of Divinity. This stags' antler effect in wood-carving, which is very popular in Southern Germany, may have been suggested, Louise thought, by contact with the forests. It is flamboyant and decorative, and very beautiful, but lacking in the perfect taste of the fourteenth-century work.

And now I must leave that wholly indescribable church to the tender mercies of chance, which has been such a great god in its creation, hoping that it will in some

manner help my readers to see what I have been trying to put before them, and also may send many fellow-travellers to see it, just as it did us.

We returned to the town, where the unknown doctor suggested that we should find an inn and have our lunch. We told him that we had already eaten ours long ago, but that we could quite well do with a second, if it was a very light one. At this, Louise whispered in my ear, "This is going to be quite an expensive day, if we are to have two breakfasts, and two lunches, and two dinners."

Nevertheless, off we started to find a likely place. But before going he asked us if we would allow him to spend the remaining hours till four o'clock with us—if we would, he would postpone his departure until the same time, as it did not signify to him in the least when he got home. As we were out to enjoy ourselves, and he was a very pleasant companion, we said we should be only too delighted if he would do so.

When we got to the inn, which was a very typical one of its kind, he had a complete lunch; it had, in its menu, some local dish made of liver, that he was very anxious for us to try, but we, with our cautious habits, contented ourselves with good bowls of soup, which, as we saw the landlady and her husband and daughter consuming it, we knew would probably be very good.

To pass away the time during that meal the doctor showed us a number of photographs which he had taken of his family, and he carried in his pocket, so that we really seemed to know him quite well before our lunch was over, and as there was still some time to spend, we returned to the square which held the seventeenth-century fountain. He photographed it, while Louise and I filled buckets from its water, and I sincerely hope

that when he looks at that photograph he will think as pleasant thoughts of us as we always think of him when we speak of Freudenstadt.

Still having time to spare, we went, after a possibly decent length of time, as Louise said, to a *Conditorei*, and there again we ate apple tarts, and drank creamy coffee, and told good stories, until it was time to find our way back to the station.

Much as we enjoyed that day, how glad we were to be actually in the train which was to bring us a little nearer to Nuremberg! The ticket for that journey to Stuttgart cost, I think, two marks fifty.

The plain we crossed after leaving Freudenstadt was studded with little towns, with red-roofed houses, which had black and white timber frames. These little towns were generally mothered by one big, whitewashed parish church, whose square tower wore a nightcap of red.

I remember that the train was unusually full of country people, and that I amused myself by watching the anxiety of two young girls who were trying to keep a small baby from disturbing the peace of the community. Their anxiety may have been due to some law which forbids the crying of infants in public places. The poor little wretches may be treated as disturbers of the public peace.

The baby I am speaking of was placed on a gorgeously decorated white pillow, like the sacred *bambini* in Italian pictures, and had its limbs swathed round in the same manner. To keep it securely in its place on the pillow, a beautifully embroidered linen cover was placed over the child, and buttoned securely down to the pillow all round. But if that baby was so imprisoned on that spotless stretcher that it could not move, it made up for its lack of liberty in limbs by using its lungs in the



most defiant fashion. Each time it terrorised its trembling aunts by disturbing the peace of the Fatherland, one of them would dip an india-rubber teat into a jar of honey, and hurriedly push it into its mouth. The look of beatific satisfaction on that baby's face when it tasted the honey generally lasted for about a minute and a half ; then from beatification it changed to querulous anxiety, and from anxiety to rage, and from rage to disgust, and from disgust to open warfare. Out went the useless teat, which no longer gave forth honey, and out at the same moment came yells, which ceased with a laughable suddenness the moment the honeyed teat was again thrust by one of the nervous aunts between its sticky lips. That small infant, securely penned into a pillow, contrived to utterly exhaust its loving guardians before we reached Stuttgart.

## CHAPTER XV

### STUTT GART, THE CAPITAL OF WÜRTTEMBERG

MY impressions of Stuttgart are concentrated into three very vivid memories—a long *Anlage* beside a sheet of water, where lime trees, alive with the enjoyment of bees, cast their shade over a market of vegetables and fruits—a clear voice singing in an empty church the favourite German wedding hymn, a big, new church, which also bordered the shores of that piece of water—and our approach to that hill-encircled city by train. Seven times we saw it appear and disappear, and seven times we imagined that we had come to the end of our journey. This game of hide-and-seek which Stuttgart plays with hills is very provoking in its fascination.

Stuttgart, the capital of Württemberg, the flourishing, wealthy, progressive city, the highly fortified Stuttgart, has no place in my visualising. For never again, I think, did it look so inviting, or so imposing, as when we looked down upon it from the railway train—not even in its Schillerplatz, which holds Thorwaldsen's statue of the poet—that famous statue which was erected, not only by the citizens of Stuttgart, but by every lover of the poet in the Fatherland.

In Stuttgart we were exceedingly lucky in our choice of a place wherein to rest our heads. The first of the two very modest places we tried had not—or, at any rate, they said they had not—two rooms vacant, but only one double-bedded one. We were very often told this, but generally managed to get two when we absolutely refused

to put up with one. In Italy it is the same thing, this desire to make two travellers of one sex do with one room. I expect it is good business to do so, because it leaves all the single rooms free for travellers who come singly, and who could not be expected to share a room, even with the most amiable stranger. And this reminds me of the dormitory quarters which used to prevail in out-of-the-way parts of Sicily. One night, when we arrived at Castrogiovanni, which is not only situated in the middle of Sicily, but in the middle of the clouds, we were told by the landlord of the only inn that he had plenty of sleeping accommodation for our party—there were four of us: three women and one man. We were very glad that he had rooms, because it was late and intensely cold, so cold that the man of our party had his big moustache frozen, which I thought at the time must have been very uncomfortable. When we asked if we could see our rooms, that grave Sicilian said, “Not rooms, signora—room,” saying which, he flung open a door and invited us to enter a room which very much resembled a sixpenny doss-house, I should imagine. This was the general guests’ sleeping-room in that restaurant. And our host was very vexed because we objected to sharing it with all the other travellers who were patronising, through force of circumstances, that isolated inn. It was then that he made the remark, by which he did not mean to throw any reflection upon the Fatherland, that he did not see why we should object, for he had many German tourists, and they never did so. But here let me add that in those early days of Sicily’s popularity Castrogiovanni was seldom visited by the comfort-loving English.

Cardinal Newman, when he lay there for six weeks sick of a fever, had rooms in a monastery.



In our second choice of a house in Stuttgart we got very comfortable rooms, at the cost of two marks each per night. Our good dinner we ate in the garden-restaurant attached to the hotel. It consisted of deliciously cooked macaroni, which we tasted for the first time in Germany, and our favourite *Wienerschnitzel* and some other nice thing which I have forgotten, and as I lost the bill I cannot give the proprietor's name. I only know that our bill was less than we had anticipated, for on arriving he had said that the two marks did not include attendance, and we had *very* good attendance, for which we were not charged. Germans are so often better than their words—or manners. This made me wonder what attendance meant in a German hotel. Was it the washing out of blouses, neckties, and handkerchiefs by the chambermaid to save washing-bills on the part of travellers?

After our early coffee we went into the town, hoping to get a train very soon, for each hour in this modern, uninspiring city seemed one wasted when Nuremberg was so near. But, alas! again our luck had deserted us in a measure, for there was no train till four o'clock in the afternoon, a fact which turned out to be really a piece of good luck, for if there had been an early train we never should have wandered along that delightful *Anlage*, where we bought quite a number of luscious peaches for sixpence, and which eventually led us to the new church of St. John, where we heard that woman singing.

The church was empty when we entered it, and being rather tired we sat down on one of the seats in the nave. Quite unexpectedly a woman began to sing in the organ-loft above us. A few notes sung by that voice were sufficient to tell us that unless we were requested to leave the building there was a treat in store for us. Louise,

who adores music, settled herself in a state of rapturous content. Presently we noticed two women of that indefinite social class so common in Germany walking busily about the church. One of them hastened up to Louise and said :

“ There is going to be a very important wedding in a few minutes. That lady is practising the hymns she is going to sing at it. If you like, you can take a seat up in the chancel, where you will be able to see all that is going on.”

We thanked her, and at once did as she advised. As the church was empty, and it was going to be an important wedding, I thought we should have to wait a very long time for the ceremony, and for the next few minutes we watched carpets being quickly unrolled and spread on the floor of the chancel, right up to the altar steps, and then two chairs being set side by side on the carpet. They were for the bride and for the wretched bridegroom.

Almost directly after that all the guests arrived and took up their places on chairs which were placed in rows on either side of the chancel, under the Gothic arches. The ladies were in evening dress, *décolleté*, and a good number of the men wore military uniforms ; the rest were in evening dress. When the very girlish bride and the tall bridegroom appeared they took their seats upon the horribly conspicuous chairs. The bridesmaids, who were dressed in white, sat in the front rows of the chancel seats.

How I pitied that young bridegroom, who, unlike the bride, had no veil wherewith to cover his blushes while he sat on that chair listening to the lengthy address of the clergyman, who evidently was an old friend of the bride's family, and who talked to him very earnestly and pathetically upon the subject of his wife being an

only child, who was leaving her devoted parents and trusting herself into his keeping. She really looked little more than a child. With all eyes upon him, the young man stood the test bravely, and I said to myself as he did it, "It must take a very great deal of love to bring a man to that point of endurance." And I wondered how many marriages there would be in England if our wedding service were such a form of torture. The German bridegroom was talked at for about twenty minutes. After the address we heard the exquisite voice in the gallery singing the beautiful old marriage hymn, and yet again we heard it as the bride and bridegroom walked down the aisle of the church. During a wedding service in Germany the doors of the church are kept jealously closed, and you cannot get out until it is over—a thing which we certainly did not wish to do while there was the least chance of hearing any more of that voice.

I think that marriage ceremony in Stuttgart was one of the most humanly interesting things we saw on our tour. But why, oh why, may I ask, did they not let the populace in to see? What is the use of having a fine wedding if there is no one to admire it?

There were some very good-looking people amongst the guests. One fair girl might very well have been the original of one of Greuze's guileless portraits, such a miracle of fairness was her colouring, and so rounded with the softness of youth was her throat. Her wistfully innocent face stood out in amazing contrast to a tall, very slender woman, whose purely classical features were just a little too severe to be beautiful. Her skin was—and here I am not exaggerating—of the tone of rich, sunburnt terra-cotta. She reminded me of some figure I have seen in a Florentine collection of the Donatello



period. Her *décolleté* dress was purple, and I cannot imagine what she would have looked like in the daylight if it had been of white. Nevertheless, she was a most beautiful woman, and typically un-German, or, at least, so I should have declared two weeks before.

As Louise and I watched the singer of these beautiful hymns descend the choir stair and walk quietly off into the town all by herself after the wedding ceremony was over, we said to each other, "How is it possible that such a very ordinary-looking human thing can hold such a divine organ of sound inside her?"

After seeing the wedding we lunched in Stuttgart in a little restaurant which was wholly un-German in its want of cleanliness and freshness. We resented the general slackness of the place extremely, although really for Italy it would have been quite ordinary, so we limited ourselves to bread and cheese and beer, which only cost us a few pfennigs.

After lunch we wandered through the city, peeping into whatever churches were open. Another wedding service was going on in the oldest church in the town. Here the bridegroom was not so much to be pitied, for he had a fellow-sufferer to keep him company. Two sisters were being married on the same day. Here again the church was empty, except for the few guests who were invited to witness the ceremony. In this instance we were locked into the church, and could not get out until the lengthy address was finished, which annoyed us, because we were beginning to feel rather anxious about our train.

However, the lecture to these two patient bridegrooms happily did come to an end, in time to let us catch our train at four o'clock. Our ticket cost us either six or eight marks. I cannot remember which.

## CHAPTER XVI

### BY THE WATERS OF NUREMBERG

IMAGINE a Gothic city where the sun all day long pours down upon warm red roofs of every conceivable shape and height ; and upon white towers, both round and square, red-capped and fortified, as many in number as the tall, grey towers of San Gimignano ; and upon clear waters as blue as the lake of Zug, waters which traverse the city so bewitchingly that Venice, in all her glory, must have feared Nuremberg as her rival, and you will have—if you can add to this picture green trees of high and low stature, and, soaring over all, the still vigorous castle, once beloved of the Hohenstaufen Emperors—a vision, if a dim one, of the city which was our home for these all too short wonder-filled days.

Can you picture a city so mediæval in its richness and undecayed splendour that many times you fear, as you stand surrounded by its buildings, that they will tumble down and leave you desolate and devastated by the loss of all which had appeared so real ? For Nuremberg, indeed, is a Dream City.

One of the delights which Nuremberg bestows on the senses is the fact that its beauty is far-reaching and unbroken. Its every artery and vein is full of it. You are luxuriously aware of the fact that you are not in a town which can boast of but one superb square, into which are gathered the jewels of its mediævalism, for in Nuremberg almost every part of the city holds an equal proportion of its beauty, if not of its splendour and historical interest.

But it is easier to write about the beauty of the city collectively than in detail, for if you disintegrate its accumulated glories, or for one moment allow the imagination to lose sight of its comparative heights of gables and towers and turrets, you will have no Nuremberg at all. If I were to describe the Gothic fountain, tenderly called *der schöne Brunnen*, which stands for ever in the sunlight of the market square, for all the world to love and wonder at (just as though it were a golden shrine which, after many centuries of imprisonment, had escaped from the dim interior of the *Frauenkirche* to see the sky), in cold, architectural terms, which gave its exact height and breadth and style, would those who have never seen it be able to conjure up the slightest vision of its glory? Or if I were sufficiently versed in the technical language of architecture to enable me to give a correct description of the oriel which projects from under the gable of a house, so crow-footed that it mounts like a miniature staircase to the sky, would my readers see, as I can see when I think of that window, a beautiful doll's castle which one day lit down upon the shoulder of a real house, so that the toy princess who inhabited it might see and enjoy the perfection of the famous fountain just where its fourteenth-century pinnacle mingles with the sky? Should I be helping my patient readers to understand the spell of that market, with its riot of sun-umbrellas, which make white coverings for harvests of ripe fruits, and the golden porch of the *Frauenkirche* (which was not built, as the porch of St. Sebald's was built, to shelter the bride and bridegroom from the inclemency of the weather while a portion of the marriage service was being read to them before they were admitted to the church), and its gay mingling of all the colours and steeples and gables which centuries of sun, and Art, and happy chance have brought



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THE MARKET-PLACE AND "THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN"  
IN NUREMBERG  
By Margaret Thomas

TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE

together, if I epitomised the various buildings which surround it, or counted the objects of interest which are so mixed up with it that they form part of the beautiful whole?

This *Hauptmarkt* of to-day was the ghetto of the hated Jews in days gone by, and therefore the scene of one of the most horrible outrages on humanity which ever darkened the history of a city. The treatment of the Jews by the Christians in Nuremberg and Rothenburg does not bear thinking about.

The most suggestive artist in word-painting would not help me to see that Nuremberg, which so far surpassed the Nuremberg I had imagined, if I saw in his picture so much as one building whose charm did not depend upon its juxtaposition with regard to its neighbour, or the part which it had to play in this fairyland of beauty which goes to make up the city of the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

If you cannot see Nuremberg with its islands of green, lying in azure-blue waters, if you cannot see Nuremberg with its red-pitched roofs, spotted with countless dormer windows, and its sweeping arches reflected in still waters, then you can have no vision of Nuremberg as we saw it in those days of clear sunshine under an August sky.

You must see its round towers, and its square towers, fantastically topped, which decorate its walls, and added to these its forest of dearly foolish heights, or you will be woefully far short in your imaginings of Nuremberg, because from many points of the landscape Nuremberg seems to the entranced pilgrim a "City of Beautiful Nonsense," while from others it looks like a forest built of stone, whose delicate tree-tops soar and strive, and in striving have been awarded crowns and mitres and



triple coronets of gold and silver, studded with precious stones.

From other points it is difficult for the pilgrim to believe that everyday men and women live and have their being in this fantastic dolls' city of gables.

Forget her ancient history, which takes you back to the days which are lost in antiquity—forget her modern prosperity—and look at her only as you see her, with love-blind eyes, a mass of mediæval nonsense, in this progressive century.

For there is so much nonsense in Nuremberg that I cannot imagine a grey sky pouring its rains down upon her. It is only possible, despite its antiquity, as a vision of midsummer madness of sun-gladdened days and moon-impassioned nights.

Nuremberg may be old and old and old, but, like all things which the gods have loved, its heart is ever young and its foolishness is never senile.

The glory which is of Nuremberg will never leave it, even though the vandal has said in his heart, "I will paint your ancient woodwork, as I have sold your Master's pictures, until no man can tell the age thereof; I will chip your mellowed stones until my place of business can never be associated with the dwellings of the ancient founders of the city, who bestowed upon it its immortal heritage of beauty," because not until the city itself is pulled down stone from stone, and its ancient walls have tumbled down like the walls of Jericho, can the vulgarity of its commercial enterprise wipe out its incomparable complexity of heights and gables and monster roofs and freakish pinnacles and spires.

Never before or after has a city had such Goliath roofs as Nuremberg. Their pitch is so high that from distances across the city you can see them thundering their ancient

majesty over the smaller roofs modelled on their plan. These giant buildings, with a hundred eyes, break in upon the other roofs like the mammoth dwellings of an extinct race.

It was Louise, I think, who said to me that in Nuremberg everything is gabled which can be gabled, and everything is towered which can be towered, until the whole place seems to be a whimsical mass of towers and gables, which have drunk in colour and gladness and dear madness ever since Fantasy was first beloved by men.

For Nuremberg is a fantastic city, and who can deny it? Its prosperity, which grew and grew and grew, if not from its very birth, from the first time that it had a chance to take a noticeable place in history, and that was in the year 1050, has gone on growing and growing even until our own time, and yet it has not ruined this gay child of the Middle Ages. But if her commercial prosperity goes on growing in this day when her Art and Song have deserted her, what will her future be?

Yet surely the authorities of Nuremberg—seeing how jealously Rothenburg is being guarded by her protectors of ancient monuments, and how she is rivalling her sister city in popularity with tourists—will lay some restraining hand on the greed of gain which will inevitably be the ruin of her own far more glorious inheritance? For Nuremberg, having a history of much greater importance than Rothenburg, is naturally the inheritor of a greater intellectual dowry. Nuremberg holds an unassailable position amongst the Gothic cities of Germany, and yet to the stranger it seems as though her inhabitants to-day would like to obliterate all signs of her associations with

the Middle Ages—with her great days, when Holy Roman Emperors considered her good enough and noble enough to be anxious to add their tribute to her fame. To-day the Nurembergers seem only anxious to prove to the world that her ancient spirit of commercial enterprise has outlived her spirit of Art and Song.



## CHAPTER XVII

### HOW WE INVADED NUREMBERG

WHEN we arrived in Nuremberg, and found ourselves in that most enormous of German *Bahnhöfe*, our hearts failed us, and we felt that Nuremberg was going to be one of the disappointments of the world, instead of one of its wonders.

Looking upon it as a mere station, that *Bahnhof* is magnificent, but surely it is more in keeping with the spirit of a city like Berlin than this "quaint old town of toil and traffic, this quaint old town of Art and Song," which is to Germany what Urbino is to Italy—the mediæval cradle of her dearest child. The travellers like ourselves, who must needs come to this old home of Albrecht Dürer by train, would like to forget the fact if it were possible. A railway train is an evil which the devil of speed has created, but you need not make that devil's temple greater in its vastness than the castle of Frederick Barbarossa. Nuremberg railway station is a very temple to the God of Prosperity. Its vastness and its splendour indicate the modern spirit which fills the hearts of the Nurembergers of to-day.

We had not recovered from the shock our outraged feelings had received, before we were facing the *Frauentor*, the Women's Gate, of the city, and "were actually standing beneath the crown of fortified walls, three and a half miles in circumference, and were gazing at the old grey towers, and picturesque confusion of domes, pinnacles

and spires. Suddenly it seemed as if our dream of a fortified city had been realised."

But now, even with my vision of Nuremberg before me, I must be practical, for this is meant above all things to be a wholly practical book—not a guide-book which will lead you from point to point, as does that most excellent little volume by Dr. Headlam, but a humble simple book which I hope will stimulate the desire in a few of my readers to gird up their loins and seek out a summer holiday in new and inspiring surroundings, just as Louise and I did. And as this has been the motive of the book, I have been careful to give, for the benefit of working women like ourselves, the exact cost of almost everything we had to pay for during our holiday in Germany. That is also why I have mentioned the names of the hotels, where we found ourselves so comfortably and inexpensively housed. The actual cost of our holiday came to no more than fourteen pounds each, and that was including the cost of books and post cards and postage, to the value, on my part, at least, of about thirty shillings. And it must not be forgotten that churches, which are practically the museums of some of these ancient towns, are never free to the public, except on Sundays, and, very rightly, you may not walk about while the service is going on.

It was at Nuremberg we were to meet our precious box, which contained my circular notes. At Karlsruhe, where Louise had dispatched it to Nuremberg, to await our arrival, we had merely taken it out of the luggage depot, because we had not required it, and sent it on again directly we had seen it. I must admit that I thought that the child of our destinies was being treated in a very casual manner, as we sent it adrift in Germany. Being much more accustomed

to the endless precautions you have to take with regard to the safety of your luggage in Italy, I really stood aghast when Louise told me that no receipt would be needed for the luggage—which, I may add, had neither our name nor address on it. At first Louise told me that the porter (of whom, naturally, she had taken very little note as to his personal appearance or uniform) had told her that she could not send it as passenger's luggage unless she had a ticket, which, of course, we had not.

I said, "Then let him send it by some other means," and so it was sent as *Eilgut*, which is the German equivalent for *Grande Vitesse*. It did not occur to Louise, never having thought of it before, that there might conceivably be two ways of dispatching goods.

I have said all this to show how we came to make the mistake which caused us so much needless anxiety, and wasted so much of our valuable time in Nuremberg.

When we arrived at Nuremberg we decided to find our hotel first, because if we were lucky enough to fix on one near the station we could then get a porter to carry our box, and so avoid the expense of a taxi—they have taxis at mediæval Nuremberg. To finish the story of the box, when we returned to the station, after we had found our hotel and eaten our dinner, Louise went up to a porter, and inquired where the goods depot was, and went on to explain how we had sent the box.

The man replied, "Ach so ! it has come as a *Frachtgut*" —*Frachtgut* being the equivalent of *Petite Vitesse*.

"But, Fräulein, it is then too late for you to get it to-night—the depot closed at six o'clock."

So we returned to the Café Neptun, 8 Luitpoldstrasse, which was an exceedingly comfortable house, and I think



we were very lucky to light upon it within a few minutes' walk from the station, and quite close to the famous *St. Lorenz Kirche*. Our rooms there cost us two marks twenty-five pfennigs each per night, and our entire bill for two people came to nineteen marks fifty pfennigs, which comprised three nights' lodgings, and three excellent breakfasts. It was really a triumph, I think, of economical travelling that we managed to live in tourist-beloved Nuremberg for certainly not one penny more than six marks a day; and at Nuremberg we allowed ourselves the luxury of dining at one of her enchanting city-wall restaurants, which was not at all like our usual humble inns.

I had noted the restaurant as we walked from the station in search of an hotel, because its little tables, which were lighted with electric light from beautifully shaded lamps, were actually on the ramparts of the city. They were so placed that you could look across the green valley of the moat to where tramcars, which looked like living snakes of gold, glided in and out of an avenue of trees. Behind it there was a building which appeared to be an ancient castle. I do not know to this day if it was ancient and restored, or if it was merely a Gothic copy. But I do know that it holds within its picturesque walls all the precious treasures which Nuremberg possesses to-day of the great master's works, whose easel pictures she so ruthlessly sold.

But this is a long digression from the box. On the Monday morning, when we went to inquire about it, a porter, with a kindly smile and Italian-brown eyes, took us under his charge, and told us that we should have to go with him to the depot some distance off, that housed the luggage which came as *Frachtgüte*.

By this time I was really getting a little anxious to see

that box, which contained all our worldly goods, for we already owed the landlord nearly all the money which was left in Louise's purse.

When we got to the depot, after inquiries on the part of the porter at various offices, we were informed that the box had not been received there.

In these offices we received the utmost consideration from really important-looking officials, who, I think, were quite touched by the announcement which the porter always made with a semi-serious face, "that all the money the ladies possessed was in the box."

Louise was then asked to give an exact account of how she dispatched it, which she did with great conciseness, only omitting to state the fact that the same porter had taken it out of the depot at Karlsruhe as had dispatched it a few minutes afterwards to Nuremberg. I could see that the manager of that office felt very sorry for Louise, who did not look any the less attractive in her anxiety to prove that she had not been so careless as she felt sure I thought she had been. After listening very attentively he said, "Did you take the porter's number?"

"No," Louise said, "I never thought of taking it."

"Did you notice if he had one?"

"No," she said again. "Whoever does notice a porter's number, unless they want to use him again? and we did not."

"Oh, they all carry numbers," he said. "Show yours." This was addressed to our sympathetic companion, who at once opened his cigarette-case and displayed his number and licence.

"That's right," the manager said, "I am glad you have got it."

Louise looked at them with laughing eyes. "You

don't expect travellers to ask porters to open their cigarette-cases, do you ? ”

“ Well, not quite,” the manager said, “ but I am sorry to tell you that I think that this particular porter at Karlsruhe was a thief—there is little doubt about it, that you have been deceived. There are plenty of impostors hanging about the station, waiting to impose upon ignorant foreigners.”

Now there was the light of battle in Louise's eyes. “ But I am not a foreigner, I am a German.”

“ Ach so,” the manager said laughingly, “ you do not look home-made, Fräulein. All the same, I apologise.”

All this time I was thinking what we were to do now that the box was really lost. We must have some money if we were to stay in Nuremberg, and even more so if we were to get out of it. Then the idea came to me that we should have to go to the English Consul, and he would have to wire to my publisher, who would confirm the fact that I was in Nuremberg, and that I was honest, though poor. The Consul would then give me a letter, which I should take to Messrs. Cook and Son's, who would then believe that the other half of my circular notes were touring somewhere through Germany.

The situation was really ridiculous. Here we were in Nuremberg, with only fifteen shillings in the world, most of which we already owed to the landlord of the hotel.

The manager of that particular goods office said good-bye to us very pathetically, having suggested as a last hope that the box might possibly be at the *Eilgut* depot. Our cavalier porter smiled good-naturedly when we told him that we should be delighted to reward him very handsomely for his trouble if the box turned up, but that if it did not, he would have to be contented with our



thanks. And I think it is much to his credit that, believing as he did that we had been defrauded by one of his fellow-countrymen, he stuck to us for another twenty minutes.

After walking to what seemed the other side of Nuremberg, we at last came to the *Grande Vitesse* depot. During that walk I had said to Louise, "If it was the same porter who took our box out of the depot at Karlsruhe as dispatched it . . ."

She interrupted me by saying, "Of course it was! Didn't you see he got it out for us? and then I just said, 'Now send it off to Nuremberg.'"

My heart bounded with joy. "Tell our brown-eyed friend the good news," I said, "for he couldn't possibly have been a thief, or he never would have been allowed across the barrier."

When she repeated my words to him, he smiled with almost childish delight. "Certainly he couldn't be a thief," he said, "for no unlicensed porter would be allowed to meddle with the luggage. Your box is not stolen, Fräulein. And if it is in Germany now, you will have it back again."

I could almost have kissed him for his words, for by this time I was nearly wild with impatience over our loss of time, and now nothing mattered, for we would just wait in glorious Nuremberg until the box, with our money in it, came back to us.

Our efforts, however, were to be rewarded, for at the office of the *Grande Vitesse*, the clerk, who, of course, knew nothing of our burning tragedy, simply said, in a rather contemptuous tone, "Oh, yes, it has been here since Thursday."

This was our one tragedy—the one unlucky incident which caused us the least bit of anxiety during our

holiday, and I must confess that the brunt of it fell on Louise's shoulders: all I had done was to follow her about from place to place, building up plans in my head for the quickest methods of getting money sent to us in Germany.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### NUREMBERG GHOSTS

I WOULD not, if I could, give an exact account of all that we did and saw in Nuremberg, as I recounted all that we saw in Marburg, because we saw some things—the *St. Lorenz Kirche*, for instance—over and over again, passing it, as we generally did, on our way back to our hotel. There were many parts of the town which, even in our few days there, became dearly familiar to us. I made a habit of carrying about with me a new penny note-book each day, and in it I wrote down my sharp impressions of all which we saw in the very briefest outline. One lies open in front of me now, and I can see under the date of “Nuremberg, August 2nd,” that I have written: “The church of St. Lawrence is surely the most beautiful church in Germany, and, thank God! the soft grey of its stone is still left. No restoration, so far, has spoilt this jewel of beauty. Its altars, too, all remain intact, with their delicate tabernacles and crucifixes, telling of ardent Catholic days.”

There is a note, too, about the great figure of Christ which attracts your attention the moment you enter the nave, standing up, as it does, on a big iron cross, mounted on a spanning arch of iron, which reaches right across the nave where it joins the chancel. From under this arch hangs the famous “Angelic Greeting.” Its radiance seems to illuminate the nave like a golden sun, in which the figures of the announcing angel and the Virgin stand out with heavenly clearness. This beautiful masterpiece of Veit Stoss, which errs perhaps on the side of over-



elaboration of detail, but which is so exquisitely tender in the treatment and composition of the two figures, was once the subject of such violent abuse that it had to be hidden from sight under a covering of green sacking. That was when the great reformer Osiander singled it out for his coarse attacks. After this, the "Greeting" was moved about from church to church, until it found its way back to its original home in the *St. Lorenz Kirche*. But it was so insecurely hung up by a rope instead of by its original costly chain, that it fell right into the nave, and was smashed to pieces. This was in 1817. It was, however, marvellously restored by two brothers called Roternude, who, more is the pity, did not replace the huge golden crown which formerly surmounted it.

In another note I have called the tabernacle of Adam Krafft, which is, of course, the treasure above all treasures in this very museum of Art, the "Nuremberg lyric in stone." I used the word lyric because this prayer in stone does absolutely express the individual emotion of the artist who made it.

I find by my notes that when we reached the *Frauenkirche*, which we saw after St. Lawrence's church, I tried to take away the place of honour which I had bestowed upon the first church, for I wrote, "This church, dedicated to Our Lady, is perhaps even more beautiful than the *St. Lorenz Kirche*. There is so much rich colouring on its screens and pillars, and the stained glass of its choir windows is so delightful; I love, too, the four mighty pillars which support its roof." Above these four pillars you expect to find a dome, but instead there are Gothic arches. This church, also, is unspoilt by obvious restoration, and the famous portico, built to hold the crown jewels and relics, which in olden days used to be shown to the people gathered in the market-

square from the gallery above, is all gold within, and all exquisite carving without.

Under the heading of "The Church of St. Sebald," which is the third great church of the town, and I think I am right in saying the oldest, is the entry, "I have said that each of these churches, *St. Lorenz*, the *Frauenkirche*, and now St. Sebald's, is the best, but I do think that the church of St. Sebald, who was the patron saint of the city, and who did as much for it in the way of bringing wealth to it as St. Elizabeth did for Marburg, is really the best. The glorious effect of colour in the east choir, which is pure Gothic, and has twenty-two soaring pillars, eighty-two feet high, going all round the apse, is superb. The west choir is Romanesque. The bronze shrine of the hermit saint, the fame of whose miracles brought such eminent pilgrims to the city, is, of course, the treasure of the church, as it is the masterpiece of Peter Vischer, who took fifteen years to make it. It is all of bronze, except the gold and ivory casket which contains the relics of the saint and which lies inside the miniature cathedral, in bronze." I remember how, as I sat beside it where it lies right under the high vaulting of the apse, which is surrounded by twenty-two splendid columns, and by Gothic niches, for the housing of saints and Apostles who appear to be guarding the shrine, I could not help smiling as I conjured up the picture of Frederick III standing (as history tells us he stood) in the *St. Jacob's Kirche*, with the skull of St. Sebald balanced upon his imperial head, while choristers and priests sang a service round him. Afterwards, he walked through the streets of the city, followed by the high dignitaries of the Church, until he reached the church of *St. Sebaldus*, where he knelt before the altar in prayer. But this same shrine could not have

been in existence then, because it was only completed in 1519, which was bringing things, of course, very nearly to the close of saintly days in Nuremberg. This same Peter Vischer is said to be the sculptor of the famous figure of King Arthur, who forms one of the guard of twenty heroes and relatives of the Imperial House of Austria, who watch by the tomb of Maximilian the Great in the palace church in Innsbrück. The incident of the skull happened when the heavy father of the splendid Maximilian held his first *Reichstag* in Nuremberg. The more I read about Frederick III, the more he strikes me as being one of those dull monarchs whose zealous desire to do his duty in his own dull way prevented him from ever doing any foolish things in the gay way which might have made people love him. History does not relate, so far as I know, what the fair Eleonora of Portugal thought of her Emperor when he rode out to the Porta Camollia in Siena to meet her as her betrothed husband. It is extremely doubtful if he was in any way like Pinturricchio's charming portrait of him, which he painted on the walls of the library at Siena. We do know that he was much older than his bride, and that he is described as "slow and phlegmatic, cold and unenterprising, and of an obstinate disposition." On the other hand, we are told that the Portuguese Princess was altogether charming, and this from the pen of Aeneas Sylvius himself, for he says in his history: "The Cæsar first turned pale when he saw his bride coming in the distance, but when she drew nearer, and he beheld more clearly her beautiful face and royal bearing, he recovered himself, and his colour returned, and he rejoiced exceedingly. For he found that his lovely bride was even more charming than report had said, and he was greatly relieved to find that he had not been deceived by vain



words, as so often happens to princes who make their marriage contracts by means of a procurator."

This beautiful Eleonora was the mother of that shining figure of the Renaissance, Maximilian I of Austria, whose fame is so closely linked with the history of Nuremberg, and who stands forth as a typical figure of his time, of whom Christopher Hare wrote: "Heir to the great traditions of a Cæsar, a Theodoric, and a Charlemagne, for he dreamed of mighty deeds and sought to carry out his high ideal, inspired at once by real patriotism and a lofty ambition for his race."

I will write no more about this most ancient of Nuremberg's glorious churches, because its treasures and objects of art are so numerous that it might indeed be called a "museum church." We had not come to Nuremberg with the hope of carrying away with us anything more than a vivid impression of her accumulated beauties. In this one flash of summer we could do no more. Indeed, if we had devoted the whole of our three weeks to Nuremberg and its *St. Lorenz Kirche* alone, I doubt if we should have found time to give a careful examination to all the objects of beauty it contains. The charm of these Gothic churches in Germany is in their detail, and in the works of Art which have accumulated in them; the beauty of their ensemble is past imagining. Their architecture is seldom, if ever, as complete in its uniformity and purity of style as that of the Gothic churches of France.

In the Germanic Museum, which has gathered together so many of Germany's choicest ecclesiastical works of art, Louise spent the greater part of her time looking at the *trauende, betende Maria*, as the famous museum Madonna is called. You see copies of this statue of the Madonna in carved wood and stone, and you see photographs and picture post cards of it as often in the shops of Nuremberg

as you see the copies of the statue of St. Elizabeth in Marburg. Louise fell in love with this masterpiece by an unknown hand quite as completely as she did with the best-loved figure of St. Elizabeth at Marburg. I must own that I prefer the little statue of St. Elizabeth, even though I acknowledge that the outline and poise of both the head and the figure in this *trauende, betende Maria* are absolutely perfect. I preferred the face of St. Elizabeth, because there is just a *souçon* to me, in this Nuremberg Madonna, of the feeling I dislike in sixteenth-century types of the Sorrowing Mother.

. . . . .

On Sunday morning, our first day in Nuremberg, we determined to be very strong-minded, and go to the Germanic Museum, because we heard that it was free to the public on that day. And it took some strength of mind, I may add, because the day was glorious, and the beauty of the city was calling to us.

What a delightful surprise was in store for us! for there are few museums in the world more fascinating, with the exception, perhaps, of the museum at Palermo, and the *Museo delle Terme* in Rome, which is formed out of the old baths of Diocletian. The Germanic Museum in Nuremberg is housed, like the Palermo Museum, in an old ecclesiastical building. And it was there that we saw many glorious objects of German Gothic art unrepaired and unspoilt—things which, if they had been left in their original homes in the churches which they were created to adorn, would in all probability have been ruined by the vandal hand of the restorer, though I must say that terrible as has been the ruthless painting and restoring of domestic buildings in Nuremberg, there has been less done to her churches than in almost any town we visited.

Our journey to the museum took us through highways and byways, because we did not go the direct route. As we walked, Louise said to me now and then, "The street shrines keep on getting better and better," and so did the wrought-iron decorations, and figures, and flags, and balls, which made delightfully fantastic silhouettes against the sky-line. Not so long ago in Nuremberg almost every house in the city had its protecting figure of the Madonna or a saint, and even to-day, among the most delightful things which this city so rich in Art and treasures possesses, are the remaining statuettes of the Virgin and saints which look from projecting gables of Gothic buildings, or from under pointed doorways, made rich with Renaissance details.

To-day, with the same gentle eyes and divine grace, these girlish Madonnas, so exquisite in their virginity, look down upon the bustle and speed which fill the streets of this commercially prosperous Nuremberg as they did in the years of her greatness, when Holy Roman Emperors, whose homes were in the high castle, thought themselves not too great to crave the Virgin's care, and were not too proud to prostrate themselves before the altars and tabernacles in their churches which held the Divine Presence of her crucified Son.

Some of these figures of saints and Madonnas have watched the city, even as they have guarded the outgoings and incomings of its inhabitants, ever since the day when the high gods took in hand the ordaining of the city's destinies, down to our own days of electric cars, and glaringly lighted cinema theatres. What sins must they not have forgiven! What allowances must they not have made for much which must have appeared unseemly in their eyes! And what sadness must be theirs to-day to know that this chosen city of the Middle Ages is



willing to sell her place among the elect for a mess of pottage!

Yet this same Nuremberg, where saints and crusaders, painters and craftsmen, emperors and builders, worked together for her increasing glory, is still to these guardian saints a dear city of human souls, more sorely in need of their divine protection than ever before. Time has not lessened their careful watch; they still hold jealously to the duty which was entrusted into their keeping, as they will hold it until vandal hands have so lessened their numbers that there will remain but one girlish figure to keep an exalted watch over this "City of Beautiful Nonsense."

Very often you are tearful in Nuremberg, for her beauty has the fine quality of tears—that quality which, with the most human of us, is never very far away when whimsical humour is at hand. But who would grudge tears for the story of a city so exquisitely told in stone by the master-pen of Time? Who would not rather welcome them for their unburdening—unburdening not of sorrow, but of the too generous gifts of joy?

. . . . .

In the afternoon of that Sunday we walked round the city walls, which are three and a half miles in circumference, and by so doing got an immediate grasp of its character. From the walk I learnt that the river Pegnitz divides it into nearly equal parts—the St. Lawrence and the St. Sebald sides. The Pegnitz seemed to me a rather mad river; it is spanned with endless bridges—most of them quite as picturesque in appearance as the famous *Ponte Vecchio* in Florence. It is the bridges and the towers on the high ramparts, and the blue waters of the Pegnitz, which give Nuremberg her peculiar charm.

This walk round the walls is one which I should advise all new-comers to take before they do any other sight-seeing in the city. The castle, too, should be early visited, for there it was that the Hohenstaufens, under whose rule the prosperity of this city first sprang into being, held their court. With this castle the names of no less than thirty emperors are connected. Headlam, in his valuable little book, tells us that it has been proved now that the castle did not exist in 1025, but was built between that year and the year 1050. That it existed then we know, for Henry III dated a document there in 1050, summoning a council of Bavarian nobles *in fundo suo Nourinberc*. This fact Louise discovered for me, for with her German love of exactness, she had laughed at the little paragraph which I had read aloud to her, with so much pleasure, which is quoted from the "Earthly Jerusalem," by Andreas Goldneyer the astrologer. He says, "The imperial fortress of Nürnberg began to be built fourteen years after the birth of Christ, the 9th April, on Tuesday at eight o'clock in the morning, but the town only thirty-six years after Christ, on the 3rd of April, on a Tuesday at 8.57 a.m."

But I find it is much more difficult to write practically about Nuremberg than about any other city we visited—even allowing for the fact that it has a far more practical side to its character than its sister city Rothenburg, for two reasons, firstly, because so much that is delightful has been written about it, that it is useless for me to try to add anything of value to its literature, and secondly, because we saw so much and did so much in those three days, that to go over it in my step-by-step method would only cause a hopeless jumble in the reader's mind. I prefer to trust to luck, hoping that the impression I have tried to call up of the city's charm will decide a few

people who are in a state of indecision as to whether they should go there or not.

So now all that is left for me to do is to tell how we managed to see in our short visit as much as we did. I deeply regret the fact that I had not with me Headlam's volume of the "Mediæval Town" series, which I have read with so much pleasure since, but I had P. J. Rée's excellent volume in the famous "Art Cities" series, and I will explain just how we used that book. While we were eating our meals, we looked over all its exquisite illustrations, and Louise made a list on paper of all the objects of beauty and classified them under the various sections of the town.

Having done this, we took the book and the list out with us, and "did" these sections. And great fun it was—"spotting" the originals of the illustrations when we came across them!

It might be the Court, for instance, of *No. 1 Winkelstrasse*, with its flowing designs on its delicate Renaissance balustrade, which is not so obvious to the stranger in the town as the great Peller House, or the exquisite lace balustrade of the House of the Imhoff, or that oriel window of more than usual charm, even for Nuremberg, on the parsonage of St. Sebald's. Or it might be the much-prized Albrecht Dürer's house, or perhaps the Apollo on the fountain by Hans Vischer, or the funny Little Goose Man by Pankraz Lebenwolf, or the enchanting Fountain of the Virtues, or the exquisite dormer windows, with their Romanesque arcadings, on the roof of 31 *Brunnengasse*, or the rather easily missed Topler House, which is one of the most exquisite and unusual in Nuremberg. These were some of the many things we might have overlooked but for that book, and but for this very practical system which we adopted of going



over the illustrations at our meal-times, to see that we were not forgetting anything which was given in it. The book is so generously illustrated that if you have seen all that it contains, you have seen all which is most beautiful in Nuremberg.

The Peller House, which now contains a very fine collection of old furniture and antiques of every sort, for sale, is open to all tourists to inspect. The celebrated courtyard, which is full of priceless objects of art, is guarded by the most perfectly trained watch-dog I ever saw. When we strolled into the courtyard, which was apparently empty of any human beings but ourselves, the dog seemed to be lying fast asleep in one corner. But when our interest strayed from the architecture of the building and its Renaissance details to the curios which were displayed on wide tables round the walls, his eyes were immediately upon us. When we drew nearer to give a closer inspection to these curios, he rose from his sleeping attitude, and moved very slowly and quietly half-way across the courtyard, and there halted, but his keen eyes were still upon us. Noticing this, I put out my hand, as if to lift one of the curios. Like a ghost he was at my side. I had not heard him moving—I only felt him press against my legs. And how his eyes warned me!

“Would you be brave enough,” I said to Louise, “to take one of these things up and carry it out into the street?”

She laughed. “As I have no desire to be gobbled up before I have seen Rothenburg, I don’t think I will try.”

But this again is one of my digressions, for I was mentioning some of the typical things which Dr. Rée’s book helped us to see. How easy it would have been to overlook the large sixteenth-century stone ox, which

was set up in 1599 over a very perfect Renaissance gateway. The inscription, which is written in Latin under this ox, says that "it never was a calf."

Dr. Rée's book is so light to handle that it was never any burden to carry, and its illustrations are so large that it was never in the least difficult to find the one we wanted, when we arrived at a doorway, or a church, or a shrine.

One of the great delights of Nuremberg, I think, is due to the fact that there is so much to interest the stranger out of doors. It is not necessary to spend your summer days inside buildings or museums. You have only to stroll about the streets to find something of artistic merit to delight your eyes and to interest you historically at almost every moment. Indeed, so much is there to be seen, that you have to be very careful not to overlook high dormer windows, exquisite little buildings in themselves, or oriel windows, or oriel towers, or oriel porches, or outside staircases with delicate balustrades, tucked away in the corner of jealously guarded courtyards. It would be so easy to miss the figure of the god Zeus on the shrine of St. Sebald, or the graceful and girlish figure of St. Catherine, one of the most beautiful in all Nuremberg, on the western door of the south side of St. Sebald's Church.

Like the good tourists that we were, we ate our last lunch in the oldest restaurant in the city—the one where, in days gone by, "Hans Sachs, Pirkheimer, and Dürer must have sat and talked while they drank their beer"—the Hans Sachs familiar to all Wagner-lovers.

This tiny restaurant, so famous for its *Bratwürste*, which is built right on to the north wall of the *St. Moritz Kapelle*, is the sole relic of a custom which was once very prevalent in Nuremberg—the custom of bargaining in sacred

precincts. Little booths were frequently built on to the churches. It is only in quite recent years that the booths attached to the *Frauenkirche* were taken down. In Italy the large annual fairs which are held in country towns generally take place on popular saints' days, and at them the booths and the tents are often built within the church precincts. This is a development of the Eastern habit, where in pagan temples there were always courtyards attached to the temples, to hold the shops or bazaars where the faithful could buy offerings for the gods. These courtyards, as time went on, became the centres of great commercial activity, and housed goods and merchandise which could not possibly have found favour in the sight of the gods. When Jesus went up to Jerusalem He was horrified to find that the temple there had become a den of thieves—merchant-thieves. He threw over the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves. You have only to go to Loretto to-day on the feast-day of the church to be reminded very forcibly of this ancient institution.

And so this little restaurant, which derives its very long name of *Bratwurstglöcklein* from the custom of ringing a small bell when the sausages are ready, is really one of the historic relics of the city, and it is to be hoped that the tidy minds of the county councillors of Nuremberg will not spring-clean it off the face of the earth.

As we sat and ate our sausages at old wooden tables, under the very eaves of the church, a dear Madonna, with the Child Jesus in her arms, looked down upon us from her corner niche on the house just opposite. This touch of the incongruous is delightfully typical of Nuremberg, and adds unforgettable graces to her whimsical beauty.



It is needless to say that we spent quite a proper portion of our time in Nuremberg in the *alte Burg*, for Louise, being a good Prussian, was only too pleased to keep me constantly reminded of the fact that the present Kaiser is descended from the Counts of Hohenzollern, who were *Burggräfe* of Nuremberg from 1191 onwards, though not a stone of their burg remains.

“ Their pretensions were often in conflict with those of the town, which, as a free imperial city, recognised no superior authority other than that of the Emperor himself, from whom it had received in early days a Mayor, independent of the Burg-graves, as its head. . . . The fact that, after the destruction of their castle, in 1420, the Burg-graves sold their property on the castle hill to the town, did not save it from their enmity.”

It is in a great measure due to the Hohenzollerns that the city of Nuremberg is the strong city which we see to-day, not that they built the fortifications, or took the marvellous precautions to defend the city which are everywhere obvious, but because of the constant wars between the city and the Margraves of Brandenburg, who were Hohenzollerns. After having sold their property on the castle hill—there were two distinct castles, the imperial castle and the Burg-graves’ fortress—the Hohenzollerns proceeded to annoy the citizens in every way which came within their power. “ Then there came to be, in the course of time, violent feuds and wars between them and the city, which compelled the Nurembergers to take great precaution for the defence of their town.” And this is how it came about that it is to the Hohenzollerns that Nuremberg owes her greatest inheritance of beauty.

After learning all this, I often amused myself by casting

in Louise's teeth the fact that her Kaiser is descended from the Pretender-Mayor of Nuremberg.

It made me realise the age of the *alte Burg* when I read that the first imperial castle was pulled down to make way for the *new* building which the Emperor Barbarossa raised in the twelfth century. It was this Romanesque portion of the castle which I loved the most—in its simple strength it was so typical of its period. In the imperial chapel, which dates from this era, I was instantly transplanted to Sicily. From it you look down upon the chapel of St. Margaret, in which the pure Romanesque style is fully developed. There I shut out of my memory the Gothic city which surrounds the castle, and pictured myself back in Monreale, where the *Concha d'oro* lies in a green valley below the high town, perfuming the world with its scent from orange trees, and citron trees, and lime trees ; and then in Palermo itself, where King Roger built a palace and a chapel, so prophetic of this imperial chapel in the castle of Nuremberg, that I loved the one because of the other.

But I must not be led into reciting in detail the beauties of the castle. I will only add that the Chamber of Tortures is very interesting, I suppose, to minds which are interested in tortures—but every man to his taste, as the woman said when she kissed her cow, and my taste is not tortures, even though they include such things as the Iron Maiden herself.

And now for one word of praise for modern Nuremberg—and that I must give to her shops, for they are excellent. One might almost say that they atone for the restorations which their owners have thought fit to make in the old patrician houses of the main streets. Not at Frankfurt itself are there such delightful shops, with so many things so temptingly displayed, from wood-carvings of the

Nuremberg Madonna, and reproductions of Dürer's drawings, to the *dernier cri* in Paris hats and blouses. These Nuremberg shops really are, as Louise christened them, "imperial emporiums of temptation."

I mention these shops for a practical reason—to tell my readers that it is no use carrying about unnecessary garments with them, as travellers so often do, for you can buy new things more cheaply in Nuremberg than in London itself, in spite of our Free Trade iniquities. But I will say no more about clothes in connection with Nuremberg, lest I should remind the reader of Mozart's only remark upon the city in his diary, "It is a nasty place, and I had breakfast there."



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ONE OF THE GATES OF ROTHENBURG

By Margaret Thomas

TO THE  
MEMBERS OF THE

## CHAPTER XIX

### ROTHENBURG, THE TAORMINA OF GERMANY

ROTHENBURG at last!

Rothenburg is a patrician village, of proud heights and towered ramparts—but still a village. Or so it seemed to me, as I entered it that August evening, with my eyes still dazed with the vaster splendour of Nuremberg. It is a village in the same sense of the word that Taormina, that Venus-town of Sicily, is a village. And as I walked along the one long street, broken at intervals by spanning arches with clock towers, or under Gothic gateways, I said to myself, “Rothenburg is the Taormina of Germany.”

The gentleness of its village life was strikingly noticeable to us, coming directly as we did from the noisy streets of a prosperous city. A goose-boy, with his legendary crook, was driving his geese back from their pastures in the meadows below, while cows were slouching their way over stone-paved streets, casting dull and indifferent eyes at gay Renaissance fountains, and at Gothic doorways of patrician houses, whose high gables suggested the pointed pigeon-houses built with packs of cards in our youth.

It was at the hour when all things turn homewards that we entered this intact little mediæval town, so illustrative of Germany's proudest days—that exalted town, whose white towers rose instantly before our eyes, as they marched in even order along the rampart walls. So this may have accounted for the arcadian note which it has



left on my senses ever since. This Rothenburg, village though it seemed to me, was once a Free Imperial City of the Empire, which was fashioned by the hand of man out of the happiest years of the Middle Ages. It has been forgotten by the world for so many centuries that it possesses that ghostly beauty which belongs to cities and people whose interests have long been withdrawn from worldly and materialistic things. Rothenburg has been sleeping and sleeping and sleeping on her banks of apple blossoms, lulled by the sound of her waters, during all the evil years when men's taste in Art and architecture was cursed—God alone knows why—with a malady which made it unable to see beauty in things which were most beautiful, and what was beautiful in truth.

And so, in going to her, you can still find a miniature city, totally unspoilt and unchanged since the days when beauty was a real and living thing to the men who devoted their untarnished genius to the building of buildings, and the painting of paintings, and the carving of statues, for the cities which they desired to make as charming to the eye as the modern man tries to make his house.

Our journey to Rothenburg had taken us through a rather flat agricultural country of no particular interest, although here and there we passed pleasing villages, dominated by one mother church, which gave them the German atmosphere of a "comfy" home life.

Quite a number of passengers disembarked at the station when we arrived there—amongst them not a few tourists, mostly Americans and Germans.

After leaving our precious box at the luggage depot, we started off, our high hopes just a little tinged with doubt as to whether we should find a suitable place to lay our

heads. We knew that there would be at least two good hotels in the place, because motors have long since waked up all the old-world towns from their quiet sleep, but we were doubtful as to whether we should have to spend more than we cared to of our precious time in finding rooms suited to our prices. I encouragingly reminded Louise that our economy had been so great that we could quite well have afforded to have gone to one of the best hotels for the few days that we were to be there.

“ But what about our clothes ? ” she said. “ Your hat is just a bit too sunburnt for table d’hôte meals, and as for your jersey, well—it was blue once.”

We had not walked very far, however, before the rural character of the place declared itself to us, and I felt convinced that we should find rooms quite easily in this city, with its six outer and three inner gates, which had been the shrine of our summer pilgrimage.

And I was right, for we had only just passed under the archway of the *Rödertor*, which is the outer gateway at the east end of the town, when I noticed a small inn which looked unpretentious enough to appeal to my economic spirit. There was a name over it which I could not read, so I said to Louise, “ What is the name of that inn ? ”

“ I don’t see any inn,” she said. “ Where is it ? ”

“ That is an inn,” I said, pointing to a little white house on the right-hand side of the road, “ because if there are two words of German which I do know, they are ‘ Zimmer ’ and ‘ Beer.’ ”

“ It is called the *Einhorn*—which means unicorn in English.”

As I have lost the bill which the landlady of the inn presented me with at parting, I must make my readers

clearly understand that the *Einhorn* is on the right-hand side of the street as you enter the town from the railway station, and not more than three minutes from the *Rödertor*.

I determined to test the hospitality of the unicorn, for the sooner we dumped down our *Handpäckes* the sooner we should be free to explore the town, which now, by way of apology for having described it as a village, I may add, was spoken of as a town as far back as 943. So we opened the street door and stepped inside. All that we saw was a room with plenty of beer-jugs on tables with red table-cloths. Presently the *Hausfrau* came forward, and we asked her if she had any rooms to let for three nights.

She was a woman of very few words, but she said, "Yes, but only at the back of the house."

We asked her to show us what that meant, for we certainly did not want rooms in Rothenburg which only looked over kitchen premises. That had been good enough for modern Karlsruhe, but not for this city of a thousand points. She took us through the back premises of the inn until we reached her old-fashioned garden, where we saw a nice little house, as new, fresh, and clean as a Swiss chalet. Still in perfect silence, she fumbled for the key, then, opening the door, she motioned us to go in. As she did so, I saw the tone of Louise's tell-tale eyes deepen, for the whole place was as quiet and restful to the senses as a convent. Nowhere had we found cleaner or more tempting-looking rooms. We flew to the windows. They looked over the oldest part of the inn itself, which had long weaver windows, and mad eyes on its roof. The small dormer windows on the Rothenburg roofs always reminded me of the eyes you see painted on boats and carts, and, indeed, on almost



every object in the East, and in southern Italy, to keep off evil.

When Louise asked the *Hausfrau* how much these quite daintily furnished rooms were to cost us, she said as we were only going to stay three nights, she must charge one mark fifty each per night! I really was amazed, and, as it turned out, we had, for the first night at any rate, the whole of that little house to ourselves. The next night we shared it with a German father, who had brought his two little children with him for a holiday. And I must say that I quite fell in love with him, because of the motherly care he took of the two little travellers. He put them to bed like any woman, and fastened up their clothes in the morning, and did his little daughter's hair; all this we could not help seeing as we came along the passage to each other's rooms, because the children kept trotting to their father's room from their own, and leaving the doors open all the time.

Being highly delighted with our "find," we expressed our pleasure to the woman, who said that the reason why the new apartments lay out in the garden behind the house was, that in Rothenburg there is a very strict law which forbids the erection of any building not in keeping with the city itself, and no house may be put up which is the same as the one next to it. This being the case, her husband had determined to build, with his own hands, a little house in their back garden which could not be seen.

We discovered afterwards that this apparently insignificant inn, just such an inn as British workmen would frequent after their day's work was done, to drink and talk, about religion and politics if it were in Scotland, and racing and games if it were in England, had quite a good connection amongst musical students of the *Männerchor*

(Men's Choir). The big room, in which Louise and I sat all alone while we ate our meals, had its walls hung with certificates and honours won by the choir, and at a discreet hour of the morning we used to hear musicians practising their various instruments. I have used the word discreet intentionally, because this music practising was the subject of much amusement to Louise, who came to the conclusion that one of the *verbotens* in Germany must be that no man, woman, or child is permitted to practise on any instrument before seven o'clock in the morning, because a young man used to sit at one of the long weaver windows opposite to ours with his cornet-mouthpiece between his lips, waiting for the first stroke of the first town clock to announce to the world that the day had reached the seventh hour. He used to burst into tune at the very first hint of the first stroke—if tune you could call that persistent toot-toot-tootling of one oft-repeated bar.

I say the first stroke of the first clock advisedly, because there seemed to be as many clocks as towers in the city. As Louise and I were nearly always dressed, or well on in the process, by seven o'clock, it did not bother us in the least. And that was all that we ever heard of that musical society, except when we passed under the windows of our inn during the day-time. Then we did hear sounds which very strongly reminded me of the German band which used to play before a fishmonger's shop at home. Complaining one day of his fish to this fishmonger, he said, "Well, do you think it is my fault if it has gone bad? That German band's been playing in front of my shop nearly all the morning."

I have mentioned this musical society because some people might object to going to an inn frequented by musical students, and I should like other travellers with

the same humble purse as ourselves to enjoy the hospitalities of that inn.

Our breakfast cost us about sixty pfennigs, and the one midday meal we had there was about one mark twenty.

Having deposited our hand luggage in our garden quarters—it was now 6.30 p.m.—we hurried out into the street, turning our backs upon the city gate by which we had entered, and walked the whole length of the town by its one long street until we reached the gate on the western side. Every step took us into greater and greater beauty, and almost at each step I wearied Louise by saying, “This is Taormina.”

The one long street running along the spur of the hillside I have already said reminded me of Taormina, with its spanning arches and towers, its endless post card shops, and its idle visitors who were wandering about bareheaded and at rest under the sense of security afforded by streets in which there was no more traffic than in that Sicilian village. And, like Taormina, too, it had glorious houses, which in Sicily would be termed palaces, and fountains, where gossipers, old and young, and those who were gossiped about, met to carry away more than mere pails of water. In these old-world towns fountains are still the women’s clubs—and truly there is more danger of their waters drying up than the springs of slander running dry.

Our *crescendo* of admiration had grown higher and higher, till we screamed with sheer joy when we reached the *Rathaus* square. It was Todi! it was Gubbio! it was Taormina!—it was every dear city of romance and Gothic beauty that I have ever seen. Not that the Gothic of Germany is in any way similar to the Gothic of these mountain towns of Italy.



The splendour of Nuremberg, and even its whimsicality, were forgotten in the mediæval perfection of Rothenburg. Nuremberg, as we thought of her now, seemed like a beautiful woman whose charm has been spoilt by self-consciousness and worldly admiration. Beside the simplicity of Rothenburg, she suggested a woman whose golden hair is no longer either her own in the quality of its gold, or in its quantity—a woman whose once exquisite colour has to be exaggerated by cosmetics because her skin is no longer fine enough or smooth enough to allow of the delicate powders she used in her youth. Nuremberg is like the worldly mother of a cloistered daughter, a daughter who has kept herself unspotted from the world. Rothenburg possesses a fragrance, and a patrician beauty, which must cause that vain mother great envy.

. . . . .

On our arrival at the railway station we had been horribly afraid that here, of all places, we were going to find ourselves in a very touristy atmosphere. But it was not the case, for our fellow-passengers had all lost themselves somewhere—even the two Englishwomen who had travelled in the third-class carriage with us were nowhere to be seen. We had thought that they would have a soul above table d'hôte dinners, but probably they were eating theirs now, for it was eight o'clock, and we were almost the only people in that long street, except the peasant women who were sitting on their doorsteps, just as they used to sit in Taormina, only here, under Gothic archways or Renaissance doorways, they were knitting and sewing instead of spinning a bobbin of flax.

We had purchased in a small book-shop just opposite

our inn the one little guide-book written in English about Rothenburg which we could discover. It is by the Reverend Martin Weigel, and very grateful we were to him for it, because Baedeker is lamentably insufficient on the subject.

Already by the use of that little book we were becoming familiar with the names of Topler and Tilly. I had noticed that in all the towns we visited there had been two names, at least, which had rung high above all others. In Marburg it was St. Elizabeth and Martin Luther; in Strassburg—which for us, at least, had meant the cathedral—it had been Erwin Steinbach and Meister Wilhelm; in Nuremberg it had been Dürer and Adam Krafft; here in Rothenburg it was going to be Topler and Tilly.

Topler was the rich Burgomaster of Rothenburg, to whom the city owed much of its commercial prosperity, and to whom, for a time, the citizens were devoted. That was about the year 1373. But those were unreliable days; for later on he was most unjustly accused of treason to the town, and was starved to death in the dungeons of the Town Hall. In the Middle Ages it was ever, indeed, "Each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost."

Tilly's name rings high in Rothenburg on a Whit-Monday, which is the day when the festal play is performed in the Town Hall by the citizens. It deals with General Tilly's dramatic entry into the town, during the Swedish occupation of the city, in the Thirty Years' War. Until you know something about Tilly you cannot appreciate the local colouring of Rothenburg. On each Whit-Monday the town becomes quite as excited as Siena does every July and August, when her *palio* sets the soberest of her citizens daft over the barebacked

horse-races in the piazza and the festive revelry of the rival guilds.

If I do not tell the story of Tilly's deeds quite correctly, I plead forgiveness—for nowhere could I discover any information about this particular piece of history, except in Herr Weigel's invaluable little guide. During the Thirty Years' War Rothenburg, which had declared itself for Sweden, was garrisoned by Swedish horse-soldiers and the well-armed militia of the city. In September of 1631 a troop of imperial soldiers were suddenly seen approaching the town. It was General Tilly's vanguard, and it proved to be an attacking force. Every armed man was hurried to the walls, and the next day a great portion of the city wall—the part near the Gallows Tower—was destroyed by a battery of six heavy guns. The storming was so well carried out that soon the enemy had climbed the ramparts, and ladders were raised against the walls.

The inhabitants of the town, however, defended themselves with extraordinary bravery. The women and the children supplied the men with stones and ammunition, while one long-carrying gun killed so many that about six hundred of the attacking force lay dead or wounded in the moat. The remnant of the imperial force retired.

Then it was that the hero Tilly appeared upon the scene. It was at midday, and his attacking force was forty thousand strong. The attack went round a greater part of the town, and, from what history tells us, the Swedish soldiers seem to have given Tilly's troops a very bad time, for although they had forced the *Johanniterhof*, they were driven back.

Then a dreadful thing happened, for the powder-magazine in the *Klingen-Bastei* took fire and exploded. Such a terrible cry went up that everyone imagined



that the town had been taken, and the confusion was so great that some of the troops left the walls, and many of them tried to escape through the valley, but were captured by Tilly's troops and killed. For thirty long hours the citizens were on their walls, which were so vast in extent that relays of men were impossible.

The Swedish troops, having done all that they could, were at last forced to capitulate, and the citizens were obliged to surrender. Then Tilly, Pappenheim, and other generals made their entry into the city. This is a scene which figures bravely in modern frescoes and other paintings of Rothenburg. There is another famous episode which shows the women and children of the town clinging to the hoofs of Tilly's horse, imploring him for mercy, for the leaders of the attacking party had wished the whole town to be completely destroyed.

"Let the dogs live," was Tilly's decree. And so perhaps it is to these poor women and children of that besieged city that we have to offer our thanks to-day for Rothenburg as we see it standing on heights clad in orchards.

The other dramatic incident relating to that siege we were told when we went into the Town Hall. After the siege the senators had been condemned to death, and the Burgomaster Bezold had been sent under a guard of soldiers to be executed. This Burgomaster had a faithful servant called Christopher Mader, who implored the generals to take his life and spare that of his master. While he was begging for his master's life, the citizens took good care to keep on filling "the Emperor's large goblet" with strong wine, which they offered to the generals. The good wine had the desired effect, for Tilly promised to be merciful if one of the senators would empty the huge goblet full of wine at one draught. The ex-Burgomaster Nusch attempted the task, and,

much to the delight and amazement of the citizens, he succeeded. A messenger hastened to the Burgomaster, who was about to be executed, with the good news, and was in time to save his life. There is a narrow street in Rothenburg to-day which is called the Street of Joy, for it was there that the condemned Burgomaster heard the glad tidings.

I think that that long drink of ex-Burgomaster Nusch ought to be held up as an answer to all who have anything to say against the drinking propensities of the German students.

The first evening in the city we did no more than walk right through it before our dinner, and look at its outline from the western gate, and walk slowly back again to a little restaurant, where we had an excellent meal, which cost us about one mark ; and this included our favourite veal *Schnitzel* and coffee and beer, and excellent black and white bread.

It was a glorious evening, and as the shadows lengthened the beauty of Rothenburg deepened, until, when darkness at last fell, we wondered if it was indeed real, and if we were real people, and if it was all real, what we should do about it, for it seemed impossible and cruel that it should come into our lives for these romantic three days, only to pass out of them again for ever.

A friend at home who had added to our desire to see Rothenburg had said to me at parting, " Now you must promise to go out of the city by each of the gates, and look back upon it from the country roads, and up at it from down below, and down on it from up above. You must see it from every conceivable point of view—for the real beauty of Rothenburg lies in the general view you get of its towers and gates and heights and roofs."

But that evening, as we idled through her streets, a great wave of inaction swept over me—I really only wanted to sit down and feel that the secret beauties of this mediæval city were all around me. And it was because of that feeling that I told Louise a little incident about a very old woman in Japan, who, having at last reached Isé, the great pilgrimage shrine, which she had longed to see all her life, quietly committed suicide because the great object of her life had been achieved. I do not expect that all my readers will understand her feeling as I do, because there were many people who did not understand the sentiment which led Nogi, the greatest of Japan's generals, to commit suicide when he heard of the late Emperor's death. The Japanese standpoint as regards taking one's own life is, as are all things in Japan, entirely opposed to the Western point of view.

Speaking of Louise reminds me that we called at the post office soon after our arrival, Rothenburg being one of the four places at which we had appointed to receive letters. When we reached the building we found that it was shut. The post office now has its being in the famous weighing office, and Drinking Hall, where at noon two automatic figures of General Tilly and the Burgomaster Nusch appear, the latter performing the *Meistertrunk* (Master Draught).

We were turning away from this historical building, to the east of which stands the *Lamm*, where the shepherds of old held their yearly meetings, when a youth who was obviously not German raised his hat and said to me, "If you are willing to pay twenty pfennigs, you can go in by the back entrance and get your letters."

When Louise told me what he said, I cheerfully agreed to do so, whereupon he took us to the right entrance. We asked for our letters and received them, and he got



his. When we got out of the office, I noticed that Louise was reading a post card with unusual interest. As I looked at her she said, "It is from Freedy. He is going to be in Frankfurt when we are there."

"How he would love all this," I said irrelevantly, indicating the really absurd Gothic buildings around us. "He really has a very nice appreciation of old things for a boy."

"But he is not a boy," she said hotly, "he is twenty-four, and nearly a qualified doctor."

When I smiled she said, "Oh, don't smile like that."

When I asked humbly in what way I might smile, she said petulantly, "I don't know. I don't want you to smile in any way. I wish I had never told you who the post card was from."

Seeing that she was undoubtedly feeling rather "temperamental," owing, no doubt, to the effect of Rothenburg—which would have been an ideal place for lovers' meetings—I walked over to the other side of the street.

This was just before we discovered the delightful little restaurant which was out of doors, and, as it was in Rothenburg it goes without saying, opposite something very beautiful.

At dinner I was careful to avoid the subject of Herr Stumpf, and so Louise's petulance, which is never very long-lasting, took wings, and soon we were talking again quite naturally about our plans for the next morning, and as to whether this quieter and more poetical child of the Middle Ages was going to oust Nuremberg from her place in our affections. I was of the opinion that it would not—exquisite as the city looked in the twilight of a dying August day.

And I was right, for there was passion mingled with my love for Nuremberg, which was absent in the tenderer

affection inspired by Rothenburg, and without passion Love has never soared to its most exalted heights. It would not be possible to feel for Arcadian Rothenburg the same intense quality of love as one feels for Nuremberg, for Nuremberg's veins are filled with warmer blood—her pulses beat with the deeper passions which stirred her, and the greater souls which begat her, and the mightier forces which controlled her. All this you cannot but respond to as you walk through her ancient streets, ennobled by historical houses, where, if your imagination will have it so, you can see the ghosts of such men as Maximilian, that immortal dreamer of high dreams, walking in friendly conclave with Albrecht Dürer, planning as they go the subject for the new fresco which is to decorate the walls of the Town Hall. In this picture the Emperor will be seen seated in a triumphal car, drawn by twelve horses, while the figure of Victory, surrounded by the Virtues, holds a wreath over his head. For the Emperor Max was never at a loss for new methods by which to extol his own magnificent appearance, and by doing so add yet another lasting record of the glory of his house for future generations. "For it was the House of Hapsburg which moved the passions of the tardy lover, Maximilian, and not his beautiful wife, Marie of Burgundy, or even the empire itself."

Or it might be that you can see the best beloved of all, the great *Meistersinger*, the "darling of Nürnberg," as Wagner called him, disappearing down some quiet street to compose by fountain or by stream one of the poems which endeared this humble cobbler to the world for all time. Longfellow speaks truly when he says :

"Not thy counsels, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the  
world's regard,  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs,  
thy cobbler bard."

In Rothenburg it is not ghosts such as these who sanctify the stillness of the night, nor is it the pride of her history which moves your emotions, as you tread her streets by day, although her personal story is by no means an uneventful one or lacking in glory. But the history of Rothenburg, as compared to the history of Nuremberg, is like the history of San Gimignano as compared to the history of Florence. Yet it is only necessary to look at the strength of her fortifications, and at her height as she rises above the valley of the Tauber, to realise that, strategically speaking, Rothenburg must always have played an important part in the history of her kingdom; and so perfect are these walls and fortifications to-day that no man, woman, or child can enter the city but by one of her many gates.

This fact gave me intense satisfaction, for it made me realise its intactness, and showed me very practically that we were living in a city which an all-kind Providence had undoubtedly guarded from the disfiguring ravages of Time for the very reason that man, in his feebler days of Art and romance, might, when he looked at Rothenburg, be able to see what cities were like in the golden days when all the world was young—in the days before the waters of inspiration had dried up in the veins of those who aspired to create the beautiful. For these Gothic cities of Germany were the love-cities of the world's ardent artists.

And now to be a little more practical about her history. In the year 1116 Henry IV presented Franconia and its capital, which was Rothenburg, to Conrad of Swabia, whose name, I think, is very beautiful, and one of the most resplendent periods of its history was when his son,



Duke Frederick, held his Court in the city in 1160. As Duke Frederick was called Frederick the Rich as well as Frederick the One-eyed, there is probably truth in the legends which deal with the splendour of his court. He died, however, a humiliating death of the plague in Rome.

About five years after his death Frederick Barbarossa, who had inherited it as Duke of Swabia, made the city over to the empire, and it remained a free city of the empire until 1802. In 1802 Bavaria took possession of it, and this seems to have put an end to the prosperity of the city for quite a number of years.

It was about this time that "all properties, buildings, walls, brays, frontier strongholds, belonging to the town, were sold by the state," and it was only with the opening of the railway from Steinbach to Rothenburg that some of the city's prosperity came back to her. Doubtless it will be with the introduction of tram-cars that the funeral note of her unworldly repose will be sounded.

On the way back to our inn I saw a door of what looked like a courtyard standing open, and, as is my wont when I am anxious to discover the hidden treasures of a mediæval city, I entered, in spite of the fact that it was almost dark, and Louise, remembering my cowardice, said, "There might be a dog." But I persisted, for doors are not always open, and the fact must never be forgotten that in these cities of the Middle Ages it is to the courtyards and the gardens that you have to look for the rarest treasures.

This was the courtyard between the old and new town halls, and on the right I saw a beautiful Renaissance doorway, an actual bit of Italy, dropped down into Rothenburg, for its soft stonework is actually being

allowed to fall into decay, and it is as far removed from the spirit of the Renaissance in Germany as the Gothic of her churches is removed from the Gothic of France.

. . . . .

When we shut the door of our little house that night and went to our rooms, we felt very pleased with ourselves, and with the world in general, and when I was hidden under my goose-downs I tried, during my last wakeful moments, to assign to Rothenburg her proper place in the list of my favourite cities in Europe.

But it was no easy matter—in the first place, because you cannot compare the charms of a white-walled city like Rothenburg, piled high upon its orchard-clad heights (a city which, upon arriving at its outer gates, the pilgrim of old likened to Jerusalem), to Venice, that fair bride of the Adriatic, who is ever gazing at her own beauty, mirrored in her canals and far-reaching lagoons, a water-city, whose foundations were built in the very deeps. Nor could you compare Rothenburg to San Gimignano, that city of leaning towers, tall and grey, and of angelic children, one of whom was the little maid-of-all-work whose pious story has been painted in glory on the church walls of her town, and whom all the world to-day knows as Santa Fina. Nor could you liken her, with her Gothic towers, to classic Athens, the sound of whose very name will allow of no dispassionate comparison, for the spell of Athens is so associated in man's mind with the immortal gift of beauty which she bestowed upon the world, that we see her, even as we say her name, a city decked in beauty, even to her violet crown.

So I fell asleep, with my task still unaccomplished, but even more than ever certain of the fact that genius guided the hands which created these Gothic cities of the Fatherland. And is not genius the golden pot-stick which stirs the porridge of the world ?



## CHAPTER XX

### NUREMBERG'S CLOISTERED SISTER— ROTHENBURG

BAEDEKER says that four or five hours would suffice for Rothenburg. But I should be sorry for the traveller who had so arranged his plans that he could only allow himself that length of time.

It is true that the city is so compact that you can wander all round it in a very short space of time, but it is also necessary to add that it is as full as a well-arranged museum of beautiful things. Of course, if you are contented to stand at the bottom of the market-square and give a casual glance upwards at the elegant Renaissance fountain, from whose basin rises a decorated column, upon which the figure of St. George spearing the dragon is set up to make a silhouette against the sky, and with the same glance which you devote to this delightful piece of work by Christopher Körner you take in the *Rathaus*, old and new, the one belonging to the Gothic Rothenburg, and the other to the ebb tide of its Renaissance days, you can do a very great deal in four hours' time. But you must not pause to give one thought to the legend of the revengeful stork which burnt the tower of the old *Rathaus* because the watchman had destroyed its nest by tearing it from the belfry tower; the bird, finding its home desolated, returned an hour later with a lighted straw, which it dropped into the loft of the tower, with the result that it was completely gutted out with fire and the watchman and his wife were burnt to death. If you

are only anxious to carry away with you the most superficial memory of the patrician houses which surround the market-square, you will reserve your glances for the old apothecary's house, which rises up behind the *Herterichbrunnen*, for it was in that enchanting mansion that the Emperor Max twice elected to reside when he visited Rothenburg. But even it has many rivals in point of beauty, and you can see in other parts of the city Gothic houses, with oriel windows and soft Renaissance decorations, but you must hurry, that is to say, if you are on foot and you are really desirous of doing all that there is to do in four hours. It is true that my Baedeker was written long before the days of motor-cars. I shudder to think what length of time he would consider sufficient for the seeing of Rothenburg with a car!

That reminds me of an American chestnut which is told in Rome of the man who, having only one afternoon to devote to the City of the Seven Hills, told his cabman to drive to St. Peter's and the Colosseum. The man dashed off at the well-known Roman cabman's pace. Upon arriving at the piazza in front of St. Peter's, he pulled his horse up with the familiar jerk. For one moment the American sat still, and then he said, "Well, which is it? Drive on."

Of course, this story has to be told of an American. No other nation is supposed to be capable of hurrying.

But to return to Rothenburg, where even a motor would be of no assistance if you wished to walk all round its walls, both inside and outside, as Louise and I did, and to enter it by all its many gates, and examine it from a hundred different points of view. You will find even three days far too short for the doing of this, especially as you will most surely be tempted to visit the little villages which lie near.

Detwang we saw from the long wooden machicoulis which projects from the inside of the city wall like a sun loggia. I suppose this gallery was built for the protection of the soldiers while they "potted" their enemies down below through loopholes in the massive walls. To-day it is used as a ropemaker's factory.

On our first evening in the town Louise and I had stood entranced over photographs of this most delicious piece of the Middle Ages, because the photographer had obtained from it enchanting views of the Gothic roofs and towers and gables of the city. We at once determined to explore every step of it, and delighted we were to find that the views from it were far more beautiful than even the pictures had suggested. For no photograph could give any idea of the greenness of the greens and the redness of the reds which marked the gardens and the roofs in that fairyland city—those roofs which looked such strange heights and shapes, that Louise said to me, "Do you remember what my cousin Martin said?—'You'll be gable-drunk in Rothenburg.'"

Nor could any photograph suggest the pageantry of light and shade which fell upon church towers and steeples and the summer-decked meadows below. Nor did we know that we could see from the *Teufelskanzel* (Devil's Pulpit), the famous double bridge, built in the form of a Roman aqueduct, which crosses the Tauber. That bridge was as great a puzzle to me when I first saw it, looking like a monument of ancient Roman days, as some of the Rothenburg houses must be to students of architecture.

And surely you must not leave Rothenburg without going down to the valley to see the little Gothic church of Our Lady, which has such a romantic history attached



THE  
LITTLE  
CASTLE



“THE LITTLE CASTLE” OF TOPLER

By Margaret Thomas



to it, and to find the *Topler Schlösschen*, one of the oddest, as well as one of the oldest, of the buildings connected with the city? No stranger could pass through the streets of Rothenburg without noticing two post cards which stand out above all others—one of the *Topler Schlösschen*, and the other of the two eloquent hands, clasped in prayer, by Albrecht Dürer. Those sensitive, supplicating hands gave Louise and me much food for speculation, for it did not seem to either of us that the generally accepted theory is correct, that they form part of the sketch of a figure in the scene of the crucifixion of our Lord. To us there was a more human and personal element about them.

But to return to the "Little Castle of Topler." It would be a pity for any stranger going to Rothenburg to miss seeing it, for not only is it a fourteenth-century house, which, of course, is very early for domestic architecture, but it is the very quaintest "little castle" that the mind can conceive. Louise said it was like a windmill tower without the wheel. I said it was just as though someone had taken one of the towers from the city walls and set it down in the meadow, but on looking back upon it, I think it was really more like a gigantic Gothic pepper-pot than anything else. This little tower of three projecting stories has a moat with a bridge over it, all of its own. Though from its outward appearance it looks as if it had been built in the fourteenth century for the housing of the wealthy Topler's pigeons, rather than for the country house of so important a man as the Burgomaster, it is to-day inhabited by an American lady who very much objects to anyone—and Germans more particularly—entering the meadows which surround it. It is the greatest pity in the world that such a little gem of the Middle Ages should have been allowed to pass into



private hands, for it is one of the historical monuments of Rothenburg, and ought to have been preserved as such. It seems to me extraordinary that the authorities of the city should have permitted the introduction of new features into this unique little building, and I do think it unfair that Germans who wish to see it are not allowed to do so because the stranger in the land who is living in it will not countenance the intrusion of visitors to any point of the grounds from which it can be seen.

When Louise and I invaded her domains we did not know that we were trespassing, because there was no *verboten* anywhere to be seen, and the Reverend Martin Weigel had not mentioned that visitors could not see it. Louise, who, like all good Germans, is very particular on the point of trespassing, halted just before crossing the little bridge, which takes you straight to the front door, to make quite sure that the building was a public monument. While she was doing so the American lady came out. I will not give here a full account of all that passed between us; I will merely mention that I apologised as eloquently as I could for having broken the unwritten law. My excuse was that we naturally desired to see such an interesting and historical building, and that there was no notice up outside the gate of the meadow to say that it was private property.

“Why, it’s not historical,” she said.

“Is it not?” I said. “I was under the impression that Topler himself lived in it, and also the Emperor Wenzel, and that it was built in the year 1389. The date is over your front door. Surely that alone would make it historical as far as Rothenburg is concerned?”

“Wal, perhaps so,” she said; “but I don’t see why Germans should invade private property.”

“Perhaps,” I said, “it is because they are so extremely

good-natured about letting English people and Americans see over their beautiful private buildings."

But this did not mollify her, and I could easily gather from the way in which she spoke of the German nation that she was not much loved by her neighbours, who no doubt resented the fact that the *Kaiserstuhl*, as it is called, because it was described in ancient documents as "a stone seat, two *Gaden* (a measure) high; with a house upon it," and, because the Emperor Wenzel resided in it, has fallen into ignorant hands.

There was another building which took us some time to see, and that was the city hospital, with its most fascinating collection of mediæval buildings. Martin Weigel says, "It was in the Middle Ages an ecclesiastical creation of the greatest interest." The early fourteenth-century church attached to it is called the Church of the Holy Ghost. It is a very plain building outside, but inside there is a painted tabernacle, and the tombs with their epitaphs are well worth seeing. It is about this hospital that the story is told of how the citizens begged the Emperor Albrecht to include it, with its group of buildings, and the plague-house, within the town walls. For a long time the Emperor refused, because he found it difficult to embrace it in his scheme of fortifications for the city. After a time, however, he gave way, saying, "Your town already looks like a night-cap, this may as well be the tassel." To-day that particular part of Rothenburg is called "The Night-cap Tassel."

The hurried visitor to the city would have some difficulty in discovering the Dominican monastery and the little Shepherds' church, which wants leisure to enjoy it if it is to be seen in the proper spirit, for this Gothic church of St. Wolfgang belongs to the quiet Arcadian life

of the city. There is much to be said for the shepherds of Rothenburg, for it was they who discovered the plot which the Jews had laid for the extermination of the inhabitants. To found a New Jerusalem had long been a dream of that ill-used race, so they determined to poison all the wells and assassinate the guard of the tower, and then take possession of the city.

To commemorate the discovery of this plot a Shepherds' Festival was instituted, "which commenced with a service at St. Wolfgang's church, and was continued in the *Gasthaus zum Lamm* (the Lamb Inn), and ended with a country dance round the beautiful fountain in the market-square."

There are so many fountains in Rothenburg that it might well be called *die Stadt der schöne Brunnen*.

Of course, no visitor should leave Rothenburg without seeing the church of St. James, that exceedingly tall Gothic building which looked to me as distressingly modern as the church of St. Elizabeth at Marburg—so modern, indeed, that I could not believe that it was built in the fourteenth century. The mischief was done in 1850, when it was restored with the idea of making it a specimen of the purest Gothic, although much at this period was done to enhance the beauty of the interior and restore it to its original purity.

St. James' was the pilgrimage church of Rothenburg. As all self-respecting cities in the Middle Ages had to possess a saint, or at least some *bona fide* relic of a saint, Rothenburg contrived to secure a drop of the Holy Blood. I was not told who presented that precious relic to the church, but it is to be seen there to-day inside a crystal ball above the shrine.

When the pilgrims came to the city to visit the shrine, which up to the end of the fourteenth century stood in a



little chapel close to the original thirteenth-century church, which covered the same ground as the present fourteenth-century building, they used to start in a procession from the Hospital of the Holy Ghost. They then went to the *Koboltzeller* gate, and from thence to the church of the Holy Virgin, and then to the *Burg* church and the church of St. Wolfgang, and ended up at St. James', in the chapel of the Holy Blood.

It is when you are in this chapel of the Holy Blood that you are told a story relating to the two towers of the church, which necessitates your looking up for the recumbent figure of a man on a projecting part of the roof on the south side. It is supposed to represent the master-builder of the towers, who was so incensed when he discovered that the apprentice into whose hands he had entrusted the building of the north tower had made it more beautiful than his own, that he flung himself from the scaffolding and was killed.

Not far from the chapel of the Holy Blood is the Topler Chapel, which contains the tomb of the famous Burgomaster.

The interior of the church, with its high groined roof and soaring columns, is extremely imposing, and some of the stained glass is most beautiful. To do full justice to the beauty of this church one ought to visit it in the early morning. But the one outstanding feature in my mind in connection with St. James' is its ornate wedding-porch. This exquisite piece of Gothic seems to have escaped the restorer's hands in both the years 1850 and 1906.

One can hardly mention the church of St. James' without alluding to the very ancient Franciscan church, to which the same verger conducts you. It is full of splendid tombs and monuments belonging to the knights

and patricians of the city. On one or two of them there are very amusing epitaphs. I liked one which ended with the line, "My head was mortally injured by a shot, my soul now enjoys eternal joy." This direct message from the other side is very encouraging.

The morning of our second day we divided between doing, very conscientiously, the two town halls, climbing up to the top of their highest tower, for a bird's-eye view of the ensemble of the city, and in making an expedition to the charming village of Detwang. It was really only a short distance, because we reached the village almost directly after we had crossed the bridge over the Tauber, which flows through the meadows right under the city ramparts.

There we enjoyed a very English lunch off ham and eggs, in a curiously Japanese-like restaurant, hanging over a garden full of flowers, with the sound of running water for our orchestra.

In thinking about that garden, and the pleasure it gave us, I am reminded of the fact that I have not said nearly enough about the greenness of Rothenburg. Almost every house has a grape vine, spreading over its white front, and leafy acacia trees of the most spring-like green break the view at projecting angles, and are conspicuous on odd heights, where they lend splendid effects to groups of ancient buildings—red-roofed buildings, which seem to delight in the near proximity of their delicious shade.

It was while we were eating our lunch of ham and eggs that Louise remarked to me how strange it was that during the whole three weeks we had been away from England we had never been far from *the waters of Germany*; even in the heart of the forest there had been

the quick rushing of mountain streams, and at high Nordeck there was the Lumda finding its way in and out of the meadows below the forest, and on our journey home we were to be accompanied by the greatest water of Germany.

It was after leaving Detwang that we went in search of the *Topler Schlösschen*, where, as I have already mentioned, we met our first rebuff—but not, I am thankful to say, from a daughter of the Fatherland.

We came upon the little white tower after we had been walking by cool streams, where white ducks were feeding in very green meadows, which are called “Topler’s Rose Valley.”

It was on our return journey that we saw the city in one of its most beautiful aspects. Heavy clouds of white were hanging loosely from a blue sky over this town of red-capped towers, and in the foreground of verdant meadows purple mallows and yellow flowers were spread like gay carpets for the coming of kings.

. . . . .

And so our days at Rothenburg came to an end, and it was our fate to leave the city the next morning. My letters from home had brought disquieting news, which meant that I must not postpone my return, and Louise had given a faithful promise to visit her cousins in Frankfurt.

As we dressed ourselves on that last morning it was very sad to think that we had actually been in Rothenburg, and had seen it, and that we were now on the point of leaving it! How we wished that it was the evening of our arrival rather than the morning of our departure! But, as Louise remarked, “If we had seen Rothenburg alone for the money we have spent we should have done



very well, and we ought to be thankful," and I agreed with her.

Yet to me, Frankfurt, which only three weeks ago had seemed so interesting, now appeared flat, tame, and unprofitable, as I am afraid all the rest of Germany will ever do after having seen Rothenburg and Nuremberg. I felt more than ever like the little old Japanese woman who visited Isé.

Nevertheless, we girded up our loins, while we listened for the last time to the cornet's inane toot-toot-tootling just as the first clock struck the first stroke of seven.

While I lingered over my coffee, and made my remaining notes about Rothenburg, Louise went to the post office and brought back letters, which, alas! confirmed the fact that, although we had still money uncashed in Cook's circular notes, we must not linger. So we picked up our *Handpäck*s and passed through the *Rödertor*, with a song of thankfulness in our hearts that we had seen Rothenburg, and that, having seen it, no one could now rob us of the beauty of it which lay stored in our inner consciousness—a beauty which we could call up whenever we pleased, and build it into this old Franconian city, which will dwell in my memory as the Taormina of Germany.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE CITY OF THE GOETHESES

THE first part of our journey from Rothenburg to Frankfurt took us through an agricultural country, devoid of hills, but with lots of picturesque little towns such as we had seen on our way to Rothenburg, only distinctly more charming. When I saw how completely surrounded by orchards and farms Rothenburg looked from the distance, I wondered why it had such a poor fruit and vegetable market. The reason may be, of course, that Rothenburg is a Garden City in itself. Be that as it may, Rothenburg had the poorest fruit and vegetable market we had seen, and of flowers there were none—none, at least, to buy, although there were myriads hanging in festoons from the window-boxes of the houses. I think I have remarked before of the speciality which Germans make of petunias, and how cleverly they treat them. Very soon, I feel sure, we shall realise their decorative use in England, for there is scarcely any flower which goes on flowering for so many months uninterruptedly, and no flower, I think, which makes such an effective drop-curtain.

The train was so full that very soon there was only standing room, and our windows became blocked. At midday, however, it emptied again, because we passed by the side of a picturesque valley, with hills on either side of it, through which the Main was peacefully drifting; and at a station in that valley many summer visitors disembarked, and we were once more

able to look out at our windows and watch the big black barges which were moving slowly along the flat river. The Main was not an important-looking river at that particular point, but it had beautiful forests coming right down to the narrow valley which bounded it on either side.

Our ticket for this journey cost us seven marks and a few pfennigs, which was our most expensive train journey, with the exception of the one from Frankfurt to Cologne, which was a little over ten marks—but then, that was second class, an extravagance we compulsorily indulged in because the boat train, which starts from Munich, has no third-class carriages, and the State (Germany has State railways, of course) has very cleverly arranged that if passengers wish to go third class to Cologne, and there pick up the boat train, they have to get up at some unreasonable hour, to enable them to be in time for it there. This would necessitate spending money on meals which would quite amount to the difference in the cost of the ticket.

When we arrived at Frankfurt, Martin was at the station to meet us, and very funny it seemed to us, after our three weeks of independence, to be taken care of and told what to do. The first thing he told us was to leave our box at the station, because it was quite a short walk to his flat, and the box could be carried there later on by a porter. So off we started.

It was a very different Frankfurt that we passed through from the Frankfurt of the Middle Ages which we had just peeped at on our journey to Karlsruhe. In this new residential quarter of the city the streets were very wide, and in the shopping streets the buildings seemed to vie with each other in their air of commercial importance. We saw the splendid opera house, but, alas !



there was nothing being performed, because, naturally, it is not the opera season in August.

Presently we crossed a wide avenue, bordered with trees, and I was surprised to find that we were actually at Martin's flat. Judging from the situation, I should have thought that the house-rent would have been very high, but, as a matter of fact, it is extremely moderate compared to that of London. Martin's wife had seen us crossing the street, and with charming hospitality greeted us at the door with her little boy in her arms. Knowing that we should be ready for our afternoon coffee, she had it waiting for us in their nice little dining-room, where, to my surprise, the big elderly man we met at Nordeck, who had once been employed at Krupp's, came forward to welcome us. It seemed odd to see him in a city, and odder still to see him without little Jacob at his heels. When I asked him how the darling of Nordeck was, he told me that he was quite well again, but that he had been ill.

"You would not have known the village," he said, "when the little chap was ill, for it seemed quite empty, and the women went about looking sad."

We had a delicious tea, for Martin's wife had baked for us a fine assortment of German cakes. One was a sort of sweetened bread, with plums spread on the top of it, a compound familiar to all who have lived in Germany. We had banana coffee to drink instead of tea, and very good it was. Martin, who has ideas about food, thinks that banana coffee is less injurious to the nerves than real coffee, which I think is a very good thing, considering the amount of coffee that is drunk in Germany. Neither Louise nor I knew that it was banana coffee until we were told the interesting fact. If the proof of the cake is the eating of it, we certainly proved the excellence of those Frankfurt cakes.

It was probably one of Martin's ideas about food which made him suggest that if we were not tired we might go out directly after tea and see the sights of the town. He may have been considering our digestions, but he was polite enough to say that it was because he could only have the pleasure of our companionship in the afternoons, as his school work had begun again, and he was busy in the mornings. Of course, we agreed, in spite of the fact that my housewifely instincts were being keenly interested by all that I saw round me. I felt strongly tempted to say good-bye to sight-seeing, and go in for domesticity. It was so amazingly interesting to have suddenly dropped down into a typically German home, run on the most economical and common-sense principles, and yet withal so homely and peaceful. I was glad that I could spend all the next morning, if I chose, in helping my youthful hostess with her housekeeping, because her great charm lay in her absolute simplicity and absence of snobbery.—Her idea was that if her guests enjoyed seeing her cook and attend to her household duties, why not let them do so, especially as it gave her the opportunity of enjoying a great deal more of their society? In England I am almost certain that in a similar household Louise and I would have been compelled to sit in the dining-room, while our hostess hurried through her duties, always with the weight of her visitors heavy on her mind. How different it was at Frankfurt! There we did everything all together—even to Martin, who was a better nurse than his wife, for his baby boy was invariably good and contented in his arms.

I came to the conclusion during my visit there—a conclusion I had often come to before—that in England we create an endless amount of work for ourselves, and send up the rate of our living, by the possession of a

quite useless lot of things, which necessitate much looking after, and by striving to live up to a foolish fetish of household ceremony. Martin, who knew that his wife was far from strong at the time we visited her, had made up his mind to do without almost everything which would add neither to their comfort nor to their happiness. This seemed to me the sum total of the true simple life about which we hear so much. They were very young, and they had married for love, and I greatly admired the way in which their small income was devoted to the essential things of life, and not to the unnecessaries. Their chief pleasure, of course, was music, and there are always concerts at cafés in the summer months in Germany.

How often have I seen young wives in England weary themselves and ruin their sweet natures with the unnecessary effort of keeping their overfilled houses up to the standard of their neighbours' ideas, rather than their own, of what is due to their position! A German lives up to the position which he sets himself, which is generally dictated by plain common sense. His idea of a meal is something good to eat, and not a solemn ceremony. In England the ceremony is often very good, but the cooking, alas! far from palatable. I am, of course, speaking of people with restricted incomes, and not of the well-to-do middle class.

After tea we started off with Martin and the elderly gentleman from Krupp's to see Frankfurt. We preferred walking because we had had very little exercise, and because Louise and I wanted to look into the windows of the shops in the fashionable streets through which we should have to pass to reach the old town. The shops were very good and very large, but neither of us considered that they were nearly so tempting as the shops in Nuremberg. Most of the ladies' shops seemed to us to bear out



the indictment that Frankfurt is the New Jerusalem, and certainly we did not see many of the Teutonic inhabitants wearing the resplendent garments displayed in them. I noticed that the German community in Frankfurt dressed very simply and quietly.

It was strange how familiar the old streets round the cathedral seemed as we drew near them. It seemed hardly possible that our former acquaintance with that part of the city had all been condensed into two hours.

After wandering about for some time we found our way to the little cider café, which I mentioned as being almost next door to the one in which we had eaten our sausages on that eventful morning. It was packed full of every sort and condition of person who could possibly eat sausages and drink cider—and in Germany that possibility is a very wide one.

I found it most amusing to sit and watch the crowd, while Louise talked to her cousin. The big man from Krupp's, who was almost as silent as an oyster, also enjoyed looking on more than talking. And the odd thing is that it did not seem at all extraordinary that we should be drinking tall glasses of cider in a restaurant where masses of human beings were devouring sausages at five o'clock on an August afternoon. It did not seem extraordinary because, I suppose, our habits were becoming more and more German. Besides, the weather had changed, and it was not nearly so warm as it had been in Rothenburg. In fact, both Louise and I thought it was distinctly chilly, and we congratulated ourselves upon the fact that if rain was coming we had seen all that we wanted most to see in glorious weather.

I noticed in the restaurant that whenever a tumbler, or rather one of the tall glass jugs with handles, was empty, it was instantly carried off and refilled at the

cider-bar, where a girl stood filling tumblers without stopping for one moment. Trays laden with clean, empty jugs were brought to her, while others laden with full jugs were carried away. It was amazing to see how mechanical the process was. I suppose the restaurant does close its doors at night, but I very much doubt it, for all the time we were in it it was crowded, and fresh customers always seemed to be waiting to slip into any seats which were left vacant by outgoing guests.

As we were leaving the building I got a great surprise, for who should appear almost directly in front of us but Freedy Stumpf. Louise, I think, must have felt his coming, or have known that he was waiting for us outside, because her manner was quite collected, and her eyes did not betray her with their usual blushing. Martin, I afterwards discovered, had seen Freedy in the morning, when he had called at his school to know if we had arrived, so he, of course, may have warned Louise that Freedy would meet us in the square at an appointed hour. The boy had been so nice at Allerheiligen that I was really delighted to see him again; at the same time, I wondered why he had come. Had he determined, after all, to throw aside the worldly wisdom he had shown at Allerheiligen and follow Martin's example?—that is to say, if Louise would consent, which personally I very much doubted. At any rate, for the present time, he was going to enjoy himself, for he claimed Louise in such a quiet way that there was nothing left for her to do but to walk off with him, and leave me to do my poor best to amuse Martin and the silent man with my half-dozen words of German. Martin had quite a good vocabulary of English, but his idea of how to construct sentences had not yet taken shape; still, we got along somehow.

We went to the *Rathaus*, and very much surprised I

was to find how it had gained in effect by its decoration of banners and flags and flowers and tapestries three weeks ago.

When we reached the *Kaisersaal*, which is the huge hall in which the Emperors used to dine with the electors, and afterwards show themselves from its balcony to the crowds assembled in the *Römerberg*, Freedy Stumpf and Louise at once began to behave like the boy and girl that they really are. The floor was extravagantly highly polished, and so as not to spoil it we were told to put on big felt slippers over our walking shoes. As everything had been done that could be done to make this fifteenth-century hall look as new as possible, Louise and Freedy were not awed by the ghosts of the Emperors who had been elected within its walls, for no sooner had they made the discovery that, with their feet in these shoes, they could slide over the slippery floor as though they were on roller skates than they proceeded to do so, only stopping now and then to argue over which of the Emperors they liked best in his portrait. The walls of that *Kaisersaal* are decorated with very excellent modern portraits of all the Emperors of Germany from its very earliest days. Barbarossa, painted by Lessing, Louise chose as her favourite, and a splendid, upright figure he looked—a very god-king among men. Still more interesting to me was Veit's conception of Frederick II. The portraits of these Holy Roman Emperors, who bore such delightfully picturesque names, were, I think, the most interesting feature in the interior of the building. Could anyone pass a portrait of Charlemagne without pausing to see what the artist had made of him, or Otto the Great, or Lothair, and Maximilian I?

Fascinating as they were, however, we had to leave many still unlooked at, because Martin, good husband



that he was, had kept himself mindful of the hour at which we had promised to return to his wife.

Freedy did not dine with us that night, but Martin invited him to come in afterwards.

Among the good things we had to eat for dinner was some of the wild raspberry syrup which we had seen in the process of making at Nordeck, and a dish of the glorified turnips which are not turnips, and which I think are peculiar to Germany. It was wonderful the way in which our little hostess had cooked the dinner, considering the fact that her small son, who was far from well, had been in her arms most of the afternoon. And, what was more wonderful still, after he was in bed, and all her household duties were over, she sat down to the piano and sang some of Louise's favourite German songs for her, and played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," which seemed to me admirably suited for the occasion, for Freedy and Louise were perfectly conscious of the fact that the last moon which they had enjoyed together had thrown its pale light over the soaring arches of the abbey at Allerheiligen.

I had somehow never thought of our busy hostess in the light of a musician. She seemed to me so far above everything else a devoted wife and mother. But here the German-ness was coming out in her, for her voice was perfectly charming and beautifully trained; and as I listened to her playing Beethoven I could not help thinking what a pity it was that her strong musical talent was likely to be neglected for her house and children. Since we visited her I have learnt that she has presented the Fatherland with another soldier, and Martin with a second son. Poor twenty-year-old mother, I wonder if your fingers will ever find time now to play the "Moonlight Sonata" as they played it to me that night.

Freedy and Louise had been making a pretext of examining the picture post cards which Louise had collected on our journey, and I must admit that these two young Germans made a very good-looking couple, and I think Martin thought so to, for I saw him smiling up his sleeve in an approving fashion as he watched their heads—the one so fair and the other so dark—draw closer together over some special favourite of Louise's, about which she could not refrain from whispering.

When bedtime came, my hostess said that she would introduce to me the mysteries of my bedroom. Louise and I were to share one big, double-bedded room. It really was a big one, with German beds which looked very fascinating, and which, my hostess assured me, did not take half as much time to make as English beds. The beautifully stuffed mattress, which was much lighter and softer than an English mattress, and yet a great deal thicker, was covered with a sheet, and on that a beautifully frilled pillow was laid, and over that a petunia-coloured silk quilt, which had buttoned on to its inner side a white linen sheet, prettily hand-embroidered. This quilt was very light, and yet as warm as two blankets. A good housekeeper can easily understand the saving of trouble there is in the making of these German beds, for, to all who know, it is the putting on of the second sheet, and the straightening out of the blankets and the tucking of them in, which take up the time in the making of a bed.

But the mystery my hostess had to explain to me did not belong to the bed. She pointed to double doors in the wall, and said, "It is not a wardrobe inside, but a geyser bath."

She did not like that geyser bath, but I did. It was so snug and convenient just to step into it from the very

floor of your bedroom, and after you had finished with it to shut the two doors and close it out of sight. The cupboard, it must be understood, was just big enough to hold a big, long, deep bath. If you lit the gas before you began to undress, the water was quite hot and the bath ready for you to step into by the time you were ready for it,—a great deal more than ready if you took longer than ten minutes.

Louise suggested that such a bath was a direct incentive to murder, and that even St. Cecilia never could have survived the night if she had been imprisoned in it with locked doors. It certainly would have been appreciated in the Middle Ages as a means of getting rid of troublesome wives.

Such baths may exist in English flats ; I had not seen them, and I think that it was a very clever contrivance for economising space.

My hostess considered that living is very expensive in Frankfurt, and that house-rent is very high. To me it seemed exceedingly moderate, when she told me that her charming flat, which contained two large bedrooms, one very good sitting-room, and a capital kitchen, only cost forty pounds a year. I have already said that it was in a wide and important-looking avenue.

Living, no doubt, is dearer in Frankfurt than in most German towns, but even there money goes further than it does in England, because the majority of people are contented with a simpler mode of living. German women, having far less regard for the passing fashion of the moment, buy fewer clothes, and wear one good dress much longer than Englishwomen do. Martin's wife told me that for economy's sake they very seldom invited friends to dinner. In their circle it is much more usual, and far more entertaining, to arrange to meet your friends



at cafés. If the particular café they first go to happens to be dull, they go on to another, which has drawn the people because its band is playing a better selection of music. Often in one evening they visit as many as four or five cafés, generally picking up one or two friends at each. An astonishingly small amount of money is spent on these occasions, because beer is very cheap, and so is coffee, and the friends who have gathered together generally entertain each other. This is surely a far more amusing form of entertainment—for the hostess, at any rate—than the asking in of friends to a dinner, which has given the wife a great deal of trouble to prepare, and has cost her husband more than he can comfortably afford. In Italy I was so accustomed to this form of entertaining that I quite understood the proper spirit of it. Martin's wife said that it did her a great deal of good after a hard day's work to go out with her husband and sit in a gay restaurant where there were enjoyable music to listen to and congenial friends to talk to.

England does not understand this café life—the more's the pity.

In many towns Louise and I had excellent meals in cafés, where nothing more elaborate in the way of food was ever served than sausages and bread and cheese and cold ham. In such places our luncheons seldom cost us more than sixty to eighty pfennigs. As a rule, of course, we chose open-air cafés, but in large cities like Frankfurt they are not so easy to find in the modern parts of the town.

. . . . .

When we woke on Saturday morning, and saw rain on the windows and grey skies above the high houses, it seemed very fitting that dull days should have come,

because our holiday was drawing so nearly to a close, and there was rain in my heart for the news I had received from home. The intense heat and the deep blue skies of the forest now belonged to the past; they might almost have belonged to last summer, so rudely had my thoughts been torn from them. It was true that I was still in Germany, as far as my material being was concerned; but my real self was very far indeed from Frankfurt. So great was our slacking off in sight-seeing, that it was eleven o'clock on Saturday morning before we started off to see the Städel Art Institute, which is the picture gallery of Frankfurt, and the most important municipal collection in Germany. Frankfurt has just reason to be proud of this splendid institution, which was founded by Joseph Städel, a citizen of the town. This worthy individual left not only his pictures and engravings and his houses, but also a hundred thousand pounds to endow the institution.

If Freedy Stumpf had not been with us I should, of course, have had Louise's companionship while I looked at the pictures, but as he was in the vestibule waiting for us on our arrival I readily fell in with his proposal that, as he really knew very little about pictures, Louise and he should establish themselves on the seat in the centre of each of the rooms and wait for me while I went round the various schools. If I had been Louise's age, and Freedy had asked me to stay with him, I most certainly should have done so, because, charming as pictures are, there is nothing quite so charming as being told that you yourself are charming, and if Freedy was not yet telling Louise that in so many words, the whole attitude of the man was expressive of *je t'adore*.

I made a most accommodating third, because I really quite forgot that they were sitting there, so interested

did I become in discovering new pictures by artists I loved. There was a portrait of a woman, for instance, by Botticelli, one of the finest examples of his secular work, which completely fascinated me. I could have looked at it for just as long as Freedy would have enjoyed looking at Louise, but I suddenly remembered that it was Saturday, and that, even in this New Jerusalem, Christian firms like Thomas Cook and Son probably closed at midday, and I wanted some more money. So I hurried back to find Louise, casting mere glances as I went at some of the gems of the Flemish school, in which the gallery is particularly rich. How I wished that we had left home much earlier, because each step I took showed me that I should have begun my journey through the gallery at the German and Flemish school, and skipped the greater part of the Italian.

When I rejoined Louise, and gave vent to my grumble, she was not at all sympathetic.

"You have splendid Flemish and German pictures in the National Gallery in London. You can study them when you go home. Probably you don't know the half of them by sight."

We went to Cook's, and I cashed the second of my three five-pound circular notes. It was on our way back from Cook's that I discovered that Mayence is only a very short distance from Frankfurt, and that we could easily go there and see the cathedral, and return to Frankfurt between lunch and tea on Sunday. I particularly wanted to see Mayence Cathedral, because, oddly enough, only a few days ago I had read an article in a newspaper, written by I don't know whom, upon the rival beauties of Worms and Mayence cathedrals. Although the writer gave his preference in favour of Worms, he made me long very much to see Mayence.



When I told Louise of my latest geographical discovery she was highly amused, and said that she had known it all her life.

"Then if you knew it," I said, "why did you not suggest our going to Mayence on Sunday afternoon?"

She made no answer to my question, but agreed that we should go, as it would be our last piece of sight-seeing, for we were leaving for England on Monday at 2.30.

On Saturday afternoon I went alone with Louise to see Goethe's house at 23 *Grosser Hirsch Graben*. It instantly impressed us as a very luxurious house for a poet. Its overhanging windows on the second and third stories, and the fine ornamentation on the dark woodwork which surrounds the windows on the first floor, make it look much older than it really is, for the house as it now stands is an eighteenth-century building. Its look of greater age may be due to the fact that in 1754 it was rebuilt out of the original home of Goethe's grandfather, and, oddly enough, it was rebuilt from the top downwards. Goethe tells us a good deal about the rebuilding of this house, and how he as a child presided over the workmen, dressed as a little bricklayer. As the rebuilding included the throwing of two houses into one, there are many odd elevations in the interior of the house, which make it extremely picturesque. It is quite a sumptuous house in its way, as it might very well be, because Goethe was the child of rich parents. His great-grandfather was a farrier of Arlen, in Thuringia, and his grandfather was a successful tailor who married twice. His second wife was the landlady of the "Zum Wiedenhof," and the mother of the poet's father. This couple being extremely well off, gave their two sons a good education. The younger son, Caspar, who was the father

of the poet, became the imperial councillor in Frankfurt. He married a charming woman, much younger than himself—Katherine Elizabeth, daughter of Johann Wolfgang Textor, the chief magistrate. Certainly in Goethe's case the saying is true, that great men inherit their characteristics and gifts from their mothers.

As I look back upon that house, which was full from the kitchen to the library of the furniture and relics belonging to the family, I realise how much there lay underneath Frau Aja's description of the part she played in the household which consisted of the cold, stern, pedantic father and the imaginative, impulsive boy and herself.

“Order and quiet are my principal characteristics. Hence I dispatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, then I defy anyone to surpass me in good humour. . . .” And again: “I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with, ‘But, mother, the princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant,’ and when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meantime think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my imagination.”

This insight into the character of the grave and hearty, dignified and simple woman, who was married at seventeen to a man whom she did not love, and whose warm affection found a safe object in her child, I gleaned from

Charles Marriott's delightful book, "The Romance of the Rhine."

I sincerely wish that I had read Mr. Marriott's description of the Goethe household before I visited 23 *Grosser Hirsch Graben*, because I should have known so much better what to look for amongst all the interesting things which the guardians of the house have so wisely preserved—the puppet theatre, for instance, the wise gift of his grandmother, of which "Wilhelm Meister" was the issue.

It was not without emotion that we entered the room in which part, at least, of the immortal tragedy of "Faust" was created. It seemed as though we were almost in the presence of Goethe himself, for it was by no means an empty room, devoid of personality, but one surrounded by the very books he had used, and expressive of simple elegance and literary repose—the divine breath was certainly in it. I have been in many rooms where great men have been born, but few have interested me more than that chamber quickened with the spirit of Faust. It seemed strange that these same four walls which surrounded us had also guarded and encompassed the evolution and development of characters which even the author himself must have felt were independent of, and far beyond, his human power to control; he was the chosen medium through which they were to be presented to mankind.

In the Goethe Museum, which lies behind the house, there is a model of the beautiful old Gothic building in which his grandfather lived. It must have been a very imposing house; Goethe was undoubtedly a spoilt child of genius.

I do not know why it should be, but it certainly is a fact, that one is surprised when one finds that the homes of great artists, and imaginative writers more particu-



larly, are refined and luxurious. It may be, perhaps, because imagination seems to flourish best in un-ideal surroundings; it is the flight of the starved soul into the blue. Or it may be that genius comes under the heading of the great law of compensation.

I fear that I have not been able to arouse my reader's curiosity in this extremely interesting building, which is so well arranged and looked after, because all the time I have been writing about it I have felt desirous of quoting at length from Mr. Marriott's book, which deals with the subject so exhaustively that he has left nothing for me to say. So I will bid good-bye to it, merely repeating his suggestive words, that "the Frankfurt citizen who ruled the house has left the library, but the girl-mother meets you on the stair."

When we got back to our home that evening I was very tired, although we had done comparatively little walking, because Frankfurt is a city of great distances, and trams are very cheap. But the air, alas! how different it was from the air of Rothenburg. We could never have spent long, long days wandering about the streets of the city, as we had done in Rothenburg, even if we had wished to, which we did not, for I cannot enjoy looking at beautiful objects while I am being jostled about, or while I have to think about my personal safety. I knew that there was a very great deal left to see, even of old Frankfurt, but we did not attempt to do it, for the real spirit of sight-seeing had gone out of us, and I hated the noise of that big commercial city. My one idea now was to see Mayence Cathedral. I did not know anything about the city of Mayence, but I felt somehow that it would be quiet, and less progressive than Frankfurt. I am quite sure that I should have enjoyed life much better if I had lived and died before this era of speed

and noise ; perpetual noise will be my hell, if I am to go there in the future, while the quiet of Nirvana will be my heaven. If Nirvana is beyond the pale of matter, it must be beyond the pale of noise ; the state of Nirvana is a condition free from birth, old age, sickness, death, sorrow, despair, and all painful sensations. Merely to say these words over to oneself, when one's nerves are tired and one's heart is heavy, is to long for that condition of accumulated merit which will be the permit to it.

On Sunday morning we went to see the famous Ariadne, which was a great surprise to me, but I am going to refrain from expressing my opinion about that masterpiece of the sculptor Dannecker of Stuttgart—in the first place, because I do not feel qualified to express any opinion about sculpture, and in the second because I know that if I praised it I should bring down upon my head the fine scorn of my dearest artist-friend, who is a sculptor and who has pointed out very clearly to me her reason for objecting to this nineteenth-century revival of the Greek style of sculpture ; and in the third, that if I said that I did not admire it, and almost extravagantly so, I should really hurt another dear friend who told me that I must not think of leaving Frankfurt without having seen it. And I am very glad indeed that I followed his advice, because to me it was a much finer piece of work than anything I have ever seen of Canova's. Frankfurt takes it very seriously, and it is shown off to splendid advantage in an alcove all to itself of the Bethmann Museum.

## CHAPTER XXII

### IMMEMORIAL MAYENCE

OUR visit to the city of Mayence, like our visit to the city of Strassburg, was made with but one object—to see its very ancient cathedral. The archæological interest of the city, which is very considerable, we determined to leave severely alone, in spite of the fact that the Roman tower, which is still standing, is called the “Tower of Drusus,” because it is said to be the tomb of Drusus, the more than step-son of Augustus. When Augustus sent Drusus to the Rhine as commander-in-chief, he established his camp on the table-land which lies between Mayence and Zahlbach, and that same Roman camp was the foundation of the present fortress of the city. To-day Mayence is the chief and strongest fortress in Germany. The great authority Vogt says that if Mayence was not the principal city of the Roman power on the Upper Rhine, it was undoubtedly the principal fortress of that mighty people.

“The Field of the Holy Cross” is in the near vicinity of the city, and it is still pointed out to strangers as the scene of the famous vision of Constantine. The vision was the cross which the Emperor saw appear in the sky as he set out for Rome to meet the forces of Maxentius. Everyone who has been to Rome will remember that this vision is the subject of one of the fine frescoes in the Sala di Costantino in the Vatican. It was painted by Giulio Romano after Raphael’s death. The room forms the last of the famous Raphael’s Stanze.

The other most interesting thing connected with its



Roman days, in my mind, is that Julian the Apostate, as he was so unjustly called, made himself master of Mayence in the first of his three expeditions against the rebellious Alemanni, and retained it as a very strong position till his death. I have cherished an admiration for this great man ever since I read the life of him written by Gaetano Negri, in which the personality of Julian is placed as vividly before the reader as any picturesque hero in an historical romance.

Notwithstanding the wealth of archæological interest which is attached to the city, we went straight from the station to the cathedral, and I agree with Mr. Marriott when he says, "Mayence the Golden, which, however, lives in my mind as 'Mayence the Deadly.'"

Our first impression upon approaching the cathedral was one of bitter disappointment. It was so closed in and surrounded by buildings that, try as we would, we could not get any idea of its form or outline—or, indeed, see any imposing part of it, except its six towers, one of which is three hundred feet high. If the buildings which hide it were beautiful, or were in any way like the fine Gothic houses which must have once surrounded it, because they are to be seen in an old print of the cathedral, one would not so much object to them; but the present houses which so successfully hide it are distressingly hideous and unimportant.

As Louise and I walked round and round it we became more and more exasperated. From what point of view, I wondered, had Mr. Marriott discovered that it was built in the form of a Latin cross with two apses? I could discover no shape or form whatsoever. I got nothing more than fascinating glimpses of Romanesque, Gothic, and Byzantine styles of architecture. I felt all the more exasperated when I realised, after having been inside the

building, how wonderful it would have looked if it had stood out bold and free from all the miserable collection of buildings which are gathered round it. It would be most interesting, too, for one could see the history of a thousand years written in the various styles incorporated in the building.

Mr. Marriott has well said: "Romanesque in central character, it countenances Gothic on the one hand, and Byzantine on the other, and, more than any other building I know, it links together the religions of the East and the West. If ever there is an union between them, Mayence Cathedral might very well be the scene of the celebration."

Mayence is a very old cathedral, and its history is one long record of tragedies. It seems to have been born under the curse of fire, for no less than four times has it been destroyed by fire, and once it was severely damaged by lightning; in the year 1793 it suffered in the siege, and in 1813 the French used it as a barrack and magazine. The first fire took place almost directly after it was consecrated, in 1011, and the others in 1081, when it was again restored, and in 1137 and 1181.

I think the citizens of Mayence were very much to be commended for their perseverance in restoring it so often, and in determining to make it each time more magnificent than the last. The Gothic portions were added in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

It seemed incomprehensible to us that the present-day inhabitants of the city should permit buildings of such a nondescript character to remain so close to their beloved cathedral, considering its appalling record of fires. In the Middle Ages the Gothic houses must have been quite as close to it as the present buildings, and probably they were the cause of the many fires.

To give an instance of how surrounded the cathedral is, and how hemmed in on every side, Louise and I spent some little time in trying to discover the famous brazen doors, which once belonged to the *Liebfrauen Kirche*, and which date back to the tenth century.

We entered the building just as Benediction had commenced. We found seats in the nave, and enjoyed the very fine singing and imposing ceremony while we waited until we could see round the building.

Inside the effect was certainly most elevating and delightful. From where we sat we caught sight of splendid monuments at the foot of the high pillars which belonged to the twelfth-century portion of the church. These very tall pillars seemed to literally soar up into the heavens above.

During Benediction I was interested to notice one or two features in the service which were new to me, and which greatly added to the impressiveness of the *mise en scène*. The more than usually impressive ritual may have been due to the fact that Mayence Cathedral has not forgotten her great ecclesiastical days, for under Boniface, the Apostle of Germany (who, by the way, was an Englishman and the son of a Devonshire wheelwright), the See was raised to an archbishopric, and was made the seat of the primate of Germany. One little human fact about this great Apostle of Germany which pleased me extremely was this—his having introduced into his coat of arms, which were afterwards incorporated in the arms of the city, the wheel which was the emblem of his father's craft. I think that it is quite a nice touch of romance to find that in the city arms of Mayence there is to this day the trade-mark of Winfrith, the Devonshire wheelwright.

In the cathedral there are an East and a West choir, and



a High Altar at both ends of the church, as there are in so many of the old churches in Germany. The West choir belongs to the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century.

But the great charm and interest of the interior lie in the exquisite bits one comes across which belong to the first and second periods of the cathedral's existence—the beautiful doorway, for instance, which leads into the Gothic cloisters, and the fragment of the tomb of Fastrada, the dearly beloved wife of the mighty Charlemagne. This fragment, Snow tells us, is only the flat stone which covered her actual grave; the magnificent monument which was erected to her memory by her husband in the Abbey of St. Alban was of white marble and gilt, and ornamented with statues in high and low relief. On the gravestone, which is worked into the wall of Mayence Cathedral, the inscription eulogises the queen for her virtue and piety; it also says that she died in the flower of her beauty, which seems odd when you discover that she died at the age of seventy-five. History seems to be uncertain as to whether she was the third or the fourth wife of Charlemagne, but there is no doubt about it that she was the best beloved. From one writer we have a very different description of her character, for he states that her wantonness was the theme of universal condemnation—even in a Court where chastity was not the most pronounced virtue. Another historian alleges that, besides being a wanton, she was a witch, a dabbler in black art, and an associate of infernal spirits, which also, I think, bears out my remark that great men are equally attracted by very good or by very bad women.

Most of the fine tombs in the interior were erected to the archiepiscopal electors of Mayence. The greater number of these are placed in upright positions against piers and

walls, and are, as Mr. Murray's guide remarks, "an interesting illustration of the progress and decay of the temporal power of the German church."

On some of these tombs you can see archbishops in the act of crowning the Emperors; it was the Archbishop of Mayence who had the privilege of placing the crown upon the German Emperor's head. There is one monument, however, which was not erected to so high a dignitary of the Church as an archiepiscopal elector, but to a mere canon, called Heinrich von Meissen, who is known to all Germany by the name of "Frauenlob," the chief of the Minnesingers. This troubadour was a gentleman of noble birth, who, after singing at many courts in Europe, settled in Mayence, and established the Guild of Meistersingers.

The German Minnesingers, who flourished about the eleventh and twelfth centuries, differed slightly from the troubadours of Provençal and Italy. They were both more refined and spiritual in their verse, for their songs were all dedicated to the Virgin, and through her they elevated the position of other women in men's thoughts of them, and inspired a purer and higher form of love poems. Meissen's name, "Frauenlob," was derived from the fact that his poems were all in praise of women. I really think he must have been a fourteenth-century Herrick. When he was buried, eight of the most beautiful women in the town carried his bier to the grave, and over his grave they poured libations of wine, mingled with their tears.

As late as the year 1843 the women of Mayence still nursed a sentimental passion for this troubadour poet, because they raised a fine monument to him and dedicated it to "The Women's Minstrel."

Of course, we did not forget to pay our respects to the

tomb of St. Boniface, nor did I neglect the opportunity of reminding Louise that it is recorded in history that St. Boniface left his native country, with eleven other monks, to preach the Gospel to the *barbarous* nation of Germany. In the course of his mission he is said to have converted a hundred thousand people—a pretty good total for one individual, I think. In the year 755 he was martyred by the heathen Frisians, whom he had conceived a passion to convert.

Before saying good-bye to the *Domkirche* of Mayence there is one charming legend belonging to it which I will try to put into as few words as possible. It relates to the image of a Miraculous Virgin and a poor fiddler, who always used to sing his prayers in a rude, rhyming metre, composed by himself, to the accompaniment of his cracked old violin. One day, when he entered the cathedral, which was quite empty, and he was standing at the foot of the statue of the Virgin, on whose feet a pair of gold shoes had been placed by some wealthy devotee of the city, the poor old man said to himself, "I will play a tune on my violin, and I will sing a song to the beautiful Virgin, because there is no one in the building to hear me." He prayed and prayed with so much fervour and effect that it seemed to him as though the days of his youth had returned. After having said his last prayer on his knees, he rose to depart, and as he did so one of the golden slippers of the Virgin suddenly dropped into his bosom. With one dexterous movement, the Virgin had lifted up her left foot and had kicked it right into his blouse.

"This is a miracle," said the ragged old man; "the Blessed Virgin knows how to pay the poor devil who amuses her."

Being very hungry and exceedingly cold, he hurried



out into the market, to find a sale for his treasure. The goldsmith to whom he offered it at once recognised the slipper, and in a very few minutes the wretched fiddler was in the hands of justice. In those days there was very little time lost between the sentence of a criminal and his execution, and for the heinous crime of sacrilege there was no hope, no mercy, no respite. In one hour he was tried, condemned, judged, and was on his way to execution. The place appointed for the execution was the *Speisemarkt*, just opposite the tenth-century brazen doors. The wretched man had told his story, but no one would believe it. His judges treated it as an impudent falsehood; he was to die before midday. As he stood at the foot of the scaffold he entreated to be allowed to sing one more song to the music of his fiddle at the feet of the Virgin. The request was granted. Closely guarded, he once more returned to the building which had been so fatal to him, and approaching the altar of the Virgin, he prayed and prayed, and sang, as before.

When his song was over, to the great dismay and horror of the guard and executioner, who surrounded him, the statue raised its right foot and flung the second slipper into the old man's bosom. All present witnessed it, and none could deny the miraculous interposition of heaven in his favour.

He was at once released from his bondage and brought to the city council in triumph.

This is one of the legends of the Rhine.

After we had seen all over the cathedral, in which there was a very great deal to see, if not quite so much as we had been accustomed to in the churches of Nuremberg and Rothenburg, we wandered about the very dreary town in search of a *Conditorei* in which we could have tea. Being Sunday, there were none open, so we went

into a sort of restaurant, which was full of men of all ages and of all social grades, most of whom were playing dominoes and drinking beer.

The city on that particular Sunday was as dead as Mr. Marriott found it the day he visited it. No small Scotch town could have worn a more Sabbatarian aspect, or have kept its doors more tightly closed. We were thankful to find any sort of place where we could eat cakes and have coffee, and in which there was any sign of life.

I wondered while I drank my coffee what the women of Mayence did on Sunday afternoons. Did they all go to sleep, or teach their children the catechism? The men in the restaurant must have been thankful that they had been born men, because even though it was the Sabbath, they, being men, were not debarred from the companionship of their fellows and the playing of dominoes.

After we had finished our very poor coffee and very good cake we found our way back to the *Hauptbahnhof*. We had arrived at the Mayence-Castel *Bahnhof*, which is on the right bank of the Rhine, and is really a part of Mayence.

As we steamed out of the city I looked in vain for the old bridge of boats which I had heard about all my life, but, alas! it was no more, just as the storks are no more in Strassburg. The bridge of boats was the one fact which had always stood out in my memory about Mayence and now I discovered that since 1885 a fine new stone bridge has taken its place.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE WATER OF GERMANY—THE RHINE

Now I must make my confession, and explain just how it is that I have been scamping the description of my second visit to Frankfurt. If my readers have detected a less enthusiastic note in the history of our doings, it is because I have been keeping something up my sleeve which I have been longing to tell—a something which relates to Freedy and Louise. This has made me feel impatient, as I have drawn to the end of our travels, to get on to the exact part at which the incident took place, but as it did not occur until our very last hour in Frankfurt I must bide my time, because I intended, when I began to write about our flash of summer, to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, of all that happened to us, and to give in detail the spending of that fourteen pounds which carried us so bravely over the three weeks.

That Sunday night, after our return from Mayence, we packed our wonderful box and took another last look at our post cards and books before we deposited them in it. We made our *Handpäck*s even lighter than they had been before by taking out of them all that was unnecessary for our journey to England and putting the things into the hatbox, which really, as Louise said, seemed to be made of elastic.

We left very little to do in the morning, because Louise wanted to do some shopping—to buy presents for her sisters.

As we packed that box for the last time, I registered a



vow that on the next tour of a similar kind which we did together we would take only half as much with us. What we had carried in our handbags was all we had ever required, except one change of underclothing, because you can always get simple undergarments washed and ironed very quickly in Germany. I never wanted the extra pair of boots and the extra pair of slippers and the thin muslin gown which I thought I might have had to wear for dinner in Frankfurt ; and it is well to bear in mind that what you do not require on a holiday is only a bother to look after. The only dress you require, if it is a German holiday, such as ours, is one perfectly neat, well-made, dark serge or tweed skirt and a golf-jersey coat, which should be light in texture but warm. I discovered that a coat of this sort is much more comfortable in a railway carriage than any tailor-made coat, and I think it is much healthier to walk in on a hot summer day. I had never travelled in one before, but I shall never travel in anything else, having once tried it.

I also found my close-fitting, waterproof-straw hat exactly right—a large hat, of course, is no good ; it is troublesome for motoring and inconvenient in trains. I am convinced that this is the ideal way to travel. If you have many boxes with you, they are a great deal of bother, as well as a great deal of expense, and their contents get so horribly crushed that if you have no maid to iron them out, they are not fit to wear when a suitable occasion presents itself. It is much wiser to take as little as possible with you, if you are going to move about a great deal, because there is scarcely a large town in Europe where, to-day, you cannot buy quite charming ready-made gowns. Crushed clothes do not add to one's appearance at table d'hôte ; it is much better to look what you are—a plainly dressed *voyageuse*.

After we had got everything ready for our departure the next day, I spent some time in discussing household affairs with my hostess and in exchanging hints about economical dishes. I gave her a French receipt for making enough good soup for six people for twopence, or for even less, according to the price of cabbages, and she taught me how to preserve French beans when they were at their cheapest so as to have them in the winter, when they are at their dearest. And this led us on to talk of German stoves versus English grates. Having tried both, she was in a position to speak with some authority, and she gave her verdict all in favour of the German stoves, her argument being that on a German stove you can boil an egg with the proper proportion of fire which an egg ought to require to boil it, whereas on an English grate an egg or a potato takes almost as much fire to cook it as the lordly sirloin, because a dignified English grate requires filling. On a German stove the little holes which hold the charcoal or coal are of varying sizes, and the very smallest will cook an egg.

And now I am going to anticipate, because it would be an anticlimax if I were to attempt to write about anything that happened after we left Frankfurt station.

My last piece of advice is this: That travellers should do as we did—if they take this same journey and wish to enjoy to the full the beauty of the Rhine between Mayence and Coblenz, which is, I think, one of the finest portions of the river, if not the very finest—do the journey by train, and not by steamer.

I cannot write down with pen on paper my impressions of that romantic journey—and it certainly was romantic in every sense of the word—because they were so mixed

up with the surprising event which happened that I could not now, however much I tried, disentangle them. In the future, whenever I think of the beauty of that journey, my vision of it will be stormed by a thousand memories of all that I conjectured, and wondered, and visualised, regarding purely human matters—matters which related, as I said before, to Louise and Freedy. The Rhine will not stand alone in my memory ; it must remain for ever as the background of that incident which seemed at the time too wonderful to be true. I only know that the scenery was so beautiful that I thank whatsoever gods there be who have the decision of my destinies, that they had decreed on that occasion that I was to travel by land, and not by water. I had suggested to Louise that we should go by steamer ; it seemed the correct thing to do, and I am never the least ashamed of being taken for a tourist, and I wished, if possible, to be converted to her belief that the Rhine is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. I had disagreed with her, because many years ago I was bitterly disappointed with what I saw of it. I would not allow that it compared, in my mind, with some of even the second most beautiful rivers I had seen. I am abundantly thankful that she did not fall in with my suggestion, because I do not believe that if we had gone by steamer we could ever have had anything like as many visions of its varied beauty as we got by land. The train carried us round curves and angles, which jutted out into the river in the most fascinating way, and from which we got marvellous views of high castles, soaring above precipice banks, and broad vistas of the river which made it look like a Scotch loch—a loch which had all the mystery and charm of the Highlands graciously mingled with the romance of the Middle Ages. The castles of the Rhine



are the very castles which illustrate the fairy stories that linger in one's memory from childhood.

From the steamer I know you could not possibly see the river and its castles, and its towns, and its towers, and its islands, from so many points of view, because we saw the tourist steamers travelling up the middle of the river, while our accommodating train swept round headlands and played hide-and-seek with tunnels, so that it might come out again at the other side of mighty rocks which interfered with its progress along the bank. I can only imagine that this particular part of the railway, from Mayence to Coblenz, was made with the express view of rivalling the pleasure steamboats on the Rhine, which it certainly ought to do very successfully, since every moment of the way you feel that the beauty of the scenery is too good to last, and that after all, as you are in a train, and a train is a purely utilitarian instrument of travel and has to live up to its commercial character, it will forsake the world of beauty for the way of expediency. But that train never does ; it is faithful to the beauty of the river until the beauty of the river is no more.

In order to make the most of this Greek chorus of beauty, which was going on during all the romantic drama which the high gods had taken in hand that day, we ordered tea in the dining-car, just as the finest portion of the scenery began, because the windows of the dining-car are always much bigger than the windows of the ordinary carriages—indeed, the whole car is composed of windows, which enable you to see far ahead, and on all sides. I mention this because it was one of Louise's excellent pieces of arrangement, which I always fell in with, that we should, if possible, order our tea or any other light meal which we were going to eat

at the portion of our journey when the scenery would be at its best, so as to have the right to travel in the restaurant-car. And I think it is saying a great deal for her presence of mind that she was able to discover on that journey just when we ought to have our tea.

She was, of course, delighted that I was so enthusiastic about the scenery. The Rhine was the parent river, so to speak, of her blessed Fatherland, and every moment, as the scenery became grander and grander, she became more and more puffed out with pride.

“You will have to take back all that you said about the banks of the Rhine looking no more romantic than potato fields,” she said, and I did ungrudgingly take back every scornful word I had said, because on that particular afternoon, at any rate, I felt that there ought to be some new word invented to express the clear, high quality of the river’s beauty.

To me it had more of the passionate beauty of Italy than any other scenery we had admired in Germany, even though it had not the dreamy sensuousness of the Italian lakes. Its quality of passion was more barbarous and less sumptuous. Upon looking back, it seems to me that if you could imagine mediæval castles, castles which would have satisfied one’s exacting childish idea of a castle, piled high upon fortress rocks, rising sheer from the water’s edge, on the banks of Loch Lomond or Loch Long, you might visualise the particular beauty of that part of the Rhine

Now and again in its less entrancing moods it looked like a river, and even then it was beautiful, if not so beautiful as when it seemed to be land-locked at either end, and guarded by princely castles, coquetting with the clouds.

But I am being led on by my vision of the Rhine

to speak of things about which I had meant to say nothing, because my vision was so fleeting and so disturbed that it is surely wiser to say nothing at all.

Soon after leaving Coblenz we crossed the Rhine, and almost at once the scenery became far less beautiful, and by the time we had reached Cologne it was really nothing to boast of.

When we reached Bonn a large party of university students was on the platform, saying good-bye to some fellow-student who was returning to England for good. They were all so young and full of spirits, and so boisterously happy, that I wished with all my heart that I were one of them. The sword-slashes on their faces were the only scars which life had bestowed upon them so far. It was their very obvious belief in the jolliness of life, however, that I coveted, and not the fact that so far they had escaped its scratches—for surely it is our secret scars which remind us of treasured hours? They belong to the moments which showed us the depths and the heights of human nature, in addition to being the tokens of our sufferings. Suffering is the umpire in the game of life; it is suffering which admits us into the company of the elect, because suffering is the master of the human soul.



## CHAPTER XXIV

### JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETINGS

IT was a very good thing that we left ourselves plenty of time to spare at the Frankfurt *Süd Bahnhof* on Monday afternoon, because so much which was unexpected happened there, that I doubt if we ever should have got off at all if we had not done so. As it was, we had said good-bye to Martin, who had to go to his school, and to his wife and his little son, and we had taken our second-class tickets to Cologne before the incident happened which will take me but a little while to relate, though it will undoubtedly alter the current of two people's lives, at least.

I was making a pretence of writing down my last notes, the cost of our tickets, and our shopping experiences in the morning, etc., so as to allow Louise and Freedy the chance of drawing an unaccompanied breath. If Louise was in any way like myself, I knew that she would probably be spending that last precious half-hour talking about things which did not matter, so as to avoid speaking about things which did, for how seldom it is that circumstances permit our lips to speak out of the fullness of the heart! How far oftener it happens that parting words are the merest banalities!

Nevertheless, I was giving them the opportunity of enjoying the fact that they were alone together, when I suddenly saw the figure of the big schoolmaster of Nordeck hurry into the booking-hall. He was pressing forward with the air of a person who was looking for someone very anxiously. I wondered if it was

Louise. Was one of her relations ill in Nordeck? and if so, had he come to ask her to return with him to the village? Or was it that human nature had proved too strong, and that he could not resist the temptation of seeing her before she left Germany, even if it was only for half an hour? I wondered.

Knowing that it could not possibly be myself whom he wanted, I determined not to let him see me until I had watched him for a few moments, so I moved from where I was standing and deviated my way towards Louise.

On Sunday evening Martin's wife had told me one or two things about this schoolboy-schoolmaster—the renunciations he had made, such as giving up his own university career for the sake of his mother and his younger brother, and some other things which he would not like me to relate, but which endeared his personality to me very much. As I watched him, and saw him in a city amongst city people, I knew that he never could have been a successful man of the world, as Freedy Stumpf would undoubtedly be if he got a chance in his profession, and was not hindered by poverty. But I very much wished at that moment that Louise had never met Freedy Stumpf at Marburg, and that he was not with her at that particular moment. It would be a very poor return to the schoolmaster for his trouble in coming all the way to Frankfurt if he was only to see Louise making herself nicer than usual to Freedy, for the very reason that she had definitely refused to marry him the night before. But, alas! how was the poor schoolmaster to know her reason? The moment I saw Louise I knew that this was what was happening, because it does not matter if a woman has refused to marry a man, solely for that man's good, she always thinks that she owes him an

apology. She immediately sets about soothing his *amour propre*. He has offered her up his heart, so to speak, on a charger, and she has thrown it back to him.

On Sunday night—this, of course, I learnt later—Louise had told Freedy very firmly that she would never consent to become a millstone round his neck, which a dowerless wife would certainly be. She said to me, with her youthful air of ancient wisdom :

“Freedy would see a fortune in my face for a little time, but when I was older, and the worries of economising over every farthing had dispersed that skin-deep dowry, he would remember that it was Anna who had the *dot*, and that I had none. He is quite a darling, but you know you said yourself that the nicest men need either money or beauty to keep them faithful after custom has robbed marriage of its glamour.”

When remarks such as these come forth from the store of worldly wisdom and common sense which Louise possesses, they are so little in keeping with the expression of her Bavarian mouth that I can scarcely ever repress a smile, and my smile always annoys Louise very much. On this occasion, however, I said to myself, “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, etc.,” while out loud I agreed with her that it would be a very foolish thing for her to dream of becoming engaged to Freedy until he was in a position to support a wife in the way in which Louise ought to be supported—which, I did not tell her, ought not to be after the manner of the simple Nordeck women, for Louise has talents of her own which she should not hide in a napkin while she becomes a good cook for her husband—talents which enable her to support herself in that state of life to which it has pleased her inclinations to call her.

As I have already remarked, it took but one glance to



discover that, to atone for her refusal of Freedy the night before, she was now, woman-like, doing her utmost to make him want her more than ever. She could now, without loss of dignity, let the violet of her eyes soften, and by the casting aside of her dignified attitude reveal herself to him in her most provokingly feminine mood, for my Prussian cat knows how to play with her mouse very prettily. And yet, such is woman, she was no doubt successfully deluding herself into the belief that she was proving to Freedy how quite possible it was that they could always be the best of friends, even if they could not be lovers, and assuring him that what had passed between them the evening before need not make the slightest difference to their future friendship. That she did not mean to relinquish Freedy entirely I was perfectly certain, because if ever there was a daughter of Eve, Louise is one, and no descendant of that first temptress ever really wishes to renounce the man she has definitely rejected. This being the case, Louise was proving the undying strain of heredity at the very moment when the schoolmaster caught sight of them.

I saw that broad-shouldered man give an almost imperceptible start, and then pull himself together and stride on, like the figure of St. Christopher, to where they stood. The very next thing I saw him do was to clap Freedy Stumpf vigorously on both shoulders, which made the lad turn sharply round. At the same moment I heard Louise make some startled exclamation in German ; she was evidently greatly annoyed at seeing him.

At this point of the proceedings I hurried up to the scene of action, to learn why this strange meeting had taken place. I did not know, of course, what the man from Nordeck had said, but I saw that Louise's face had turned scarlet,

and now the big man was wringing Freedy's two hands in his as if he meant never to let them go, and was uttering so many guttural gushings of delight that no one could get a word in edgeways to ask him what in the world he imagined had happened. Did he fancy that they were already married, and starting off on their honeymoon to England ?

Charming as was Louise's embarrassment—and it really takes youth to wear embarrassment becomingly—I am sure that it was very distressing to herself, and so it was I who said, "Oh, do please ask him to explain! I am totally in the dark as to what has happened."

"So are we," she said; "but I think he has made a silly mistake—let him think it, until we are safely in the train. We ought to be on the platform when the train comes in."

As she was saying this to me in English, Freedy made us both suddenly jump by giving a great shout of delight and by throwing up his cap into the air, while a torrent of German poured from his lips. As Louise caught his words her blushes died away, and she became pathetically pale.

"It just can't be true," she said in English. "I don't believe a word of it. We are real human beings, and you can't have won five hundred thousand marks!"

"Good heavens!" I said to myself, "I wonder how much Louise really cares for him? Or how much her caring was stimulated by the fact that she must give him up—by the knowledge that Anna had the prior right? What you can have if you like is so much less covetable than what ought not to be yours."

These thoughts flashed through my mind at the same moment as Freedy said, "But I have won it. Someone always wins, you know, and Max is too good a fellow to

play such a beastly joke." This is, of course, my own rendering of Freedy's excited and Teutonic English.

To convince Louise that the news was true, the schoolmaster pulled a newspaper out of his pocket. It was the Marburg newspaper which proudly called attention to the fact that a Marburg student had won the great *Königlich-Preussische Lotterie*. The schoolmaster explained that he had heard when he was in Nordeck, in a letter which Martin had written to him, that Martin and his wife expected to see Freedy in Frankfurt while Louise was visiting them. Knowing this, the good-natured fellow had taken the first train he could catch to Frankfurt to find Freedy and tell him the good news. He had seen Freedy's parents in Winnen, who had told him that as they had not heard from their son he was in all probability still ignorant of his miraculous fortune. They had concluded, and rightly too, that before he started off on his holiday from Marburg he had given instructions that his letters were not to be sent on to him. While he was with us in Frankfurt he had certainly never given one thought to the reading of newspapers, nor had he ever remembered that he owned a lottery ticket.

All that I have written took only a few moments to enact, but, nevertheless, our half-hour had almost passed, and I was forced to remind Louise of what she had said—that we ought to be on the platform when the train came in if we wished to get seats at all. When I said this, Freedy looked at me with as much surprise in his expression as though it were the first time he had heard that we were at the *Süd-Bahnhof* because we were on the point of getting on board the train for the Hook of Holland. So far and so quickly had imagination carried this Marburg student on the road of life, that he was no doubt by this time an eminent eye specialist in Wies-



baden, where Louise was the most popular, as well as the most admired, hostess, and, best of all, he the most envied of husbands.

I answered his surprised look with an amused smile as I said, "I am afraid we can't offer to stay and help you to spend your unearned increment, although it would be great fun."

He did not take the least notice of my remark, but said, very abruptly, "I will return in one moment, if you please," and was off. I did not know where to, nor did Louise, who was left to hold the situation together until his return.

"It all seems so absurdly like a fairy tale," she said, "that I can't realise that it is true. Half an hour ago he was quite a poor man, and now he is a rich one—rich, at least, for Germany. Do you remember that evening at Allerheiligen, when his lottery ticket fell on the floor, and the waiter found it? How little we thought then what that ticket was worth, and what it all really meant!"

As she said the words I saw the schoolmaster looking at her, with eyes which suddenly made my heart feel very full of tears. I realised that he knew, only too well, what the possession of that ticket really meant to Freedy. He had brought the good news to his rival—news which could mean nothing more or less to him than the certainty that Louise, who had found her way into his heart as a child, could now marry Freedy Stumpf if she so wished. Yet he had brought it with so much generosity of spirit that no one but myself, I think, could have told that this extraordinary stroke of luck did not give him as much real pleasure as it did Freedy.

He was in the middle of telling Louise how Nordeck took the news, for Freedy had been known in Nor-

deck ever since he was born, when the train came in, and Freedy came hurrying up after us. The schoolmaster instantly left Louise's side, and took it upon himself to find seats for us in a second-class carriage. He stopped in front of one which was for *Damen*, and Louise and I were going to put our *Handpöcks* on to two vacant places, when Freedy said, "That one won't do ; it is for ladies only."

"I know it is," I said. "But why won't it do?" My eyes questioned him as well as my words.

"Because I am coming with you."

"With us?" I said, at the same moment as Louise said, with a very fine stiffening of her gracious being, "How far do you suppose you are coming, may I ask?"

"Just so far as, and no further than, you will permit me," he answered, in so modest a voice and with so splendid a click of his heels and such a very low bow that neither of us could keep up our air of pretence dignity.

"I have taken a ticket to Cologne," he said. "But you can turn me out whenever you are tired of me."

Louise and I both laughed at his quickly developed bump of extravagance ; while the schoolmaster busied himself by putting up our cloaks and umbrellas on the rack of a carriage which was not for *Damen*.

When he held out his hand to say good-bye to us I gave it a sympathetic grasp ; I felt very much inclined to cut Louise in two at that particular moment, and give one half of her to the big, generous-souled man who, instinct told me, would have made her a devoted husband as well as a devout lover, and half to the dear boy who was really behaving with great self-control and calm, considering the amazing stroke of good fortune which had just been bestowed upon him. If it had happened to me, I should have expected a chariot driven by doves to convey me to

Cologne instead of a mere train, and that the schoolmaster of Nordeck should have been transformed into a Mercury. It seemed prosaic and unsuitable that a mere village dominie should have been selected as this twentieth-century messenger of the gods—that poor dear messenger who was left standing on the platform as our train snorted out of the Frankfurt *Süd* station, wondering how he should fill up his day, and all the days which were to come, just as we had left him wondering in the village street in Nordeck.

THE END



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